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EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

"Talent, gout, esprit, bons sens,—choses differentes, non incompatibles."

LA BRUYERE.

"Here's freedom to him that wad read,—

Here's freedom to him that wad write!

There's nae ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,

But they wham the truth wad indite."

BURNS.

III

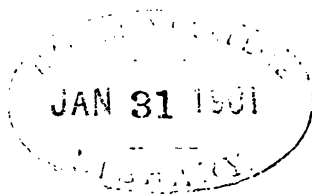
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TO OUR READERS.

Commencing the Third Volume of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, we feel ourselves called upon to acknowledge the extraordinary success which has all along rewarded our labours. The hope which we entertained at the outset, arising partly from perceiving the evident *desideratum* in this country of a purely literary weekly periodical, and partly from the very extensive literary connections which we enjoyed, have been much more than fulfilled. So early and extensive is the patronage we have received, that we now feel obliged to consider ourselves the weekly literary periodical of Scotland, the more especially as any opposition which may have been suspected has proved so entirely abortive.

For the future, we have to promise that we shall not only go on as we have begun, but that, *vires acquiescunt*, we shall introduce into our Third Volume many improvements and novelties, which will at once evince the increased nature of our resources, and afford a perpetually fresh fund of amusement, and, we hope, information, to the reading public. We had at one time intended to specify a few of these improvements; but, on second thoughts, we think it better to show, than to say, what we can do. We therefore refer our readers to the contents of the LITERARY JOURNAL for the next month, and if they do not find our Third Volume still more entitled to their favour than either of its predecessors, we shall most magnanimously absolve them from all obligations to continue to subscribe for the Fourth.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones, Chevalier of the Military Order of Merit, and of the Russian Order of St Anne, &c. &c. Now first compiled from his original journals and correspondence; including an account of his services under Prince Potemkin, prepared for publication by himself. Two vols. post 8vo. Pp. 331, 341. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

THE history of Paul Jones is now, for the first time, presented to the public in an authentic and satisfactory form. The book is written in a candid and generous spirit, and we are inclined to look upon it as a valuable addition to biography.

John Paul Jones was born in July 1747, near Arbigland, in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright. His father was the son of a *marit-gardener* in Leith; and was himself employed by Mr Craik of Arbigland, one of the earliest and most judicious improvers of agriculture in the south of Scotland. Arbigland is situated at the embouchure of the Nith into the Solway, and a great proportion of the surrounding inhabitants are engaged either in the fishery or the coasting trade. Young Paul showed early a decided predilection for the sea, and was bound apprentice, at his twelfth year, to a respectable Whitehaven merchant trading to Virginia, where he had a brother in similar circumstances, in whose house he resided as long as the vessel remained in port. His master's affairs becoming embarrassed, his indentures were given up to him, and at a very early age he was appointed third mate of the King George, a Whitehaven vessel employed in the wine trade. In his nineteenth year, he went as chief mate into the Two Friends, a Jamaica vessel engaged in the same traffic. He quitted it, according to the custom of his relations, from disgust at its enmities,

in 1768. The captain and mate of the vessel in which he took his passage, however, both died during the voyage of a fever, upon which he assumed the command, and brought the vessel safely into port. The owners appointed him, for this piece of service, master and supercargo, in which situation he continued till the ship was sold in the year 1771. His course of life for the next four years cannot be so accurately traced. At one time he was in command of a West India ship sailing from the port of London. He seems also to have carried on commercial speculations on his own account in Grenada and Tobago. In 1773 we find him in Virginia, arranging the affairs of his brother, who had died intestate. In 1775 he was living inactively in America. His habits of business must have been good, for though he began the world with nothing, we find him possessed, at the time he embarked in the American service, of nearly £1200 in England, besides considerable property in the island of Tobago. The fair profits of the West India trade at that period are sufficient to account for this wealth, without the suspicion of any more lax undertakings than intercourse with the Spanish main. His nautical skill must, in like manner, have been increased by his experience in commanding a ship of considerable burden. Paul's, too, was a well cultivated mind; besides his merely professional studies, which subsequent events showed him to have pursued to good purpose, his letters evince a mastery of expression which could only be acquired by considerable practice. On the whole, his ardent and persevering disposition, taken in conjunction with the school of active life through which he had passed, justify the confidence reposed in him by the leaders of the American Revolution.

The second period of his history commences in his 29th year. He had his choice to be made first-lieutenant of a frigate, or captain of a sloop of war, and preferred the former. In this post he had for a while no other opportunity of showing his zeal and energy, than what was afforded by the necessity of keeping a strict look-out to prevent desertion while the fleet was frozen in during the winter. The American arms were first tried at sea in the affair of the Glasgow, off Block Island. For their behaviour on this occasion, two of the American captains were immediately after brought to a court-martial; but the inferior officers were declared to have done their duty. In 1777, Jones was appointed by Congress to the command of a squadron of five vessels, destined for the attack of Pensacola. This projected expedition came to nought, through the jealousy of the commander-in-chief; and shortly after, Jones was dispatched to France on board the Ranger, with instructions to the American Commissioners at Paris to procure him a good vessel, and employ him in Europe, should any thing offer there likely to prove conducive to the interests of the republic. After magnificent promises, with tardy and petty performance, Jones was sent with the Ranger to cruise off the coasts of Britain. In this expedition he took several merchant vessels, effected a landing at Whitehaven and St Mary's Isle, encountered and took the *Drake* ship of war, and returned to Brest, in May, 1778, after exciting the apprehensions of the whole British coast, and obtaining a num-

ber of prisoners, which obliged England to agree to an exchange. A long interval of inaction followed, during which Jones was busy attempting to stir up the sturdy French ministry to make some exertion. At last, on the 14th of August, 1779, he again set sail with a squadron of five vessels. He first endeavoured to effect a landing at Leith, in which he was frustrated by the weather. On the 23d of September, he encountered and captured the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, his own vessel sinking immediately after the action. He afterwards carried his squadron into the Texel, where he arrived on the 3d of October. The English fleet were lying off the mouth of the Zuyder-Zee, and the Dutch, inclined to temporize a little longer, would not recognise Jones; so he found considerable difficulty in making his way to a French port. Being high in popular favour, he was received with *empressement* at court, and had conferred on him by Louis the military order of merit, and a splendid sword. After much unsatisfactory negotiation, he sailed for America, where he arrived in February, 1781. He received the thanks of Congress; but his active career in the American navy was now closed. He was promised the command of a large ship then building; but as the vessel was afterwards presented to the King of France, his expectations were disappointed. He next solicited and obtained permission from Congress to go on board the French fleet cruising on the American seas, for improvement in his profession. The peace, which almost immediately followed, put an end to his studies in this school.

The portion of Paul Jones's history of which we have now given a short abstract, was the most brilliant of his life. His cool, though reckless courage, his skill in manœuvring a vessel, the number and ingenuity of his projects, the perseverance with which he continued to urge on the cold and the fickle, but, more than all, the true and comprehensive view he took of the state of the American marine, his incessant warnings of the dangers impending from its want of discipline, and its disorganized state, and the modesty with which he always acknowledged his deficiency in the tactics of combined fleets, and anxiety to remedy it, prove that he had within him all the materials of a great commander. In regard to his embracing the cause of America, he had lived as much in that country as in Britain, and the combatants on either side being thoroughbred Englishmen, it would be childish at this time of day to maintain that there was any thing *unnatural* in his adhering to the Transatlantic party. His conduct to his family was throughout most praiseworthy; and towards such English as the chance of war threw in his power, it was totally free from any taint of the mean and malignant renegade. At the same time, it cannot be denied that his motives may well have been of a mixed and doubtful kind.

On the 1st of November, 1783, Jones was appointed by Congress, at his own earnest solicitation, "agent for all prizes taken in Europe under his own command." In discharging the duties of this office, he spent three years in Paris, during which time he figured in the gay world there, greatly to the satisfaction of his personal feelings. In the year 1787, he paid a short visit to America. On his return to Europe, he proceeded to Copenhagen, ostensibly on a mission regarding some of his prizes which had been carried into Danish ports, but in reality to be near St Petersburg, where negotiations had already been set on foot for his entrance into the service of the Empress Catherine. At the first beck of that jolly despot, he hastened to her court, where he was flatteringly received, and invested with the rank of Rear-Admiral. His transformation into the courtier, which had been partially effected at Paris, was now completed. He was inflamed with a chivalrous devotion to his liege lady, and spoke in a most patronising tone of the infant state of America. He was soon summoned by Potemkin to take a share in the campaign of the Liman. The operations of this war afforded Jones an opportunity of showing his native da-

ring, but nothing more. The jealousies and heart-burnings of the commander prevented any thing of importance from being effected. He was recalled to St Petersburg, where the cabals of his enemies raised dark accusations against him, from which, however, he successfully vindicated himself. The Empress, who was by this time tired of him, granted him leave of absence—a polite method of removing him from court. He visited Paris, where his whole energies were directed to regaining his situation under a government which had checked and thwarted him when in its service, and then coolly and ungratefully thrown him aside. In the midst of his projects, death overtook him on the 18th of July, 1792, shortly after he had completed his forty-fifth year.

The last nine years of his life contrast painfully with the vigour and energy which characterise his earlier career. We know, from the report of one who knew Jones and admired him, that his habits were finical in the extreme. His apartments were splendidly furnished; and although he was accessible to all, yet his servants had positive orders not to admit any pedestrian visitor, whose boots or shoes were not free from all taint of mud or dust. His correspondence at that period, too, shows that his female acquaintances were chiefly secondary imitators of high life, and his letters to them are deeply marked with a mawkish sentimentality and *fade* gallantry. His taste was not sufficient to guide him aright, and, instead of gallant gentleman, he became a mandarin fop.

The fate of John Paul Jones reads a lesson to all future time. Naturally endowed with an aspiring mind, generous sentiments, great talents, without any overwhelming passions, he sacrificed the ties of kindred, and the prospect of humble usefulness, to love of distinction. Introduced into the splendid circle of a court, he saw there yet richer food for his vanity, and to it he sacrificed his political principles. The two best guides of human nature thus rudely eradicated, his heart withered and his arm grew weak. His close of life was a fruitless struggle to attain what, if possessed, could have afforded him no enjoyment. His epitaph may well be—"One of God's creatures lies here, wrecked by his inordinate self-will."

Life of Hernan Cortes. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío, Author of "Gomez Arias," "The Castilian, &c. Being Constable's Miscellany, Vol. XLIX. Edinburgh. Pp. 344.

THE author of this interesting and romantic biography justly demands that his hero's character be judged by the standard of the age in which he lived. The enlightened tolerance which characterises every truly great man of the nineteenth century, was unattainable by a native of Spain at the period when that nation, in the flush of its new concentrated energies, fondly deemed the discovery of America, happening, as it did, at the very moment of the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain, a proof of its Divine mission to root out infidelity from the earth. It is sufficient if, taking his whole life into review, we find that Cortes's employment of the high talents with which he was endowed by nature, did not materially swerve from those principles of justice which had been discovered and established in his time. A recapitulation of the most striking events in his conquest of Mexico will afford the best solution of this problem.

Mexico, or New Spain, rises abruptly from the coast both of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans; and the lofty plateau subsides into a capacious basin, nearly in the centre of which is the lake of Mexico, the climate of which approximates to that of the more favoured countries of the temperate zones. The inhabitants, and in particular those who occupied the islands and margin of the central fresh-water sea, had advanced in civilisation, when Mexico was first discovered, far before the surrounding tribes. The mechanical, and even the ornamental arts, had made

considerable progress among them. The organization of their government was much more complete than among the wandering tribes. Social intercourse and luxury had in some degree refined their manners. In short, they stood in the same relation to the nomadic tribes of the north, that Babylon and Nineveh may be conceived to have stood to the wanderers of the deserts in their vicinity. Intellectual culture was, however, yet in its infancy; and their religion—which differed not in its spirit, but solely in the stronger affiliation of its priesthood, and the more gorgeous and imposing character of its outward solemnities, from that of the forest warriors—hampered, by its gross and cruel superstitions, the education of their moral sense. Their theology stood amid their intellectual refinements like an iceberg wafted from the frozen regions and spreading an unwonted chill through the summer and some sunny isle on which it has stranded.

Not long previous to the landing of the Spaniards, the King of Mexico had succeeded in reducing the other tribes ruling on the lake to the state of feudatories. This formed the nucleus of an empire which soon spread its conquering arms as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. To what extent its domination had extended in other directions is uncertain. The more distant tribes, which were thus brought under the sway of the king, were less accustomed to the restraints of regular government, and were with difficulty kept from reverting to their rude independence. They were held in check by governors from Mexico, backed by a considerable force; and, for greater security, a system of posts was established, by means of which, constant and speedy information was received in the capital of all that happened in the outskirts of the empire.

Montezuma, whom the Spaniards found in possession of the throne, was naturally brave and sagacious, but a spoiled child of fortune. Accustomed to despotic power, he could neither anticipate opposition to his wishes, nor meet it calmly and sagaciously when it came. The quiet decision with which Cortes persisted to advance towards the capital, joined to the strange appearance and inexplicable powers of the Spaniards, seemed to bear out the dark forebodings of prophecy, and gave to Montezuma's superstitious fears a form and magnitude that totally unsettled his mind. From the moment the landing of the strangers was announced to him, till that on which he received his death-wound, he did not make one reflected and judicious effort to employ the immense force that was at his disposal. Had Guatimazin possessed the supreme power from the first, and displayed the same energy and talent which he brought to bear upon the termination of the struggle, the result might have been very different.

This was the condition of the empire invaded by Cortes, with a view to subject it to the Spanish sway—not upon any previous knowledge and estimate of its strength and weakness, or with any adequate preparation; but at the head of a handful of men, whom he led forward to hazards and exploits, of the peculiar nature of which he had not the most distant anticipation. Even after he had plunged himself among the Mexicans, he was long unprovided with any adequate means of communication with them. His conversations with the natives were carried on through the medium of a female slave, and a Spaniard, who, having been shipwrecked on one of the islands, had picked up a smattering of the language there spoken.

Cortes landed on the mainland in March, 1519. He was at the head of a body of five hundred and eight soldiers, and one hundred and nine mariners and mechanics. Among the soldiers were sixteen horsemen, thirty musketeers, and thirty-two crossbow-men; the rest being armed with swords and spears. The artillery consisted of ten brass field-pieces and four falconets. This was the whole force with which he undertook the subjection of an empire already well disciplined and organized, and in which

there was, through the advance of arts in the northern and more elevated regions, and through the natural fecundity in that part which enjoyed a tropical climate, a dense population. Some resistance was offered by different bodies of the inhabitants at his first landing, which afforded the Spaniards opportunities of earning victories, more valuable as impressing the enemy with the power and discipline of the strangers, than on account of any immediate important result. Two of the disaffected caciques sought the alliance of the Spaniards; and the protection which Cortes afforded them against the envoys sent by Montezuma to receive the wonted tribute, as well as the strict impartiality he evinced in settling some disputes between them and the neighbouring tribes, spread at once the reputation of his power and his justice. Having thus conciliated the inhabitants of the coast, and having at the same time quelled a mutiny among his soldiers, and induced them to dismantle their ships, thus cutting off from the timorous all prospect of retreat, he prepared to advance at once upon the capital, which was 180 miles distant.

He left behind him a slender garrison, in a fort he had erected shortly after his landing, and took with him a small reinforcement of friendly Indians, more in the character of hostages than auxiliaries. Ascending the high tableland of interior Mexico, the army had to undergo a sudden change from the fervour of the torrid zone, to the ice and snow of a northern winter, to which succeeded a mild and genial climate. The Hascalans, a confederacy of warlike and independent republics, placed in a disquieting proximity to the Mexican capital, opposed the progress of Cortes, instead of receiving him, as had been anticipated, in a friendly manner. They were forced, however, to succumb by a series of hard-won victories, in which almost every Spanish soldier was wounded. Cortes began his march from the coast on the 16th of August and entered Hascala on the 23d of September.

His next march was upon Cholula, a populous and wealthy town, subject to Montezuma. He was accompanied by a large auxiliary force of Hascalans. At the request of the Cholulans, the forces of Hascala encamped before the town, while Cortes and his followers were received within its walls. The pretext for this arrangement was anxiety on the part of the rulers, lest the old enmities between the two Indian tribes should be fatally rekindled by their being brought into contact. It soon appeared, however, that more inimical purposes were hidden beneath this plausible exterior. Cortes received information of a plot to overwhelm his followers, by a sudden rising of the townsmen, to whose support a body of men were advancing from Mexico. The rising was prevented by the earlier motions of Cortes, who, as his proceedings had been hitherto characterised by lenity, resolved now to strike terror into the Indians, by showing that he could also at times be severe. When the Cholulan rulers appeared in his presence, he let them know that he was informed of their projects, reproached them with their treachery, and directed a simultaneous attack upon the town to be commenced by the Hascalans from without, and his countrymen from within. The Cholulans defended themselves with the fury of despair. Every private building, and even the temples, were resorted to as so many fortresses. At last, calling to mind an old superstition, that the razing of their principal temple would cause the springs upon which the town was built to overflow, they flew to dismantle its walls, hoping thereby to involve themselves and their invaders in one common destruction. The expected miracle failed to follow, and the superstitious awe for the Spaniards, which this circumstance inspired, struck down more enemies than their arms. The victory being now complete, the wretched remains of the Cholulans were spared.

On the 29th of September Cortes advanced upon Mexico, and, meeting with no opposition, he entered it on the 18th of October. He was received by Montezuma in person,

upon a friendly and familiar footing that astonished the Mexicans. His situation was now critical in the extreme. His small body of troops were in a manner swallowed up in an extensive and populous city, from which the egress was difficult, and might easily be rendered impossible. He had no chain of posts (the paucity of his forces not admitting of such a drain) by which his retreat to the coast might be secured. The Mexicans, though friendly and submissive at first, were beginning to be familiarized with their invaders. After some months, Montezuma threw out broad hints that their stay had been sufficiently prolonged. About the same time, the Spanish general received intelligence, that, by orders from the court, hostilities had been commenced between the Mexican governors upon the coast, and the garrison he had left behind. His desperate situation called for as desperate measures. He seized the emperor, and conducted him to the Spanish quarters, as a hostage for the peaceable conduct of his subjects. The captive monarch disavowed the conduct of his general, and the latter being ordered to repair to court, was publicly executed by the Spaniards, as having infringed the peace against the wishes of his master.

The immediate danger was thus averted; but at this critical moment Cortes was called to defend himself against his countrymen as well as the Indians. The governor of Cuba, who had placed in his hands the means of conquering Mexico, became jealous of the independent command to which Cortes openly aspired, and dispatched Narvaez, with a strong body of troops, to reduce him to obedience. Cortes, as soon as he heard of their landing, assembled his forces, and, leaving a slender garrison under Alvarado in Mexico, he marched against Narvaez. By a judicious mixture of intrigue and open force, he obtained an almost bloodless victory over this commander, and added his soldiers to those already under his own command. Scarcely was this victory achieved, when he was obliged to hasten back to Mexico, where his garrison was hard pressed. The state in which he found matters in that capital was such as to render a retreat necessary; and this movement was executed on the 1st of July, 1520, with considerable loss. A painful and dangerous march, cheered, however, by a brilliant victory over an immense Mexican army, brought them in eight days to Ixcacala, where he halted, in order to mature his schemes for the final subjugation of Mexico.

He again advanced against that city on the 28th of December. He had now under his command eighty-six horsemen and eight hundred infantry. His artillery consisted of three large iron cannons, and fifteen small field-pieces. He was well supplied with powder and other ammunition, as well for his fire-arms as for his cross-bows. The wood work of twelve brigantines had been constructed at Ixcacala, their sails and cordage brought from the coast, in order to the vessels being put together and launched on the Lake of Mexico. He commenced his operations by investing and taking the various cities of inferior force situated upon the lake and in the surrounding country which might have co-operated with the capital. Having finished these preliminary proceedings, he invested Mexico, with the aid of his brigantines, both by land and water. The city was taken, after a protracted siege of seventy-five days, in the course of which the most stubborn bravery was exhibited on both sides, the utmost efforts of their different arts of war exerted, and the greater part of the city levelled with the ground.

Cortes having thus finally subverted the Mexican power, showed that he was able to organize a new empire, as well as to overturn an old one. He rebuilt and beautified the capital; he took in and annexed to his government, one by one, the surrounding provinces; and he established courts of justice and an efficient police. He experienced many checks, however, from the Spanish court, which saw with anxiety so valuable and so distant an acquisition in the hands of one ambitious and en-

terprising man. The fear was natural, and we blame it with more hesitation than Don Trueba; though we agree with him, that the measures which it instigated were frequently tarnished by a narrow and low-minded policy. We do not include in this class, however, the establishment of an *Audiencia* for managing the civil affairs of the vice-royalty, against which our author so bitterly inveighs; for we consider this to have been the institution which, more than any other, has kept alive a glimmering of the old Spanish spirit in Mexico.

The remnant of Cortes's life, with the exception of his discovery of California, and his gallant but useless expedition to the Honduras, was wasted in empty and fruitless court intrigues. Of his youth we know little, except some stray anecdotes, which indicate a voluptuous and daring temperament—a vehement, but rather fickle, disposition. The conquest of Mexico is his history. He plunged into that gigantic undertaking, impelled by the adventurous spirit of his age, without any previous investigation of the nature of his task, or the adequacy of his powers. Once engaged in it, he went on without faltering. He had nothing to rely upon but his own innate powers. By them he conciliated the affections of the soldiery, to whom he was more a companion than a leader; he defeated the intrigues of his hostile countrymen; he conciliated and rendered subservient the Indian tribes who were disaffected to Montezuma; and he overcame, by superior skill and bravery, all who opposed him in war. He had a limited acquaintance with the nature of the country, and could with difficulty hold intercourse with its natives; yet these obstacles he overcame. He was naturally lenient; yet he could nerve himself to actions which struck terror into the hearts of his adversaries, by showing he could become, on occasion, as savage as themselves. As to the right of conquest which he exercised, it was, whatever we may think of it, the only right then recognised on that vast continent; and he was a milder and more civilized conqueror than any who had preceded him. Whether his mode of introducing Christianity were the best, experience entitles us to doubt; but this is an experience which mankind have acquired since his day; and, at all events, even though he did not succeed in inculcating its principles, he overthrew the bloody superstition which previously existed, and this was of itself a benefit to humanity. One only spot rests on his memory—the treatment of the unfortunate Guatimazin; and that was forced upon him by his exasperated soldiery. It was a weakness to yield, particularly in one who, in general, stood so firm; but it is easy for those who review such transactions at a distance, to say what would have been a leader's most dignified demeanour. On the whole, it cannot be denied that Cortes was a great man; and, taking into consideration the circumstances in which he was placed, we hesitate not to add, a good man, and a benefactor to his kind.

Don Trueba has composed his biography in a just and manly spirit. His facts have been carefully investigated; and though we may sometimes dissent from his inferences, they are never such as can lessen our respect for his talents. His style is spirited, and, for a foreigner, wonderfully correct.

Faith's Telescope; or, Views of Time and Eternity; with other Poems. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 184.

GENERALLY speaking, we are no admirers of religious poems. They swarm at the present day to an enormous and most illicit extent. They must be put down; and we shall take an early opportunity of giving a few of them so decided and overwhelming a castigation, that not a consumptive young man or woman in the three kingdoms will again dare to perpetrate their feeble and familiar blasphemies in the outraged ear of correct feeling and sound judgment. We have a rhymers or two in our

for whom we are at this moment singeing the ends of our tawse, the nippiness whereof they shall yet know upon the most sensitive parts of their evangelical bodies. At present, however, we waive this discussion, for the volume before us is from the pen of a lady, and has been published principally with the view of promoting a charitable object of interest.

Our fair friend, who seems to be of a decidedly religious caste, presents us with a poem in blank verse, and in two parts, concerning Time and Eternity; and to this larger effort is added another poem, entitled "Redemption," and a considerable number of miscellaneous pieces. The volume, taken as a whole, is decidedly above par, and indicates a reflective and well-cultivated mind, as well as a considerable fervency of poetical feeling. From the first poem, we shall take, as a favourable specimen of the style of the authoress, the following extract, which, although upon a subject that has occupied the pens of a thousand puny whippers, is nevertheless vigorous, and rather striking:

AN ADDRESS TO LORD BYRON.

"Poet of Passion!—Poet, whose ocean mind,
Deep, vast, magnificent, but, tempest-rock'd,
Awfully heaving, struggling, restless, dark,
Seems as by some internal earthquake moved,
And half unfolds chasms, terrific, dangerous.—
Fugim! whose song mysteriously charms,
Whether through Eastern groves its murmuring flow,
Or, rushing like thine own Velino's cataract,
With wild, resistless bound, from line to line,
Carrieth impetuously the spirit on;
Or the tired eye, sated with majesty
By some mild Iris of domestic thought,
Refresheth.—O! master of that lyre,
Whose varied harmonies, thrilling each string
Of answering sympathy in nature's scale,
Binds us with spells of breathless interest,
To gaze on that new spectacle, a mighty mind,
Grappling for ever with its potent self,
Far ever foild, yet noble in defeat.—
Poet of Spain, of Greece, of Italy!
Smile as thou wilt, and scorn the ungifted lay,
The nameless verse that ventures on the word,
I pity thee.—Yes! though applauding Fame,
Though conscious genius, intellectual force,
Perception rich of nature's glowing charms,
Artic research and kindling classic taste,
Adorn thine history; though talents thine,
Which, like the towering cedar, will resist
Opinion's tempest through the lapse of years,
The humble plant (unnoticed and unknown,
Save by the partial few that foster it)
Pitying looks up to thee!—hast thou not still to learn
That precept, blended with its sweet reward,
'Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace?'
Thou hast drunk deep of Helicon—thy foot
Hath climb'd Parnassus, and the nether air,
Where clouds of envy float, proudly o'erlook'd—
Reveling in fragrance, thou hast stood aloft
Upon the seldom-mounted steep of Fame,
Fearless of future, wreathing thy young brow
With deathless blossoms, which the breath of Time
Expands, not blasts; not fades, but renovates:
Would that a stream, Boeotia cannot yield,
Would that a mount, Greece never parallel'd,
Could win thee now! Would that thy feet
Might climb the hill of Mercy, Zion's Hill,
And thy lips taste the springs of Calvary!
Oh, that my voice could reach thee; that one word,
Best from above with soul-constraining force,
Might fall persuasive on thy spirit!—PRAY!"

P. 41-4.

We can afford room for no other quotation, but are happy to be able to say in conclusion, that "Faith's Telescope" is calculated to reflect credit on any lady who, for the first time, comes before the public.

Lectures on English Poetry, and other Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Author of the Romance of History, &c. London. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1830. 8vo.

THE present volume has certain indisputable claims on our critical leniency. Being a posthumous work, it naturally contains many imperfections, both in design and execution, which the careful revision of the author himself could have alone diminished or removed. In every production submitted to the public ordeal under such disadvantages, we have principally to ascertain whether it really contains indications of the germ of genius, though imperfectly matured. The posthumous publication of works distinguished by such merit is not more an act of friendship than of justice; and the individual, undertaking the task, has alike the gratification of endeavouring to confer an honourable distinction on those to whom it is worthily due, and of adding another item to the varied treasures of literature and science. We therefore willingly acknowledge an obligation to the editor of the volume now before us. He has collected all the unpublished MSS. and miscellaneous periodical contributions of one whose genius was as conspicuous as his fate was melancholy.

In the introduction to the volume, we are presented with an able and feelingly-written sketch of the author's life and writings. From it we learn that Henry Neele was born in London, on the 29th January, 1798,—that, upon leaving school, he was articled to an attorney, and subsequently commenced business as a solicitor,—that, in January, 1817, he made his first appearance as an author, by publishing a volume of Lyrical Poems, composed after the model of the ill-fated Collins,—and that he continued to pursue his literary labours until the 7th February, 1828, when he committed suicide.

The principal part of the present volume is occupied with Lectures on English Poetry, from the reign of Edward I. to the time of Cowper, delivered in the Russel Institution, in 1827. In the Introductory Lecture, a graphic description is given of the various revolutions in the history of English Poetry. The author devotes the second and remaining Lectures to the consideration, first, of Epic and Narrative Poetry; secondly, of Dramatic Poetry; thirdly, of Descriptive and Didactic Poetry, including Pastoral and Satire; and, fourthly, of Lyrical and Miscellaneous Poetry. In taking a detailed review of the merits of different writers, his remarks seem to be altogether untinged by prejudice. He has, on no occasion, allowed enthusiasm for the beauties of an author to render him indifferent to positive defects. He regulates his decision of each particular performance by its own intrinsic excellence, without reference to the general celebrity of the writer. Every page of his Lectures teems with clear and discriminative analysis—with high poetical feeling—with laborious research, and bold, impassioned diction. In his investigation, indeed, of the abstract principles of the *Ars Poetica*, we meet with none of those ingenious speculations which so peculiarly characterise the writings of Kames. But in the digest of its practical rules, and in prescribing the standard of taste by which these are to be influenced, we are presented with abundant evidence of the author's intimate acquaintance with his subject. It is true, that the standard of taste in poetry, like the standard of taste on other subjects, is faint and ill-defined. A composition which one man admires for its unadorned simplicity, may, to another, appear altogether devoid of merit—while a poem, in which a third critic discovers traces of vigorous thought, may, to a fourth, seem to overstep the narrow Rubicon which separates the sublime from the absurd. But still there are certain inherent and determinate qualities which distinguish all genuine poetry; and it is in dissecting and explaining these qualities, that our author's critical acumen more peculiarly appears. In the course of this scrutiny, he invariably preserves a marked distinction between

what may be deemed the metaphysical school of poetry, of which Donne was the founder, and that more truly intellectual school, the adherents of which have uniformly derived their brightest imaginings from the works of nature, and from all that there invites the eye, gratifies the sense, and gladdens and elevates the soul. To compare poetry fashioned after the latter model, with that which, however pleasing in conception, and beautiful in development, has nothing of the truth of human nature in its composition, is to compare a lay figure with a statue. The one may adequately represent the mere drapery of the poet's fancy, and the phantastical forms and folds in accordance with which he is pleased to arrange it; while the other seems imbued with the spirit of life, and bears the faithful impress of nature on every feature, and on every limb.

With the tales and poems which constitute the remaining portion of the volume, we have had equal reason to be pleased. In some of the former, indeed, the plots are neither very probable, nor very interesting. But even in these, there are several detached scenes sketched with considerable power. The dialogue, in general, is animated, and the different personages are vividly and characteristically grouped. We also discover a few specimens of a lively, though somewhat quaint humour, tending to relieve the morbid sensibility which almost universally pervades our author's productions. Grace and tenderness are the most prominent attractions of his poetry, which is also distinguished for purity of style and melody of rhythm. He has generally been successful alike in the selection and management of his imagery—while his descriptions of scenery, though seldom introduced, are always distinct and striking. Indeed, the more we reflect on the varied talents which this posthumous volume exhibits, the more do we regret the sudden overthrow of those hopes which were so justly entertained of Neele's future eminence. The genius unfolded, even at the early age of nineteen, in the publication of his *Lyrical Poetry*, may well rank him with Chatterton and Kirke White. To the latter, indeed, (whose talents, in our opinion, have been much overrated, in consequence of the merit of his writings being constantly associated with the amiability of his disposition,) we think Neele decidedly superior in every respect; and though he could not cope with the "marvellous boy" in the splendour of his endowments, yet there was a remarkable resemblance in the gloomy temperament of their minds, and in their sad and premature demise. Each fell the victim of his own overwrought imagination:—

"Like a tree,
That with the rich weight of its golden fruitage
Is bent down to the dust."

The Bengalee; or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the East. London. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890. 8vo. Pp. 466.

This work will be read with interest and advantage by all those who have either been in India, or who take an interest in its affairs. It is from the pen of Captain H. B. Henderson, who is on the staff of the Bengal Army. The contents, which are of a miscellaneous kind, are not all of equal merit; but there is a sufficient preponderance of talent and information in the volume to entitle it to an extensive circulation. We consider the prose as a good deal superior to the poetry, although "The Cadet," which extends to two long cantos, contains many spirited and excellent stanzas. In the prose department, we are, on the whole, most pleased with those chapters which describe an Indian's return home after spending thirty of the best years of his life so far from his native country. They are entitled, "Leaving India"—"An Indianman"—"Death on Shipboard"—"St Helena"—"Approaching Home"—"The Ben-

galee at Home." All this portion of the work is written with a great deal of graphic power and strong feeling. The effect, however, produced by the whole, could not be preserved in any detached extract. We therefore prefer selecting a quotation from a previous part of the volume, on a subject of very general interest:

THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF GOING TO INDIA.

"'Life in India' is, however, fairly to be estimated as found in the different avocations that it presents—the civil and military services of the Honourable Company, and the mere adventurer. So far as rank and consequence are concerned, the first of these holds out the great prizes of the Honourable Company, and is the great object of ambition. These prizes are necessarily limited to a few lucky sons of fortune; and they are therefore the higher esteemed. With a writership in his pocket, the child of the first man in England, even at this day, fancies his fortune made; looks to short and merry 'Life in India,'—a long and wealthy one in England. Out he comes, always what I should call: genteel-looking boy; somewhat slightly built in general for encountering any of the rude blasts of the world, and having a goodly smattering of his mother's drawing-room hanging about him. His manners—I speak of the general race of young writers—always please me; there is something very English about him, by which I do not mean very rough, but a happy mixture of that independence of mind and amenity of manners, which constitute the true English character. When these embryo rulers are collected together, before merging from the Buildings, there is, no doubt to be seen also not a few of an Englishman's peculiar faults and weaknesses; but these are such rare ones over the Services in general, that there is nothing I enjoy more than an evening in the Buildings.

"Once out of them, once banished to a country station, where Englishmen are scattered some hundred miles distant from each other; or where, if they congregate, it is on the artificial graduated scale of judge, magistrate, collector, registrar, assistant ditto, doctor,—and all that is English I found to be on the wane. By the time the writer comes back to the Presidency a judge, or something as great, or greater he has been converted into the most anomalous of all human beings. There is still something English about him, it is true;—he is generally proud enough; but it is an Asiatic not a European, bearing of consequence. He seems to expect that all that are in his way should hurry out of it, that the path may be left for him alone. He has been so long accustomed to measure his own humanity by the standard of a conquered and degraded race around him, that he fancies he has risen proportionably above every other class of mankind with whom he may afterwards chance to come in contact, as above his Omahs and his Chobedars; and his own countrymen are but *Hindos* in his estimation, how ever much they may transcend him in every thing like intelligence, honour, and common sense.

"If those at home, who are so ambitious of sending out a son in the service of the Honourable Company, would look at the few who live to return to their native country and remark the change that has come over them, I cannot help thinking that they would feel less anxious about procuring a writership or a cadetship for Master Edward or Master Tom. I was long ago a sojourner in Old England and had an opportunity of comparing some old folks who had started from school together,—the one to rough it through 'Life at Home,' the other to plod his weary way through 'Life in India.' Comparison there was none between the manliness, contentedness, and good-humour of the home-bred Englishman, and the *hastur*, restlessness, and discontented demeanour of the old *Koor-Hy*. Unhappy and displeased at every turn he took, the old Indian found ever corner sharp enough to ruffle his temper and destroy his happiness;—while the honest English squire swore a big oath at the hindrance, brushed past it, and thought no more of it. I make all manner of allowance for the bile and bad liver, which reward the toils of a 'Life in India;' but these natural evils would be surmounted were it only possible to avoid the moral contamination arising from cohabiting with a race, between whom and a Englishman there is no sympathy; and I am borne out in my theory, if it please the reader to call it so, by the fact that this moral contamination is found to exist most unequivocally, and to the greatest extent, among those who have been most withdrawn from European society, and who have spent the greater part of their life in India, amidst the native population.

"Let me, however, take a view of military 'Life in India.' A fair-haired young lad has escaped from school and its confinement, at the early age of sixteen, and, after the annoyances of a four months' voyage, has reported himself at the Town-Major's office in Fort William. He puts on his scarlet uniform, and looks round, on passing every sentry, for homage and salutation to his new military character. The first few weeks are but a series of disappointed hopes, and comfortless, pleasureless attempts at Indian enjoyment. He makes himself sick in essaying to smoke a bad hookah; and then barely survives a puaka fever, in having tried his new double-barrelled gun, which he bought on credit at an exorbitant sum, and with which he toiled for hours under a burning sun, in the vain hope of hitting a few snipe or sandalarks. He has a relation perhaps in the Buildings, and madly attempts to rival him in extravagance; and though the soldier's means do not go beyond a second-hand buggy for his driving, and an undersized stud galloway for the saddle, yet his humble endeavours have plunged him into debts, which hang upon his Indian career for years, and make him miserable for ever.

"He joins his corps,—he has become a man now,—wanders about in the morning without his cravat or jacket,—smokes cheroots by whole bundles,—drinks brandy-pounce, curses his own folly for more faults than one, and lingers through the early and best years of his manhood in tasteless dislike of the little regimental duty that falls to his share, and in gloomy despondency amidst the bright prospects of his youth. From his brothers and young relations in Europe he seldom hears, and their letters would be but wormwood to him. They have told there, it is true; one is at college, another at a desk in a merchant's office, a few are fighting for professions, or existing on subaltern's fare in country quarters: but are they not at home?—ay, and in that word, *Home*, lies all the earthly happiness which an exiled soldier eyes for, and hourly pines in vain.

"But he has outdied his brethren in the subaltern ranks around him; has followed hosts upon hosts to the scattered tombs of our up-country cantonments; he is a field-officer now, and with the attainment of higher rank before him. What boosts the rank or increasing pay? He is a martyr to a broken constitution, and his yellow and wasted cheek, the sunken and gleamless eye, give token not only of withered health, but accumulating care! He is alone in the world; his native country has long ceased to hold out charms for him; he is unknown there, and the circle of his friends have either ceased to exist or care for the expatriated soldier in the East! Is this a gloomy picture? The Bengalee could point out many who might sit for it, and who, ere they give their bones to moulder beneath the sun of Hindoostan, would feebly bear testimony to the truth of its description;—yet this is 'Life in India!'"—P. 215-22.

This is a melancholy picture, but we fear it is too true a one. To the diversified lucubrations of the Bengalee himself, we refer such of our readers as wish farther information upon this and a variety of other matters connected with India.

Christian Education, in a Course of Lectures delivered in London, in Spring 1839. By E. Biber, Ph. D. London. Effingham Wilson. 8vo. Pp. 267.

THIS treatise on education is written with considerable elegance; and were the merits of a system to be decided solely on the ground of abstract propriety, without reference to its practicability, that which Dr Biber recommends would be altogether unexceptionable. His grand position is, that education ought to be conducted exclusively on Christian principles,—that divine truth should constitute, not the object, but the subject and ground-work, of education,—and, in short, if we understand him right, he appears to think that it ought to be the care of parents and teachers, not so much to instruct children in their duty, and to prepare them for effectually discharging it, as to watch over the influence of religion in their hearts. He laments the time which, in most schools, is occupied with spelling and arithmetic,—he objects to rewards, as encouraging children to act from improper motives,—he objects to the Bible being used as a text-book for children, and insists, somewhat unreasonably, in our humble opinion, that spelling the name of the Almighty is an evident

breach of the commandment which forbids us "to take the name of the Lord in vain!" He finds great fault with making children commit to memory the Assembly's Catechism, and triumphantly answers the plea that it is a good compendium of divinity, which children may advantageously carry with them into the world, by the indignant exclamation—"Condense the infinite and living truth of God, indeed, and shut up the spirit of the Eternal in a nut-shell!" He also finds great fault with parents who make their little boys and girls say their prayers, on the ground that, if it be not a spontaneous act of the child itself, such prayers are an insult to the Deity. Why does he not extend his censure to the parent who corrects his son for open profligacy, since, unless the young man's change of life be his own voluntary act, his abstaining from theft, swearing, and debauchery, is, according to our German moralist, an insult upon his Maker?

Let not our readers suppose, however, that Dr Biber is either a weak reasoner, or a blind enthusiast. His knowledge of the subject of which he treats is far from superficial. Many of his remarks on the prevailing systems of education in France, in Germany, and in our own country, are extremely pertinent; and his strictures upon the refinements of Lancaster, Bell, and the patrons of the Infant Schools, are often judicious.* He is indeed—no unusual case with theorists—much more successful in detecting and exposing faults in the existing systems, than happy in his attempt to recommend a new one.

Dr Biber confesses that he is not very sanguine in his expectations with regard to his scheme of *Christian education*, until some great change shall have taken place in the sentiments and order of society; and in this, we think, he is quite right: but we are less willing to agree with him when he expresses his conviction, that we are at present on the eve of such a change. It is our most sincere and serious opinion, in spite of the distempored dreams of political economists, millenarians, radical reformers, and all the host of quacks who follow, accompany, or precede the "march of intellect," that England is very like what it was two hundred years ago,—of course, somewhat more enlightened, more civilized, more religious, and consequently more flourishing and happy, but following out the same sort of systems it has always pursued, under which society, we believe, will continue for a few ages longer to advance in the paths of scientific discovery and moral improvement. With regard to education, we are not ashamed to own, unpopular as our sentiments may be, that we are attached to the old system; we mean the general principles which have been acknowledged, and the general mode in which, with trifling differences, education has been conducted in all civilized countries, since the dawn of science down to our own times. The fashion of the present day, however, is, we fear, against us; it seems to be the general opinion now, that the ferula of the pedagogue should be laid aside,—that the pastry-cook and toyman should be put in requisition, to make the young urban love literature for its own sake,—and, under the no-punishment system of old maiden aunts, and of such mothers as are too foolish to distinguish between loving their children and spoiling them by over-indulgence, the wisdom of Solomon and the experience of three thousand years are equally despised.

We are far from saying, and we are far from thinking, that a system is necessarily good because it is old; but neither is it bad only because it is old; and it is necessary to keep in mind this latter truth, more especially at present, when novelty is so eagerly sought after, and so readily admitted as an evidence of liberality and an enlarged understanding. The old system of education, as it is pursued at our country schools, is no doubt imperfect and liable to some objections—what human institution is not?—but it is founded on experience and good sense. It

* Dr Biber once visited a charity school in England, and, upon putting the question—"What things are necessary for subsistence?" was answered by the little girls, "Beer, cheese, *cakes*, and *patties*!"

is unquestionably capable of being greatly improved; and those individuals who would employ talents and industry for this purpose, would entitle themselves to the gratitude of their country and of their species. Such efforts shall ever command our praise. But those schemes which would rashly overturn our existing valuable institutions, without offering us in exchange any thing better than ill-digested, impracticable, and therefore useless systems, we must always discountenance; and among such, notwithstanding the eloquence and wit of the ingenious author, we fear we must class the scheme recommended by Dr Biber in these Lectures on Christian Education.

Considerations on Remedial Measures for removing or mitigating the Evils arising from the Law of Entail in Scotland; in a Letter to Thomas F. Kennedy, Esq. M. P. By Patrick Irvine, Esq. W.S. 8vo. Pp. 90. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark.

This pamphlet contains many valuable suggestions respecting the difficult question of which it treats. Any doubt as to the necessity of an alteration in the system of Scotch entails, was silenced by the result of the examinations before the Committee of the House of Commons. It had been previously acknowledged that entails were introduced into Scotland at an alarming period, in order to secure the independence of the Scottish aristocracy, threatened as it was by the measures of an arbitrary and profligate government. It was likewise acknowledged, that the time had long passed when any such fence was necessary. In addition to this, the investigations of the committee to which we have alluded established, that the existence of entails was most detrimental to the commercial stability, and to the economical interests, of the country. It was further established, that in England a much milder system of entails had been found adequate to the preservation of the high spirit of the aristocracy; to which beneficial operation the defenders of entails have latterly limited their assertions of their efficacy. It was even broadly declared by many gentlemen who had enjoyed ample opportunities of observation, that our entailing laws threatened rather to exert a demoralizing influence on our Scottish gentry, from the difficulties in which they involved them. Finally, these laws were admitted to be a fertile and vexatious source of litigation. There could be only one way of dealing with an institution, denounced by the concurrent voice of the country as anomalous and dangerous—its abrogation. The only question that remained, was the best method of settling about it. Various plans have been suggested, the merits of which are discussed by Mr Irvine, in a manner displaying at once much natural sagacity, and an extensive acquaintance with the subject. If we had any voice in the matter, it should be given for that mode of procedure which is most brief and speedy in its operation. All innovations ought to be carefully weighed, deliberated upon, resolved and re-resolved beforehand; but once they have been decreed, then the shortest way of giving them effect is always the best. They are attended with pain and inconvenience, in whatever way we set about them; and every thing that tends to prolong the transition from one state to another, but adds to the annoyance. This holds true more especially in legal enactments; all kinds of compromise between principle and expediency, all half measures and temporary arrangements, serve but to increase the uncertainty which is in some degree inseparable from every extensive system of law. In one word, if entails are to be abrogated, away with them at once. The arrangements between existing heirs of entail may be made with comparative ease: to speak of the claims of those who are yet unborn—of the vested rights of possible contingencies, is a solemn farce. All arrangements for gradually disentailing estates are only of use to produce lawsuits;—all arrangements for maintaining existing entails, while no new ones are allowed to be made, or for restricting the power of entailing

to estates of a certain value, are unjustifiable restrictions upon one or other of the two classes into which the community is thus arbitrarily distinguished. Less hardship will result from a sudden change, after which affairs will proceed in their usual course, than by a lingering transmutation. To prefer the latter, is to seek with desire the prolongation of a fever paroxysm. Our old proverb holds good even here—"Better a finger off, than aye wagging."

The Excitement; or, a Book to induce Boys to Read. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 413.

As Dandie Dinmont enticed his terriers with the fourmarts, so the editor of this work proposes to entice boys with accounts of lion and tiger hunts, boa-constrictors, whales, elephants, shipwrecks, and sharks. "The object of this volume," says Mr Innes, in his preface, "is to furnish the youthful reader with an account of those striking appearances of nature, and signal preservations, the description of which is generally listened to, by boys particularly, with the greatest attention; and also with narratives of such striking incidents as are fitted to rouse the most slothful mind." The idea is a happy one; and, as was to be expected from the amiable editor's sound judgment and excellent feeling of the proper mode of communicating instruction to youth, it is no less happily executed. The articles introduced are all such as boys will devour greedily, and we have no doubt that they will amply justify the name given to the volume, by the preference they will be inclined to bestow upon it above many others usually put into their hands. The contents are, for the most part, selected from different voyages and travels; but a few original communications have been also added, and from these, by way of specimen, we select the following anecdotes, illustrative of

THE VORACITY OF THE SHARK.

"During the late war in 1800 or 1801, I was on the Jamaica station. A Danish vessel was detained, and sent in for adjudication to Kingston, by one of his Majesty's cruisers, under suspicion of her cargo being enemy's property, as she was laden with coffee from St Domingo, bound to the island of St Thomas, the latter island belonging to Denmark, with whom Great Britain was not at war, the former at that time belonging to the French. On examining her papers, Danish bills of lading were produced, to show the cargo was neutral property, and there was no demur respecting the vessel being a Dane; however, the doubts being strong as to the cargo, she was detained. I beg leave here to remark, I have understood that no other vessel was in company, or in sight, but the two individual vessels at the time the capture occurred.

"Some short time after this, a tender, belonging to his Majesty's ship Abergavenny, which ship was stationary in Port Royal, was cruising off St Domingo, and caught a shark. The general practice, from the known voracity of the animal, is to examine the maw, or contents of the stomach. Mr Haycock, afterwards Lieut. Haycock, R. N., was master's mate in the tender, and opened the stomach, when, to his astonishment, a pocket-book, with other substances, appeared. From the short period it had remained, but little injury was done to the papers contained in the book; with care and drying them, they became perfectly intelligible, and proved to be a set of French bills of lading, appertaining to a cargo shipped to St Thomas's, on account and risk of French subjects in St Domingo. The tender returned to port, and delivered the pocket-book and its contents to the admiral, when it was found the bills of lading were the identical papers relative to the cargo of the Danish vessel detained some days previous; and on the trial for the condemnation of her cargo in the Admiralty Court at Kingston, these bills taken out of the shark were produced to prove that the cargo was enemy's property; and the vessel was condemned accordingly, and made prize to the captors.

"I have only to observe, in relating this singular event, which led to the condemnation of a valuable cargo, that the officer above-mentioned, who cut the pocket-book out of the

shark, is I believe still alive, residing in Cork, and that Admiral Sir D. M., I think, was on the station at the time, in command of the *La Seine* frigate, and that he may have seen the jaws of the shark, which were preserved, and put up at the Admiral's penn, with the circumstances narrated.

"I avail myself of this opportunity of mentioning another instance of voracity of the shark, which came under my own observation in 1814, when in command of the ship *Lucy* and *Maria*, engaged by the Hon. East India Company to convey his Majesty's 72d regiment from Calcutta to the Cape of Good Hope. On the passage, during a calm, one of the privates was sitting in a port of the lower gun-deck, eating pea-soup out of an English quart tin pot; and, by carelessness, let the pot, with a portion of the soup, fall from his hand overboard; almost immediately after this, it was intimated to me a large shark was caught by the hook; a rope was got over his body, and he was hauled on deck. As he was considered a very large one, most of the officers (sixteen in number) of the regiment, with myself, attended to examine the contents of the stomach, and, to our surprise, the tin pot entire, which the man had dropt overboard, was taken from the shark. Major-General Monckton, who commanded the regiment, was present; Captain Moses Campbell, now on the retired list, and Lieut. Gowan, on the recruiting-service, at present at Glasgow, were likewise witnesses to the circumstance.

"I have to remark, on this event, from the greasy appearance of the tin pot by soup being in it, the shark must have taken it for animal substance, (beef or pork,) as pork was boiled in the soup. I met Captain Moses Campbell in the Highlands last summer, when he brought to my recollection the tin pot and shark story, adding, he had narrated the circumstance, but was afraid it was often doubted."—P. 384-7.

We consider parents as lying under an obligation to Mr Innes, for putting in their way so useful and handsome a volume at this present-giving season of the year.

Sacred History, in the Form of Letters, addressed to the Pupils of the Edinburgh Sessional School. By the Author of the Account of that Institution, &c. Part I. Comprising the Period from the Creation to the Death of Moses. Edinburgh. John Wardlaw. 12mo. Pp. 231.

THE well-known talents of Mr Wood, as an instructor of youth, cannot fail to secure the success of any educational work which emanates from him. In the task which he has now undertaken, we think he has made a most happy selection of a subject, and is likely to produce a book which will ultimately be found on the shelves of every youthful library, beside the "Tales of a Grandfather." "Notwithstanding the vast number of 'Libraries,'" says Mr Wood, "with which the present age abounds, a 'Sunday Library for Youth' seems still to be a desideratum. There is, indeed, no lack of books, nor of religious books, that have been written expressly for the young; but many of these, including a very large proportion of religious Tales or Romances, the judicious parent and guardian feel themselves under the necessity of rejecting. If the present humble attempt shall be more successful in this quarter, it will be indebted for that success to the deeply interesting nature of its subject." It is not, however, to the subject alone, that Mr Wood will be indebted for his success. He will owe it still more to the beautifully simple and lucid manner in which he has brought before the youthful mind the events of Sacred History. Mr Wood's style is clear, manly, impressive, solemn, and unmethodical. There is no mawkish whining in his book, but a great deal of good sense, valuable information, and sound religion. We sincerely wish it the most extensive circulation possible, to the utter exclusion and oblivion of that baleful quantity of maudlin trash so frequently introduced into religious circles with good intentions, but calculated only to produce the most emasculating effects on the intellect of man, woman, and child.

The Last of the Plantagenets; an Historical Narrative, illustrating some of the Public Events, and Domestic and Ecclesiastical Manners, of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Second Edition. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 408.

THIS is a work addressing itself fully more to the lover of antiquarian research than the mere hunter after excitement. The story advances with a tranquil and leisurely pace—delighting to linger upon minute portraits of the firesides of Old England, its solemn festivals of church and state, the gorgeous panoply and daring deeds of its warriors. It is not meant for the perusal of such as are excited only by strong passion and marvellous incident. And yet there is an interest in the tale of no common order.

The story is of a son of Richard III. who, educated in the retirement of a monastery, was brought to his father's tent the night before the battle of Bosworth-field. Had the fortune of the fight been good, he was to have been acknowledged the heir of the kingdom; but all his prospects were stricken down with the king his father. The young Plantagenet was found on the field, senseless, but still alive, by a Jew, who carried him to his home, with an intention of glutting his vengeance by the slaughter of a child of his persecutor, but was brought to better thoughts by the interposition of his wife. Richard Plantagenet abode with this couple till he was discovered weeping at his father's grave by an old servant of that monarch. He was doomed to be scared from this retreat likewise by the wakeful care of Henry, who summoned his new guardian to court, on suspicion that some intrigues were carrying on among the Yorkists. He was then transferred to the charge of his father's king-at-arms, who lived in retirement, exercising the profession of an illuminator of missals. On the rising of the friends of the house of York under Perkin Warbeck, he was intrusted to the care of Lord Lovel, one of their leaders. The party were routed before he could join them. After undergoing various adventures, he escaped into France, where he took military service, and passed afterwards into the troops of Burgundy, where he won the notice and favour of the Duchess. She nominated him on her death-bed her messenger to carry some bequests to her relations in England. While engaged in discharging this mission, he saw and loved his fair cousin, the youngest daughter of Edward IV. His unguarded pursuit of her exposed him to discovery; he fell into the hands of Henry, who doomed him to perpetual imprisonment. He escaped, and sailed, as England could afford him no shelter, on a voyage of discovery; on his return from which, he retired, induced by the eloquent sermon of a monk, into a monastery. He was called, in the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties, to administer the last consolations of religion to the head of a religious house, in whom he discovered the beloved of his youth, and received from her dying words the first impressions of the reformed faith. On the destruction of the religious houses by Henry VIII., he supported himself by his skill as an architect, until discovered by Sir Thomas Moyle, whose benevolence enabled him to spend his old age in repose. In the retirement thus afforded him he composed his history, for the amusement and edification of the family of his benefactor.

Many of the characters introduced are drawn with great truth and felicity; in particular, the gentle lady-bride, the stout King Richard, the vacillating De Mountford, the fierce and dissolute Bernard Schalken. There is also much graphic power in the narrative of some of the incidents. We could have wished that the author had omitted the few antiquated words with which he has occasionally interspersed his pages, as they only contrast disagreeably with the otherwise entirely modern structure of his sentences.

A Practical Formulary of the Parisian Hospitals, exhibiting the Prescriptions employed by the Physicians and Surgeons of those Establishments, &c. &c. By F. S. Rastier, M.D. Translated from the Third Edition of the French, with Notes and Illustrations. By R. D. McLellan, M.D. Edinburgh. R. Buchanan. 1830. 12mo. 1 p. 260.

THE young part of the medical profession in this country are in debt to Dr McLellan for putting into their hands a carefully executed translation of this very useful and practical work, exhibiting a correct view of the state of medical practice in Paris. The volume is also calculated to make the youthful members of the profession acquainted with many new modes of combining and applying remedies, and with the results to which these modes have in general led. To those students who have the prospect of attending the medical schools of Paris we would especially recommend the work; for they will find the information it affords regarding the hospitals and clinical courses of the great utility. Dr McLellan has added a considerable number of Notes of his own, which indicate an extensive and highly creditable acquaintance with his profession.

Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels, with Illustrations. Travels in Turkey. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. Pp. 279.

WE had occasion, some time ago, to speak very favourably of a previous volume of this work, containing Stories taken from Popular Travels in South America. We can speak equally well of that now before us. It confines itself to the consideration of European Turkey, and contains, among many other things, a sketch of the History and Geography of the Empire, together with an account of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Constantinople, with a description of that interesting City. The whole is founded upon the narratives of Macfarlane, Madden, Walsh, Frankland, Androsky, and other recent travellers. The work is very handsomely printed, and embellished with several fine illustrations.

The Edinburgh Memorandum-Book; or General, Commercial, and Juridical Remembrancer and Scottish Diary for 1830. Edinburgh. John Anderson, jun.; and William Hunter. 12mo. Pp. 156.

THIS is as good a work of the kind as could be wished. The lists are full and satisfactory, and the whole is got up with much neatness, and all due attention to the convenience of the reader.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MILTON AND HIS CHRISTMAS ODE.

IF there is any favour of Providence for which a man ought to be supremely thankful, it is for being born in the winter time. Encountering storms and snow from our birth, is like plunging into a cold bath the moment we get out of bed—it braces us for all that is to come. Fate owed some such strengthening medicine to Milton, for the darkness and evil tongues which were to come down on his latter days. Accordingly, we find that he was born on the 21st of December, (the 9th O. S.)—as wintry a time as a reasonable man could well desire. It must have been some of those undefinable sympathies, which so often direct the thoughts and actions of men,—some yearning after that kind of weather to which he was first inured, that led him to dwell so often upon winter landscapes—dull, cheerless things, from which the herd of mankind turn away shivering. And nothing short of such a link can account for the stern puritan ha-

vouring sang of the Nativity in a strain which the most orthodox high-churchman (laud himself, or, higher still, his amiable historian, John Parker Lawson,) might envy.

Jesting apart, however, Milton's Ode "on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and some other of his minor pieces, composed about the same period, are worthy of more attention than has hitherto been paid to them, as affording an interesting picture of the earliest attempts of his mighty mind to embody its workings in distinct imagery, and clothe them in words—a process not unsapiently shadowed out under the picture he afterwards drew of the lion at the moment of his creation,—

"now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts."

WE find, in these earlier productions of Milton, the same felicity and copiousness of classical allusion that accompanied him to the last; only it is not here husbanded and skilfully applied, but poured out with the profusion of one who has far more than he can tell how to make use of. The majestic phantoms of old times crowd so upon his fancy, that he can scarcely name the first, before a second has already stepped into its place. He runs over a catalogue of their names, as if every reader could, from his own stores, hang clusters of associations around them, as full and rich as his own. We can often trace in them anticipations of sublimity, to the full conception of which his mind was not yet adequate, giving to his verses a constrained and laboured character. Thus—

"My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish
white."

Even his language and versification is not what it afterwards became. In the poems of which we are now speaking, he approaches more nearly than he subsequently did to the poets of the Elizabethan age. There is sometimes a forced elevation of verse, contrasting strongly with a poverty of language, that reminds us of Marlow. The melody of the following passage in the Ode on "The Passion," is Spenser all over:

"For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snarcs, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo."

He resembles these old poets, too, in the startling unconcern with which he passes from the loftiest to the most commonplace language and imagery. Thus—

"With such a horrid clang,
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake,
The aged earth aghast,
With horror of the blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge, in middle air, shall spread his
throne."

And again—

"That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table
To sit," &c. &c.

Yet even in these poems, he bursts occasionally into that lofty and sustained harmony of versification which he afterwards carried to such perfection. Thus the opening of the Ode on the Nativity—

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born," &c.

Occasionally, too, we find passages, which, for deep-felt and delicate beauty, are not surpassed in any of his works. Of this kind is the beautiful image of Peace—

"She, crown'd with olive green, came safely sliding
Down through the burning sphere,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing."

The effect of the divine afflatus on the priest at Delphos is likewise finely conceived—

"No mighty trances, or breathed spell,
Inspired the pale-eyed priest."

And the attitude of kings awaiting Christ's advent—

"The kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

What seems to us most peculiarly striking in these poems, and most prophetic of Milton's future character, is their unimpassioned tone. The only things that seem to excite him are beauty, harmony, and moral enthusiasm. We can trace nowhere, that thrilling of the nerves and rush of blood which makes, in most men, the time of life he had then attained, one delicious dream of passion.

Turning from the contemplation of these untimely blossoms, to the works upon which Milton's fame rests, we are struck with the isolated character of his genius. He stands in the line of our land's poets, among them, but set of them. His high finish has nothing in common with the gorgeous rusticity of his predecessors, and a little sympathy is there between his rapt and lofty musings, and the strong common sense and courtly polish of the wits who came after him. There is nothing national in his thoughts or feelings. He is more at home, and finds more kindred souls, in Athens, Rome, and on the mountains of Judah, than in merry England. His very language is foreign. His words are half Latin—his constructions have a classical denseness and compactness. There is a harmony in his blank verse, that we would seek in vain in any other English poet. His poetry has no human passion. Its tone is calm and equable. There is in it an exquisite feeling of the beauties of nature and art—a relish for harmony—a love of all that is good—a power of sympathising with all that is great,—but there is little or no sympathy with individual man. The personal of Milton is like the performance of an act of devotion. The world, its cares and joys, grow dim; we feel our minds expanded, and a sublime harmony diffused through all our thoughts. We are no longer at the mercy of every chance emotion, but are become images of the sustained and majestic progress of the universe.

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF THE GALOPADE.*

Translated from the German of Eschschin, by one of the Authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.

A few leaves of the Chronicles of a country, the situation of which I do not choose to mention, and the name of which I am determined to keep secret, have fortunately fallen into my hands. The Chronicle contains the private memoirs of one of its kings, who, it appears, was minutely fond of horses, and of every thing connected with them. Nearly the half of his revenues was lavished upon the royal stud, which consisted of several hundred noble steeds. They fed from marble mangers, and drank out of silver buckets; and every thing relating to the usage was conducted in the same style of magnificence.

It was to be expected, this intellectual, high-minded monarch, spent the greatest part of his time among his well-legged favourites; and, by so constant and fami-

liar an intercourse, he had become exceedingly like one of themselves. His dress was that of a jockey, and his language that of a stable-boy. If at any time he was compelled to listen to state matters, he invariably interrupted his ministers with a "Brr, brr," or, "Come up, my little man," or some such elegant phrase. The courtiers under this king were exactly what they are everywhere else—the imitators of their superiors; and the halls of the palace resounded, therefore, with the noise of their heavy boots and clanking spurs. Even the most gallant among the young nobles, in place of *chapeaux bras*, carried long whips in their hands, which they cracked in the ladies' ears, instead of whispering soft nothings into them. Rude and unpolished as they were, they never condescended to speak, as people of cultivated minds always do, of plays, balls, love, dress, and such important matters; but, from morning to evening, their horses afforded an unchanging theme.

It is said that courts are the paradise of women, but this certainly was not the case in the court to which we allude. The ladies enjoyed neither flattery nor amusements of any kind; and the poor queen, in particular, and her two beautiful daughters, were really to be pitied. They had nothing better to do than to yawn away their time in their gilded chambers, or to sit at the windows, and fret themselves to death at the eternal exercising the king held of his beloved quadrupeds right in front of the palace. At length they represented the irksomeness of their case to the monarch, in terms so touching, that at their united and earnest entreaties, he consented to give a ball, fixing, of course, upon one of the days usually set apart for the bleeding and doctoring of the horses.

The night of the ball came, but what was the surprise of the ladies, who were all assembled in full dress, to see the courtiers enter the ball-room—not in dancing shoes and gold-embroidered silk stockings, as they ought—but in their common riding apparel. His Majesty, however, occasioned them still greater surprise, when he declared, in the most condescending manner, that, booted and spurred as he was, he intended to open the ball with a dance entirely of his own invention. The reader already anticipates, that the royal breaker of horses could not have invented any other dance but the *Galopade*, now so much renowned. His Majesty led out the lady highest in rank, and, arranging the other couples in a large ring, he seized his partner round the waist, and then bounded forward with his astonished fair one in a wild and thundering gallop round the circle. The rest followed this obstreperous pair in the same manner, his Majesty directing with his whip the movements of the bipeds, who were making themselves as like quadrupeds as possible. A few matronly ladies, and some elderly barons, who were not quite rapid enough in their motions to please this extraordinary director of the ceremonies, were honoured with some pretty sharp hints from his rod of correction. His Majesty was in high spirits, springing forward at an amazing rate,—jumping, whirling, and tossing his partner from his right to his left arm, from his left to his right, till the dance became so wild, so hot, so hurried, that the ladies, with robes, petticoats, laces, and flounces torn to pieces by the spurs of the accomplished cavaliers, sank breathless and exhausted upon chairs and sofas.

Such were the circumstances attending the first night's performance of a dance, whose fame has now spread far and wide, and in which the young and the lovely of the land engage with keener delight than they ever glided through the quadrille, or died away in the waltz. Who shall deny, that the nameless king of this unmentioned country is more deserving of immortality, than many whose sayings and doings have been more frequently in the lips of mankind?

* It may not be generally known to our country readers, that the *Galopade* is now the only dance much patronised in the fashionable circles of the metropolis.

A LETTER FROM DUBLIN.

Dublin, 22d Dec. 1829.

THE first term of the year (as we always call the one which closes it in Ireland) is generally a dull one, and this year it has been particularly so. Except the blow-up between the great counsellor and his friend Pierce Mahony, which has now come before the world in the newspapers, there has been little of public interest astir in the hall of the Four Courts. The Royal Irish Academy meets as usual, to ballot for new members, and pass the accòmpts. The Dublin Society is in full correspondence with Lord Leveson Gower, who wants to withdraw or diminish the Government grant; make them charge for their lectures, which have hitherto been free to the public; alter the mode of admitting the members; and, in short, remodel the whole institution. Nothing final, however, has yet been determined on. The Society has just granted their gold medal to Mr Hogan, a Cork artist, who is now exhibiting here a magnificent statue of a dead Christ, which he has recently executed at Rome. The resolution entered into last Thursday by the committee of Fine Arts was, that, "Having viewed Mr Hogan's statue of the Redeemer after Death, together with a plaster cast of a Fawn, from a model executed by him at Rome, we are unanimously of opinion, that in both these works Mr Hogan has displayed a union of rare and high talent, fully meriting the distinction proposed to be conferred on him." This is, I believe, only the second gold medal granted by the Society since its foundation. The former one was to Sir Charles Giesecke, their own professor of mineralogy. The figure, which is recumbent, and of the size of life, is really admirable for so young an artist, and affords great promise of future excellence.

Our Diorama has expired, and is to be succeeded by a Minor Theatre, for which Mr Jones, the former patentee of the Theatre in Crow Street, obtained permission from the last Lord-Lieutenant; and then finding, as I understand, that he was unable to establish such a thing respectably himself, sold his privilege to a showman of the name of Scott, who promises great doings. At the Theatre-Royal, Auber's opera of *Masaniello* has had a great run, and Braham has been in excellent voice. He takes his benefit and farewell to-morrow night. Fanny Ayton, it is said, is come.

Some of the booksellers of Dublin have had a meeting to establish a trade company similar to that of London, for publishing reprints of standard works, &c. They have eaten one dinner on the strength of it already, and have referred to a committee to examine and report what further should be done. The University press is at length actively engaged in putting forth a complete edition of Archbishop Usher's works, under the inspection and revision of Dr Elrington, son of the Bishop of Ferns, and King's Professor of Divinity in Dublin. The only local literary news of much interest at present is the commencement of a new Literary Gazette, pretty much on the same plan as that of your Literary Journal, being devoted to literature, the fine arts, and local and personal sketches. There is much show of vigour and originality in the notices of its appearance which have already been made public, and there is a sort of patriotic feeling enlisted in its behalf, as a really powerful effort to raise Dublin and Ireland from the very low position which they occupy at present as a literary place and nation.

THE DRAMA.

THE highest happiness to be enjoyed on earth consists in seeing a Christmas Pantomime. Place us in any box not farther off than the fourth from the stage, surround us with a whole bevy of merry juvenile faces, and among these plant, at proper intervals, the graceful figure of a

faithful wife, the gentle expressive countenance of an affectionate mother, the joyous sympathy of an unmarried uncle,—place us where a sight like this is to be seen, and we envy not a seat upon the bench, the woollack, or the throne. The play is over, and we have no doubt a ver excellent play too, though we cannot exactly take upon us to say whether it was "Hamlet" or "The Jealous Wife. The play is over, and the people have stood up in the pit and put on their hats, and chatted, and looked round. And now the fiddlers, who have been away fully longer than the gentlemen in the upper gallery thought altogether proper, have come back again, and Mr Pindar, after leaning over his music-stand to say something exceedingly humorous to Mr Platt, which makes Mr Platt laugh in evident delight, draws his bow across the bridge of his violin, and makes a shrill squeaking noise, which is imitated by the whole orchestra, until, harmony being obtained, they strike up one of the spirit-stirring airs of Scotland, and a thousand heads, hearts, hands, and feet beat time to the strain. The pit sits down, the galleries sit down, the boxes sit down. But expectation is on the toe. Hark! the bell rings! Up goes the curtain! No for "The Twelfth Cake, or Harlequin Rainbow!" We declare, there they all are in the back parlour of Mr Chocolate, the celebrated London grocer! Did you ever see a merrier party assembled on a Christmas night? Mr Rose, to be sure, seems a little afraid of the very polite attentions of Mr Alderman Guttletwell, who certainly has a head big enough to swallow Rose at one gulp; but the young sailor, Harry Spritsail, soon comes to her assistance, and one may see with half an eye how the wind blows. Well, did you ever witness such a game at romps? Nobody could say where it would have ended, but when in the twinkling of an eye, down tumbles one of the walls of Mr Chocolate's back parlour, and in walks, from his magic chariot among the clouds, Iris, the Goddess of the Rainbow. She is in a thundering passion; and, in a moment, our worthy friend, Mr Chocolate, is changed from a celebrated London grocer into Pantaloon; and, like time, the polite Alderman Guttletwell is metamorphosed into Clown, Rose into Columbine, and Harry Spritsail into Harlequin. Iris takes her departure, and off the merry quartett go on their perpetual race of frolic and frolic. It is now that the interest becomes intense and that the eyes of all the little rosy boys and girls sparkle like diamonds, and their clear laughter rings among all the crystals of the chandeliers. But the truth that follow,—the "guilts, and pranks, and wanton wiles"—what uninspired pen shall essay to describe? By Jove there is actually Duddington Loch, or some place very like it, and there are several members of the Skat Club gliding away upon skates, in a manner that would honour to Messrs Cockburn, Torry, and Simpson;—b sliding, too! just as we ourselves used to do on the Loch some fifty years ago, and tripping each other in a riotous style, and flinging snow-balls, and then quarrelling a regular fight "across the bonnets;"—but, good Heaven Mr Paul Pry has fallen in; see! there is his head above ice,—now, plump! he disappears altogether. For mercy sake, bring ropes and a ladder! The Clown goes to the edge of the hole, when, lo! up rises Mr Paul Pry's ghost at least ten feet tall! Never mind! the Clown is a bold man; he ties a cracker to the tail of the ghost's coat, and blows the gigantic phantom into the air! Presto! Pass!—wintry landscape disappears, and behold! a lovely summer garden, with flowers of all hues and odours; there come that happy pair, Harlequin and Columbine with hearts too light and gay for any movement but of the dance—O! that we had been born a Harlequin! Yet, that funny fellow, the Clown, has a part of our business. See! he has got into a haunted kitchen, the most suspicious and mysterious-looking place we ever beheld. Only look at that huge Tom-cat sitting by the side of the fire, with his great red eyes and long black whiskers which he whisks about so fearfully! Hark! the c

rikes thirteen! The Clown proceeds to cast seven pan-
cakes, and at the finishing of every pancake, rattle the
pots and pans, fly about in all directions the tin dishes,
over the ghosts of murdered cows, sheep, hens, geese,
and turkeys, pass through the air the wild forms of
skeleton cats in pursuit of spectral mice, and horror ac-
cumbates on horror! Let us escape, or we shall die of
fright!—Ha! here is a "Grand moving Panorama, re-
presenting the voyage of his Majesty King George the
fourth from London to Edinburgh." We'll pay our
calling, and go in to see it. Upon our honour, Mr
Hillyard, you, Mr Meldrum, and your numerous assist-
ants, have got up one of the prettiest panoramas we ever
cast our eyes on. The whole scene passes before us
like magic. There go the hearts of oak sailing down the
Thames, past Greenwich, and away round the Nore
Light, just as the sun sets gloriously. Then rises the
silvery moon, and the Royal squadron proudly paws the
waves as it glides along the coast of merry England.
The morning dawns at Fast Castle, and away we scud past
Barbrough Head, Holy Island, the Bass, and Tantallon.
Hurra! we are steering up the Forth, and now we are
in Leith Roads! In please your Majesty, yonder is
Arthur Seat, and the Calton Hill, and the Castle, and
you may already hear the shouts of all Scotland coming
to you in thunder from her exulting shores! Well done,
Mr Hillyard!—we thought not to have lived that hour
over again, but you have shown us the imperial pageant
over more.—Heaven and earth! how is this? But now
we were in Auld Reekie, and behold! we are all at once
hurled away to the most "Gloomiferous Cavern of the
Ethe Devils." Immortal members of the Six Feet Club!
Look at these two blue devils! Were you aware that
devils are, at least, the height of Melville's Monument?
These are not fellows to be trifled with in a steeple-chase!
They disappear, and the Cavern of Gloom is in an instant
converted into the "Variegated and Radiated Temple of
Truth." When did so much glory ever burst upon the
world? And here, in this palace of delight, Harlequin and
Columbine are united for ever; and the curtain falls, and
we go home, with the hearts of our children and grand-
children beating within us and around us; and our
dreams, like theirs, for one long blessed night are full of
paradise and joy!

"God help thee, *Old Cerberus!* is this a style for a
comic like thee to write in?" We know not; we only
thank our stars that some of the feelings of boyhood are
still lingering about us, like the last rays of evening upon
the far-off summit of some huge, grey, and rugged moun-
tain.

Old Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TIME.

By Captain Charles Gray, Royal Marine Forces.

"Tak tyme in tyme, ere tyme be tint,
For tyme will not remaine."

Alex. Montgomerie.

WHEN first this warl' was set a-spinnin',
Time, ostrich-like, begoud his rinnin';
His scythe was gleg—his glass beginnin'
To shed its sand,
Ere Eve or Adam yet knew sinnin',
Or brak command.

A spankin chiel was he, I trow;
A tuft o' hair hung owre his brow;
Ere lang, the wavin' wimpler grew
A decent hoarlock,
And wise the man that strove to pu'
Him by the forelock.

Sae swift his noiseless footsteps fa—
Lighter than shadows on the wa!
Man's ear can catch nae sound awa,
E'en though you watch him,
Turn but your back, the sheild's awa',
And wha can catch him?

The throwgaun earle ne'er looks behind him—
Nae tether has been found to bind him—
The fleetest sleuth-hund canna wind him,
He's sic a rinner;
And man—gear-gathering man!—will find him
At last the winner!

At times, it's true, he slacks the rein,
Claps on the drag—disease and pain—
Then slowly, as a wechtie wain,
He seems to pass us;
Let health return—crack! crack! again,
Awa he dashes!

As simmer day, 'mang meadow grass,
As I sat gamfin wi' my lass,
At e'en, I saw the grey-beard pass;
I kend his auld pate—
He leer'd, and pointed to his glass,
And shook his bald pate!

Was ne'er sic pryin, pawkie thief;
Nae hidling hole frae him is prief;
He steals in by—I say't wi' grief—
Through door an' drapery,
And eats, without my grannie's leif,
Her wheel-hain'd naipery!

His ample scythe maws a' thing down—
Sometimes a king—sometimes a clown;
Sometimes a tower—sometimes a town;—
Yea! frae its station
He hurls into the abyss profoun'
Some thrawait nation!

What can resist his pond'rous jaw,
His teeth sharp as a tiger's claw!
Kirks, pyramids, he crumbles sma',
And ere he blin'
He crams them in his menseless maw,
Withouten din!

But hark!—deep-toned, methinks I hear
(While thoughtless mortals loudly cheer*)
Time's warnin' voice sound in my ear—
"Let me remind you,
For guid or ill, another year
Is left behind you!"

Edinburgh, 1st Jan. 1830.

SONG.

"O! A GOOD NEW-YEAR! A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!"

By Alexander M' Laggan.

CHORUS.

O! a good New-Year,
A happy New-Year,
To every honest true ane!
To the lass we loe,
The friend we trow,
May joy come wi' the new ane!

I'll sing ye nought o' politics—
Of angry Whig or Tory;

* The manner in which the first morning of a new year is ushered in, in Auld Reekie,

"Amid the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,"
is in a high degree striking to a moralizing mind.

Nor doctors' deeds, nor parsons' tricks,
Nor soldiers, red and gory;—
May plenty thack ilk canty cot
That honesty is born in!
And may ilk leal and hearty Scot
Be like this New-Year's morning!

O! a good New-Year,
A happy New-Year,
To the honest—the brave—the bonny!
Shower through the lifts
A thousand gifts
On Sawny, Pat, and Johnny!

Gie brava John Bull lang sunny days,
Wi' routh to fill his gabby;
For gudesake clout poor Ireland's claes,
For O she's unco shabby;
Gie Scotland thread to mend her hose,
An' a stout heart 'neath her belty;
Gie her wealth o' meat, an' walth o' knces,
A dirk an' a tartan kilt.

O! a gude New-Year
To her lasses dear,
Her rugged rocks and fountains,
Her flowery dells,
Her heather belts,
Her haughs and stormy mountaine!

Let's take our bonnets aff our crowns,
The hair-clad an' the bald ane,
And drink gude luck to our braw towns,
The new ane, and the auld ane;
And may the muckle dell himself
Reach up his iron clecky,
And pu' a' down as far's he fell,
Wha drinks na' to Auld Reeky!

O! a gude New-Year,
A happy New-Year!
And may mischance o'erturn all,
Wha turns na' a glass,
Wi' "Great success
To the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL!"

DECEMBER 31st, 1829.

Oft do I sit by the pale fire-light,
When twilight is closing o'er me,
Till phantom forms of the future rise
Dreamy and dim before me.

And I gaze on the faces of long-loved friends,
That smile in our circling ring,
And my heart grows faint when I think on the change
A few short years will bring.

And thought on thought in my beating breast
Gushes wild as the cataract's wave,
And I almost wish that the grass were green,
And the stars bright over my grave.

O! better to be unloved in the world,
Than to feel that affection's chain
So strongly binds our hearts to life,
That even our love grows pain.

To know that the sorrow which waits on all,
Must darken the sunniest brow;
And that time, which chills all hearts, must chill
The heart that is warmest now.

O! I dread those shadows that oft-times rise,
As I sit in our circling ring,
And my heart grows faint when I think on the change
A few short years will bring.

GERTRUDE.

THE DEATH-BED.

By John Malcolm.

I stood beside him, where he lay,
And watch'd his life's last ebbing ebb,
For he was hastening fast away
Unto the distant land!
And scarce remembrance could recall,
In that wan, wasted cheek and brow,
The once bright, blooming face—where all
Was dark and dreary now.

Yet he had pass'd not manhood's prime—
And half his days were scarcely told;
But other ails than those of time
Had made him early old;
Even when to live we but begin,
And 'scape from headlong passion's spell,
On him short, wasting years of sin
Had done their work too well.

The evening sun's descending rays
Full on his fading features shone;
He looked upon his last of days
All wild and woe-begone.
It seem'd to wake within his breast
The memory of some fearful dream—
'Twere mercy now if sunk to rest
In dark oblivion's stream.

Around him closed the gathering night—
Delirious horrors fill'd the gloom—
Without a ray of hope to light
The lost one to the tomb.
Oh! from the death-bed of despair,
Where doth the parting spirit flee?
Alas! we know what now we are,
But not what we may be!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that Dr Russell of Leith is preparing for the press a series of discourses on the following subjects:—The Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, the Assurance of Faith, and the Freedom of the Gospel.

Dr John Hennen has in the press, Sketches of the Medical Topography of the Mediterranean, comprising a description of Gibraltar, the Ionian Islands, and Malta, by his father, the late Dr Hennen, Inspector of Hospitals, author of the work on the Principles of Military Surgery.

Mr Sweet has in a forward state for publication a new edition of his *Hortus Britannicus*, which will enumerate many thousand additional plants, together with the colours of the flowers.

Mr Henry Dancer has in the press, *Remarks on Law Expenses*, with some suggestions for reducing them.

Mr Barker's *Epics Dramas of Julio Romano*, or the Display of the Passions, accompanied by an historic Memoir, giving an account of the proceedings in parliament last session on the claims of dramatic writers—remarks on the present state of the stage—and the author's correspondence with various persons; to which will be added an appendix, stating the manner in which dramatic authors are rewarded in Russia, Germany, and France,—is about to appear.

The Portfolio of the Martyr Student is announced.

There is preparing for publication, by the Rev. H. Moseley, of St John's College, Cambridge, a *Treatise on Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics*, for the use of Students in the University.

A History of English Gardening, from the Roman invasion to the present time, is announced, by G. W. Johnson.

A Complete General History of the East Indies has been for some time preparing by Mr C. Marsden, and he has made considerable progress in the work.

A new novel, entitled *The Jew*, is in the press.

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 61.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1830.

PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Mirror of the Graces; or, the English Lady's Costume, containing General Instructions for combining Elegance, Simplicity, and Economy, with Fashion in Dress; Hints on Female Accomplishments and Manners, and Directions for the Preservation of Health and Beauty. By a Lady of Distinction. Edinburgh. Adam Black. 1830. Pp. 212.

We do not care one farthing whether this book be by "A Lady of Distinction" or not;—it is a sensible book, and contains a great deal of good sound doctrine and advice along with, here and there, some things which we think incorrect. It is, we understand, a reprint from the first edition, which appeared so far back as 1817, at Cambridge. If, however, it formerly contained any Indian allusions, these have been expunged, and the work is adapted to the present day, and the existing state of manners in this country. As nothing delights us more, when we can steal a few hours from sterner pursuits, than to dedicate them to the service of the fair sex, we propose offering a sort of running commentary upon the contents of the volume before us, embracing, as they do, so many subjects of vital importance to all ladies.

There can be no doubt that every woman is called upon to pay a particular and steady attention to dress. If we may be allowed to draw a broad distinction, liable, of course, to many exceptions, we should say,—that man is the useful, woman the ornamental, part of creation. A beautiful woman beside an active and intelligent man, is like an elegant garnish to a substantial dish. We eat of the dish, but we preserve the garnish, and we eat of the former the more willingly that it has been rendered so attractive by the latter. Without the softening influence of woman, man would become too rude and fierce; and, perhaps, without the ardour and energy of man, woman would be too insipid and uninformed. Both sexes, therefore, have their relative duties,—the one to extend knowledge, and the other to refine society. Refinement goes hand in hand with a due cultivation of taste, and one of the most direct and obvious signs of a duly cultivated taste is the attention paid to one's external appearance and dress. The savage covers his person with a grotesque combination of colours, which at once betrays his ignorance of the true laws of beauty; while, on the other hand, the graces of youth and modesty never appear more attractive than when the chaste decoration of the person is such, as it were, the sign of the mind's purity. An attention to dress, it is true, may be carried to excess; and those old prosers who railed against dress altogether, as an invention of the Evil One, ought to have considered that kind of creatures we should be were we to go about wrapped up in blankets or bear-skins. "I never yet met with a woman," says the authoress of the book before us, "whose general style of dress was chaste, elegant and appropriate, that I did not find, on further acquaintance, to be, in disposition and mind, an object to stare and love." This is the observation of a person of sound sense, and entirely coincides with our own ex-

perience. Let phrenologists rave about their bumps and organs,—show us the colour and make of the gown, the mode of dressing the hair, the length of the petticoat, the shape of the shoe, the device of the ring, and the fall of the scarf or shawl, and if we do not write "full," "rather large," "small," "very full," opposite the names of the different bumps, more accurately than Mr Combe himself, we shall at length pronounce phrenology a true science. "Show me a lady's dressing-room," says a certain writer, "and I will tell you what manner of woman she is." He was right; but we claim not the privilege of entering her dressing-room,—all we ask is, to see her come out of it in any garb she pleases. "The best chosen dress is that which so harmonizes with the figure as to make the raiment pass unobserved. The result of the finest toilet should be an elegant woman, not an elegantly dressed woman. Where a perfect whole is intended, it is a sign of defect in the execution, when the details first present themselves to observation."

Dress has in all ages been indicative, not only of individual, but of national character, strikingly illustrating Pope's couplet—

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

Our authoress, in tracing the history of dress, goes pretty far back:—"When innocence left the world," she observes, "astonished man blushed at his own and his partner's nakedness, and coverings were soon invented." The luxury and riches of the East, converted, ere long, the twisted foliage of trees and the skins of beasts into garments of a more splendid description. But the severer taste of the dames of Greece taught them to make a resolute stand against the gorgeousness of the Persian loom and the Tyrian dyes. The wives of a Phocion and a Leonidas were simple in their attire, well knowing that an harmonious form never looks more beautiful than beneath the graceful folds of an artificial robe, and that the modest zone, the braided hair, or veiled head, are worth all the golden fleece of Colchia, or precious gems of Bussorah. To the classical forms of Greece, the poet, painter, and sculptor turn with delight even now; and as the epicure who has satiated his appetite with all the delicacies of land and sea, is obliged to confess that there is, after all, nothing more delightful than the simple fruits of the earth, so, after the revolution of ages, the fine lady of modern Europe reverts with avidity to the unforbidden costume of many a long-forgotten Grecian maiden. Upon this subject we have pleasure in extracting the following correct and graphic passage:

THE DIFFERENT DRESSES OF DIFFERENT AGES.

"The intrusion of the Goths and Vandals made it needful for women to assume a more repulsive garb. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft unfettered hair, gave place to skirts, shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver."

"Thence, by a natural descent, have we the iron boddices, stiff farthingales, and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of our Edwards, Henries, and Elizabeths, all exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and outworks; such

impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood, and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject, by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

"These preposterous fashions disappeared in England a short time after the Restoration; they had been a little on the wane during the more classic, though distressful reign of Charles I.; and what the beautiful pencil of Yandyke shows us, in the graceful dress of Lady Carlisle and Sarah, was rendered yet more correspondent to the soft undulations of nature, in the garments of the lovely, but frail beauties of the second Charles's court. But as change too often is carried to extremes, in this case the unseasoned tastes of the English ladies thought no freedom too free; their vestments were gradually paler and paler, till another touch would have exposed the wearer to no thicker covering than the ambient air.

"The matron reign of Anne in some measure corrected this indecency. But it was not till the accession of the House of Brunswick that it was finally exploded, and gave way by degrees to the ancient mode of female satisfaction, by introducing the hideous Parisian fashion of hoops, buskins, stays, waists to the hips, screwed to the circumference of a wasp, brocaded silks stiff with gold, shoes with heels so high as to set the wearer on her toes; and heads, for quantity of false hair, either horse or human, and height to outweigh, and perhaps outreach, the Tower of Babel! These were the figures which our grandmothers exhibited; nay, such was the appearance I myself made in my early youth; and something like it may yet be seen at a drawing-room on court-days.

"When the arts of sculpture and painting, in their fine specimens from the chiefs of Greece, and the pencils of Italy, were brought into this country, taste began to mould the dress of our female youth after their more graceful fashions. The health-destroying bodice was laid aside, brocades and whalebone disappeared; and the easy shape and flowing drapery again resumed the rights of nature and of grace. The bright hues of asphur, raven, or golden tresses adorned the head in its native simplicity, putting to shame the few powdered toupes, which yet lingered on the brow of prejudice and deformity.

"Thus for a short time did the Graces indeed preside at the toilet of the British beauty; but a strange caprice seems now to have dislodged these gentle handmaids. Here stands affectation distorting the form into a thousand unnatural shapes; and there, ill taste, loading it with grotesque ornaments, gathered (and mingled confusedly) from Grecian and Roman models, from Egypt, China, Turkey, and Hindostan. All nations are ransacked to equip a modern fine lady; and, after all, she may perhaps strike a contemporary beau as a fine lady, but no son of nature could, at a glance, possibly find out that she meant to represent an elegant woman."—P. 12-15.

The allusion in the last part of this extract to the ridiculous attempts which some people make, to dress themselves up in all the fashions of earth, and all the colours of heaven, is painfully just. The virgin or the bride, (and who shall say which is the more lovely of the two,) in endeavouring to increase her charms in the eyes of some virtuous lover or proud and affectionate husband, is but obeying one of the ends of her creation. "But when the wrinkled fair, the hoary-headed matron, attempts to equip herself for conquest, to awaken sentiments, which, when the bloom on her cheek has disappeared, her rouge can never recall; and when, despite of all her efforts, we can perceive *momento mori* written on her face, then we cannot but deride her folly, or in pity counsel her rather to seek for charms, the mental graces of Madame de Sevigné, than the meretricious arts of Ninon de l'Enclos." There is not in good sooth, a more disgusting sight than a creature of this kind. She has commonly red hair, and a large mouth, and a prodigious bosom, which she wears quite uncovered, and a dumpy person, and a smile like the reflection of a washerwoman's face in a tin cover. Yet the poor object conceives that she is gaining universal admiration, when, in point of fact, she is the ridicule or contempt of the whole world. Let old maids and married matrons cover their persons with as

much quiet decency as possible, remembering that they may make themselves esteemed long after they have ceased to inspire either love or admiration.

In close connexion with the subject of dress, stands the consideration how the most perfect effect is to be given to those features which are usually left uncovered. Every body is aware how much the same features vary in beauty at different times. Late hours and fashionable dissipation steal the roses from the healthiest cheek—the lustre from the brightest eye. The indulgence of ill temper engraves premature wrinkles on the fairest brow; and the want of due attention to neatness, cleanliness, and exercise, destroys for ever the brilliancy of the complexion. In these circumstances, the question naturally arises,—how far may fictitious aids to beauty be allowed? Our tenets upon this matter are not quite so strict as those we have often heard laid down. Our opinion is, that the necessity of resorting to such means of pleasing is, in general, a sufficient punishment. We, of course, prefer natural ringlets to a wig, but if the natural ringlets have all dropped off, should a lady therefore erect her bald head upon a sofa or at a dinner table? We prefer the row of ivory teeth that have been growing out of one's gums from childhood to any other set of teeth which may be fastened there by the cunning wires of the dentist, but still we therefore defend the gaping gulf of a disfigured mouth against the pleasant appearance of a well-furnished cranium. We prefer the purple bloom of youth to all the carmine at this moment in Paris, but if a few touches of a little innocent vegetable rouge rescue from milky paleness or yellow-billiousness the face of one who, like, shall we be stern and refuse to forbid the application of the revivifying tint? Hear our authoress upon this point. She very properly forbids the use of white paint, which is always poisonous, and, sooner or later, corrodes the skin; but she has not the same objections to the use of red.

"What is said against white paint, does not oppose with the same force the use of red. Merely painting leaves three parts of the face, and the whole of the neck and arms, to their natural hues. Hence, the language of the heart, expressed by the general complexion, is not yet entirely obstructed. Besides, while all white paints are ruinous to health, (considering paralytic affections, and premature death,) there are some red paints which may be used with perfect safety.

"A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, when from ill health or an anxious mind, loses her roses, may be extensible; and so transparent is the texture of such rouge, (when unadulterated with lead,) that when the blood does ascent to the face, it passes through the slight covering, and enhances the fading bloom. But, though the occasional use of rouge may be tolerated, yet my fair friends must understand that it is only tolerated. Good sense must so preside over its application, that its tint on the cheek may always be fainter than what nature's pallet would have painted. A violently rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye. The excessive red on the face gives a coarseness to every feature, and a general fierceness to the countenance, which transforms the elegant lady of fashion into a vulgar harlot.

"While I recommend that the rouge be sparingly permitted, should be laid on with delicacy, my readers must not suppose that I intend such advice as a means of making the art a deception. It seems to me so slight, and so innocent an apparel of the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek, rendered too eloquent of grief by the paleness of secret sorrow,) that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenious female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. It is often, like a cheerful smile on the face of an invalid, put on to give comfort to an anxious friend.

"That our applications to this restorer of our usual looks should not feed, like a worm, on the bud it affects to brighten, no rouge must ever be admitted that is impregnated with even the smallest particle of ceruse. It is the lead which is the poison of white paint; and its mixture with the red would render that equally noxious."—P. 40-2.

The transition from the cheek to the lip is not difficult, and, in our humble opinion, the lip is one of the most

and interesting features of the female form. There ought to be but one opinion upon this subject. The female lip, that has been profaned by the touch of any man save one, (unless it be some near and dear relation,) ought to lose all honour and respect. "The sweet, as Moore says,

"To breathe on those innocent lips,

That never were breathed on by any but thine."

but when a lady becomes a prodigal of her kisses, we are instantly forced into one of two conclusions—either that she holds her virtue upon a very frail tenure, or that, although removed from any thought of guilt, she is altogether incapable of that delicate feeling, and of drawing these nicer distinctions, by the due observance of which alone regard becomes in any instance valuable. Kissing is more common in England than in Scotland, and in France still more common than in England. In these countries it is often a piece of idle etiquette; but it is bad etiquette, for it tends to rub the bloom of modesty away, and to deaden the susceptibilities of the female heart. What remains for the husband, if the lips—the way out of the soul—have mingled their breath of life with the breath of others?

"We cannot love, but one alone,

Is worthy to be loved by none."

Our sentiments upon this matter perfectly coincide with those of our authors, as will be seen in the following lines:

THESE—ADDRESS OF COUNT M.—

"As the salute, the pressure of the lips—that is an indulgence of affectionate greeting, or tender farewell, secured to the closest connexions alone. Our parents—our brothers—our kindred—our husband—our lover, ready to become our husband—our bosom's inmate, the friend of our heart's core—to them are exclusively consecrated the lips of decency, and was he to kiss who yields them to the stain of pollution!

"By the last word, I do not mean the embrace of vice, but only that indiscriminate facility which some young women are in permitting what they call a *good-natured kiss*. These *good-natured kisses* have often very bad effects, and can never be permitted without injuring the fine gloss of that exquisite modesty which is the fairest garb of virgin beauty."

"I remember the Count M.—, one of the most accomplished and handsome young men in Vienna. When I was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of almost perfect beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court, and on whose commendations, as well as to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated me all with an affability which still kept about in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a preference for Count M.—, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count, deaf as a bell to cold and delicate sensibility, who loved her for herself more for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without shuddering, and when he touched her, it was through his veins, that warmed him not to invade the virgin sanctuaries of her lips. (Such were his feelings!) One night, at his intended father-in-law's, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival. Several of the young ladies rejected suitors were present. Perceiving one of the pastimes, and all went on with the pastime, till the Count was commanded, by some very handsome, to redeem his glove by saluting the end of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, turned to his mistress, retreated, advanced again—and at last, with a tremor that shook every fibre in his frame, which nature gave her the soft right which played upon the cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed glove in evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and he went on. One of her rejected suitors, but who was a merry, unthinking disposition, was adjudged, by some indifferent crier of the forfeits—as his last treat he was to hang himself," she said—to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows—

"Lips, whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
As live had fanned them freshly with his wing!"

"A lively contest between the lady and the gentleman lasted for a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh. And the Count had the mortification—the agony—to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised. Without a word, he rose from his chair, left the room—and the house—and, by that *good-natured kiss*, the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more."—Pp. 132-3.

Some persons may be disposed to smile at the extreme scrupulousness of Count M.—; but his feelings were of a nature, which we can perfectly appreciate, and which, on the whole, we are inclined to respect.

Women, perhaps, than even promiscuous kissing, in the immodest manner in which some ladies, misled either by fashion, or a diseased vanity, scruple not to unveil the charms of their bosom and back. How little do such persons understand in what the real elegance and power of beauty consists! Modesty is so it what action is to the orator; it is its first, its second, and its third argument. Without modesty, there can be, in truth, no beauty, in the same way that without mind, the body would be a piece of worthless inert clay. We do not agree with the advice given by the poet to the fair sex—

"Let that which charms all other eyes,

"Seem worthless in your own;"

for this might lead to the too great diminution of that proper self-respect which is the very foundation of a virtuous character; but we certainly agree so far, that she who attempts to charm all eyes, by an unblushing display of beauties which are usually concealed from the vulgar gaze, instead of exciting admiration, ought only to obtain contempt. Concerning the exposure of the bosom, we feel particularly sensitive. Beyond a certain limit, we hesitate not to pronounce it unpardonably meretricious. We entirely approve of the passage subjoined:

"To the exposure of the bosom and back, as some ladies display those parts of their person, what shall we say? This mode (like every other which is carried to excess and indiscriminately followed) is not only repugnant to decency, but most exceedingly disadvantageous to the charms of nice women out of ten. The bosom and shoulders of a very young and fair girl may be displayed without exciting much displeasure or disgust; the beholder regards the too prodigal exhibition, not as the act of the youthful innocent, but as the effect of accident, or perhaps the designed exposure of some ignorant dresser. But when a woman, grown to the age of discretion, of her own choice, unveils her beauties to the sun and moon, then, from even an Helen's charms the sated eye turns away loathing."

"Were we even in a frantic and impious passion to set virtue aside, policy should direct our damsels to be more sparing of their attractions. An unrestrained indulgence of the eye robs imagination of her power, and prevents her consequent influence on the heart. And if this be the case where real beauty is exposed, how much more subversive of its aim must be the studied display of an ordinary or deformed figure!"—Pp. 77, 8.

While our authors thus properly express themselves concerning the latitude allowed to female modesty, we must point out an instance in which, we think, she has gone a little too far, and borders upon prudery. We allude to the matter of shaking hands. That any man, except a lover, has a right to seize upon a lady's hand, and retain it in his own, is of course not for a moment to be maintained; but that a lady in England or Scotland should refuse to shake hands with almost any person whom she meets in good society, we hold equally preposterous. Were she following advice, for example, to be adopted, a stiff and freezing manner would be the consequence:

"When any man, who is not privileged by the right of friendship or of kindred to address her with an air of affection, attempts to take her hand, let her withdraw it immediately, with an air so declarative of displeasure, that he shall not presume to repeat the offence. At no time ought she to volunteer shaking hands with a male acquaintance, who holds not any particular bond of esteem with regard

to herself or family. A touch, a pressure of the hands, are the only external signs a woman can give of entertaining a particular regard for certain individuals; and to lavish this valuable power of expression upon all comers, upon the impudent and contemptible, is an indelicate extravagance, which, I hope, needs only to be exposed to be put for ever out of countenance."—P. 132.

This is *de trop*. An innocent-hearted girl may shake hands freely with every body; and, for Heaven's sake, when she *does* shake hands, let it be, as often as possible, cordially, and, to a certain extent, *con spirito*. There be certain young ladies, whose hands, when they come in contact with yours, have all the cold lifelessness of an unheated bunch of curling-irons, and who simply permit of their receiving a listless shake, leaving behind with you for the next half hour, the disagreeable impression that you might as well have shaken the handle of a pump-well, the pendulum of a clock, or the long queue of an old navy-officer. Give us, on the contrary, the firm, but gentle and speedily-withdrawn pressure of the warm and rosy fingers, which communicates a thrill of frank and harmless pleasure to the whole frame, and which says, more expressively than words, "I entertain that friendly and benevolent feeling towards you, which it is my nature to entertain for all my fellow-creatures."

In making these remarks, we cannot for a moment be understood as wishing to encourage the slightest degree of undue familiarity, either towards equals, or, much less, towards inferiors. So far from this, we hold a becoming dignity and reserve to be one of the most important attributes of the female character; and there is no part of the whole book before us with which we more heartily agree, than with the sentiments contained in the following paragraphs:

THE IMPORTANCE OF RESERVE.

"This sentiment of order in the mind, this conviction of the beautiful harmony in a well-organized, civil society, gives us dignity with our inferiors, without alloying it with the smallest particle of pride; by keeping them at a due distance, we merely maintain ourselves and them in the rank in which a higher power has placed us; and the condescension of our general manners to them, and our kindnesses in their exigencies, and generous approbation of their worth, are sufficient acknowledgments of sympathy, to show that we avow the same nature with themselves, the same origin, the same probation, the same end.

"Our demeanour with our equals is more a matter of policy. To be indiscreetly familiar, to allow of liberties being taken with your good-nature; all this is likely to happen with people of the same rank with ourselves, unless we hold our mere acquaintance at a proper distance, by a certain reserve. A woman may be gay, ingenious, perfectly amiable to her associates, and yet reserved. Avoid all sudden intimacies, all needless secret-tellings, all cloaking about nonsense, caballing, taking mutual liberties with each other in regard to domestic arrangements; in short, beware of familiarity! The kind of familiarity which is common in families, and amongst women of the same classes in society, is that of an indiscriminate gossiping; an interchange of thoughts, without any effusion of the heart. Then an unceremonious way of reproaching each other for a real or supposed neglect; a coarse manner of declaring your faults; a habit of jangling on trifles; a habit of preferring your own whims or ease before that of the persons about you; an indelicate way of breaking into each other's privacy; in short, doing every thing that declares the total oblivion of all politeness and decent manners."—Pp. 163, 4.

We must now bring our remarks upon this work to a close. As we have already said, it is one which may with safety and advantage be put into the hands of a young lady. It treats of many points to which we have not adverted, and even enters upon certain mysteries of female costume, concerning which we should scarcely deem it lawful for any male animal to give an opinion. The chapter on the use of stays should be read with attention; for, though we do not look on corsets with the same horror that some folk do, we certainly conceive them to be less conducive to health than any other part of female apparel.

But, thank Heaven! with or without stays, this country can boast of many a noble maiden,

"Fitted to shine in courts, or walk the shade,
With innocence and contemplation join'd."

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S.E. and F.A.S. Volume III. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 398.

MR TYTLER'S work increases in interest as it proceeds. It indicates in its author a power of patient and wide research, conjoined with a mind which can elevate itself above mere details, to grasp the complicated relations which run through the individual actions of an age or nation, connecting them into one great whole.

The present volume commences with the accession, in 1371, of the House of Stewart to the Scottish throne, in the person of Robert II., grandson, by the mother's side, of the Bruce; and carries on the history to the murder of James I. in 1437. The period is by no means a cheering portion of our story. We can trace in it that undue power of the aristocracy which was the curse of Scotland for so many years, in footsteps of blood. The barons obtained no small accession of consequence when Bruce, in his contests against England and the Pope, was forced to rest his title to the crown of Scotland almost exclusively on the choice of the nobility. Their consciousness of their own strength increased during the troubled reign of Bruce's son, David II. But it reached its height when Robert II., who had formerly ranked as one of themselves, was promoted to the throne. Robert was of too advanced an age to repress with sufficient energy this domineering spirit; and his son was, from the first, of too feeble a character to oppose to it any more active resistance. The ambition of Albany co-operated with the lawless spirit of the nobles to wrest power for a while from the hands of its legitimate owner—a circumstance which only added fuel to a flame already burning too high. Through the influence of the wayward spirit thus engendered, and the yet more fatal effects of his own irascible temper, it was rendered impossible, even for the high talents of the first James, to restore lawful and efficient government to the country. His life was the forfeit of the bold attempt.

Yet we cannot help feeling impressed, while perusing Mr Tytler's pages, with the savage grandeur of many of the personages whom we find acting their parts in the troubled drama. Archibald the Grim is well known to all readers of Scottish history. But we frankly confess that this man of iron interests us little, when compared with the two darker and more subtle spirits, Albany, the usurping uncle of James I., and Robert Graham, his murderer. There is, no doubt, much that is revolting in the unfeeling policy of the former; and we have already observed, that the necessity his ambition imposed of conciliating the nobles, had a great share in fostering their lawless spirit; yet there were redeeming traits in the character of Albany. He clung with a desperate grasp to the devotional feelings of his age, rude as many of these were; and when we find him on the battlements of Edinburgh Castle, on a bright moonlight night, holding high converse with his companions regarding the phenomena of the heavens and their causes, we forget the usurper in the philosopher. So is it with Graham, relentless though his hatred was, and unpardonable the crime that it led him to commit; still there is something in his fearlessness on all occasions, in the scrupulous anxiety with which he always strove to reconcile his actions to his own notions of law and honour, and in his dying declaration to his executioners, that, should the tortures they inflicted tempt him to blaspheme, he laid the loss of his soul to their charge,—there is something in all this that bends us to an unwilling respect. It is such a mingling of apparent inconsistencies, that convinces us the likeness of the Godhead, originally stamped upon man, is indelible, even

in his wildest aberrations. Were it not for the recurrence of this belief, the perusal of history would not only be the most painful, but, at the same time, the most deadening exercise for the heart of man.

Nor are the whole details of this period of so tragic a strain. The ample materials provided by Mr Tytler show, that amid this seeming chaos, the work of civilisation was going noiselessly but steadily on. Many facts tend to prove, that industry and wealth were advancing. It was during this period that the first attempt was made to found a University in Scotland; and it is from the enactments of James I. that we date some of the most important features of the Scottish constitution.

After all, however, the most novel and interesting portion of this volume is the disquisition which Mr Tytler has appended to it, respecting the fate of Richard II. of England. We frankly confess, that he has not succeeded in convincing us that the view he has taken of the matter is correct; but we should be the last to refuse to him the high merits of candour and patient investigation. Our own opinion, however, is, that, taking the evidence on this question, as it is stated by Mr Tytler himself, the authorities for believing the death of Richard at Pontefract are too strong to be overturned by the testimony of his subsequent appearance in Scotland. The frequent reports of his escape in England, we regard merely as signs of the unsettled state of men's minds at the time.

A press of matter of more immediate interest, prevents us from entering fully into the discussion at present; but we propose taking an early opportunity of reverting to it.

Scenes from the Flood; The Tenth Plague, or the First-born of Egypt smitten; and other Poems. By Dugald Maure, author of "The African," &c. Glasgow. Robertson and Atkinson. 1830. Pp. 213.

WHEN we reviewed Mr Moore's former volume, we said as much of its merits, as as little of its faults, as possible. We saw that he possessed talents far above his opportunities, and we were anxious to foster them into maturity. We must not pursue exactly the same course in speaking of his second production; we must be more chary of our praise, and less scrupulous in our blame. We consider this new volume as much upon a par with its predecessor;—we should have been glad to have perceived a marked and evident improvement. We believe we have already stated, in the first volume of the *Literary Journal*, that what we principally like in Mr Moore's style is, that it always aims at being strong and vigorous, and seldom or never degenerates into that maudling sentimentality which weak and commonplace minds suppose to be synonymous with poetical feeling. To this remark, however, we have now to add, that there is considerable monotony in Mr Moore's mode of thinking, and that there is a want of flexibility in his versification, which gives it rather a hard and harsh tone. He is continually seeking for ideas more lofty and farther fetched than usual, and so far the ambition is an honourable one; but when the exertion of straining after such ideas becomes apparent, they cease to afford the reader the same pleasure. Besides, Mr Moore seems to us rather to seek high ideas from the subjects he selects, than to be able to impart them to his subject out of his own stores. This is a very common expedient with minds somewhat deficient in innate sensibility, and it is well calculated to serve for a time the unskilful. Martin paints the Deity and his black and fiery masses, heaped inch-thick upon the canvas, are applauded to the echo. Robert Montgomery, the young man whose pretty face forms the frontispiece to his volume, writes about the "Omnipotence of the Deity," and some critics immediately detect that he is among the most sublime of Britain's poets. But such expedients as these are not the test of

true genius. It by no means follows that he who rashly ventures to draw aside the awful veil from the hidden mysteries of nature, was born a Milton.

What we like to see well delineated in poetry, is all the varying shades of human passion, as called into existence by circumstances of probable and not infrequent occurrence. He who attempts to write a long poem concerning a universal flood, or a plague of so horrible a description that none could escape its influence, takes up so unwonted a position, and must revel in conceptions so foreign to all natural associations, that there are ten chances to one against his producing a poem that will be read with interest. And if it be not read with interest, you may depend upon it there is something wrong about it,—there are many chords of the human heart that it has not touched,—it is cold and artificial. We recollect we objected to the "African" by Mr Moore, that the author took greater delight in describing the stern conflict, or overboiling desire for revenge, than the gentler and more abiding emotions of the bosom, which so beautifully relieve the severity of the others. Unless a writer have a quick perception of these softer graces of composition, we in general despair of his ever rising very high in the regions of the true sublime. How exquisitely does Shakespeare know how to modify and alternate his style! and how easily does Byron pass from the pinnacle of grandeur into the very bosom of domestic quiet! We do not, of course, expect to see Mr Dugald Moore writing like either Shakespeare or Byron; but we wish him, if possible, to come a little more within the sphere of human sympathies,—we wish him to be a little less magnificent, and a little more at home. There is, no doubt, something imposing in many of the subjects he has chosen; but, if we are not mistaken, the best part of their poetry will not unfrequently be found in their title. Thus we have—"The Last Peak,"—"The Vulture of Caucasus,"—"The Fossil Skeleton of the Mammoth,"—"The Dying Patriarch,"—"The Tenth Plague, or the first-born of Egypt smitten,"—"The Sailor's last Huzza,"—"Death on the Pale Horse,"—"The first Star,"—"The Flight of the last Spirit,"—"The Vessel of the Dead," and many others, each of which, we suspect, necessarily consists of the amplification of one good idea. Where other extraneous ideas are introduced, they are vague and unsatisfactory, and though their apparent magnitude may at first surprise, it will be found that they want substance. In the "Tenth Plague," for example, we have the following passage descriptive of Death, which, to say nothing of its ungrammatical construction, appears to us, whatever it may do to Mr Moore, not a little bombastic:

"Meantime, far journeying from his realms of night,
Death swept the dread immensity of space,
By dim and dead annihilated worlds,
Old systems, which his arm of old had smote,
Whose sunless fragments, and disjointed forms,
In thunder roll'd around him.—and by stars
Which he durst not o'ershadow with his wing,
Nor shake his dart above them, for they beam'd
Pure and unpotted in the sight of God,
At last alighted on earth's heavy clouds:
Aloft the giant like a mountain stood—
A mountain of tall flame, whose sulphury crest
Illumes a continent."

Mr Moore delights in these generalities and vaguenesses. He is not only very great upon Death, but upon the conqueror of Death, of whom he frequently speaks in some such terms as these:

"Meantime, the Eternal, sitting on his throne," &c.

Or,

—"the voice
Of the Eternal echoed thus through space," &c.

We cannot say that we altogether approve of a journeyman-printer in Glasgow talking thus familiarly of the Most High. We seriously advise him, at least for some time to come, to be less ambitious. We doubt that he

will ever be a poet of acute feeling or very delicate sentiment; but were his style less inflated, it would be more vigorous, and were it less strained, it would be more natural.

Though we have spoken thus sharply regarding Mr Moore's poetry, we do not, by any means, wish to convey an impression that we have changed our opinion as to his being a man of talent. This he unquestionably is; and although the unfavourable circumstances under which it was produced, will scarcely now-a-days serve as an excuse for a mediocre book, yet these, taken in connexion with the acknowledged ability which his volume displays, convince us that Mr Moore is entitled to a place far above the unknown herd. We have selected for quotation two of the minor poems, which we do not dislike the more that they are written in a less lofty strain than many of the others:

THE STRANDED WHALE.

"King of the frozen deep!

Hast thou sought out a calmer sphere to die,
And left thy old and icy birth-place, where
The sun ne'er woo'd the glacier on the cliffs
Of thy dark dwelling? Couldst thou not breathe out
Thy long existence of a thousand years
Where kindred kings might cheer thee, and the winds,
The howling blasts that nursed thee, have hush'd
Thy mighty heart to slumber with their songs
Of desolation? Thou hast wander'd long
Through thy cold empire of eternal ice;
And thou, perchance, hast seen the frozen wreck
Chain'd on the billows, and her hardy crew
Glued to the lifeless deck—and thou hast dash'd,
As if in mockery at thy weak foe,
The freezing spray into his bloodless face!
And thou hast roll'd, the monarch of the deep,
Proud in thy giant strength, flinging in scorn
The trembling waters from thy glassy sides,
Dashing and diving, in thy fearful play—
Down, down, amid thy chambers, mighty one,
Thy wrath has lash'd the ocean to a storm,
Hurling the floating palaces of man,
Like bubbles, to destruction! Ay, dread thing,
Though thou hast ruled the sea, ah! now thou find'st
A waveless tomb for thy huge skeleton;
In regions where thy sway was never known!
The deep, with his blue floods, that cradled thee—
The storms that bore thee on thy rolling course—
Should, at the last, have made thy sepulchre!
Thy vast remains are not akin to earth,
Trod only by the feet of pigmy man;
The little things that breed and moulder there
Are not companions for a king like thee!
But the great dwellers of the mighty deep—
The equally tempests—and the thunder's roar,
That charm'd thee in thy childhood, and the caves,
Brush'd only by the wild fins like thine own,
Should be at last thy tomb—and all its mates,
Storms, waves, and darkness—the dread visitants—
To howl the music of the hurricane
Above thee in thy sleep."—Pp. 152, 3.

Our other extract is entitled

RICHARD I., SURNAMED CŒUR DE LION.

"[The discovery of the captivity of Richard I. is said to have been made by a poor French minstrel, who, playing upon his harp near the fortress in which the captive monarch was confined, a tune which the King was fond of, was answered by Richard from within, who, with his harp, played the same tune, and thus discovered the place of his confinement.]

"His conquering sword had lost its shine—
His proud and eagle plume,
Which waved so oft o'er Palestine,
Droop'd in the dungeon's gloom—
Barr'd from the millions of his fame,
He pined—when, lo! one eve there came
A bard, with tuneful hand,
And play'd beneath his grated tower,
In twilight's lone departing hour,
A song of his far land!

"The captive monarch heard the strain
In melting echoes roll,
And thoughts of early hours again,
Like sunshine cross'd his soul;
His fetter'd limbs, the dungeon's cell,
Sank in his brain before the spell—
The dream of life's young day!
He seized the harp with sounding thrill,
Through woe his sole companion still,
And sang that island lay.

"That song, his spirit's burning prayer,
Roll'd on its cloudy track;
The vulture heard it in the air,
And scream'd its echoes back:
Alone the captive warrior stood,
Harping in his dark solitude,
While to his memory's eye
His own green valleys rose anew—
His heathy hills, their streams of blue,
Flash'd in their beauty by.

"The sky was calm, the clouds had met,
Day's last rays had gone down;
'Twas deep midnight, but she had set
Each bright star in her crown!—
The minstrel heard the notes that rang,
He knew 'twas England's King that sang—
To England's shore he hied.
His people heard his fate; that strain,
From Europe's mightiest, broke the chain,
And saved an empire's pride!"—Pp. 211-12.

Against one thing we have to warn Mr Moore,—the over-charged praise of ignorant or injudicious friends. Nothing is more fatal to a person of rising genius. It engenders the most mistaken notions of one's own power, and is sure to establish the belief that impartial criticism is neither more nor less than most unjustifiable severity. Mr Moore may depend upon it that he has much yet to do before achieving a lasting or valuable reputation. When he next comes before the public, we are of opinion that he ought to eschew all sacred or high-flown subjects, and rather rest the groundwork of his poem upon some of the dignified and interesting incidents of history. He will thus be more likely to awaken the sympathies of his reader, and at the same time have abundance of scope for the indulgence of his own peculiar vein of thought and expression.

The History of the University of Edinburgh; chiefly compiled from original Papers and Records, never before published. With an Appendix, containing an Account of different Institutions connected with the University. By Alexander Bower, Author of the Life of Luther. Vol. III. Edinburgh. Wagh and Innes. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 394.

THE two first volumes of Mr Bower's History of our University, are known as containing a great deal of curious and useful information regarding its constitution, its foundations, its progress, and its laws. They bring the narrative, however, down only to the year 1756, so that the third volume, now published, which extends from that date to the present day, embraces the most interesting period of all. Its contents consist chiefly of biographical notices of the eminent Professors, now deceased, who not only sustained the reputation of the seminary, but ranked among the principal literary and scientific characters of the last age. These Memoirs contain an account of twenty-nine different Professors, among whom are Robertson, Black, Blair, Hope, both Gregorys, Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, Robison, Playfair, Finlayson, Brown, Dalzel, Tytler, and Christison. In preparing his biographical notices of these celebrated individuals, Mr Bower procured access to many original materials; and "in order that no mistakes might be committed, and that the information which the work contained might be as authentic as possible, the different narratives were sub-

mitted to the near relations of those of whom an account is given, when they could be discovered."

Having perused this volume with care, we consider it well entitled to public attention, and as completing, in a satisfactory manner, the task undertaken by Mr Bower. The Memoirs of the various Professors are written in a candid and liberal spirit; and the style, without being particularly ambitious or redolent of graces, is easy and flowing. As it is impossible for us to attempt any abstract of the diversified materials of which the book consists, we prefer selecting, as a favourable specimen of the author's talents, the following biographical sketch of the celebrated Dr Blair:

MEMOIR OF DR HUGH BLAIR.

"The Rev. Dr Hugh Blair was for many years a distinguished ornament of the University, and certainly contributed as much as any of his contemporaries to the literary reputation which it has attained. He was a native of Edinburgh, and born in April, 1718. His father held an office in the excise, and, if we are not in a mistake, he was a only child. After going through a regular course at the High School of the city, he entered the University. Little is known of his early history. Having attended the literary classes, what was customary in those days at the conclusion of the curriculum, he took the degree of A.M. Being designed for the church, he enrolled his name in the Divinity Hall, and having delivered the requisite discourses with approbation; he was prepared to the presbytery as a candidate for license to preach. We are not informed how long he continued a preacher, but it seems probable that it was in 1742 he received a presentation from Mr Johnstone of Laisk to the church of Colleslie, in the presbytery of Cuparnock synod of Fife. Here he remained only for a short time, being translated to be one of the ministers of the Canongate of Edinburgh.

"Previous to the building of the North Bridge, which was begun in 1763, and was the immediate cause of the city of Edinburgh being extended northwards, the Canongate might have been called (as it was before the Union) the court end of the town. The most gentle and respectable families in the city inhabited it, and, of course, attended the parish church. It was here that Mr Blair might be said to make his debut. To very soon attracted notice as a preacher, and his fame quickly spread. The correctness and elegance of his discourses from the pulpit were much admired. The magistrates of Edinburgh speedily gave him a presentation to Lady Yester's Church, and in 1758 he was removed to the collegiate charge of the High Church. A circumstance took place on this occasion, which deserves to be mentioned, as it showed the opinion of the public respecting the superiority of his talents as a preacher. It is well known, that until of late years, there were only two churches in the city which were sine charges. These were the New Grey Friars, and Lady Yester's. The common practice was, upon a vacancy taking place in any of the collegiate charges, that the clergyman who had been first inducted to one of the single charges, as immediately preferred. Now it so happened, that the Rev. Mr Laundie ought to have been promoted, if seniority as an Edinburgh minister were to be regarded. The popularity and high reputation of Mr Blair, however, induced the town-council to make a new precedent, and passing over Mr Laundie, they presented him.

"About the same time the University of St Andrews conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He probably solicited this, in the view of its being a favourable introduction to what seems to have early projected,—delivering a course of Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres. He was appointed Professor of Rhetoric by the patrons, upon the 1st of June, 1760. At the commencement of the session, accordingly began his labours.

"The reading a course of lectures on the Belles Lettres, was not altogether a new idea in Edinburgh. The celebrated author of the Wealth of Nations had done so in 1748 and the following years, under the patronage of Lord Kames. What was Dr Blair's success, seems to have been forgotten; but Dr Blair was greeted by all persons of taste and literature in Edinburgh, with very favourable auspices. He was a professor in the University, and his fame as a preacher was no slender recommendation. He was generally known also as an elegant scholar, and as one who had paid great attention to the elements of criticism, and the principles of literary composition.

"Having delivered two courses without any other emolument than what he derived from the honoraries of his students, his lectures excited so great interest, that upon application being made to his Majesty, he was induced to endow the professorship of Rhetoric, and Dr Blair received his commission upon the 21st of July 1762, and was formally admitted upon the subsequent 4th August.

"Macpherson had published the celebrated Poems of Ossian, which have occasioned so much controversy. Dr Blair vindicated their authenticity. A host of eminent critics, however, either doubted on the subject, or declared their disbelief. He published a 'Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian,' and this was his first publication. Whatever opinion may be formed of the matter in dispute, it cannot be denied that the Doctor has discovered great critical acumen, whilst, at the same time, it affords an excellent specimen of very elegant composition.

"In 1777, he transmitted to London the M.S. of a volume of Sermons, with the design of committing them to the press. The bookseller, after keeping it for some time, wrote a letter to him, discouraging the publication. One of these Sermons had been submitted to Dr Johnson for his opinion, and after the unfavourable letter had been sent off, the bookseller received a note from Johnson, in which were the following words:—'I have read over Dr Blair's first Sermon with more than approbation; to say it is good, is to say too little.' The volume was then published, for which the author received £50. Its sale was uncommonly rapid and extensive. His publishers generously presented him, in a short time, with fifty pounds more. These Sermons were of essential advantage to him in another respect. The tragical riots in London in 1780 are well known, in consequence of a bill being introduced into Parliament for the relief of Papists. At that hazardous period, it was thought proper that Lord Chief Justice Mansfield should be at Windsor, to advise his Majesty, as the critical situation of public affairs might require. During that time, he read to the Queen one of Dr Blair's Sermons, with which she was so much delighted, as to settle on the author an annual pension of £300 sterling. He afterwards published a second volume, for which he received £200, and again a third, when the booksellers at once offered £600 for the copyright. Hardly any volumes of Sermons have been so successful, not only in Great Britain, but throughout Europe and America.

"Being now considerably advanced in years, he, with the concurrence of the patrons, and at his own desire, was permitted to retire from the exercise of his duty as Professor. He immediately set about revising and preparing for the press those Lectures he had delivered in the College, for the long period of twenty-eight years, with such unbounded applause. This he accomplished, and received for them £1500 sterling. These Lectures have been long before the public, and are universally admitted to contain the most judicious and best digested system, respecting the different subjects connected with polite literature, which have ever been given to the world.

"Dr Blair's health had been on the decline for a considerable time before his death. Though unable to appear in the pulpit, and confined for months to his bedroom, he retained his faculties to the last; and was preparing another volume of Sermons, when he died, 27th December, 1800, in the eighty-third year of his age. This volume has been since published.

"The Doctor's appearance was much in his favour; his features were remarkably regular, and he was particularly attentive to dress. He had never cultivated oratory as a practical art, and never could be prevailed upon to be Moderator of the General Assembly, and took no share in the debates of that venerable court. Independently of a very strong provincial accent, his elocution was but indifferent, from a defect in the organs of pronunciation. He was of the most amiable and friendly dispositions, and was ever ready to encourage men of genius. His literary friends always took the opportunity of submitting their works to him, in order to have the benefit of his criticisms. They relied upon his candour, judgment, and taste. In short, he held the very first rank among the literary characters of the present day."

—P. 12-17.

An Appendix is added, which contains a good deal of important information, embracing, among other subjects, the University Library and Museum, the Botanic Garden, the Infirmary, the Lying-in Hospital, the Public Dispensary, the Royal Medical Society, the Speculative

Society, and General Reid's bequest for the endowment of a Professorship of Music.

A Portrait of John the Baptist; or, an Illustration of his History and Doctrine. By Henry Belfrage, D.D. Minister of the Gospel, Falkirk. Edinburgh. William Oliphant. 1830.

THERE is no tendency more apparent at present, than a desire to publish religious memoirs founded on the most absurd events, and filled with the most extravagant and disgusting details. In truth, this species of religious hypocrisy becomes every day more and more intolerable. It is principally exhibited, we are sorry to confess it, amongst the female part of the community—and that, too, not exclusively amongst old maiden aunts or dotard grand-dames, but even amongst the young, the beautiful, and what we had hitherto deemed the intelligent portion of woman-kind. We cannot, in fact, make a forenoon's call, without the fear of being involved in a lengthened discussion on predestination, justification by faith, or some of the other Lutheran and Calvinistic points—and without hearing simpering Mademoiselles whine, about what they term prevailing heresies, in the most pathetic language and most doleful imagery ever engendered by fanatical cant, or sickly sentimentalism. Each little coterie, too, has its peculiar standard of theology; for while some, in the profundity of their ignorance, reprobate the dry morality of Blair, or the turgid declamation of Chalmers, others appeal to the Memoirs of that inestimable specimen of modern conversionists, Miss Isabella Campbell, as representing Christianity in the most winning and attractive light. We hate quackery in every thing, especially in religion; and we cannot on any occasion tolerate an intermeddling spirit, particularly on Christian polemics. The evil is sufficiently great when confined to private backbiting associations, but it becomes more dangerous when the press is made the instrument for promulgating the most loathsome lucubrations.

We may revert, ere long, to this topic; but in the meantime, we have much pleasure in exempting the work now before us from the general censure. It delineates the character of one whose elevated sanctity, indefatigable zeal, and generous self-denial, are well calculated to interest and improve the heart. We question whether Bishop Horne—a previous writer on the same subject—has accomplished his task with more taste and feeling than Dr Belfrage. Each divine, indeed, pursues a different mode of illustration; but we think that, without descending to unnecessary minuteness, our author has depicted the Baptist's life and doctrines with greater clearness and precision. His remarks are throughout candid and forcible; his reasoning altogether free from sophistry; and his diction, without being cumbered with ornament, uniformly chaste, and frequently eloquent. In short, considering the subject itself, and the ability with which it is handled, this little volume well deserves public attention, which we have no doubt it will speedily receive.

The Lady's Poetical Album. Glasgow. Richard Griffin and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 384.

THIS is a good selection of fugitive pieces by the judicious Editor of the "Literary Coronal." Some original poems are also interspersed; but, generally speaking, we cannot bestow upon them very high praise. Neither are we well pleased with the external appearance of the book. In this age of crimson binding and gilt leaves, we should have looked for something more tasteful than light yellow boards on the "Lady's Poetical Album." The price is four shillings and sixpence; had it been increased to five shillings, and the quality of the paper and boarding improved, we venture to say that many hundred copies

more would have been sold, especially as the name is attractive, and the contents interesting.

There are three little poems, all of which have already appeared in print; but which, for their intrinsic excellence, we wish to transfer to our pages. The first is entitled

THE BRIDEAID.

By Thomas Haynes Bayley.

"The bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now.

"With smiles and caresses she deck'd the fair bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride;
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
Yet she smiled when she kiss'd her, and whisper'd farewell.

"She would not embitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away;
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her depart—
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart.

"She thinks of each pleasure—each pain that endears!
The gentle companion of happier years;
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her depart—
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now."

The next is some lines by Campbell :

LINES

TO EDWARD LYTON BULWER, ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

By Thomas Campbell.

"My heart is with you, Bulwer, and pourtrays
The blessings of your first parental faith;
To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love-born infant's brath,
I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss;
I've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.
Such are the joys, ill mock'd in ribald song,
In thought, e'en fresh'ning life our lifetime long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven-dawn bloom;
Without them, we are weeds upon a tomb.
Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with mine
Propitious stars saw Truth and Passie twine!
Joy be to her who, in your rising name,
Feels love's bower brighten'd by the beams of Fame!
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but new
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That when she at the altar stood, your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more selike pride."

The third is the following little ge, which none but a lady of true and delicate sensibility could have written:

I DO NOT LOVE THEE

By Miss Sheridan.

"I do not love thee! no—I do not love thee!
And yet, when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue y above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

"I do not love thee!—yet, I now not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems ^{all} well done, to me—
And often in my solitude, I g^h,
That those I do love are f more like thee!

"I do not love thee!—yeⁿ when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (thou) those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the linger^d echo of the tone
Thy voice of music le^{as} upon my ear.

"I do not love thee!—at thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, br^t, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the night heaven arise
Often^r than any as I ever knew.

"I know I do not love thee!—yet, alas!
Others will sca^{dly} trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch an smiling as they pass,
Because they, me gazing where thou art."

We have pleasure in observing in this little volume a good number of pieces from the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*; we are glad, for the sake of our correspondents, to see their contributions so very frequently extracted elsewhere.

The Literary Gleaner, No. I. January, 1830. Dumfries. R. Palmer. 8vo. Pp. 32.

THIS is the first Number of a work upon the plan of the "Cabinet," and other popular selections. The neatness and accuracy of the typography reflect much credit upon the provincial press of Mr Palmer, who, we believe, is the Editor. He appears also to have made a judicious choice in the articles he has fixed on to commence his labours with. They are "The Tall Major's Story," from that clever book, "Stories of Waterloo,"—"Helen Irving, a Domestic Tale," from the "Winter's Wreath,"—"The Convict Ship," by T. K. Hervey,—"The Loves of the Learned," by Mr Macniah, from one of the *Annals*,—"A Manuscript found in a Madhouse," by the Author of "Pelham," from the "Literary Souvenir,"—"A Ballad about Love," by the Ettrick Shepherd, from the *Literary Journal*, and "The First and Last Dinner," by Mr Mudford, from Blackwood's Magazine.

A Catechism of Arithmetic, for the use of Schools and Private Families. By James Whitelaw. Edinburgh. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 110.

THE author of this work says, he has often had to regret the want of interest which children generally manifest towards arithmetic as a study. "This he has been inclined to attribute to the dull mechanical manner in which the different rules are too frequently presented to them, without a single hint regarding either their principles or practical use." The system he now offers is calculated, he thinks, to arrest the attention, strengthen the judgment, and bring into repeated exercise the reasoning powers of the youthful mind.

The Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science, and Universal Repertorium of General Literature. For the Quarter ending at Christmas, 1829. Vol. II. London. H. Flower. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 421.

THIS is the best selection extant from the Reviews, Magazines, Journals, and new publications of the day.

An Apology for the Established Church in Ireland; being an attempt to prove that its present state is more pure than in any period since the Reformation. By the Rev. Henry Newland, B.D. Vicar of Bannock. Dublin. William Curry, Jun. & Co. 1829. Pp. 264.

THIS is a book we have not read, but we are told it is pretty good. It is very fervent in defence of the Protestant Ascendancy.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

SCULPTURE—MR GREENSHIELDS' JOLLY BEGGARS.

WE request attention while we endeavour to state coolly and explicitly why we hold these graven images in utter abhorrence. We know that what we are about to say will be called by some the cant of criticism. We do not think it so; and it is perhaps worth while asking, whether there be not such a thing as a cant of contented ignorance, more despicable still?

The art of sculpture addresses itself to the taste; it is the embodying of what is beautiful and characteristic in

form, and communicating to it the expression of passion and intellect. It is chiefly in the two attributes of beauty and individuality of character that we are struck with the difference between art in its infancy, and art in an advanced state. Susceptibility to the impressions of the beautiful must, like all our capacities, be refined and strengthened by habitual converse with its objects; and the same thing holds good in regard to the power of rendering form. The first attempts at representing the forms of external nature are rather rude hieroglyphical indications, than imitations. A child draws a few strokes, and calls them a house; a savage or an uneducated person makes a rude outline, in which we can trace some distant resemblance to the human form, and are hence led to infer that it was meant to represent a man. The knowledge acquired during a succession of generations must be accumulated in one person, before such truth in all the details of the human figure can be obtained, as we find in the Laocoon or the Venus. The union of a greater susceptibility to the beauty of objects, with a greater readiness in creating exact counterparts of the forms we see, is that part of art which can be taught. Passion must be inherent;—a man must have naturally vivid and intense feeling, or he will never be able to communicate its expression to his works. Intellect is developed by a culture of its own, and must likewise be possessed by the artist if he would transfuse it into his creations. These combined powers form the perfect artist; and in proportion as a man possesses them, in a greater or less degree will his works advance to or recede from, perfection. Let us for a moment apply this standard to the works of Mr Greenshields.

In regard to the power they evince of reproducing the forms of external nature, though our praise must be very limited, still we consider that they stand greatly above the works of Thom. The feet of two of the female figures are really respectably executed. All the details, however, are only hieroglyphically represented. The wrinkles of the brow, the insertion of the nails, the cross lines at the joints, the representation of the hair, are not accurate copies of what we see in nature, but strokes hollowed out by the stone-cutter to indicate that nature has assumed certain forms in these places which he has not been able to represent exactly. In like manner, the rounding of the faces is not that exact counterpart of nature which gives a look of reality to the productions of the true artist. There is a squareness about them, producing the impression that "this is an inert mass, fashioned into something approaching pretty nearly to the human form." A still more serious objection is the want of proportion in the parts, and the resting contented with finishing the extremities, while no attempt has been made to indicate those parts of the form which are covered by the clothes. We may also add, as another fault, the want of keeping in different parts of the same figure. The female in the soldier's arms, and the Ballad-singer, are striking instances of the fact that no attention is paid to give form to the clothed trunk, an objection which applies, in a greater or less degree, to all the figures. The female in the soldier's arms is likewise an instance of want of keeping in the parts. The face is (as far as it can be said to be any thing) that of a matron—the legs and thighs those of a very young girl—body it has none.

So much of the individual figures;—let us now speak of their arrangement. Any thing like an attempt to group them has only been made in two instances;—one group consists of the Caird and the Fiddler—the other of the Veteran and his Doxy. The rest of the figures are all hewn out singly, and placed on square slabs, to be arranged according to the pleasure of the possessor. The outline which circumscribes the figures of the Caird and the Fiddler is pleasing enough. The attitude of the Caird is bad—he seems falling forward upon the spectator. The grouping of the Soldier and his fair one has nothing to recommend it. She lies in his arms, and he holds her as

stiff and lifelessly as we have seen two jointed dolls, when placed in a similar position by the ingenuity of a child.

Lastly, a word or two of expression. Passion is the only expression which the subject admits of, and that of no very elevated character. Passion, when properly brought out, expresses itself not in the features alone, but in every muscle of the frame. There is a tension, or relaxation, of the whole man, when under its influence. Apply this test to these figures. Look at the Caird. He frowns most ominously. So far good; but look at the rest of his frame. That extended leg is not stretched like one propelling its master to a deed of death;—it drags lamely after its fellow. The Fiddler, on his part, crouches like a man who has good-naturedly placed himself in that attitude, to show the artist the relative position of the limbs—certainly not like one shrinking in bulk beneath the withering frown of a brawny ruffian. Where is the joviality of the Highland Carline? She stands most dignifiedly upright, with a calm, self-possessed countenance. How lifeless the embrace of the couple opposite! Compare one and all of them with their counterparts in Cruikshank's Points of Humour. There the smack of the armless hero quivers to the toe of his "toosie drab:" there the greasy personages of the Ballad-singer and his two Deborahs glisten with the oil of gladness. Here, on the contrary, every thing is cold and wooden.

What is the end and aim of these observations? Simply this—that, viewed as works of art, these statues can only be considered as entitled to rank beside the productions of a rude and early period. Mr Greenshields is a self-taught artist, and this is a sufficient apology, as far as regards him, for the fact, that these works, although we find in them here and there a happy hit, are worth nothing as a whole; but what excuse is there for that spirit of humbug, which seeks to bring them forward as objects of public admiration? A self-taught genius, struggling without external aid, and against depressing circumstances, is a noble object; but to produce without tuition, in an age when instruction may so easily be obtained, works which are nothing when compared with what might be produced *with* tuition, is a most pitiful ambition. We are afraid that it, moreover, results from the remarks we have made, that Mr Greenshields has not shown (in these statues, at least) that native energy of feeling, from which we might augur great things of him, if subjected to proper training.*

It will be observed that we have considered this matter on the footing most favourable to the artist, without enquiring into the competency of the art of sculpture to represent such subjects as he has chosen. We shall not at present discuss the question, whether sculpture is capable of representing the low humorous. We only know, that no successful attempt of the kind has yet come under our notice. Rage, weather-beaten and haggard countenances, and mutilated limbs, are not in themselves amusing, but painful or disgusting, unless as contrasting with something else. In Burns's poetry, we are rapt by the glow of intense passion and high excitement. All the disagreeable concomitants are forgotten, or, if remembered, it is merely to raise a smile at their contrast with the mirth of the moment. We enter into the merriment heart and soul, but the dirt and cold harm us not. So in Cruikshank. The grotesque countenances of the personae,—the expression of feeling in their figures, is elaborately brought out; while their rage are barely indicated by a few hasty scratches. In Greenshields' statues, the very reverse is the case. The feeling is feebly and inadequately indicated, while the worn-out beavers and bonnets, the ungartered hose and ragged garments, the

wooden leg and the clouted shoe, are most elaborately and obtrusively finished. Nay, even in this, the artist has overshot his mark. The patches are all carefully and recently sewed on, the straps of the soldier's knapsack are fresh from the hands of the saddler, and the letters on the same are carefully finished after the most approved grave-stone fashion. Battle and blast have left no dint here. The wardrobe of the whole squad is that of a set of gentlefolk who have sewed together some remnants to play at make-believe beggars.

Against Mr Greenshields personally we hope we need scarcely say, that we have no ill-will. We know him to be an acute, candid, and sensible man, and we think he has a good deal of natural cleverness, though he is not much of an artist. We should have left him to reap the profits of the public gullibility without saying a word against him, but that we conceive the outrageous puffery which has lately been bestowed on works of this calibre, demands that at least a quiet protest should be entered in the name of good taste and good sense.

In conclusion, and apropos of these statues, we shall take this opportunity of saying a few words upon a subject connected with the morality of sculpture. We hope that it may never be our lot to utter a syllable that can jar, in the slightest degree, on the feeling of the most precise. But it is just because we are conscious of our respect for true decorum, that we feel ourselves entitled to expose all cant on the subject. Cant is a substitution of hollow words, which uniformly betrays a real want of the feeling it aspires to ape. We allude to some nonsense which we occasionally hear spoken about naked figures. There is nothing indecent in a necessarily naked figure;—indecent consists in wanton attitudes, and the associations thereby suggested. Where such things are, the thickest drapery cannot confer decency. There is nothing indecent in the Venus de Medici, the Apollo, the Gladiator, or in our friend Macdonald's Ajax. The impression which the contemplation of such works leaves upon the mind is, the pure feeling of different kinds of beauty. The unconscious modesty of the one, the sublimity of the other, the power and daring of the two last, are impressions that elevate every free mind above low sensual considerations. If we could attribute indecency to a work of art, we would say that there is more in the completely clothed Soldier and his Doxy, than in all the nudities we have enumerated. We say, "if we could attribute indecency to a work of art," because the feelings and reflections awakened in all rightly cultivated minds, by the contemplation of art, are very different from those which our pseudo moralists would guard against. He who can gaze on the Venus, or the Apollo, we will even say the Leda, and feel himself alive only to such associations, may rest assured that taste, one of our highest capacities, is yet dormant within him—that his mental culture is yet in its infancy.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH. ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, 4th January.

PROFESSOR HORN in the Chair.

Present.—Professors Russell and Ballingall; Drs Knox and Russell; — Robison, — Allan, — Gordon, Esquires, &c. &c.

THE business of the evening was a paper by Dr Knox, entitled, "Observations on the structure of the stomach in the Peruvian Lama."*

* The lama, the only beast of burden possessed by the ancient Peruvians, is, of course, known by name, at least, to all our readers. Its natural history is neither very full nor satisfactory. Blumenbach classes it along with the camel, (an arrangement which seems to us to receive confirmation from Dr Knox's researches,) and enumerates two kinds:—The lama which has a pectoral projection, and its back bald (if the expression is admissible);—the vicuña, which has no projection, and is covered with wool. The stomach examined by Dr Knox belonged to an animal of the latter species; the stuffed skin of which is either in the College Museum, or in the house of the College Janitor. We have ourselves examined the stomach in question, and

* It is but fair, however, to state, that we understand he executed these figures upon commission; and that, at the earnest recommendation of Lord Elgin, and others of his more judicious patrons, he is anxious to commence immediately something more classical and dignified.

The more immediate subject of discussion was prefaced by some remarks on the vague habits of reasoning in which the prosecutors of natural history occasionally indulge, and the narrow inductions upon which they build their theories. Much error had arisen, and been perpetuated, by a simple process. A man of distinguished reputation had boarded a conjecture; another, imperfectly acquainted with the matter, had repeated it more decidedly in the form of an assertion; and a third, entirely ignorant of the matter, had propagated the opinion as an ascertained fact. The anatomist ascertained, by painful and minute observation, the structure of organs, and he inferred from their appearance, taken in connection with what he could learn of the nature of the animal's residence, its manner of life, and, in short, from its natural history, the use to which the organ was destined. But the anatomist never would infer from an inspection of one isolated organ, the structure and habits of the whole animal. He would not infer from a piece of hide or bone, the figure and habits of the creature to which it had belonged. Much less would he, because he found a few small bones resembling, in some degree, those of the hyena, assume, without further data, that they had belonged to an animal of homogeneous structure and habits. His whole experience taught him to beware of such hasty generalization. In the sciences of abstract form, we could infer, without danger, that if certain parts of figures corresponded, the whole would do so in like manner; but we were not yet sufficiently acquainted with all the possible combinations of form in organic structures, to admit of such a process of reasoning. Far less were we entitled to limit to the narrow range of our experience, the purposes of an Infinite Being.

The Essayist proceeded to observe, that he had been led to make these general remarks, by having seen the dangerous tendency of such superficial and inaccurate inductions in the statement made by Sir E. Home, respecting the structure of the stomach of the lama, as compared to that of the camel. The Baronet had affirmed, that the stomach of the former differed materially in structure from that of the latter; but he had been led into this error, by overlooking the fact, that the organs of the young seldom display the complete structure of the adult animal.* The history of the theories respecting the stomach of the camel itself, was a curious specimen of that process of reasoning he had been reproaching. It was known that this animal had the power of subsisting a long time without water; it had been assumed that it possessed a power of retaining water in its stomach; and an organ being found, on dissection, seemingly adapted for such a purpose, it had been taken for granted that it was so intended. The difficulty was entirely overlooked, which arose from the fact, that we knew of no muscular and vital, or, as anatomists term it, mucous surface, with which a fluid could remain any length of time in contact, without being absorbed. The belief, that the receptacles in the stomach of the camel could retain water for a length of time unabsorbed, rested on very slender data. There were only three instances recorded. One was narrated by Bruce, who must be considered (the Essayist regretted to say) an indifferent authority. Another was an experiment, conducted rather in a coarse manner, at the College of Surgeons in London. A camel had been purchased in a dying condition. It had been forced to drink a considerable quantity of water, (a portion had even been poured down its throat,) and had been immediately after killed, by inserting a poniard into the crevice between the cranium and the first of the vertebrae. It was kept in an erect attitude after death by means of suspension, was opened in the course of two hours, and a considerable quantity of water found in the stomach.

The camel was one of those animals which had, in the common language of naturalists, five stomachs. From the oesophagus the food passed into the paunch; thence into a second receptacle, which, from its consisting almost entirely of these vessels in which the water was supposed to be retained, had been denominated the reservoir; thence into what corresponded to the second stomach (*reticulum*) of ruminating animals; beyond these lay the *echinus* and the

abomasus. Baron Cuvier and Sir Everard Home were agreed that the lama had only four stomachs; but they differed in their description of them. The Baron admitted the existence of the paunch, the reservoir, and the two last receptacles, denying the existence of the *reticulum*. Sir Everard, on the other hand, admitted the existence of the three first, but maintained that the space occupied in the camel by the *echinus* and the *abomasus* was supplied in the lama by a single stomach. The truth was, that the former, having only examined the stomach of a fetus, had overlooked the very small space in the superficies of the stomach, which had the same structure with the *reticulum* in ruminants. The latter, because the contraction marking the separation between the *echinus* and the *abomasus* in the lama was not so decided as in the camel, had overlooked the entire diversity of their structure, which showed them to be as materially different in the one as the other.

The essayist observed in conclusion, that he had, in compliance with the common use of naturalists, spoken as if there were in reality quadruple and quintuple stomachs. He was, however, decidedly of opinion, that the impressions conveyed by such language were erroneous. Although the form of the stomach might vary in different animals, and although, from this circumstance, as well as from diversified structure of the surface in different parts, peculiar stages of the process of digestion might be more easily referable to a certain locality in some creatures than in others; yet, in all, the stomach was one organ, and discharged one definite function.

No member offered any remarks upon this communication, and the Society adjourned.

THE DRAMA.

MISS JARMAN and the Pantomime have been drawing exceedingly good houses to the Theatre for the last ten days. Miss Jarman has been playing principally in genteel comedy, and with a degree of talent sufficient to put the blind admirers of Miss Foote, Miss Ellen Tree, Miss Love, Madame Vestris, *et hoc genus omne*, to the blush. She takes her benefit next Saturday, when, for the credit of the taste of Edinburgh, we anticipate one of the best houses of the season. It is to us very incomprehensible that Miss Jarman should have been allowed to quit London; but seeing that we have had the good fortune to secure her services here, it would be worse than ungrateful if we did not avail ourselves of the approaching opportunity of showing our sense of their value. We have already said, and we again repeat, that we question whether there is an actress equally talented on the British stage.

The happy family circles which have been visiting the Theatre of late, it has done our heart much good to see; and impressed as we are with the conviction that no amusement could be more innocent or rational, we have read with sincere pleasure the lively and pithy remarks on the subject which appeared in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine. They occur in the review of a poem called "The Age," which the critic informs us is the production of a London tailor. In the course of his poem, the said tailor thus speaks of the Theatre:—

"Among them, the most prominent appears,
And is perhaps productive of the most
Depravity in man,—the theatre;
That den of thieves, that ultimate resource
Of all the wanton, prodigate, and vile—
That haunt of harlots—nursery of vice—
Grand focus of iniquity, which draws
Within its circle all impurity,
Profaneness, gross impiety, and crime—
Temple of Satan!"—

Upon these lines the reviewer makes the following excellent commentary:

"Stop, Snip. Do you mean that, you tythe, for a description of our Edinburgh Theatre? If you do, down with your trowers, and take a taste of the knout. Look at the pit, your vulgar fraction. A more decent set of people never sat in a church. 'Haunt of harlots,' indeed! How dare

found it to coincide exactly with the description given in the very last paper of which our abstract can convey but a feeble idea. It is by justice to the memory of a meritorious individual to add, that Sir Isaac took occasion to bestow a high and merited eulogium on Buckman, the assistant of Buffon, whose accurate dissection of the camel's stomach has been so unaccountably passed over in silence by Cuvier.

* Sir E. has examined only the very young lama.

you, you nine-pin, to calumniate the citizens, the citizens' wives, and the citizens' daughters of Modern Athens? 'Nursery of Vice!' Why, you Flea, every countenance there is mantling with a harmless happiness, while Murray, or Mackay, is diffusing mirth over the smiling semicircle! 'Grand Focus of Iniquity!' Confound your impudence, you Louse,—not a householder there who does not pay his taxes, please his wife, educate his children, and go to church twice every Sabbath. 'Temple of Satan!' Were Satan, you Dung, to dare to show his face on the critic row, these two strapping students of divinity would kick him into his native element. 'Within its circle all profaneness, impurity, gross impiety, and crime!' You Bug, you must have dined to-day on poisoned cabbage, and the fumes have wrapt your brain in delirium. But list! You must keep a better tongue in your head, else even your profession may not save you from punishment; and with nice adaptation of instrument to criminal, some cit will apply the little toe of his left foot to your posteriors, and make you jerk along Shakspeare Square like a bit of Indian rubber.

"Or look at the boxes. 'Ultimate resource of all the wanton, profligate, and vile!' What do you mean, you miscreant? Why, that beautiful young bride is yet in her honeymoon, and the angel on her right hand is to be married on Thursday to that handsome hussar, whose irresistible you yourself made, and they do you infinite credit. A hundred, fair and innocent as she, are all shedding such tears as angels weep for

'The gentle lady married to the Moor,'
so gently personified by the gentle Miss Jarman.

'Fling him ower—fling him ower!'

Such is the cry of all the gods in the gallery, and Snip plays spin at half-price from heaven, and loses his life for sixpence."

To this highly original defence of our acted drama, it is unnecessary at present to add a syllable; but if any one north of the Tweed ever dares to question the morality of our stage, let him remember the tailor, and look for a similar castigation at the hands of

©D Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

By the Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal."

SILENT they stood upon the red shore sand,
That chosen race, the Heaven-directed band ;—
Outstretch'd immense, before them roll'd the sea,
Proud of its fathomless profundity,—
Behind,—the regal ranks in long array,
With arms bright flashing to the cloudless day ;
And upon all, the sun-god, flaming high,
Sent down his darts of fury from the sky.

Silent they stood upon the sands—for fear
Had traced her tale upon the pale cheeks there ;
No arm of man could ward the impending doom,
Nor snatch their thousands from the threatening tomb ;
No wiles elude the dread destroyer's dart,
Nor work a way for Israel to depart ;—
The waves before were gaping to devour—
Behind, the king, with Egypt's arm'd power—
Below, the herbless sands—above, the sky—
Then what defence from coming tyranny ?

The righteous ruler of the chosen race,
To heaven uplifts his hope-enkindled face ;
Uplifts his hand to heaven, while, far behind,
His snow-white locks stream tremulous to the wind ;
Bright beam'd the priest's pale cheek to Heaven upturn'd,
And in his eye prophetic rapture burn'd ;
Mid the despairing ranks he stood alone,
Hopeful himself where other hope was none :
Such as, when through the shadows of the storm
The half-veil'd sun displays his glorious form,

One spot of brightness in the gloom profound
Flings its pure flame upon the darkness round—
One gleam of joy to drooping nature given
Lights up its torch, and wide illumines heaven.

"God of our fathers!" thus the prophet cries,—
"Omnipotent, eternal, only wise ;—
Thou, mighty Lord, at whose supreme command
I led this people forth from yon proud land !
Oh ! look upon them now, as thou hast done,
Ere yet thy great deliverance was won—
Ten times the pestilence came down from thee,
Thy might asserting and their vanity ;
And yet once more, God of our fathers, show
Thy arm of might to impious man below !"

Then o'er the clamorous sea he stretch'd his hand,
And o'er old Ocean swept his potent wand ;—
The waves, loud-roaring, knew the awful sign,
The prophet-priest, the Almighty voice divine ;
Back from their gulfs indignantly they roll'd ;
The briny deeps their cavern-glooms unfold ;
Lo ! on a sudden, to the astonish'd sight
The realms long lock'd in darkness wake to light ;
The scaly monsters of the deep are seen
Struggling, affrighted, mid their meadows green ;
And myriad wrecks lay scatter'd all around,
Calmly reposing on the wave-wash'd ground.
They mark the mariner's chill, cheerless tomb
Low in the rock-crag of the ocean womb,—
They see all strange and unimagined things
That dwell beneath the waves, the water's wanderings.

Backward they went indignantly—with roar
More loud than billows breaking on the shore ;
As if a mighty wind had swept them, they
Recoll'd, and wide was left the waveless way.
Oh ! onward now, thou Heaven-protected band,—
The sea hath hearken'd to your Lord's command !
On either side, like a huge wall they rise—
The foaming waters—to the sun-lit skies ;—
The tempest raves, the ocean rolls no more,
A path of safety summons you before ;
Then onward now !—the dark dry deeps dare all,
The hand of God is on that liquid wall !

They rush—they run—the host, the chosen race,
Harmless and glad, tread Ocean's dwelling-place.
The tyrant-king, like baffled tiger, views
His passing prey, and fearlessly pursues ;
Onward they haste upon the Red-sea shore,
And trace the pathway seldom trod before.

But now the trial of the true is done,
And down heaven's steep swift wheels the setting sun
Safe from their pathway strange the chosen come,
Some chanting anthems, whispering prayers some ;
And lo ! bright glittering, behind them far,
In the last sun rays, shone the pomp of war ;
One brief bright glance the prophet turns to heaven,
One heartfelt prayer to the deliverer given—
Then once again he waves his potent wand,
Wing'd with the mighty voice of God's command :
Old Ocean hears ;—the waters vast obey—
They rush impetuous on the trodden way—
Prone o'er the trembling ranks they haste—they sweep
Dash on the hosts, and revel through the deep ;
The proud array of battle scatter'd all,
Before the tumult of the storm they fall ;—
Egyptia's gorgeous chivalry is gone,
And one vast waste of waves is seen alone,
Save where, at intervals, a struggling cry
Tells of some sinking wretch's agony,—
Or where some war-steed, in his fierce despair,
Fills with white foam the hot and breezeless air ;—

The deed is done;—the impious monarch dies,
And to his death-groans far the shore replies.

To mark the race redeem'd, the sacred sons
Of Israel's line, the Almighty's chosen ones;
And all to their deliverer on high
Send up symphonious rapture to the sky;
On timbrel and on cymbal chant they then
The song of triumph, maids and grey-hair'd men,
And youth and warriors accordant sing,
The deathless praise of Heaven's eternal King!

MY DYING FRIEND.

By S. C. Hall, *Editor of the Amulet, and of the British Magazine.*

Yes—it is written we must part—
All hope for thee is past—
The tie that bound us heart to heart,
Long after life may last;
But we can meet on earth no more—
The tide that bears thee from the shore
Is ebbing, dark and fast;—
Our efforts and thy struggles fail,
For nought can human aid avail.

Though Death's cold chill is on thy brow,
And pain oppresseth thee,
Thy mind is powerful still—even now
As it were wont to be—
Death over it hath no controul,
His fetters cannot bind the soul,
In native greatness free:—
Give me one token more, to tell
That Peace is thine—that all is well!

Oh! why my hand so feebly clasp?
Is it thy last embrace?
Nay, do not quit that gentle grasp—
But turn from me thy face;—
Oh! do not look upon me so,
As thou wouldst read my soul, as though
Thy rayless eye could trace
In me the workings of despair—
To know that death is busy there.

I shed no tear—I will not weep
Till thou art in thy grave;
If friendship vainly seek to keep
What genius cannot save,
A better friend will soon be thine;—
In parting thee, I but resign
To Him the gift He gave.
Look on me now—my cheek is bright—
A sun hath risen o'er my night!

Why should I drop the selfish tear,
Or heave the selfish sigh?
Although the parting hour be near,
And swift the minutes fly.
Alas! forgive this earthly thrill—
Forgive me—I am mortal still—
And mourn that thou must die;—
It is a heavy thing to part—
A weight that will not crush the heart.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

From the German of Schiller.

No bright Augustan radiance glowing,
No Medicean fountains flowing,
Of German genius bloom'd the spring,—
The hardy plant no fervour nourish'd,
It spread its own broad leaves, and flourish'd
Unwarm'd by Cæsar or by King!

From him, our chief of men who shone,
E'en from great Frederic's liberal throne,
No honours came, no fostering ray!
The German hence may proudly tell,
While higher heaves his bosom's swell,
Himself shaped out his glorious way!

In loftier curve more brilliant mounts,
Springs, therefore, forth from fuller founts
Of German bards the soaring song;
And in its own bold fulness swelling,
And from the heart's deep arteries welling,
It spurns the creeping critic throng!

R. M.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that the Reverend Dr Andrew Thomson has in the press a volume of Discourses on the Row Heresy, at present prevailing in the West Country.

Mr Banister has in the press, an Inquiry into the best means of preventing the Destruction of the Aborigines, usually incident upon the settling of New Colonies.

Mr Barker is about to publish, in this country, an edition of Dr Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, containing thirty thousand more words than Johnson's Dictionary.

Mr William Ball has in the press, a Poem, entitled "Creation."

The author of "Free Trade and Colonization of India," has a work on the Monopolies of the East India Company, nearly ready.

Valence, the Dreamer, a Poem, by John Phillips, is announced. Scripture Sketches, with other Poems, by the Reverend T. Greenwood, are in the press.

Mount Sinai, a Poem, by a gentleman of the Middle Temple, illustrated by the pencil of Martin, will very shortly appear.

An interesting musical work is about to appear, entitled Peninsular Melodies, containing the most beautiful national airs of Spain and Portugal, including the various measures of the Bolero, Fandango, Sequillia, and Modinha. The work is projected by Captain G. L. Hodges, who personally collected many of the melodies in the Peninsula. The poetry is from the pen of Mrs Hemans and Mrs Norton, with contributions from other distinguished sources. The melodies are harmonised by Don M. de Ledesma.

A charge delivered to the Clergy, at the Visitation made to the Cathedral Church at Calcutta, Nov. 20, 1828, by the late Right Rev. J. T. James, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta; with a Memoir of the time the Bishop lived in India, gathered from his Letters and Memoranda, by E. James, M. A., will shortly appear.

The new Historical Romance, entitled Danley, by the author of Richieu, is laid in the time of Henry the Eighth, so fertile in magnificence, chivalrous adventure, and sudden political and religious changes. The celebrated festivities of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," form a conspicuous feature of the story.

The forthcoming Life and Correspondence of Sir T. Munro, the late Governor of Madras, will comprehend a History of India during the last forty-five years. The work also contains numerous private letters, official correspondence, and minutes and papers upon the opening of the trade, the system of internal government, and other questions relative to the general management of British India.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.—This work, which may now be shortly expected, is said to be very impartially written. The author has avoided personal feelings as much as possible, and made the noble poet, as far as letters and other documents would allow him, tell his own story. Wherever Mr Moore has, of necessity, alluded to his Lordship's contemporaries, he has, we understand, endeavoured to do so, without any of those literary prejudices that would seem to be provoked by the subject. If this be so, and we have no reason to doubt it, the work will be a valuable commentary upon the imperfect and contradictory testimony respecting Lord Byron, which has been hitherto laid before the public.

GODWIN'S NEW NOVEL.—Godwin has written another novel, entitled, "Cloudesley." This was hardly to be expected from the venerable author of Caleb Williams; if it possess the merit of St Leon, it will be welcome to his admirers. We had begun to believe that he was done with the world of letters, and that he had sank into the retreat of age to move no more upon the bustling scene.

THE VOCAL CABINET.—This is a work now publishing in Numbers, in Aberdeen, and consists of a Selection of Standard Songs, set to music, with accompaniments for the piano-forte, arranged expressly for the Cabinet. It is to be completed in 12 Numbers, each of which will contain eight pages, and four or five songs. It is prettily executed, and the songs seem well selected.

A second edition has been called for of Mr Canning's celebrated Speeches, with the Memoirs of his Life, by R. Therry, Esq.

FORTUNES OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA, LORD OF PADUA, an historical tale of the fourteenth century, from the *Giorgio* Chronicles, with notes, by David Syme, Esq. advocate.

Mr Sweet has an elegant and beautiful publication, the title of his "*Horris*," or *Flowering Plants*, which will contain all the new plants up to the time of publication. The names will be accentuated, and the colours of the flowering plants will be added.

A second edition of *Retirement, a Poem*, by Thomas Stewart Esq. is in the press.

A new edition is in a state of forwardness for publication of *Rosarium Monographia, or a Botanical History of Roses*, with coloured plates. By John Smiley, Esq. F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the University of London. Royal octavo.

There is preparing for publication, the *Fossil Flora of Great Britain*; or, *Figures and Descriptions of the Vegetable Remains found in a Fossil State in this Country*. By John Hutton, Esq. F.G.S., and William Hutton, Esq. F.G.S., &c. To appear in quarterly parts. Each part will contain ten copperplates, and about forty pages of letter-press.

THE NORTH BRITON.—A new paper, bearing this title, is about to be set on foot under what appears to be very favourable auspices. It is to be conducted by Dr James Browne, late Editor of the *Calcutta Mercury*, a gentleman of varied attainments, of an active and original mind, and of a ready and popular command of almost every subject necessary to be discussed in a public journal. The paper is to be published twice a week; and from the known energy of Dr Browne's character, we have no doubt that he will speedily secure for it an extensive circulation, and a more than ordinary reputation for spirit and independence.

EDINBURGH, EDINBURGH POST AND GAZETTE.—We have been requested by Mr Crickton, late of the *Evening Post and Gazette*, to state, that he has resigned the Editorship of these papers; and has now no further connexion with either of them.

The *United Service Journal*, and *Naval and Military Magazine*, will, in addition to its numerous other attractions, in future contain a new feature of peculiar interest, under the head of *Foreign Miscellany*. The 1st Number for the present year, just published, is more than usually interesting.

THE KING'S BREATH.—A great deal has lately been said about the eyesight of our gracious Sovereign, George the Fourth. The anti-ministerial papers contend that his Majesty is not yet blind, while the ministerial papers, on the other hand, allege that his sight is excellent, and look on the various reports as mere humbug. The fact is, that neither party know any thing of the matter. We had an opportunity of seeing very lately the King's signature to a government paper, and are able to state, that the formation, freedom, and beauty of the letters, were as good as in his Majesty's best days. Of course, he may sign well enough with one eye, but it is a pleasure to know that he has at least one.

A TITLE-RACE ON FRONTPAGES FOR SCRAP-BOOKS.—This is an ingenious title, and a very pretty specimen of ornamental engraving. The title consists of words in large and in small characters. If the large words alone are read, you have an account in prose of the contents of the supposed scrap-book; but if you read the small words likewise, which are interspersed among the large ones, then you have a pretty long poem concerning such works. We do not know that any young lady who keeps a scrap-book could find a more appropriate embellishment for it.

JAMES SHORT, F.R.S., OPTICIAN.—This ingenious artist was born in Edinburgh, 10th June (O.S.) 1736, and died somewhere near London, 15th June, 1768. Being left an orphan at an early age, he was entered on George Heriot's foundation, whence he was transferred to the High School. He was afterwards sent, by the exertions of some relations, to the University, with a view to his entering the Church of Scotland, and he complied in so far with their wishes as to pass his trials for a preacher. The natural bent of his mind was, however, more turned towards the pursuits of mathematical science, and this tendency was fostered by the judicious patronage of Maclaurin. Under the protection of that eminent philosopher, and with the use of his apparatus, Mr Short made great improvements in the construction of the Gregorian telescope. To this branch of art he devoted his future life, with the exception of a short interval in the year 1766, when he was called to London, at the desire of Queen Caroline to give instructions to William, Duke of Cumberland, in mathematics. The excellence of his large telescopes is evidenced by the great demand for them throughout Europe, and by the express testimony of Maclaurin. His brother Thomas, who followed the same profession, was one of the first who projected the establishment of an Observatory on the Calton Hill. With a view to the furtherance of this institution, in which he was to have had some share, James presented to the city a large equatorial mounted reflecting telescope, the specula of which were made by his brother, and for which he had been offered £1,200 by the King of Denmark. The plan did not succeed, and Mr J. Short's finances suffered considerably by the failure. The instrument, which is said to be in good preservation, has

been given up by the present Magistracy to Mr Short's daughter, who, unable to find a purchaser, is obliged to dispose of it by raffé. We recommend her and her little scheme to the patronage of the astronomical sciences, and to the patronage of the literary world, as the destined descendant of two of our most ingenious scientific artists. The telescope itself, even independent of this consideration, is an object of interest, as the last which proceeded from the hands of its able constructor.

Theatrical Gossip.—By all we can learn, the Pantomimes, both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, are comparatively failures; the one has very little, and the other almost nothing. The Pantomimes at the Adelphi and the Surrey are better. The plot of the *Surrey* extravaganza, which is called "*Harlequin Apple Pie*," is as follows:—"*The Princess Pimperminde* is betrothed to Prince Sagarplum. ('Sweets to the sweet!') whose rival, the Baron of Barley-sugar, is banished to King Lollypop, the ninety-ninth sovereign of the dynasty, is banished for his presumption in aspiring to the hand of the Princess. An Apple Pie, of the most formidable dimensions, is to constitute the wedding-feast, and it becomes the object of a furious attack and defence between the rivals and their respective armies. The Pie, however, is suddenly transformed into a Diamond Temple, out of which issues the Fairy, who transfigures the Baron and the King into Pantaloon and Clown, while the Princess and Prince become Harlequin and Columbine."—Miss Kemble's third character is to be *Lady Constance*, in *King John*—"*Fawcett*, it is said, is about to leave the stage."—"*The Italian Opera*," which is to open soon, does not seem to promise a very brilliant season. Neither Pasta, nor Sontag, nor Zuchelli, nor De Bussini, are to be of the company. Malibron is engaged, but Miss Blassi, a very second-rate singer, is to be *prima donna* for a while.—Pasta has been presented with a gold medal by her enthusiastic admirers at Bologna, bearing the following inscription:—"To Glorietta Pasta, in the mystery of Song, by the decision of Italy, in the Historic Art, by the acknowledgment of France, most accomplished, the members of the Casino gratefully applauding." Upon this inscription the *Quest Journal* remarks:—"All we have to object in relation to the above is, that of all places in the world, France should have been made the topstone of merit in the 'historic art.'—France—where Miss Smithson is at least as much admired as Pasta—and where Georges and Duchesnois are more admired than either!"—Sontag, it is said, has been nearly suffocated by a German plasterer.—Vestris has been playing in Southampton; the curtains drew up one evening to ten persons in the boxes, and the orchestra played *Dance* as it is at Liverpool in great strength, and drawing very crowded houses.—Munden and Quake, the retired and admirable comedians, have expressed a wish to act together, in the same play, once more before their final exit. *Old Dorinda* and *Silly*, in "*The Road to Ruin*," are the characters these exagenerians have fixed upon. Covent Garden Theatre, where the comedy was originally produced, has been selected for this interesting representation.—Mr Murray's arrangements for the next month are as follows:—On the termination of Miss Jansen's present engagement, we are to have a short visit from Braham; he is to be succeeded by Mathew, and, early in February, we are to have Vandenhoff.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

JUN. 2-8.	
SAT.	<i>The Belle's Stratagem</i> , & <i>The Twelfth Cake</i> .
SUN.	<i>At You Like It</i> , & <i>Do</i> .
TUE.	<i>The Soldier's Daughter</i> , & <i>Do</i> .
WED.	<i>The Point of Honour</i> , <i>The Youthful Quack</i> , & <i>Do</i> .
THUR.	<i>The Soldier's Wife</i> , <i>The Noyades</i> , & <i>Do</i> .
FRI.	<i>The House of Aspen</i> , & <i>Do</i> .

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Several interesting Reviews and Articles are still unavoidably postponed.

We have received a copy of "*May Flowers*," which we shall peruse with pleasure.—We entirely coincide with our Haddington Correspondent, in his remarks upon Mr John Stewart's theory of sound, which appears too unscientific to require any refutation.—We shall be glad to receive another communication from Old Meldrum, by the Author of the "*Sketches of Rural Life*."—An answer to "*Protreus*" next Saturday.—"*Evangelique*" is inadmissible.

"The Contents of my own Pocket" are still *rub judicio*.—The "*Singular Incubation about Giants*" appears to us unintelligible in its present detached state.—The "*Song*" by "N." and "*My First Pie*," by "Rory M'Donald," will not suit us.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.—In the Review of the Life of Horace Cortes, for "*Hascula*," read *Tiscala*, *passim*.

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WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

An Historical Account of my Own Life, with some Reflections on the Times I have lived in (1671-1731.) By Edmund Calamy, D.D. Edited and Illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical, by John Towill Rust. In two vols. 8vo. Pp. 506, 561. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829.

The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D., illustrative of various Particulars in his Life hitherto unknown; with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, and a Sketch of the Times in which he lived. Edited from the original MSS. by his great-grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. Pp. 468, 580. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829.

THE exclusively theological character of the English Universities, and the manner in which their doors are closed against all who are not members of the Established Church, have caused a violent and unnatural separation between their history, and that of the progress of general science in the country. In other lands, government seeks to compensate to the people their want of political freedom, by extending the benefits of scientific education to all who seek it—by conferring privileges upon the learned, and thus creating a class of freemen into which all may be received. In England, on the contrary, in that country where alone, in the old world, personal freedom and the institutions of government are so firmly grounded, and so justly balanced, that each feels strengthened by the power of its rival,—the public foundations for the higher branches of knowledge are jealously circumscribed, both in what regards the subject-matter of what is taught, and the persons to whom it is communicated. Even the pale tyrants of Austria, who tremble before the most trivial speculation on politics, can play with the lightning of science unharmed, as the Indian juggler with the fangs of a snake, while our dignitaries of church and state stand amazed and abashed in its presence. We are aristocrats and loyalists, but we cannot for the life of us see why this should be any hinderance to our wish for the admission of every Briton into the Universities of the land. We cannot see any danger threatening either church or crown, although every denizen of England, let him belong to what sect he will, were allowed to cultivate to the utmost every faculty by which he may one day serve or ornament his native country. But it is not upon this important question that we are now about to enter. We start to the lamentable and absurd fact, that one might suppose a history of England's achievements in science, wherein the names of her two Universities would scarcely appear, simply as an apology for recommending to our readers, as an interesting branch of literary history, the use of education among the dissenters during the eighteenth century.

Both of the men whose Memoirs have suggested these reflections, occupied an eminent station in the dissenting communion. Calamy was the historian of the sufferings

of the early nonconformists, and was regarded as one of the firmest defenders of their cause. Doddridge, as a practical divine, is esteemed in more churches than his own, and did much in his day, as an active and successful teacher, to support the intellectual character of his sect. The auto-biography of the former is, perhaps, the least interesting of his writings—it is only valuable as a supplement to them, and as containing the gleanings of the full harvest which they had reaped. Doddridge's relics (to judge by what has been already published) are more important. They trace for us a faithful picture of the man from his boyhood years till the time when he rested from his labours; and we confess, for our own part, that the divine's lessons of self-control are no way weakened by learning that he only exhorts us to a labour which he had already achieved in his own person. He was one of those who needed not to fear the exposure of his innermost secrets to all. Without great natural talents, he was shrewd and sagacious. His temper was cheerful, his desires well regulated. Not exactly witty, his playful manner charms almost as much as if he were. His devotional spirit is deep, but free from all extravagance. His warnings of heart heighten all the more pleasing features of his character. Yet the book which presents us a character like this, in all the confidence of domestic intercourse, has afforded the great majority of our contemporaries food for nothing but a few fool-born jests!

Under the name of Dissenters from the English church, was comprehended at the time of the Revolution almost every shade and variety of opinion; but the most numerous and respectable sects were the Presbyterians, the Independents, and the Anabaptists. These three presented a joint address to Queen Anne, on her accession, and have ever since continued to hold together. Under these denominations, also, although perhaps not strictly belonging to any of them, were comprehended the Non-conformists—the survivors and descendants of those who had been estranged from their churches by the Act of Uniformity. As we are not at present entering upon a history of the sects, this brief account must serve to point out the class of men, to the arrangements of education among whom we wish to direct our readers' attention.

For a considerable time after the passing of the Act of Uniformity, a good many of the young dissenters were accustomed to pass a few years at Oxford, conversing with the members of the University, and making use of the libraries. Some of them studied at the Dutch Universities. Others, as the Scotch Universities became better known, were sent there for their education. Still, as it was but a small proportion of the great body of dissenters who could avail themselves of these opportunities, it was necessary that they should have among themselves some provision for the education of their youth. The method adopted was the establishment of private academies, chiefly at the risk of the individuals undertaking them, but patronised and supported, according to their respectability and efficiency, by the more influential dissenters. The reader will find notices of these establishments in Wilson's Memoirs of De Foe, and in the two

case a day of grace and of high acceptance, when he was called to loftier duties; enabled to stand forth to his country, and to after times, as a champion of Protestantism—a cause which could ennoble the meanest and honour the highest. All who joined him with his banner look back to that as to a proud period; whatever he may prove to their country and to future times. Let them therefore, and the world, that here and hereafter shall labour will not be in vain. —Pp. 186, 87.

In Mr Forsyth's opinion, "the weakness in a revolutionary cause," He demands the vengeance of expeditious and oppression, promoted by the advance of Catholicism in Spain, Portugal, Italy, France, may even in Britain itself; although he does not think, at whatever expense, and after what struggles and sacrifices, to every Protestantism and liberty must triumph in our own country. Events will pass quickly, and the march of error, of those positions will disappear. It is a blessing to the gentle and happy task of watching, and fostering, and disciplining, these peaceful and elegant arts, which are civilised men.

History of the Decade and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon, Esq. Vol. I. Illustrated with a series of Maps, designed for the work. Edinburgh, John Thomson. 1829-30.

In present can be considered in the light neither of a printed publication, nor of a finished series, and only a single work, in regard to its valuable illustrations; as we hold in our view all meritorious attempts of the kind, more particularly, we think it right, thus only to call public attention, and approbation, to this spirited and prize-worthy endeavour, to give a complete edition of the above standard work. Seven volumes of the present series are now published, an eighth being nearly ready, which is at the rate of six volumes a year. As far as it has proceeded, we have no hesitation in saying that the present is the most perfect edition of the "Decline and Fall," which has appeared. It is a deeper fact, singular, however, the defect, though from the first acknowledged, was not before attempted fully, to be remedied, and still less, in our opinion, may not be more, that of the numerous editions of this most popular of British historians, even the original quarto and octavo, published during the life-time, and in some measure, under the inspection, of the author, not one was completed in all its necessary appendages. By no means, in a very slight degree students of history, know the importance of accurate geographical accompaniments. In particular, to the accuracy of such accompaniments, one could be more alive than the illustrious author himself, and we learn from his published correspondence, that he had engaged the celebrated Dr A. Miller to construct an atlas, purposely for his history. That task was undertaken, and, if accomplished, would have preceded all subsequent attempts; but the geographer died before it was commenced, and Mr Gibbon was obliged to employ others of inferior rank, and consequently inferior to the private satisfaction. Succeding publishers have only repeated what was from the beginning this "defect." The edition which we now review, with the greater advantages of extended knowledge and improved recommendations, has taken up the idea of the original author, fulfilling his intention in a manner which we have no doubt, would have satisfied even his anxiety and idealism. The imperfections numerous; and accordingly well selecting, embracing both classical and modern geography. Infinitely superior in point of execution to those of Collartius and Cluverius, these charts are equal, in correctness and volume of detail, to those of D'Anville himself, while they surpass his best works, and to excite, in beauty. The principal proprietor, and, we believe, original projector of the edition, is already well known to the public as having paid especial attention to geographical publication; and the careful examiner will find much to praise in the practical skill with which

the various geographical details are here combined, in the mode of marking the various routes and stations, and in discriminating ancient and modern names—for, in the chief maps, both are properly introduced.

As respects the literary merits of the undertaking, great pains have been taken in correcting the innumerable errors in the references and quotations, with which late editions are so generally defaced. To assure the purchaser of elegance and accuracy of typography, not to be surpassed at this moment in the British empire, we have only to inform him, that the volumes are from the press of our own printer, Mr Ballantyne. Each volume, too, is strongly bound in green cloth, with gilt back-titles; so that, from the shelves of the bookseller, the work may at once be transferred as a useful, and, not unornamental addition to any library.

Needs and Wishes. By the late Alexander Balfour, author of "Campbell of the Scottish Probationer," &c. &c. With a Memoir of the Author. Edinburgh, Daniel Eliza, 1830. 8vo. Pp. 290.

These are the last efforts of an amiable, respectable, and well-informed man. Mr Balfour was born in Forfarshire (Jan 1767), and died in Edinburgh on the 12th of September, 1829. No extent of literary striving nature distinguished his career. For other misfortunes incident to a student's life, he sought and found consolation in the pursuit of literature, though not exactly eminent, he was always respectable as a writer, and his name was well known beyond the limits of his circle, of his own acquisition in the law, and of his travels, the favourite of the reading public; and his poetry, without being particularly distinguished for its brilliancy or vigour, possesses many quiet and successful merits. Characters sketched in Campbell's Parish Register would have done him discredit, not the Register itself. Of the former professed to the present volume, and cable, we are told, is furnished by Mr D. B. Balfour, in a judicious and temperately written, affording a correct estimate of Mr Balfour's abilities and character, and thus doing more for his memory than could have been accomplished by the greatest eulogy. The biographer turns by his narrative with the following passage, in the sentiments of which we heartily agree:

Having given an outline of the life of the late Mr Alexander Balfour, the reader may have his general character from it, without much difficulty. As Seneca observes, "a good mind struggling with adversity is the most worthy demonstration of superior intelligence; the same year of Mr. Balfour's life, a sad and sad season. It was the time that he had devoted his mind to his domestic powers, and he had been in the habit of writing him of poetry, he composed four volumes of poetry, of which two were published, sixteen volumes of prose, of which thirteen were published, besides pieces in a variety of periodicals, which would fill a heavy equal number. Let it be recollected, that before this unfortunate son of genius commenced his career, the heyday of life was past, and he was, in fact, not only by the sudden overcasting of his worldly hopes, but by the pressure of adversity. A mind constitutionally like his is keenly alive to joy, and consequently equally alive to the sorrows which chequer existence, and of the latter he had his share. When, added to his being shut out from the ever-varying aspects of that fair creation, which for him had so many charms, we find long years of adverse fortune, with the innumerable evils directly or indirectly following in its train, and yet that he bore up with cheerful hope, and pious resignation, unweariedly exerting the faculties which were left him, we may be able to form some idea of the noble strength of his character. Instead of becoming sullen, morose, and envious of the felicity of which he could be only a spectator, his countenance bore a perpetual smile; and the benignity of his heart continued to divulge itself in the lenient judgments he passed upon men and their actions. He entered cordially into the society of the young and happy; and never lost his relish for innocent amusements.

"Little else remains to be noticed of a life, which, al-

though sufficiently eventful to its possessor, and those connected with him by the closest and tenderest of human ties, had little to recommend it to the attention of readers who delight in enterprise and bustle. It is more to be regarded as a history of mind,—of a mind, unsubdued by the wreck of a bodily frame, and almost heroically persevering in its daily exercise. Let it also be remembered, that that exercise was always in defence of virtue, and that he disdained to pander to the taste of the vicious. To his grave, Mr Balfour carried the admiration of many—the respect of all who knew him; and of his writings, it may be affirmed, with equal truth as of those of Thomson, that he left no line, which, dying, he could wish to blot.”—P. 88-94.

As to the contents of the volume before us, they are such as will not disgrace the author or his friends. Several of the prose Tales and Sketches possess much interest; and the Poetry, which is miscellaneous and diversified, is more than respectable. We are inclined to consider the address “To a Canary-Bird, escaped from its Cage,” which originally appeared in the *Literary Journal*, as among the best poetical pieces. The words are handsomely printed, and has our best wishes for its success.

A View of the Court of Chancery. By the Hon. William Long Wellesley. 8vo. Pp. 84. London: James Ridgway. 1830.

We neither know nor care any thing about the Hon. William Long Wellesley. He may be as black as his adversaries represent him, or as innocent as he declares himself to be. The present pamphlet, and indeed his whole conduct during the painful proceedings in the great case Wellesley *versus* Beaufort, prove him to be no very wise man: but that is no business of ours. There is, however, a principle involved in these discussions, which deeply interests every one who is, or may one day become, a father—every one who regards the inalienable rights of humanity—every one who takes pride in the moral character of his country: and but for this circumstance, we should not have soiled our paper with the most distant allusion to a case in which it seems to have been the great object on both sides publicly to bespatter each other.

This is now the second time that the Court of Chancery has seen fit to arrogate to itself the right to interfere between a father and his children; and, under the pretext that the former was, from his moral and religious opinions or conduct, unfit to have the charge of the latter, to withdraw them from his superintending care. We wish to enquire, whether, in this intrusion into the sacred privacy of domestic life, Chancery be borne out either by the principles of abstract justice or the law of England.

In the first place, we would enquire how far such an interference is justifiable on the principles of abstract justice. Courts of law are either civil or criminal. The former are entitled to pronounce what is law in questions of disputed property; and to enforce, by the aid of the executive power, obedience to their decisions. The latter are entitled to pronounce the sentence of the law upon those gross outrages against the peace and well-being of society, from the perpetration of which it has been deemed expedient to deter men by the infliction of punishment; and to insist that their decrees shall be carried into execution. The authority of neither the one nor the other extends beyond these limits. They have no right to watch over our speculative opinions, to intrude into our household arrangements, nor even to interfere with our moral conduct, however questionable, as long as we do nothing contrary to the express laws of the land. By the constitution of the country, every man is entitled to hold his speculative opinions, in morals or religion, unchallenged, provided he does not publicly attack the established church. By the same constitution, he is entitled to manage his household affairs, and educate his children, as he thinks best, as long as he does not waste or alienate such property as they may have acquired independently of him—in which case he becomes amenable to the civil

courts; or inflict pain and suffering on their persons beyond what is justifiable under the plea of necessary correction—in which case he becomes amenable to the criminal courts. And this is rightly ordered, both in respect to the moral character of the parent, and to the moral training and happiness of the child. It is rightly ordered in respect to the moral character of the parent, for only the man who acts from the free impulses of his own heart, and under the control of his own reason and moral sense, is virtuous. The freeman may act wrong, but the slave cannot act right. That outward show of correctness, which may be produced by the rigid enforcement of legal enactments, is not virtue—it is but the soulless motion of an automaton. Any attempt, therefore, on the part of the state, to control the actions of its citizens, to conform them to an outward etiquette, further than is necessary for preserving the peace of society, is degrading and demoralising to the national character. Laws, which would prescribe to a man that he must hold such opinions, and act in such a manner, (not only in public, but within the walls of his own household,) may make him a more accomplished hypocrite, but never a better man. But we go further, and maintain that, even with regard to the happiness and moral training of the child, the interference of the state is inexpedient. The severest blow that can be inflicted upon a child's morale, is separating him from the family circle, or diminishing, by the intrusion of a third party, the warm-hearted confidence with which he clings to his parent. There is a time of life when the mind emancipates itself by a spontaneous effort, and seeks to form its judgments independent of the authority on which it previously relied. But every thing that forestalls this period, and forces the child to judge between those to whom nature has attached him, and an abstract standard of right, before his faculties are sufficiently developed, deadens the affections, without enlightening the mind. It is a like perilous operation in the moral world, to the untimely extraction of the fruit from the parent in the physical. No artificial fostering can compensate the chilling of the vital heat, which is its natural consequence. We would even go so far as to say, that no example, however immoral, and no principles, however dangerous, could be half so detrimental to an ingenuous child, as a blow so striking to all his natural feelings. But we are not obliged to rest upon such an extreme argument. The law can only speak in general terms; its special application must always remain with the judge. The law can only declare, that a parent of gross immorality, or pernicious opinions, shall not be intrusted with the education of his children; and it must be left to the conscience and intelligence of one irresponsible man, to decide on the degree of immorality or error which deprives a man of his dearest and proudest privilege. In determining for the adoption or rejection of a law, we must often be guided by merely comparative preference. In this case, therefore, even though we should admit the possibility of such depravity in a father as would render the interference of a judge expedient, (a possibility which the advances of the age in every sort of mental culture is rendering every day less probable,) still the danger accruing from the reposing such a fearful power in the hands of one man must decide us against it.

But we likewise proposed to enquire, whether the law of England recognised any such power of interference in the Chancellor. On this question, of course, we do not feel ourselves so free to speak as on the other. It is a question of a difficult and complex system of law, to which we are in a great measure strangers. Still we would venture to say, after careful enquiry, and with all diffidence, that it does not appear to us that the Chancellor, or any English judge, has a right to remove children from the care and education of their parent, on any other plea than that of their being exposed to personal violence. Lord Eldon claimed a right to interfere in the case of Wellesley against Beaufort, on the ground that the Chan-

celler had succeeded to the jurisdiction of the Court of Wards and Liveries. It may justly be doubted whether this be the case, seeing that, by the act 12 Charles II. c. 24, not only that court, but the very relation between the King and his subjects, upon which its jurisdiction rested, was for ever abrogated. Even though we could believe that the Chancellor stood now in the shoes of the old Court of Wards, he was only entitled "to transact all the affairs of the royal wards, idiots, and widows, as it regarded their property and marriage." Now the right of jurisdiction assumed by the Chancellor, in the cases of Shelley and Wellesley, extended to affairs regarding the education of infants. Blackstone restricts the power of Chancery in taking care of the persons of infants, to the care of "a fatherless child who has no other guardian." Even this limited power is regarded by Hargrave as having been originally a usurpation.

On the whole, then, we are inclined to believe that the right arrogated to itself by the Court of Chancery, in the cases of Shelley and Wellesley, is not warranted by the law of England; and we are fully convinced, that it is a dangerous encroachment on the private rights of the subject. We beg of our readers, that, in considering this question, they will not allow themselves to be biased by the opinions they may have formed of the conduct of Lord Wellesley, or the principles of Bysche Shelley. The rule established by these decisions is far more general in its application. We appeal to every father in the aristocracy of England—and we mean nothing invidious in so doing—whether he would submit his whole life in such a question to the review of some ascetic precisian, whom the course of events may have placed on the woolsack. We appeal to the whole dissenting interest, whether they would lodge such a power of interference in the hands of a bigot for the establishment. We make no application, we draw no inference, but we recommend these our observations to the serious reflection of the whole nation.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY. No. IX.—*The History of the Jews*. Volume III. Pp. 431. London: John Murray. 1829.

THIS volume contains the narrative of the destruction of Jerusalem, and the history of the Jewish people, after they ceased to have a land to which their scattered tribes could look back as a home and a place of union. The history of the Jews may be aptly divided into three periods: the first, comprising the years which elapsed from Moses to the conquest of Nebuchadnezzar—the high and palmy state of the nation. The second, the time which intervened betwixt the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and its final desolation by Titus—during which the spirit of the people was as inferior to what they formerly evinced, as the glory of the second temple is said by the inspired writers to have been dimmer than that of Solomon. The third, the long period during which the Jews have presented the anomalous appearance of a nation closely and inseparably linked together, but without a home or resting-place. The materials for a history of the first period are patent to all—they are no other than the different books of the inspired volume. So much has been done during the last three centuries by the united labours of critics and naturalists to elucidate them, that any man of sound judgment, and a competent knowledge of the labours of his predecessors, can scarcely fail to compile a clear and interesting narrative of the fates of the republic and monarchy of Israel. Mr Milman has done more—he has told his story with a fervid dignity, worthy of the subject. The materials for a history of the second period are at once less complete and more diffuse. The ingenuity and research, however, has been expended on them by the learned, but with less satisfactory results. It is chiefly owing to this circumstance, that Mr Milman, in his account of this period—which closes with the second year of the third volume—is less happy than in that of

the first. There are bursts of lofty eloquence in it, and, in particular, some passages in his narrative of the siege of Jerusalem, equal to any thing in his first volume; but, as a whole, the history of the second period is very unequal. The same remark applies yet more strongly to the history of the dispersed Jews. There are, as yet, positively no materials for a history of this period. The various notices, out of which it must be constructed, lie scattered in a thousand incongenial repositories. They have not, as yet, been sought out by the diligence of the antiquary, or illustrated by the acumen of the critic. In short, he who would write a history of the Jews since the destruction of their capital, must make up his mind to undergo the thankless drudgery of a collector of materials, as well as the more pleasing task of arranging them in a lucid narrative. This is an undertaking for which neither the peculiar talents nor habits of study of Mr Milman seem to have fitted him. He is a man of extensive general reading, just and liberal sentiments, and refined taste; and he adds to these a powerful style of diction. But he is deficient in patient research and critical acuteness. He wants that power of long-continued noiseless application, which alone could enable him to consult the wide and heterogeneous mass of legal enactments and contemporary chronicles of different nations—the dreary tomes of church-fathers, and the records of ecclesiastical councils—in which the fragments of Jewish history must be sought. He wants also that critical tact which can discern between fable and truth by a story's own internal evidence. In one respect, however, Mr Milman's work promises to be useful, over and above the liberal and talented sentiments which it inculcates. It shows how little is known of modern Jewish history,—it shows, by occasional glimpses, what a deep influence, that despised race have had in bringing society to its present form; and we hope, therefore, that it will prove a stimulus to some active mind to penetrate yet more deeply into all its minutiae.

Elements of General Anatomy. Translated from the last edition of the French of P. A. Béchard, Professor of Anatomy to the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. With Notes and Corrections by Robert Knox, M.D. F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Anatomy, &c. Edinburgh. MacLachlan and Stewart. 1830.

ANATOMY and Physiology have been studied with so much zeal and success on the Continent, that the British student can now scarcely attain a competent knowledge of his profession without referring to the researches of the more distinguished French authors, who, in prosecuting these sciences, have done honour to their country, and conferred lasting and invaluable services on the literature of medicine. It is, but rarely, that they who are engaged in wandering through the more pleasant paths of literary enjoyment, and leisure, to take a peep into the scientific world, and estimate the labours of those who are there devoting their abilities, health, and lives, to studying the best means for obviating or relieving the many infirmities to which our "mortal flesh is heir;" and hence it happens, that so many talented and useful members of society enjoy little of that fame to which they are entitled. In the medical profession, in particular, it is not to be expected that the public can duly or sufficiently appreciate the abilities and industry of those who, among their fellow-labourers, are deservedly looked on as entitled to all those honours which ought to reward genius, in whatever sphere it may be exerted. These remarks apply, we conceive, more especially to many French authors, who have adorned the history of medical literature; and to none are they more applicable than to Monsieur Béchard.

Béchard died on the 6th March, 1825, at the early age of thirty-nine. The work now going on, called the *Archives Generales de Médecine*, is the continuation of a periodical commenced by him, under the title of *Nouveau Journal de Médecine*. He also co-operated in the com-

pilation of the *Dictionnaire des Termes de Médecine, Chirurgie, Pharmacie, &c.*, and was one of the principal editors of the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Médecine*. Bédard likewise published a volume of additions to the *General Anatomy of Bichat*, and, in 1823, his *Eléments d'Anatomie Générale*, of which the volume under review is a translation.

There has hitherto undoubtedly been a want of some English elementary work of this kind, and the present is certainly calculated to supply this desideratum. To meet the wants of my country, says the translator Dr Knox, "I some years ago perceived the necessity, either of compiling a similar work to that of Mr Bédard, or of delivering a course of lectures on General and Physiological Anatomy. Time and leisure, however, have been altogether wanting for so laborious a task as the first; the extension of my winter course of lectures on the Descriptive Anatomy of the Human Body, as it is embraced, in addition, a course of General Anatomy, is quickly perceived to be impracticable. The determination which remained, was to select for the attention of my pupils what I deemed to be the best of the numerous very excellent manuals of General Anatomy which, from the times of Haller to the present day, have been added to the Continental medical literature. Without prejudging, and without bias towards any particular doctrine or school, I could not hesitate in fixing on that of Mr Bédard, which seemed to me to contain all that the student could possibly desire; an elementary work, by no means voluminous, and yet so complete."

With these sentiments we must perfectly accord; and consider much praise due to the Editor, for having placed so excellent a work as this within the reach of every student. The translation preserves faithfully the sense and spirit of the original, whilst the notes and the appendix are valuable additions. We think it right to add, that the publishers of this work deserve commendation for having brought out a production of so much value at so reasonable a price. Scientific works are too often the consequence of their expensiveness, placed beyond the reach of many who would be identical of having them in their possession. Add to this, that the appearance of a work

1829: *Edinburgh*. By Edward M. Keble, author of *The Opening of the Sixth Seal*. London. Samuel Maudslayi. 12mo. Pp. 124.

Mr Cox informs us, in his Preface, that this is not a satire, for it is deeply imbued with sadness; nor is it an elegy, for its gravity is everywhere interspersed with gaiety. He has therefore called it "A Poem," and if the public approve of the attempt, he proposes to continue it, under the several titles of 1830, 1831, and so on, ad infinitum. We are not quite sure, however, that he will receive encouragement sufficient to authorize this extension of the work. There are a good number of spirited passages in the Poem; but, on the whole, it is not pointed or mettle some enough. The author seems afraid to be caustic, and he has little or no taste for burlesque. He touches upon many subjects of interest, but, in general, too tamely. We find references, in the table of contents, to the Opening of the Session of the Parliament of Catholic Question—Duke of Wellington's Parliamentary Portraits—The Drama—Fanny Kemble's Literary Portraits—The Periodicals—Fashionable Novels—The Arts—Education—Infant Schools, &c. &c.; but, for the most part, we do not find that the passages which illustrate these topics contain any thing very new or striking. The following lines, concerning the quantity of Literary Memoirs which it has become fashionable to publish, are among the best we have find:

"Lo! where a thousand long-faced fellows stand,
Each with two weighty volumes in his hand,
Of 'Memoirs,' 'Reminiscences,' 'Remains,'
The fine-spun cobwebs of unhealthy brains.

Here Lives of Rev. A's and B's are met,
To the last letter of the Alphabet;
Biographies of village pastors, men
Who lived, and died, we know not where nor when.
Scarcely can a ranting fool or madman die,
But brother blockheads print his history;
And stupid letters, rhymes, and unknown names,
Give to the press instead of to the flames.
May not an hottest fool depart in peace,
Guided by witless walking sticks on his decrease?
Why from his tomb in terror the rotting dead,
To show the world the weakness of his head?
The law of life, strict, strong, plain, Heaven knows!
Why does it not take cognizance of those
Who fear not to defame departed friends,
And ham the dead to gain their private ends?"

We think Mr Cox possesses talents above par; but his forte lies in graver and more didactic writing.

Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter. Von Christian Friedrich Savigny. Fünften Band. Das römische Recht im fünften und sechsten Jahrhundert. Heidelberg: bey Mohr. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 574.

History of the Civil Law in the Middle Ages. By F. C. Savigny. 5th volume. Thirteenth century.

WHEN Mr Cathart's excellent translation of the first volume of this work appeared, we stated our conviction that it was of too solid materials to become popular in this country. We regret to think that our anticipation has proved correct, and that there is little or no chance of the remainder of Savigny's History appearing in an English dress. We regret this, because his investigation has thrown an entirely new light on the constitutional and literary history of the middle ages. That the reader would have made use of his writings, to free themselves from certain erroneous impressions respecting the history of that period, might have been to be expected, even though the book had been presented to them in their own language; but the scientific part of the community, from whom the great body take their opinions on trust, might have learned enough to prevent them from mistaking their guiding principles so much as they have hitherto done. For the majority even of the elite, many of whom have too much neglected the German, we fear the work is, in its original language, too solid. It is but little that our limits permit us to do in the way of marking out countrymen acquainted with the contents and merits of this History of the Roman Law in the Middle Ages; but that little shall be cheerfully done.

The first volume (as we formerly mentioned) contains an introductory sketch of the constitution of European society under the Roman sovereignty, during the fifth century. To this succeeds a civil history of the different states which were erected on the ruins of the empire. The history of their institutions, for the dispensation of public and private law, is the principal ingredient; but in order to give a clear view of this subject, the author under the necessity of entering into details, which convey an accurate idea of the whole social relations of the period. The second volume (which has not yet been translated) narrates the manner in which a knowledge of the laws of old Rome was preserved in the succeeding dynasties. In the more ephemeral, all the period of their extinction, in those of more robust and enduring constitution, down to the period at which we have the earliest authentic accounts of the University of Bologna. The third volume commences with the twelfth century. The author now narrows his field as he draws nearer the main subject of his work. To a short preliminary discussion of the revival of legal studies in Europe, succeeds a description of the constitution of the Lombard cities, distinguished from those of the Exarchate, which had remained longer under Grecian supremacy. The constitution of Bologna is explained at more detail, because, not having passed with the rest of the Exarchate

also as the translator of Majendie's Compendium of Physiology, which we lately recommended to our medical readers, as an excellent translation of that deservedly popular work. We have now to call their attention to his present edition of Cullen's Nosology, which is accompanied with an English translation, and published as a pocket companion. Dr Milligan has carefully preserved the spirit, as well as the letter, of Cullen's text, and has simplified and adjusted the definitions, so as to render the recollection of them easier. He has added a synoptical table of the genera and species, with their corresponding appellations in the Nosology of Mason Good, which cannot fail to be acceptable to all who may adopt the nomenclature of that author. The learned translator has also added a fifth class of cutaneous diseases, and some additional genera that have lately been described. To those practitioners who may have occasion to consult the Nosology of Cullen, we recommend the present edition, as by far the most correct and most convenient in point of size that has yet been published; and as the text has been adapted to the most recent and enlightened views of disease, we apprehend it will become an indispensable auxiliary to the student of medicine.

The Scholar's Introduction to Merchants' Accounts, "practically adapted to the Use of Schools, &c. The whole exemplified upon a neatly arranged principle, to facilitate the Improvement of the Learner." By George Reynolds, Writing Master, Christ's Hospital. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 119.

We have looked over this treatise upon Merchants' Accounts with much satisfaction. It is arranged upon a new and simple plan, by which the scholar, instead of being made to copy mechanically the Journal and ledger, is placed under the necessity of actually studying the subject before him. We recommend the work to the attention both of teachers and men of business.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S REMINISCENCES.

By Robert Chambers, Author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

My great-grandmother was not of a cynical or austere disposition, but rather cheerful, talkative, and benevolent. In this, I must confess, she differed from many other old Scottish ladies of her time, whose character, in general, displayed a very bitter rind. But it could be accounted for, on the supposition, that all the natural affections of her heart had been developed and brought into action by her numerous domestic relations, and had not again been chilled or soured by accidental circumstances. Fortunately for me, in all our intercourse she was uniformly kind and communicative.

The three months which I spent with her, ladyship, previous to engaging in the unsentimental horrors of the High School, were assuredly the most pleasant of my life. They were almost altogether devoted by us both to my initiation in all the mysterious family secrets of my ancestry, to her relations of which my juvenile curiosity ever inclined a willing and ready ear. My great-grandmother's memory reached back quite distinctly to the era of the Union, when she was a girl of eight years of age, and she preserved all the more remote reminiscences of her father, who had been in public life a short while after the Restoration. She had anecdotes at third hand of the Civil Wars, and even a few shadowy outlines of the time of James the Sixth. From her husband, who held a high judicial office in the reign of George the First, she had derived many interesting anecdotes of the government of

Scotland from the Union downwards; and from her early female acquaintance, who had picked up as much legendary scandal of the latter end of the seventeenth century, as is perhaps at this moment afloat respecting the whole world of our own day. All these traditional stores were faithfully committed to my memory, which thus became encumbered with many unintelligible, but yet distinctly impressed pictures, of which the real meaning has only since dawned upon me gradually, as I grew up, and as I happened to find them illustrated in the course of historical researches.

I imagine the delicious dreams of romance in which I thus indulged; I was reared from my country castle, where a venerable copy of Buchanan's Scotland, with portraits of the Roberts and the Jamies, (almost my only reading,) had given my mind a decided turn for retrospective contemplation; and where my other great-grandmother's ballads had tinged my whole soul with the brilliant hues of romance. My temperament was naturally lively and fanciful; and hence, placed in very contrast with one who had received common age of something like chivalry, and been in the presence of others who had almost seen it in its vigorous fork as it stood a century before my time, and moved amidst the awful ghosts of those whom I had ever been accustomed to think of as the harpies of an inconceivably gloomy age, long past from mortal ken.

This passion—for in me it amounted to such—was fed in no small degree by my great-grandmother, taking me to visit many of the real scenes of her stories, which were neither more common than the streets, lanes, and houses of the Old Town of Edinburgh. This very curious and wonderful phase, of which she preserved innumerable local anecdotes, always filled me with a sort of awe. The first class I ever entered was that memorable one in which the old principal chapel was situated; where the narrowness of the passage, its tortuosity, the stupendous height of the buildings on both sides, their black and antique appearance, the religious relics here and there interspersed, and the projections above, which scarcely left an inch of sky in view of a spectator from the bottom, overwhelmed me with an indefinite feeling of more than admiration. My great-grandmother, in time, and as her increasing infirmities would permit, walked with me through many such, and pointed out what had in her early days been the residence of the noble and the wealthy, and were now reduced, by the change of manners and fashions, to accommodate only the mechanic and the poor. There was scarcely a close of which she could not tell some strange traditional anecdote. She once pointed out a recess in a wall somewhere behind the lawmarket, where, when a girl, she had one night seen two gentlemen fight each other with swords, for a good while; till one of them fell, and the other fled. "We were all horror-struck," she said; "for there happened to be no man present in the house to get out and part them, except the livery ladie, that wadna steer frae the kitchen maik; but, bearing the greens of the wounded gentleman, wa' ladies wad doun stair in a body, with candles, and found him dead, for the sword had gone quite through his back, and the gutter-er ran with blood down (as we afterwards heard) to the very North Loch." He was a kind's son; and there was a feud about him between his family and somebody that was blamed for his death, many a long day after. Never shall I forget that night—there's the very step, outside of that stair-fit, that his head was lying on, wi' its lang curled hair and shaven white face, when we came down and saw him! As I shuddered at this fearful sketch of past times, and gazed on the localities with a strange and thrilling interest, she pulled me away with her stout, bony arm, calling me, in her old homely phrase, a "daft callant," though I know she was in secret immensely pleased at the attention which I paid to her stories.

I was greatly struck one day, in the course of a tour through some very antique and ruinous places, when her ladyship happened to stumble upon the house in which,

at a hall, she had fallen in love with her husband. It was a good way up stairs, and so mean-looking an abode, that I could not imagine the possibility of its ever having been the scene of fashionable revels. On ascending to the proper height, we entered a lobby, of which the walls were coloured with a blotched and dirty white, and heaped all around. From this several doors and passages branched off; and it was evident that each of these doors gave entrance to the habitation of a separate family. Her ladyship was at first puzzled how to proceed; for though in her youth she had been quite familiar with this house, it now appeared that the internal arrangements had been altered, and many subdivisions had taken place, so that the original apartments could scarcely be recognised. One thing she was quite clear upon, and that was, that the dancing-room had windows which overlooked the North Loch. "For I mind," said she, "after I had danced the first dance with my dear lord, the handmaid me to a seat in the room, at the window; and there sat snugly down beside me. I looked over to Barclay's Park, (for it was a summer evening, and not dark); 'praise my tale, now to hear him, how he quite taken up w' the view of imminent danger that were at 'disadvantage' about the place, where there's nothing now but a 'Mig'aria New Teah, as they call it, for a' wylie old widders. And my lord observed me lookin' at the landscape; he was a pleasant man, and then very young, and new put on the bench; yet he was grave and learned beyond his years; and it ill set a man o' his character and profession to speak silly things to a silly head, that had nothing but vanity and nonsense in her head. However, he was anxious to please me, that he began and spak' some words about innocence, and pastoral life, and the sweetness o' the bonny meadows that I saw over the Loch. Now, I was thinkin' at a' about either a thing or another o' the time, but himself, and was just in a kind o' reverie about him, indeed; but at last, hearin' him speak about the goodness o' this house, and bein' him point out a particular one, that looked very plump and gay, I was obliged to muster up some answer to his remark, and, in my confusion, what d'ye think, I said, 'Sandy? Man, I drew a long breath, and said, 'Yes, my lord, I daresay that one was quite a very sweet one too! My Auntie Ann was quite herself, and I heard him ejaculate, 'Oh, Lord! it is a kind o' horror. But I soon brought him about again, and in a minute proceeded gaily enough for a few months when we were happily married."

We proceeded to explore one of the dark passages before us, and knocking at a door, which was opened by a lady, entered a small apartment with one window, and in reality did contain a view of the New Town. In our entrance, an aged speckled dame, in a white dress, came from a table at which she appeared to be reading a large Family Bible, and coming forward, respectfully enquired our business. My great-grandmother, apologizing for our intrusion, briefly stated our curiosity respecting this very remarkable old house, which had been the habitation of some of our best and oldest friends; was the sole occasion of our visit, and expressed a hope that the few moments of our stay would not put her to much inconvenience. The woman, who used to be the native servant of some person of rank, replied in very polite terms, that we were exceedingly welcome to gratify our curiosity; and then proceeded to show us round the apartment, of which the roof and ceiling, as she showed us, were ornamented with fine stone-work. But my great-grandmother expressed little curiosity respecting these, which she declared to be modern antiquities, and begged to be allowed to sit a few moments in the recess of the window, which she recognised to be that through which she had seen the side of Barclay's Park. A chair being placed, her ladyship sat down, with feelings evidently not a little sad, while the old woman retired to the other end of

the room, and I stood silent at a little distance, in expectation of her remarks upon the scene.

"Yet, yes, Alexander," said she, "this is the very window I spoke of; for, in this thick old pane, I see—what I remember having then seen—the name of my school-acquaintance, the Hon. George ———, who was the second son of the noble proprietor of this house. A gallant young man he was, and was killed in a duel at Leyden, when studying there for the Scots bar. Here sat I, seventy-four years ago, a bright little girl, with the bloom on my cheek and pride in my heart; and there sat my future husband, your great-grandfather, Lord Kittleghame, that has been in his grave since the year twenty-nine. Little did I then think of sitting here again at this time of day, an old wife, with a great-grandchild by my side, and so a changed world around me. Oh Thomas the Rhymer himself! Had he told me what was to come to pass, I would have called him a haughty fool. But nobody can imagine strange enough things for futurity now to bring about. There's that New Town, that nobody thought would ever be a town at all—ye see, it's half-a-mile lang already, and may be to take me or they be down w' it. Nay, they're maybe born that shall see it taken down to the sea, and even over to Fife, nae sayin'; and then the Frith of Forth will be a kind o' new North Loch for them to mak' brigs over. Speakin' o' the Nor' Loch, there was a wery wild I may say, that a poor old woman once attempted to drown herself in it, but was prevented in a very singular way. She waded in a gay bit, till her large wide stiff hoop, being buoyed up by the water, carried her off her feet, and then the wind blew her away across the Loch, quite safe and erect, but cryin' a' the time for help; and when she landed on the other side, she was completely reconciled to life, and it is said she lived with her family for many years after, though she never got another hamie till her decess day, but Nor' Loch Fiddle."

"But that's no to the point," continued my great-grandmother, looking round the room, and surveying its humble furniture. "To think o' this house, that was once the entailed property and residence of Lord ———, and was said to have been built for a town-house to his ancestor the Regent ———, being now such a wretched abode! It beats a' rant. Ah, the many gay and grand sights that I have seen here! This was a large room then, and the panels were all covered with beautiful paintings and mirrors. I have seen country dances here, with six-and-thirty couples in them. A' the nobility o' the town used to come, and ladies with such hoops, that they could not stand closer to each other than at arm's length, while their heads were dressed up like the very Tower o' Babel itself. My troth, dress was dress in those days. There was a band o' musicians at that end—violin players, amateur and professional, without number, with the ingenious MacGibbon on the haut-boy, and the lively-fingered Crumblin on the harpsichord. Some gentlemen o' birth and fortune, between the dances, entertained the company with gratuitous performances on their own favourite instruments, accompanied by ladies who could sing. There was Mr Falconer of Phedo on the flute, Mr Seton of Pitmeddin on the violin, and Mr Chrystie of Newhall on the viol de gambu; and as for ladies, there were some o' Crumblin's pupils, whose very grand-daughters have, to this day, a finer hand upon the harpsichord than others. No such agreeable gentlemen or ladies now-a-days, nor such music neither! There were something then in vogue but gude auld Scots airs, such as *Gilderoy*, *Ple never leave thee*, *She rose and let me in*, and *The bridegroom grá*; which were a' played in as simple a style as when they were first uttered by their shepherd-authors on the mountain side. Miss Baillie of Jarviswood, afterwards Lady Murray of Stanhope—though her father was a Whig, I mean do her justice in this—she sung the plaintive sang of *Tweedside*—not the new-fangled lad Crawford's version, but my Lord Yester's

—in so sweet and touching a manner, that aye when she came to the last line o' the verse, 'I'll lay my bones far frae the Tweed,' the hale company shed tears; and indeed naeboddy could bear to hear her sing it, for they were sae sure of making fools of themselves before it was done. She was certainly a sweet creatur. Lady Murray, and could write *fine stings* herself; we were always on good terms, and used to criticise each other's verses with great good-humour. She was ill-set wi' Sir Alexander, who was quite mad. She once told me, that the first of their unhappy quarrels took place three or four days after they were married—it was i' the year ten, and that maks me an auld woman. They came to live in the Parliament Square, which was not then altogether rebuilt, after the great fire o' the year naething; and upon Lady Murray expressing some uneasiness at the disturbances occasioned by the sound o' the mason's hammers i' the morning before rising, Sir Alexander told her that it was a very pleasant sound, and that she must just endeavour to think it so, else there would be nae peace between them. Was na that fine treatment for a young wife! the honeymoon? But I'm wandering; as usual, from the point. Ay, ay, I was describing the circumstances of her life in the days. However, 'till we're just disturbing this good woman, and it is time we were hame at Teviot Row, to prepare for the ladies. I expect to-night to tea and cards."

She rose, and moved, into the centre of the apartment, when, as she stood a few moments in conversation with the old woman of the house, I could not help contrasting in idea her tall, antique, faded figure, half-clooping over her black square-headed cane, and surrounded by the humble furniture of a poor dwelling, with the bewitching loveliness and stately graces which were ascribed to her person in youth, when she moved here, the centre of a whole system of animated beauties, now long forgotten in the dust, and giving additional charms to a scene of magnificent festivity.

She seem'd like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but she departed.

The old woman soon getting into the full tide of gossip with my venerable relation, we were detained a few minutes, during which it turned out, that this aged person had been head-servant to the noble family who formerly possessed this mansion, and now lived retired in one of its garrets, upon a small pension allowed to her by one of its members, who had survived with life and fortune the wrecking period of the *Forty-five*. She seemed a complete specimen of the old Scottish domestic—attached, garrulous, and polite. She had a formality in her manner, which went far beyond the utmost limits of modern good-breeding, and, though miserably infirm, was, not without a certain degree of stateliness in her personal appearance. She was dressed with remarkable neatness, and wore a necklace of *lammer beads*, to which a small crucifix of gold was attached. What rendered her at once interesting in my romantic eyes, she had been wounded, in the year 1745, by a shot from the Castle, directed at the coach of her rebellious master, in which she was, when it entered the city, in broad day, by the West Port, then in possession of a Highland guard; and she could tell many anecdotes of that year, so remarkable for having heard the last faint trumpet-note of aspiring chivalry. She had entered the service of the family when she was a girl; had lived many happy years with them in this then splendid house, previous to that unhappy occasion; after which, she accompanied them abroad, saw them all die out, one by one, with broken hearts and ruined fortunes, and then returned to end her own days amidst the ruins of their former abode. My great-grandmother asked many questions respecting the family, which the old woman could not answer, except at great length and with tears. There was only one anecdote

dote of a ludicrous nature, and that respected the preservation of her present supporter, who was a nephew of the last lord, and now enjoyed part of his estates. Lady — was very averse to her husband's design of joining the Rebels, and when his nephew came to Edinburgh to accompany him away, ordered her maid to put boiling water into his lordship's boots, so that, when he came to draw them on, he might incapacitate at least one foot for the expedition. By mistake, the maid bestowed the boiling water upon the *housewife's* boots, which stood in the kitchen beside her master's; and the consequence was, that, while his lordship went away laughing at his nephew's misfortune, the young gentleman remained at home, escaped the perils of the rebellion, and afterwards inherited some of the possessions which his brave uncle forfeited. Many other anecdotes we heard; but my great-grandmother at last took her leave, promising that I should call some future day, with a token of her regard, and in order that I might hear out the rest of her interesting stories.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF

EDINBURGH, 1845.

WEDNESDAY SOCIETY.

Saturday, 31st January.

Professor Jamieson in the Chair.

Present, — Professors D. Ritchie and Graham; Drs Scott, Adam, and Greville; Henry Witham, James Wilson, Thomas Seybright, Esq., &c.

The first paper read at this meeting was a communication from Dr Greville. (On the various economical uses of Sea-plants.) The *Marine Alga*, it was remarked by the essayist, though they held a low place in the vegetable kingdom, are entitled to the attention of the naturalist on account of their beauty, their adaptation to the place they occupy in creation, and their economical uses. Viewed merely in a picturesque light, there is something charming in the contemplation of the submarine groves and meadows which they form, diversified and enlivened by countless hosts of animated creatures, to whom they afford nourishment and shelter. Some of the algae are not to be recognised by the naked eye, except from the appearance they give to larger species, to which they are parasitical; others attain an enormous size. The more gigantic algae are enabled to buoy themselves up in the waves by means of various peculiarities of structure; some of them are furnished with hollow stems, others have racemes filled with air imbedded or attached to their leaves. The larger algae, at least such as are destined to buffet with stormy seas, have roots which grapple the rocks by means of tough and thick fibres; others, which are, by the nature of their abodes or of their figure, less exposed, are attached by a simple thread-like base. It was, however, chiefly upon the economical uses of the algae that the remarks of the essayist turned. Some of them are useful as articles of food or medicine; others are of importance in the arts. As food, several kinds are greedily sought after by cattle, especially in the north of Europe. In Norway, the *fucus vesiculosus* and the *chorda filum* are stored up for winter fodder. Man, too, makes extensive use of the algae in this way. The lower classes inhabiting the coasts of our own country, the poor on the coast of South America, and the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, employ various species of sea-weeds as condiments; and the richer classes throughout the world seek after some of them to heighten the satefulness of their luxurious tables. The *gracilaria compressa* of our own shores has been discovered, by a lady of the author's acquaintance, to form an excellent pickle; the *chondrus crispus* entered on the southern and western coasts of Ireland, into the composition of *blanco-mange*; and an undetermined species of *gelidium* furnished the materials of the celebrated edible wallows' nests. In a medical point of view, the algae are important chiefly as the source whence iodine is derived. This gas is known to be a powerful remedy in cases of goitre. Burnt sponge used to be administered as a remedy for this disease; and in South America the stems of a sea-weed are chewed by the inhabitants whenever goitre is prevalent. Probably both plants owed

* The paper, of which we present an abstract, is intended to form a part of the introduction to Dr Greville's forthcoming work on the Alga.

its efficacy to the presence of iodine. It was worthy of
 note, that French kelp yielded more iodine than British;
 and that manufactured at the Cape of Good Hope more
 than the French. It is, however, in the arts that the uti-
 lity of the marine algae is most conspicuous. The *Gracilaria*

varieties furnish the Chinese with an invaluable glue and
 gum. It is also probable that this plant is the principal
 ingredient in the gummy matter called *chin-chow* or *hai-tai*
 in China and Japan, the transparent glands of which issued
 in the natives to fill the lozenge-shaped interstices of their
 lacquer window-frames. About 87,000 pounds of the *Gracilaria*
tenax is imported annually from the province of Kien-
 kee and Tcheking, at Canton, where it sells for 6d. or
 8d. per pound. The *Chondria crassa* (already mentioned)

is converted in Ireland into size for the use of house-paint-
 er. An immense variety of algae are employed in making
 ink, and it is in this manufacture that their utility is most
 conspicuous. The stimulus of people employed by it, is
 not only indirectly, in the Orkney Islands, according to
 Mr. R. D. Clarke, in 1797, at least, and

help from the chief objects of commerce. At Canina, the
 Duke was informed, that if kelp kept its price, one pro-
 prietor would clear £3000, and another £10,000, by that
 article of produce alone. Kelp has sunk in value since the
 close of the last war, owing to the superior quality of Span-
 ish kelp for the purposes of soap-boiling and glass-mak-
 ing. It is, however, still an important object of domestic com-
 merce. The importance of seaweed as a manure for land has
 long been recognised. The produce of the algae is in ex-
 ceptance to the agriculturists arising from our produc-
 tion than the crops of the agriculturist. In some parts the sea-
 weed is cut only every third year—where there are strong
 currents; an annual harvest may be obtained without injury.

Attempts have been made, not without success, to cultivate seaweed where it does not
 grow naturally. By covering sandy bays with large stones,
 and of fuel have been obtained in about three years, the
 seaweed in abundance every year, and the soil is improved.

The quantity of seaweed in the largest islands is the thing. Mr
 Brown, the engineer, while engaged on something, a stone
 beam on a low rock, called the Curry, situated near the en-
 trance into the Rith of Borth, found a portion of the stone
 thickly covered with large seaweeds in May 1814, which he
 had left completely bare in the preceding November.

The seaweeds having been cut away, and the beach
 trampled down by the windmills, and the rocks were ex-
 posed. The common *Juniperus communis* was already
 two feet long, the *Fucus vesiculosus* measured six feet, and
 the small appendages which, in maturity, contain the seeds
 of the plants, were already visible.

The Rev. Dr. Scott, of Corsham, has recently read a learned
 and interesting paper on the rains and dangers, with the
 aim of which the Israelites covered the outside of their en-
 tablements.

Specimens (bred in Europe, from imported eggs, by M.
 Leconte, of Alton) of the Saturniid caterpillar, a rare North
 American moth, as also of the odonate eggs of the an-
 t and were exhibited. (Some notes on the natural history, by
 Mr. James Wilson, were read by the Secretary. Mr. Wilson
 stated on the occasion of submitting some remarks on the
 geographical distribution of animals to the Society, as an early
 opportunity.

The Secretary reported to the Society the reception of a
 new volume of *Transactions from the Royal Scientific Society*
 of Berlin; and the business of the meeting being con-
 sidered, the Society adjourned.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND
 Monday, 11th January.

Sir Henry Jardine in the Chair.
 Present.—Professor Broughton; Drs Carson, Hibbert,
 Bathwick, James Skene, Thomas Allan, Donald Gre-
 gory, Esquires, &c.

Donations received during the recess, as had not
 been exhibited at the previous meeting, were presented by
 the Curator of the Museum. The most interesting were
 the original letter of the Edinburgh Volunteers offering
 their services against Prince Charles Edward; a collection

of old English, and a few Grecian and Roman coins; a
 great number of books, among which were the *Transactions*
 of several Parisian Societies. A letter was likewise read
 from General Anslie, giving an account of his exertions to
 extend the Society's correspondence among the French An-
 tiquaries. The thanks of the Society were unanimously
 voted to General Anslie. There was also exhibited a beau-
 tiful intaglio of Hercules straitening the Nemean Lion, worn
 and sold by John Danks of Leamington.

Dr. Branton resumed the reading of Colonel Millar's
 Essay. On the site of the battle of Mons Grampius, an
 abstract of the first part of which is contained in our 58th
 Number. From Duncarn Hill, which Colonel Millar as-
 signed in the first part of his Essay as the winter quarters
 of Agricola, he supposed him to have marched at the open-
 ing of the present campaign to Markinch, then due north
 towards Ballinallan, a little beyond which he took up his
 station at the base of the Lemond hill, which the author

supposes to have been the Mons Grampius of Tacitus. Sub-
 sequently he thinks the Roman General intrenched him-
 self upon Pitfour hill, the eastern termination of the Ochil
 range, four miles to the north. The Eden flows midway
 between the hills of Pitfour and Lemond; and its valley,
 Colonel Millar undertakes to demonstrate, was the scene of
 hostile operations between the Romans and Caledonians.

He bases his opinion upon various grounds: firstly, the
 tradition of the country, that a great battle was fought
 there; secondly, the accordance of the terrain with the de-
 scription of Tacitus; thirdly, the numerous places of se-
 pulchre, partly Roman, partly Caledonian, and the arms
 found all over the field; fourthly, the strong intrenchments
 upon the Pitfour and Lemond hills; lastly, the isolated
 character of the latter instance more obvious than a
 range of mountains with the singular word *Mons*.

The conclusion of the Essay was deferred till the next
 meeting of the Society.

METROPOLITAN THEATRICALS.
 London, January 11, 1830.

In accordance with all those laws for this season made
 and provided, the *Genius of Pantomime* now rules lord
 of the ascendant over the dramatic dynasty of London; for,
 with the exception of one house, whose treasury and
 whose stage are both much too limited in their resources
 for such an exhibition, we have a Harlequinade at every
 theatre in the Metropolis.

Whilst Covent Garden rejoices in "Cock Robin," and Drury Lane is exultant
 with "Jack-in-the-Box," the Coburg attracts with the
 "Enchanted Harp," the Surrey is eloquent with "Har-
 lequin's Alphabet," and the Adelphi exhibits the "Dwarf
 and the Magic Needle." Sadler's Wells boasts of the
 "Flag of the Forest Raven," the Olympic shines re-
 splendent with the "Polar Star," and the Pavilion—

which the *Times*, in its fervour for early intelligence,
 burned down in a mistake, about a fortnight ago, with
 three adjoining houses—the Illustrious Pavilion glories in
 "Mother Carey's Chickens." Not having met with any
 praiseworthy individual, who has deserved well of his
 country by seeing them all, I cannot, like some critics,
 describe that of which I know nothing, and must, there-
 fore, limit my observations to those few to which my
 observation has been limited. Mr Farley's authorship at
 Covent Garden is this year a comparative failure; for,
 though "Cock Robin's" Funeral-procession, the Star of
 Venus, the gigantic Watch-house Spider, and one or two
 other points, are excellent, yet in whim, splendour, scen-
 ery, and general effect, it is decidedly inferior to Mr Bar-
 rymore's rival exhibition at Drury Lane; which, allow-
 ing for the general absence of the ancient wit and humour
 from all modern Pantomimes, is very good indeed; while
 Stanfield's moving Diorama of the Royal Domains of
 Windsor, and Virginia Waters, with a real cascade, can
 be exceeded by the reality only, and must draw crowds, in-
 dependent of any auxiliary. The exhibitions of the minor
 houses are, doubtless, all admirable in their way, though
 not in mine; and if only half of their play-bill announce-
 ments of "overflowing audiences," "tumultuous ap-
 plause," and "every evening till farther notice," may

be believed correct, both the managers and the public are completely satisfied. Under the misnomer of the "Husband's Mistake, or the Corporal's Wedding"—for the *Corporal* does not get married—Covent Garden has produced a new *petit-comedy*, "done into English" from the same French original of Surfbre's "*Fiancée*," as that which Planthé has re-manufactured into an opera, with Auber's music, for Drury Lane, and in which Madame Vestris, who is engaged there, and to appear for the first time to-morrow evening, is to play the principal character. The Covent Garden version is full of bustle, and has some excellent situations, to which Keeley, as *Fritz*, the *Corporal*, and Mrs. Gibbs, Ellen Tree, and Bartley, in the other leading parts, did ample justice; though from Planthé's tact at these things, I very confidently anticipate that his will far surpass it. The appearance of the Drury Lane Elephant is adjourned *sin die*, and the new tragedy, so long underlined in the bills, is not yet quite finished! The Adelphi Dwarf, aged 40, and actually 24 inches high *only*, with a name much longer than himself, is a truly surprising little man; and Messieurs Mathews and Westons, therefore, new boast of possessing the largest and smallest performers in the world! The Cobourg Elephant is compared with its rival sister in the Strand, a very diminutive animal, being little more than 5 feet high; but as *Ramondra* is but rising 5, and *Miss Djeck* is 25, her present girth and delicacy give every promise of both size and science some years hence. She appears in a very clever burlesque parody of Bezairey's Adelphi drama; both have a rightful prince and a wrongful prince, and in both there is a rebellion, which, like crows' nests, ought to be pulled down, because, as the author says, both are high treason! Such is the present condition of our London drama; and the only additional announcements I have now to trouble you with, are, that Mr Wade's new farce of the "Phrenologists" is to be produced at Covent Garden to-morrow; and the real Siamese Twins are to visit Drury Lane, and sit in the Earl of Chesterfield's private presentment box, on the same evening; for which piece of truly valuable information, Mr Charles Wright, of Champagne notoriety, is my most excellent authority. Can it be necessary for me to say, that every word respecting Quick and Munden's reappearance is entirely fiction?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON MUSIC.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ISABELLA PATON.

By John Malcolm.

THE feelings stirr'd by Music's breath,
Half joy—half sorrow—all divine—
Blend, like the wreath of love and death,
Where roses with the cypress twine,
When, melting into grief, appears
The joy that seeks relief in tears,
And sorrow sweetens into joy—
As each of each required alloy.
And evanescent gleams of thought,
With wild unearthly beauty fraught—
And memories dim, that seem to date
Their sources from a former state,
Awaked by Music's hymned spell,
Float round as—faint, as the farewell
Of long-lost love—o'er slumber's bed;
In angel-visits from the dead,
That in the dreary distance seems
To swoon upon our nightly dreams.

And oft such sweet emotions rise
In Albyn's earlier melodies.

Her simple songs of other years
Can bless the heart they balm in tears,
And kindle long-forgotten smiles
In desert lands, and distant isles—
Recalling unto them that room,
The quenchless longing for their home,
And wafting vernal sweetness o'er
The waters, from their native shore.

Oh! beautiful at fall of day
Such music floats from far away,
When aching, at summer's lingering close,
The parting spirit of the rose,
And lovelier still, when soft it breaks
The silence of the moonlight lakes—
Or, dying on the midnight air,
A dear and dreamy beauty wears,
Like that of pensive songs, that plain
Beneath the latticed bowers of Spain,
And gently woo the dark-eyed maid
To list the lonely serenades,
That o'er the summer night arise,
Seem melting from a distant star.

And sweet, around the winter's hearth,
The strains, at which the mood of mirth
Gives way to feelings more profound—
As I have heard them breathed around
The circle of the young and fair,
That bloom'd in silent beauty there,
When music's mystic joys and woes
In thy heart-thrilling tones arose,
Thou of the Siren-sister band,
The first fair minstrel of the land.

THE LAST SONG.

WHY should I linger here,
When flowers are faded?
Quench'd is thy light, my heart,
Thy skies are shaded;
Gone are thy friends! like leaves
Upon the river;
They stemm'd life's tide awhile,
Then pass'd forever!
Cease, captive spirit! cease
Thy restless beating!
The welcome hour is nigh
For thy glad fleeing!

Why should I linger here,
With strangers round me?
Loosed is affection's chain
To life that bound me;
Nor pleasure now nor pain
The world can bring me;—
Earth has no joys to charm,
Nor griefs to sting me!
Cease, captive spirit! cease
Thy restless beating!
The welcome hour is nigh
For thy glad fleeing!

Why should I linger here?
The spell is broken!
Look on my wasted cheek,
The heart's true token!
Look on my faint dim eyes,
Their lone watch keeping,
Sad silent types of woe,
Too full for weeping!
Cease, captive spirit! cease
Thy last wild beating!
Hush! the wish'd hour is come
For thy glad fleeing!

GERTRUDE

ON THE STATUES OF THE MUSES IN THE GALLERY AT PARIS.

From the German of Schiller.

At! let the Frank with arms in hand,
Bear home from every plunder'd land
The prize remains of Grecian skill,
And in his gaudy gallery,
Give to the gazing vulgar eye
Trophy to trophy added still.

How much in vain! In silence all
They stand around the gloomy hall,
Nor start to life where soul is home,
With him alone the Muses dwell,
Who bears them in his heart's warm cell;
Still to the Vandal they are stoned!

SONNET TO

WILL I to fold thee, lady, to my heart,
And press one burning kiss upon thy brow;
Perchance the restless furrow might depart,
That sheets so wildly through my hot veins now;
I long to tell thee that thou art beloved,
I long to mingle my whole soul with thine,
I long to know my passion unreprieved,
And hear thee trembling whisper thou art mine!
—Aw! away! that bliss can never be:
Two different paths through this dull life are ours;
I shall be tossed on fortune's stormy sea,
Thou wilt roam on through summer's brightest flowers!
And like the cloud-born shadow in the wind,
All thought of me will pass from thy glad mind.

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

It is among the reports of this day, that Sir Walter Scott is again upon a romance, of which the hero is Sir James Douglas, who has the Bruce's heart to Spain. We have the best means of knowing that there is no truth in it whatever.

Mr Cunningham is busy with his second volume of the *Lives of the Past*. It will contain Memoirs of West, Opie, Barry, Blake, Sir Paul, Rushmore, and others.

The Rev. Mr. Parry is preparing the *Poetical Dictionary* of the 16th and 17th centuries, from Surrey to Dryden.

The *Dominie's Legacy*, by the author of the *Sectarian*, is announced.

There has just appeared, at St Petersburg, a collection of the original letters of Peter the Great, in two volumes. Two additional ones are to be published very shortly.

A new volume of *Dublin Hospital Reports* is now in course of publication, under the superintendence of Dr. Graves.

Mr. Grogan is engaged upon a third series of *Stories from the Bays of Ireland*, comprising the period from the accession of James I. to the Legislative Union in 1801.

A volume of poems, entitled *Leisure Hours*, by James Moore Esq., is in the press.

The *Portfolio of the Martyr Student*, by a Country Curate, is on the eve of publication.

There is at present publishing in Paris an edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, and Cooper's novels, uniform in 12mo. The titles of some of Sir Walter's well-known productions sound rather oddly in French. Thus we have—*Le Roi de Darnley*, *Monsieur Le Lord de la Prison d'Edinbourg*, *Les Eaux de Saint Roman*, *Les Amours de la Canoness*, *Ed. John's Pile de Perth*, &c. We also have a novel of Cooper's advertised, but generally known in this country as the French title is—*Presumption*, ou le Choix d'un Mari.

Among other new works, Mr. Murray announces a *Life of Sir Walter Raffles*, by his Widow, *Essay on Financial Reform*, by Henry Parnell, *Principles of Geology*, by C. Lyell, *Foreign History of the Geological Society*, *Travels in the Moors*, by William Leake, *The Life and Reign of George III.*, *The Life of Humphrey Davy*, by J. A. Paris, *M. D.*, and a *History of* by Mr. Markham.

We understand that a new work, in three volumes, entitled *Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character*, will shortly make its appearance from the pen of Mr. Bennett, Editor of the *Glasgow Free Press*. It is just now in course of publication, under the auspices of

the London house of Whittaker & Co., and is expected to be issued about the end of the present, or beginning of the next month.

NEW PERIODICALS.—We have received the first number of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, and are happy to perceive that they promise well. Number 11. is a decided improvement upon No. 1., and we hope the succeeding numbers will continue to increase in excellence. The articles we like most are "Kathleen," a Tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall,—"One of us in London,"—"Personal Sketches," No. 1. The Duke of Wellington,—"and a Dublin versus London." The reviews of books are also judicious, though we think a little deficient in what we Scotch call *spunk*. On the whole, under the able editorship of Mr. Johnston, we have little doubt of the success of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*. We have received the first number of the *Fourth Miscellany of Literature, Agriculture, Gardening, and Local Intelligence*. In external appearance, it is good, and resembles the *Literary Journal*; but it is to be published only once a month, and contains half a sheet of additional matter. Judging from the first number, we judge well of the publication;—the contents are highly respectable and well mixed; and it appears to be an addition of some consequence to the literature of Scotland. Mr. Jardine, of the *London Literary Gazette*, with the assistance of his son-in-law, Don Thomas y Cosio, author of the *Life of Hernan Cortes*, has set on foot a *Foreign Literary Gazette*, of which two numbers have appeared. It is respectably conducted, and will interfere, we should think, not a little with the profits of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. We have received from Glasgow several numbers of a periodical work going on there called *The Thistle*. They have been sent to us as a token of the satisfaction felt by the conductor, at the view which the *Literary Journal* took of Miss Smithson, and particularly at the fearless and honest manner in which the opinion was expressed;—and also that we might not be misled regarding the estimation in which Miss Smithson is there held, from the dishonest puffs that have appeared of her, in some of the Glasgow newspapers. In return for these compliments, we are glad to be able to state, that we have read with great satisfaction the article on Miss Smithson in *The Thistle*. It is one of the best pieces of dramatic criticism we have seen for a long while, and has our entire concurrence.

SIR THOMAS LAWKENS.—The sudden death of this great artist, in the 56th year of his age, cannot be too deeply regretted by the friends of art in this country. One consolation remains, that he has left a name immortalized by his works, and that though he had lived to the age of a hundred, it would have been difficult for him to have increased his fame. Wilkie is talked of as his successor in the Presidency of the Royal Academy.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.—Many Clubs all over Scotland are looking anxiously forward to Monday, the 25th instant. The Leith Burns' Club intend holding their fourth anniversary dinner on that day, in the Exchange Hotel, and the meeting is expected to be more numerously attended than on any former occasion.

BIRTH-PLACE OF THE POET HOME.—In that respectable work, the *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*, it is stated that "John Home was born in the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, in 1724; studied at Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1747." This is entirely incorrect. Henry Mackenzie, in his *Life of Home*, mentions truly, that he "was born in Leith, on the 22d day of September, 1722, (O.S.) and that he was the son of Mr. Alexander Home, town-clerk of Leith, and Mrs. Christian Hay, daughter of Mr. John Hay, writer in Edinburgh; that he received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar-school of Leith, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, on the 4th August, 1745." In corroboration of this statement, we are able to mention, that the author of "*Douglas*" was born in a house which stood, but is now taken down, at the corner of Quality-street, Leith, leading into Bernard-street. His remains are in the cemetery of South Leith, where, a few days ago, another member of the family of Home was buried.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—In France, Cuvier and St. Hilaire are busily prosecuting the study of Zoology. De. Cuvier continues his researches into the Vegetable Kingdom; and, M. de Buge is still actively engaged in extending the science of Geography. The three most popular of the French poets, Beranger, Méry, and Barthelemy, have all involved themselves in trouble, by the postoffice, that they have given to their writings. The heroes of the republicans and Imperial Governments are still pouring forth innumerable *Memoirs*—those of Bourrienne and of the Duc de St. Simon are among the most important. Translations into French have lately appeared of the works of Macculloch and Jeremy Bentham. In Germany, Goethe, whose eightieth birth-day has been celebrated by his enthusiastic countrymen, has lately published a volume of Letters, addressed to him by Schiller, during the years 1806; T. Caroline Pichler has written a new Romance on the subject of the sinking of Buda. She and Tieck are among the principal contributors to the German Annuals, which are as numerous as ever. Niebuhr is still busy with his publication of the Byzantine Classics. Dietrich Hallman has published a work on the Statistical Condition of Cities in the Middle Ages: in this department of literature he treads successfully on the footsteps of Hallam and Sismondi. In Italy, Manzoni seems to rank among the first living authors, and, as a novel-writer, is con-

sidered by his countrymen very little inferior to Sir Walter Scott.—In Russia, the rigid censorship is a severe drag upon literature; yet, notwithstanding, both poets and political writers are on the increase there.

NEWS FROM ROME.—From peculiar sources of information, we are enabled to state some interesting facts regarding the recent progress of the fine arts in Rome. Thorwaldsen, who is now generally allowed to be the first sculptor living, is going on with his great work of Christ and the twelve Apostles, for the Cathedral in Berlin. The figure of Christ has seldom or never been equalled; the attitude is simple, but impressive, and the expression of the whole is full of deity, and of beauty finely mixed with sublimity. The chief difference between the mind of Canova and Thorwaldsen seems to be, that the former was so deeply imbued with the feeling of beauty, that he was apt to lose himself when he attempted to be sublime; whereas the latter is so devoted to sublimity, that his feelings of beauty, especially of female beauty, are less intense. Thorwaldsen's mind is probably the higher of the two; and it may be mentioned, that the chief fault found by the artists in Rome to Dr Memes's late History of the Fine Arts—a book they hold in much esteem—is, that it scarcely bestows sufficient praise on Thorwaldsen. It should be recollected, however, that Dr Memes visited Rome before this sculptor had risen to the eminence he has now attained; and, besides, there can be no doubt that Canova did more for art than Thorwaldsen has done, because he was mainly instrumental in restoring it to its ancient purity, and redeeming it from the spurious style of Bernini. In this respect, Flaxman and Canova stand together unrivalled. A fine statue of the late Pope is among Thorwaldsen's latest works.—The English sculptor, Mr Gibson, ranks next in reputation. A Narcissus, which he has just finished, is considered worthy of Canova. The figure is recumbent, in the attitude of looking at his shadow, and is sweet, simple, and beautiful in a most surpassing degree. A Nymph sitting is Gibson's last work, and is scarcely, if at all, inferior to his Narcissus. This artist is only about two or three-and-thirty.—Weyght, an English, and Secular, a Scotch sculptor, are also much esteemed. Secular's chief work is the Deluge—a group of three figures. His Adam and Eve are also considered excellent.—The Italian sculptor who has succeeded Canova in his studio is very favourably spoken of; and there are some exceedingly clever German sculptors now studying in Rome.—Among the English painters resident there, Geddes and Eastley may be mentioned as having particularly distinguished themselves, the former chiefly as a portrait-painter.—A few weeks ago, upwards of thirty young German sculptors, painters, architects, and poets, came to Rome in a body, having, in the delightful enthusiasm of their nature, performed the whole of their pilgrimage on foot, from their native country to the "eternal city."

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY AND ITS PROFESSORS.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,—As all information upon this subject must be interesting to your readers, I am happy to have it in my power to inform you, that in the prosecution of its arduous duties, the Royal Commission has seen proper to propose the following important questions to the different Professors in this University, to which I understand the subjoined answers have been returned:—

1. Why is the Professor of Moral Philosophy like a person who sells scented soap? Because he has a great deal to do with the *oil of palms*.
2. Why is the Professor of Logic like a legal document? Because he is an *awful David*.
3. Why are the students who attend the lectures on Agriculture the most disreputable set in the University? Because they have all been sent to Coventry.
4. Why is the Professor of Military Surgery like a dance in France? Because he is a *Ball-in-Gall*.
5. Why is Professor Hope like a locksmith? Because he is acquainted with every kind of *key-mystery*.
6. What is the difference between the former and the present Professor of Universal History? The one was *Tytle-r*, and the other is *title-d*.
7. Why is it much to be regretted that Dr Chalmers ever left Fife? Because he is now out of *Kirk-a-day*.
8. Why ought Professor Leslie to keep a journal? Because it would be an excellent specimen of a *day-hairy*.
9. Why should the Professor of Civil Law never remain long in the same place? Because every body likes to see *Cheap travelling*.
10. Why does the Professor of Public Law, who never lectures, pay more attention to his pupils than any other? Because he has only two, and these are the *pupils of his eye*.
11. Why is the Professor of Mathematics like the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*? Because he is much read in *numbers*, and in all *circles*.
12. Why is Professor Pillans like the Member for Galway? Because he is much interested in the cause of *Humanity*.
13. Why does Professor Bell publish so many editions of his Commentaries? Because he is fond of *ringing the change*, and of making the *change ring*.
14. Why should Professor Napier's legs disqualify him for his Professorship? Because they do not seem well adapted for *Conveyancing*, nor, as a Cockney friend remarks, are they well adapted to *Mac-vey*.
15. Why is the Professor of Natural History like Charles I.? Because he is

Jamie's son.—16. Why is the Principal's chin like the chin of a married man? Because it is that of a *Husband Batrd*.

—17. Why is the Professor of Church History not the least like Sir Walter Scott's grandson? Because the one is Hugh Littlejohn, and the other is Hugh McKiejohn.

Should I hear of any further proceedings on the part of the Royal Commission, I shall be glad to let you know; and I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. RIDDLER.

Theatrical Gossip.—The letter from London, on a previous page, contains a variety of information upon this subject.—Miss Paton and Sapio have been attending the Manchester and Liverpool Concerts. Miss Paton is now at Bath, and in excellent voice. She will begin her engagement at Covent Garden early in February.—Pasta is said to be engaged at Copenhagen for the winter season.—The performance of Miss Mitford's new tragedy of "Otho" is postponed; the recent death of the amiable authoress's mother is assigned as a cause.—Sontag is still performing at Paris; but her marriage with the Count de Rosal (who is he?) is said to be no longer a secret. She has lately been playing the part of *Lucy Ashton*, in an Italian version of "The Bride of Lammermoor," called "Le Nozze di Lammermoor," the music by Carafa.—One hundred and seventy-five new pieces have been produced in Paris during the year 1829. Of these not above twenty can be said to have succeeded. The most successful bore the following titles:—William Tell—Henry III.—Christina at Fontainebleau—An Election Day—Elizabeth of England—The Betrothed—The Two Nights—The Family of the Baron Cricri—Marino Faliero—and Nero's Festival.—Liston and Miss F. H. Kelly are playing at Liverpool.—Braham and Fanny Ayton are still in Dublin, where "Masaniello" has been exceedingly successful.—It is almost unnecessary to remind our readers that Miss Jarman takes her benefit this evening, because we perceive by the box plan that the house is to be as full as it can hold. This is as it should be. When we said that Braham and Mathews were to succeed Miss Jarman, we ought to have said Mathews and Braham. The former makes his appearance on Monday. We are to lose Miss Jarman for little more than three weeks. She has accepted of several provincial engagements in Dundee, Perth, Aberdeen, Glasgow, and elsewhere, and is then to return to perform here with Young and Vandenhoff. This is also as it should be.—We are informed that a melo-drama, entitled "A Legend of the Harz, or the Magic Rifle," written by a youth of 15 years of age, will be performed at the Caledonian Theatre, soon after the return of the company in March.—The two rival Theatres in Glasgow, under Seymour and Alexander, seem to be starving each other.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan. 9.—15.

SAT.	<i>The Honeymoon, & The Twelfth Cake.</i>
MON.	<i>The House of Aspen, & Do.</i>
TUE.	<i>The Magpie and the Maid, William Thompson, & Do.</i>
WED.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor, & Do.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Bell's Stratagem, & Do.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Point of Honour, A Roland for an Oliver, & Do.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"ACCOUNT of a Grand Aerial Voyage," by the Ettrick Shepherd, which reached us too late for this week, will appear next Saturday.

On Saturday se'ennight, THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. 6, when we hope to make up our lee-way with many of our poetical Correspondents and others.

Several reviews of new books are unavoidably postponed, and among these a notice of the last No. of the *Westminster Review*, with a particular reference to its article on the Provincial Periodical Press.

It will give us pleasure to receive a notice of Flaxman's Lectures from the able quarter from which it is promised, the more especially considering the feeble and erroneous manner in which the subject is treated in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.—We do not think "A Recollection of India" of sufficiently strong or general interest to warrant its insertion.—We should like to see a copy of Mr Dunlop's Pamphlet: can "Proteus" favour us with it?—"An Aesch Cugadh, or the War Horse," is well written, but wants point, and ends rather lamely.—Our fair Correspondent in Duke Street will find a note addressed to her as directed.

The "Sonnet" by "V. D." shall have a place.—We have not overlooked the "Stanzas to Miranda," and shall be glad to hear again from their author.—The following Poems will not suit us:—"The Pedestrian's Farewell to one of his *compagnons de voyage*,"—"The Lament of De Lucy's Bride," by "Alquino,"—"Stanzas" by "Longinus Shanks Fitzwhisker,"—Lines by "N. N." of Glasgow, and "Lines on the Bygone Year," by "H. M. G." of Glasgow.

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 68.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1850.

PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. In Two Vols. Vol. I. London. John Murray. 1839. 4to. Pp. 670.

In our humble opinion, this is the most interesting work that has issued from the British press since the death of Lord Byron. "Considering, as it does (and we, of course, speak of the first volume alone, which is all that is yet published,) two hundred and forty-one original letters by Lord Byron, together with numerous extracts from his private journals, memoranda, and unpublished poems, to say nothing of the rich store of narrative upon which they are drawn, we are not sure that there is even a more interesting work than "Childe Harold" itself. Having, by the polite attention of the publisher, been favoured with an early copy, we have devoted our time to it exclusively. For the greater part of the last week, and we have found the contents from beginning to end so irresistibly fine, they have stood us in stead of food and sleep. There, as it might be said, we have seen the mighty problem of Byron's mind and character satisfactorily and fully solved; and now, for the first time, have we been introduced into the private society and secret thoughts of that mighty spirit, whose brief existence gave a colour to the literature of an age. The work would have been intensely interesting had it contained nothing but a statement of facts, interspersed with Moore's observations concerning them; but when, in addition to this, we find that its still more prominent feature is, that it runs with the breathing thoughts and burning words of Byron himself, it becomes, beyond all doubt, the most valuable and important piece of biography ever produced in his country.

While we are delighted, in no small degree, with the manner in which Mr. Moore performs his task—with its manly, candid, impartial, and dignified tone of his narrative—we have been still more delighted to find, that enlightened and generous views he is disposed to take of the character of his deceased friend are amply—we may say, triumphantly—borne out by the immense mass of his poet's private documents, now for the first time put to the public, and which form an almost immeasurable literary banquet. To this subject we must, for the present, defer our earliest opportunity; but we shall not intrude upon the patience of our readers by any further remarks of our own, as we are anxious to leave them a fortunate, and as far as lies in our power, of course they will receive from a complete perusal of the work itself, which, however, cannot be generally their possession for some little time to come.

We mention that the Dedication is in these words: "To Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, these volumes are inscribed by his affectionate friend, Thomas Moore."—we think it right to begin our extracts with the Preface, the, though short, cannot fail to convey to the reader a most favourable impression both of the work and its author:

PREFACE.

"In presenting these volumes to the public, I should have felt, I own, considerable diffidence, from a sincere distrust in my own powers of doing justice to such a task, were I not well convinced that there is in the subject itself, and in the rich variety of materials here brought to illustrate it, a degree of attraction and interest which it would be difficult, even for hands the most unskilful, to extinguish. However lamentable were the circumstances under which Lord Byron became estranged from his country, to his long absence from England, during the most brilliant period of his powers, we are indebted for all those interesting letters which compose the greater part of the second volume of this work, and which will be found equal, if not superior, in point of vigour, variety, and liveliness, to any that have yet adorned this branch of our literature.

"What has been said of Petrarch, that his correspondence and verses together afford the progressive interest of a narrative in which the Poet is always identified with the man, will be found applicable, in a far greater degree, to Lord Byron, in whom the literary and the personal character were so closely interwoven, that to have left his work without the instructive commentary which his Life and Correspondence afford, would have been equally an injustice both to himself and the world."

Without attempting to connect the extracts which we shall now subjoin in any way than by a single explanatory remark in introducing them, and by observing a chronological order in their arrangement, we commence at once with the following passage, which is taken from one of Byron's own Note-books:

LORD BYRON AT HARROW.

"Till I was eighteen years old, (odd as it may seem,) I had never read a Review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics, as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from Reviews, because I was never seen reading, but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read sitting, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never met with a Review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh, by my ludicrous astonishment, in asking them, 'What is a Review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1806-7.

"At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my general information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions—such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such proreedy as it pleased God—but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical, and Dr Drury, my grand patron, (our head master,) had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action." I remember that my

"For this display of his declamatory powers, on the speech days, he selected always the most vehement passages—such as the speech of Zangus over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. On one of these public occasions, when it was arranged that he should take the part of Drusus, and young Peel that of Turnus, Lord Byron suddenly changed his mind, and preferred the speech of Latinius. During it was supposed, some ridicule from the inappropriate taunt of Turnus, 'Vestis in linguâ, pedibusque fugacibus igitur.'"

first declamation astonished him into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. 'My first Harrow verses, (that is, English, as exercises,) a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poetry.

"Peel, the orator and statesman, ('that was, or is, or is to be,') was my form fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove, (a public school phrase.) We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars; and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a school-boy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c. I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.

"The prodigy of our school-days was George Sinclair, (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. . . . He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used, at times, to beg me to let him do my exercise—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific, and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise; or we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still."—P. 40-2.

We think it may be safely said, that it was not till he saw Miss Chaworth that Byron ever seriously fell in love; for, though he himself never quite forgot a boyish sentiment he entertained for a certain Mary Duff, before he was eight years old, it is evident that his subsequent imagination alone could have magnified such a sentiment into real passion. At the age of twelve, however, he met with another young lady, who made a considerable impression upon him; and we shall therefore entitle our next extract

LORD BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.

"It was probably during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. 'My first dash into poetry,' he says, 'was as early as 1800.' It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker,) one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she, rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister, Augusta, (by some thought still more beautiful,) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one."

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace."

"My passion had its usual effects upon me. I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we

could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."—Pp. 33, 6.

Tracing our hero a year or two farther on in his career, we come to the celebrated attack made upon him in the *Edinburgh Review*:

LORD BYRON AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness than others. We have seen with what feverish anxiety he awaited the verdict of all the minor reviews, and, from his sensibility to the praise of the meanest of these censors, may guess how painfully he must have writhed under the sneers of the highest. A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, enquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge?—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would indeed be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled:—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge."

"Among the less sentimental effects of this review upon his mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret, to his own share, after dinner;—that nothing, however, relieved him, till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that, 'after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better.' His chief care, indeed, afterwards, was amiably devoted,—as we have seen it was, in like manner, before the criticism,—to allaying, as far as he could, the sensitiveness of his mother, who, not having the same motive or power to summon up a spirit of resistance, was of course more helplessly alive to this attack upon his fame, and felt it far more than, after the first burst of indignation, he did himself. But the state of his mind upon the subject will be best understood by the following extract from a letter:

"You have seen the *Edinburgh Review*, of course. I regret that Mrs Byron is so much annoyed. For my own part, these paper bullets of the brain have only taught me to stand fire; and, as I have been lucky enough upon the whole, my repose and appetite are not discomposed. Pratt, the gleaner, author, poet, &c. &c. addressed a long rhyming epistle to me on the subject, by way of consolation; but it was not well done, so I do not send it, though the name of the man might make it go down. The E. Rs have not performed their task well; at least, the literati tell me this, and I think I could write a more sarcastic critique on myself than any yet published. For instance, instead of the remark,—ill-natured enough, but not keen,—about Macpherson, I (*quoad Reviewers*) could have said, 'Alas! this imitation only proves the assertion of Doctor Johnson, that many men, women, and children, could write such poetry as *Osman's*.'"—P. 143-5.

The publication of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," elicited by the severity of the latter, was Byron's first stepping-stone to literary eminence; yet, to show how little malevolence there really existed in his nature, we consider the following curious information concerning that satire, not the least interesting portion of the volume before us:

THE ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

"But whatever may have been the faults or indiscretions of this satire, there are few who would now sit in judgment upon it so severely as did the author himself, on reading it over nine years after, when he had quitted England, never to return. The copy which he then perused is now in the possession of Mr Murray, and the remarks which he has

"'Tis a quality very observable in human nature, that any opposition that does not entirely discourage and intimidate us, has rather a contrary effect, and inspires us with a more than ordinary grandeur and magnanimity. In collecting our forces to overcome the opposition, we invigorate the soul, and give it an elevation with which otherwise it would never have been acquainted."

HUME, *Treatise of Human Nature*.

• "This elegy is in his first (unpublished) volume."

left scribbled over its pages, are well worth transcribing. On the first leaf we find—"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for its contents! Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames. B.—Opposite the passage,

'to be misled

By Jeffrey's heart, or Lamb's Boeotian head,'

is written, 'This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented.' Along the whole of the severe verses against Mr Wardworth, he has scrawled, 'Unjust,' and the same verdict is affixed to those against Mr Coleridge. On his unmeasured attack upon Mr Bowles, the comment is, 'Too savage all this on Bowles;' and down the margin of the page containing the lines, 'Health to immortal Jeffrey,' &c. he writes, 'Too ferocious—this is mere insanity,'—adding, on the verses that follow, ('Can none remember that eventful day?' &c.) 'All this is bad, because personal.' Sometimes, however, he shows a disposition to stand by his original decisions. Thus, on the passage relating to a writer of certain obscure Epics, (v. 379,) he says, 'All right;' adding of the same person, 'I saw some letters of this fellow to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions (which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of) he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly regret availing him, even were it unjust, which it is not; for, really, he is an ass.' On the strong lines, too, (v. 953,) upon Clarke, (a writer in a Magazine called the *Satirist*,) he remarks,—'Right enough,—this was well deserved, and well laid on.' To the whole paragraph beginning, 'Illustrious Holland,' he affixes the words, 'Bad enough; and on mistaken grounds, besides.' The bitter verses against Lord Carlisle he pronounces 'Wrong also—the provocation was not sufficient to justify such acerbity;' and of a subsequent note respecting the same nobleman, he says, 'Much too savage, whatever the foundation may be.' Of Rosa Matilda, (v. 38,) he tells us, 'She has since married the *Morning Post*—an exceeding good match.' To the verses, 'When some wrink youth, the tenant of a stall,' &c. he has appended the following interesting note:—"This was meant at poor Blackett, who was then patronized by A. I. B.,* but that I did not know, or this would not have been written; at least, I think not." Further on, where Mr Campbell and other poets are mentioned, the following jingle on the names of their respective poems is scribbled:—

'Pretty Miss Jacqueline
Had a nose aquiline;
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude;
While Mr Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mamaluke.'

Opposite the paragraph in praise of Mr Crabbe, he has written, 'I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of power and genius.' On his own line, in a subsequent paragraph, 'And glow, like the Phoenix amid her fires,' he says, comically, 'The Devil take that Phoenix—how came it there?' and his concluding remark on the whole poem is as follows:—"The greater part of this mine, I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve. BYRON."

'Dodati, Geneva, July 14, 1816.'—P. 169-171.

After the publication of the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," in 1812, Lord Byron passed, as it were, into a new state of existence. From simply lingering round the base of the Parnassian hill, he at once stepped up to the summit. His name became familiar in the mouths of men, and he himself was courted and flattered everywhere. Among other tributes to his fame, he had the honour of being presented to the present King, then Prince Regent, and having occasion to write soon afterwards to Sir Walter Scott, we find him mentioning the particulars of this interview in the following terms:

LETTER TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"St James's Street, July 6, 1812.

"Sir,—I have just been honoured with your letter. I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the 'evil works of my nonage,' as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings, peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you, and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the Poet of *Princes*, as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses, as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

"This interview was accidental; I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, 'no business there.' To be thus praised by your Sovereign, must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S. Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey."—P. 359, 60.

Our readers have not, of course, forgotten the mean-spirited and vulgar Memoirs of Lord Byron, published some time ago by Mr Leigh Hunt. The manner in which Mr Moore alludes to this person, is to us infinitely delightful; and the calm tone of contempt with which he mentions him, must gall the Cockney to the quick, if he has one spark of gentlemanly feeling in his whole composition:

LORD BYRON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LEIGH HUNT.

"It was at this time that Lord Byron became acquainted (and, I regret to have to add, partly through my means) with Mr Leigh Hunt, the editor of a well-known weekly journal, the *Examiner*. This gentleman I had myself formed an acquaintance with in the year 1811, and, in common with a large portion of the public, entertained a sincere admiration of his talents and courage as a journalist. The interest I took in him personally had been recently much increased by the manly spirit which he had displayed throughout a prosecution, instituted against himself and his brother, for a libel that had appeared in their paper on the Prince Regent, and in consequence of which they were both sentenced to imprisonment for two years. It will be recollected, that there existed among the Whig party, at this period, a strong feeling of indignation at the late defection, from themselves and their principles, of the illustrious personage, who had been so long looked up to as the friend and patron of both. Being myself, at the time, warmly—perhaps intemperately—under the influence of this feeling, I regarded the fate of Mr Hunt with more than common interest, and, immediately on my arrival in town, paid him a visit in his prison. On mentioning the circumstance, soon after, to Lord Byron, and describing my surprise at the sort of luxurious comforts with which I found the 'wit in the dungeon' surrounded—his trellised flower-garden within, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within

* "Lady Byron, then Miss Milbank."

—the noble poet, whose political view of the case coincided entirely with my own, expressed a strong wish to pay a similar tribute of respect to Mr Hunt; and accordingly, a day or two after, we proceeded for that purpose to the prison. The introduction which then took place was soon followed by a request from Mr Hunt that he would dine with him, and the noble poet having good-naturedly accepted the invitation, the Cold Bath Fields Prison had, in the month of June, 1818, the honour of receiving Lord Byron, as a guest, within its walls.

"Our day in the prison was, if not agreeable, at least novel and odd. I had, for Lord Byron's sake, stipulated with our host beforehand, that the party should be, as much as possible, confined to ourselves; and, as far as regarded dinner, my wishes had been attended to,—there being present, besides a member or two of Mr Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, but Mr Mitchell, the ingenious translator of Aristophanes. Soon after dinner, however, there dropped in some of our host's literary friends, who, being utter strangers to Lord Byron and myself, rather disturbed the ease into which we were all settling. Among these, I remember, was Mr John Scott,—the writer afterwards of some severe attacks upon Lord Byron; and it is painful to think that, among the persons there assembled, round the poet, there should have been one so soon to step forth the assailant of his living fame, while another, less manifold, would reserve the cool venom for his grave."—P. 400-2.

In a remarkable mood of mind which overtook him in 1814, Lord Byron formed a sudden resolution not only never to write another word, but to purchase back the copyright of all his previous works, and suppress every line of them. The following extract explains his feelings upon this subject:

LORD BYRON'S DETERMINATION TO SUPPRESS HIS WORKS.

"In this sensitive state of mind, which he but ill disguised or relieved by an exterior of gay defiance or philosophic contempt, we can hardly feel surprised that he should have, all at once, come to the resolution, not only of persevering in his determination to write no more in future, but of purchasing back the whole of his past copyrights, and suppressing every page and line he had ever written. On his first mention of this design, Mr Murray naturally doubted as to his seriousness; but the arrival of the following letter, enclosing a draft for the amount of the copyrights, put his intentions beyond question:—

"To Mr MURRAY.

"2, Albany, April 29, 1814.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose a draft for the money; when paid, send the copyright. I release you from the thousand pounds agreed on for the *Glaour and Bride*—there's an end.

"If any accident occurs to me, you may do then as you please; but, with the exception of two copies of each for yourself only, I expect, and request, that the advertisements be withdrawn, and the remaining copies of all destroyed; and any expense so incurred I will be glad to destroy.

"For all this, it might be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation.

"In course, I need hardly assure you, that they never shall be published with my consent, directly or indirectly, by any other person whatsoever,—that I am perfectly satisfied, and have every reason so to be, with your conduct in all transactions between us as publisher and author.

"It will give me great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance, and to consider you as my friend. Believe me very truly, and for much attention, your obliged and very obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S. I do not think that I have overdrawn at Ham-mersley's; but if that be the case, I can draw for the superfluous on Hovers'. The draft is L.5 short, but that I will make up. On payment—not before—return the copyright papers.

"In such a conjuncture, an appeal to his good natured consideration was, as Mr Murray well judged, his best resource; and the following prompt reply will show how easily, and at once, it succeeded:

"To Mr MURRAY.

"May 1, 1814.

"Dear Sir,—If your present note is serious, and it really would be inconvenient, there is an end of the matter; tear

my draft, and go on as usual: in that case, we shall recur to our former basis. That I was perfectly serious in wishing to suppress all future publication, is true; but certainly not to interfere with the convenience of others, and more particularly your own. Some day, I will tell you the reason of this apparently strange resolution. At present, it may be enough to say that I recall it at your suggestion; and as it appears to have annoyed you, I lose no time in saying so.—Yours truly,

"B."

—Pp. 550, 1.

The event which, more than any other, coloured Lord Byron's destiny, was his marriage. Of the circumstance which led to it we have the following account:

LORD BYRON'S PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

"The 'circumstances of importance' to which he alludes in this letter, was his second proposal for Miss Milbank, for which he was now waiting the result. His own account in his memoranda, of the circumstances that led to this step, is in substance, as far as I can trust my recollection, as follows: A person who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerful and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and after much discussion he consented. The next point for consideration was,—who was to be the object of his choice? and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbank. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected,—remarking to him that Miss Milbank had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done, and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. 'You see,' said Lord Byron, 'that after all, Miss Milbank is to be the person;—I will write to her.' He accordingly wrote on the moment, and as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter; but on reading it over, observed, 'Well, really, this is a very pretty letter;—it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one.'—'Then it shall go,' said Lord Byron; and so saying, sealed and sent off on the instant this flat of his fate.

TO MR MOORE.

"Newstead Abbey, Sept. 20, 1814.

"Here's to her who long
Hath waked the Poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

"My Dear Moore,—I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted,* and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that are to be) you think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blessed conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbank is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity; which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, and get a blue coat.

"She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing, certainly I shall not enquire. But I do know that she has talents and excellent qualities, and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors, and taken me.

"Now, if you have any thing to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the meantime, I tell you—a secret, by the by, at least till I know she wishes it to be public—that I have proposed, and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow, but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

* "On the day of the arrival of the lady's answer, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in, and presented him with his mother's wedding-ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment, the letter from Miss Milbank arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, 'If it contains a consent, I will be married with this ring.' It did contain a very flattering acceptance of his proposal, and a duplicate of the letter had been sent to London, in case this should have missed him.—Memoranda.

"If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—*that*—in short, I wish I was a better. Ever, &c."—P. 200-3.

Near the conclusion of this delightful volume, which brings us down only to the time of Lord Byron's separation from his wife and final departure to the Continent, in 1816, we find a highly interesting letter by Sir Walter Scott, mentioning the particulars of his acquaintance with Byron, which we gladly extract:

22 WALTER SCOTT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH LORD BYRON.

"My first acquaintance with Byron began in a manner rather doubtful. I was so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the *Edinburgh*, that I remember remonstrating against it with our friend the Editor, because I thought the 'Hours of Idleness' treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others, than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained some passages of noble promise. I was so much impressed with this, that I had thoughts of writing to the author; but some exaggerated reports concerning his peculiarities, and a natural unwillingness to intrude an opinion which was uncalled for, induced me to relinquish the idea.

"When Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of speculation among my betters. My crime was, having written a poem (Marmion, I think) for a thousand pounds, which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the book-sellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. On the other hand, Lord Byron paid me, in several passages, so much more praise than I deserved, that I must have been more irritable than I have ever felt upon such subjects, not to sit down contented, and think no more about the matter.

"I was very much struck, with all the rest of the world, at the vigour and force of imagination displayed in the first *Canto* of *Childe Harold*, and the other splendid productions which Lord Byron flung from him to the public, with a promptitude that savoured of profusion. My own popularity as a poet was then on the wane, and I was unexpectedly pleased to see an author of so much power and energy taking the field. Mr John Murray happened to be in Scotland that season, and as I mentioned to him the pleasure I should have in making Lord Byron's acquaintance, he had the kindness to mention my wish to his Lordship, which led to some correspondence.

"It was in the spring of 1815 that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was not greatly disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We sat for an hour or two, almost daily, in Mr Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months, I had the advantage of considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him, that I really thought that, if he lived a few years, he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I will turn Methodist.' I replied, 'No—I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather wish to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penance. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow me to be right.

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me,

that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office, was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar, and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind; but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive, either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember, particularly, repeating to him the fine poem of Hardyknute, an imitation of the old Scottish ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron, by which he was so much agitated.

"I saw Byron, for the last time, in 1816, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's, in Bond Street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good humour, to which the presence of Mr Mathews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr Scott of Gala, and I set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts;—I gave Byron a beautiful dagger, mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redeadbed Elfric Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed in the *Iliad*, for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the vase. One ran thus:—'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain ancient sepulchres within the land walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811.' The other face bears the lines of Juvenal:

'Expende—quod libras in duce summo juveniles.

—More sola fatetur quantula hominum corporcula.'

Juv. x.

"To these I have added a third inscription, in these words:—'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.' There was a letter with this vase, more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones,—but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station,—most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

"We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

"I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy,—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation, he was very animated.

"I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect,—particularly one at Sir Geo. Beaumont's, where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these, I need only mention the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr Richard Sharpe and Mr Rogers were also present.

"I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether

"Mr Murray had, at the time of giving the vase, suggested to Lord Byron, that it would increase the value of the gift to add some such inscription; but the feeling of the noble poet on this subject will be understood from the following answer which he returned:

April 9, 1815.

"Thanks for the books. I have great objection to your proposition about inscribing the vase,—which is, that it would appear ostentatious on my part; and, of course, I must send it as it is, without any alteration.—Yours, &c."

there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him; nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius, which threw into shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden,—little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was impending, in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that, had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."—P. 615-19.

To these extracts we shall now add a considerable number of Miscellaneous Anecdotes, scattered all over the book, which we have strung together; and each of which contains, we think, something of no common interest:

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS OF LORD BYRON.

"Among many instances of his quickness and energy at this age, his nurse mentioned a little incident that one night occurred, on her taking him to the theatre, to see the 'Taming of the Shrew.' He had attended to the performance for some time with silent interest; but, in the scene between Catherine and Petruchio, where the following dialogue takes place,—

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Petr. Nay, then, you lie,—it is the blessed sun,—

Little Georgie, (as they called the child), starting from his seat, cried out boldly, 'But I say it is the moon, sir.'"

"It is said, that the day after little Byron's accession to the title, he ran up to his mother, and asked her 'Whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he perceived none himself?' a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of 'Dominus' prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer, 'Adsum,' he stood silent amid the general stare of his school-fellows, and at last burst into tears."

"A friend of his once described to me the half-playful rage into which she saw him thrown, one day, by a heedless girl, who remarked that she thought he had a little of the Scotch accent,—'Good God, I hope not!' he exclaimed, 'I'm sure I haven't. I would rather the whole d—d country was sunk in the sea!—I the Scotch accent!'"

"While Lord Byron and Mr Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant, some few years older, whose name was ***** claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain;—***** not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and, although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight ***** with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a flush of rage, tears standing in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if ***** would be pleased to tell him 'How many stripes he meant to inflict?'—'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you?'—'Because, if you please,' said Byron, holding up his arm, 'I would take half!'"

"On the first leaf of his 'Scriptores Græci,' we find in his school-boy hand, the following memorial:—'George Gordon Byron, Wednesday, June 26, A.D. 1805, three quarters of an hour past three o'clock in the afternoon, third

school—Calvert, monitor; Tom Wildman on my left hand, and Long on my right. Harrow on the Hill.' On the same leaf, written five years after, appears this comment:

'Eheu fugaces, Posthume! Posthume!
Labuntur anni.

'B. January 9th, 1809. Of the four persons whose names are here mentioned, one is dead, another in a distant land, all separated, and not five years have elapsed since they met together in school, and none are yet twenty-one years of age."

"But the embittering circumstance of his life,—that which haunted him like a curse amidst the buoyancy of youth, and the anticipations of fame and pleasure, was, strange to say, the trifling deformity of his foot. By that one slight blemish, (as in his moments of melancholy he persuaded himself,) all the blessings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His reverend friend, Mr Becher, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavoured to cheer and rouse him, by representing, in their brightest colours, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him,—and among the greatest, that of 'a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind.'—'Ah, my dear friend,' said Byron mournfully, 'if this' (laying his hand on his forehead) 'places me above the rest of mankind, that' (pointing to his foot) 'places me far, far below them.'"

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL, A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

"John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.
B—, Sept. 1807."

"Lord Byron used sometimes to mention a strange story, which the commander of the packet, Captain Kidd, related to him on the passage.—This officer stated, that being asleep one night, in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs; and there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued; and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence, that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt."

"One circumstance related to me, as having occurred in the course of the passage, is not a little striking. Perceiving, as he walked the deck, a small yataghan, or Turkish dagger, on one of the benches, he took it up, unsheathed it, and, having stood for a few moments contemplating the blade, was heard to say in an under voice, 'I should like to know how a person feels after committing a murder!' In this startling speech, we may detect, I think, the germ of his future Giaours and Laras. This intense wish to explore the dark workings of the passions was what, with the aid of imagination, at length generated the power; and that faculty which entitled him afterwards to be so truly styled 'the searcher of dark bosoms,' may be traced to, perhaps, its earliest stirrings, in the sort of feeling that produced these words."

"When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these doctors; but what can a helpless, feverish, toasted-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glistened me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it:

'Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp in strongly strove;
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three—and blew it out.'

But Nature and Jove being piqued at my doubts, did in fact, at last, best Romanelli; and here I am, well, but weakly, as your service."

"You don't know D—, do you? He had a Farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry, I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his Drama, for fear it should be damned. Lord forgive me for using such a word! But the pit, sir, you know, the pit—they will do these things in spite of merit. I remember this Farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury Lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend D— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this comestible concern, to enquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other inactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now, was not this characteristic?—the ruling passion of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring-rooms, Blue-Beard's depliants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching smith, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!"

"He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. 'Some time or other,' he said, 'I will tell you why I feel thus towards her.' A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed, 'Look there! It is to her life delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, saying that I might prove as ill-formed in mind as I am in body.' His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement."

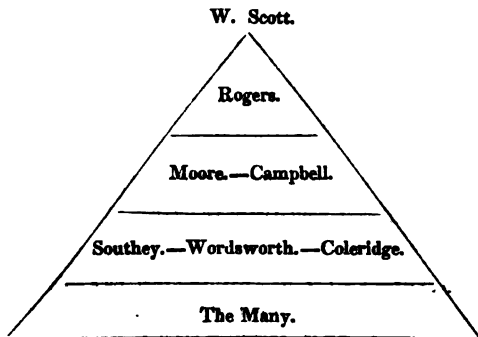
"A poet's mistress should resemble, if possible, as imagination being to others, as, in those of the attributes he clothes her with, she has been to himself;—the reality, however fair, being always sure to fall short of the picture which a too lavish fancy has drawn of it. Could we call up in array before us all the beauties whom the love of poets has immortalized, from the high-born dame to the plebeian dancer—from the Lauras and Scharissas down to the Chloes and Jeanies,—we should, it is to be feared, sadly undermine our imaginations of many a bright tenant that peeps has lodged there, and find, in more than one instance, our admiration of the faith and fancy of the worshipper increased by our discovery of the worthlessness of the idol."

"I have met Curran at Holland-house—he beats everybody—his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics; I never met his equal. Now, were I a woman, and eke a virgin, that is the man I should make my Scamander. He is quite fascinating. Remember I have met him but once; and you, who have known him long, may probably deduct from my panegyric. I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. He talked a great deal about you—a theme never tiresome to me nor any body else that I know. What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his!"

"Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and on all subjects of taste his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a book, a throwaway aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!—Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic*; and he is the only existing entire man of letters; all the others have some pursuing annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect—of his poetry there are various opinions; there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation; posterity will probably select. He has no equal to any thing. At present he has a party, but

no public, except for his prose writings—the Life of Nelson is beautiful.

"I have not answered W. Scott's last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from others that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list—(I value him more, as the last of the best school)—Moore and Campbell both *third*—Southey, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge next—the rest of *ωάλλω*—thus:



There is a triangular '*Gradus ad Parnassum*'—the names are too numerous for the base of the triangle. Poor Thurlow has gone wild about the poetry of Queen Bess's reign—*c'est dommage*. I have ranked the names upon my triangle more upon what I believe popular opinion, than any decided opinion of my own. For, to me, some of M^{rs} E's last *Erin* sparks,—*'As a beam o'er the face of the Waters'*—*'When he who adores thee'*—*'Oh blame not'*—and, *'Oh breathe not his name'*—are worth all the *Epics* that ever were composed."

"Redde *some Italian*, and wrote two Sonnets on ***. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most piling, petrifying, stupidly Platonic compositions. I detest the Petrarch so much, that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura, which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could."

"Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard. By Jove, he is a soul! Life—nature—truth—without exaggeration or diminution. Kean's Hamlet is perfect; but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard."

"Redde Machiavel, parts of Chardin, and Sismondi, and Baudello,—by starts. Redde the Edinburgh, 44, just come out. In the beginning of the article on 'Edgeworth's Patronage,' I have gotten a high compliment, I perceive. Whether this is creditable to me, I know not; but it does honour to the editor, because he once abused me. Many a man will retract praise; none but a high-spirited mind will revoke its censure, or can praise the man it has once attacked. I have often, since my return to England, heard Jeffrey most highly commended, by those who knew him, for things independent of his talents. I admire him for this—not because he has *praised me*, (I have been so praised elsewhere and abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me as indifferent to both, as a man at twenty-six can be to any thing,) but because he is, perhaps, the *only man* who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared hazard it. The height on which he stands has not made him giddy; a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter."

"Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose bills 'are never lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God d—n him and them both!' I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth powers. I think very highly of him as a poet; but he, and half of those Scotch and Lake Troubadours, are spoiled by living in little circles and petty societies. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man, in

• "He learned to think more reverently of 'the Petrarch' afterwards."

the malling phrase. Scott, he says, is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind; during which wind, he affirms, the said Scott, 'he is sure, is not at his ease,—to say the best of it.'—Lord, Lord! if these home-keeping minstrels had crossed your Atlantic, or my Mediterranean, and tasted a little open-boating in a white squall,—or a gale in the 'gut,'—or the 'Bay of Biscay' with no gale at all, how it would enliven and introduce them to a few new sensations!"

We make no apology for the extreme length to which our notice of this work has run. We are well satisfied that we could not have presented our readers with any other reading half so delightful. When our mind has had leisure to dwell a little more upon the volume, there are various parts of it to which we shall probably again direct attention. In the meantime, we are glad to have had it in our power, thus early, to do some little justice to the merits of this national and captivating work.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

DR DAVID DALE'S ACCOUNT OF A GRAND AERIAL VOYAGE.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

I'll tell you a tale of Davie Dale;
On Monday at noon
He tederit his tyke ayont the dike,
And bade him wear the com.

But the tyke laup, the teder brak,
The ewes gae in the corn;
And that's a tale of Davie Dale,
On Monday at noon.

Old Nursery Rhyme.

WHETHER the hero of whom I write was a dependent of this foolish shepherd or not, I am not quite certain; but I have always deemed it probable, as he bore the same name, and inherited a portion of the same credulous propensity. Why or whence he had his degree I never learned, but, certes, he was always designated Dr Dale; and thus much I have heard of his history, that he got involved in a labyrinth of lawsuits, all arising out of one another, and all owing to his simplicity and credulity—for he believed every word that the limbs of the law told him, until they wrested from him a fair estate, and reduced him from affluence to a very precarious subsistence. These severe losses and disappointments had the effect of deranging his intellect in a very extraordinary manner. Instead of curing him of his credulity, they heightened it an hundred degrees, inasmuch that there was nothing too hard for him to swallow as a literal fact; and the more incredible the story was, and the more out of nature, he believed it the better. He had, moreover, a facility of conception that has seldom fallen to the lot of man, by the power of which he added incidents of his own, and even conceived whole stories, which he related, and, I am convinced, believed, as having really happened.

As a pleasant instance of this versatility and interminable concatenation of incidents, I shall here relate one of his stories, which, considering the odd circumstances in which it was related, altogether is without a parallel, especially in viewing it as a man caught taking a martlet for a fox, or rather in having a wrong sow by the ear.

Happening to call late one evening at the house of Mr Smith, vintner in Minnyhive, a town on the borders of Galloway, Mr Smith said he would introduce me to the strangest character I ever had met with in my existence. Accordingly, he took me into a little parlour, and introduced me by name to Dr Dale, an old man with a cheerful countenance, and loquacious beyond measure. He had been drinking; from this, however, the hallucinations of his fancy did not appear to be derived, but rather from some erratic visions of the soul.

It so happened, that in an exceedingly short space he asked my name more than a dozen times, forgetting it always the next minute. At length, in order to impress him in some degree with my consequence, or at all events

make him remember my name, I asked him if he had ever heard of an old odd fellow, styled "The Ettrick Shepherd?"

"The Ettrick Shepherd!" exclaimed he; "well may I remember him! And well may he remember me!—which he will do the longest day he has to live. I wonder if the old cock be still alive—for if he be, he must be a very old man." Mr Smith made answer that he had never heard of his death, and that he surely did believe to be a very old man, for he had been mentioned as a poet from the time that any body living recollected.

"Oh, much longer than that, sir, I assure you," said the Doctor, "much longer than that. As to his poetry, God mend it! If telling the most extravagant lies be poetry, we have a grand set of poets now-a-days! But I think, of them all, there have never any told so many confounded lies as that Jock Hogg. These are not all to go for nothing, Mr Smith. I dislike a character that entertains people with fables as if they were true stories. There is nothing like sticking by the genuine truth." Here Mr Smith tipped me the wink, hinting to me to note whether or not the Doctor told the truth.

"Well, talking of that Ettrick Shepherd, there was once the strangest hap befall to him and me that ever befell to two human beings. And that is more than thirty years ago; and he was an old man then, I should think approaching to sixty, for his hair was white as snow, ragged and shaggy, and stood up on his crown like the mane of a polar bear. But I must tell you the story, gentlemen, for it was such an act of cruelty and injustice as never was practised upon two innocent and unsuspecting men.

"Well, you see, gentlemen, my great lawsuit came to that critical and important point, that unless I could be removed out of the way, all was lost to my opponent. The Bard had, likewise, given a sort of hearsay evidence, which, as it tended strongly to authenticate my statement of facts, although they tried to invalidate it as much as they could, they dreaded abominably. And Harry Erskine being the counsel against me, what out of security to his client, what of fun and what of mischief, I have no doubt but he was the mainspring of the following intense practical joke.

"One morning, Harry calls for me very early, and says, 'Doctor, I should like to have a quiet walk with you, that we may talk over your affair. It is now coming to a perilous crisis, and I think some compromise between the parties should be attempted.'

'Nay, nay, sir, that will never do for me,' says I; 'but there is no man alive with whom I would be happier to take a walk than Mr Erskine.' So he led me on, and led me on, always talking and talking about the lawsuit in the most careless and indifferent manner imaginable, which I could not avoid remarking. At length, on the North Meadow Walk, we came upon something like a wicker tent, and a few very knowing like fellows placed around it. 'Oh, I am so glad we chanced to come this way,' says Harry; 'we shall see fine sport. This is a fellow, who, for a great pretended wager, is to try the powers of a self-moving machine which he has contrived. Let us go and examine it before it sets out.'

"We did so, and behold there was the old Shepherd sitting in one of the two seats, and with great glee, and a most obstreperous voice, was defying the owner to set the machine *a-hotching*, as he called it, because it had no locomotive powers. I instantly sided with the Bard, declaring, as my opinion, that it was all a hoax, for there was no self-moving principle about the machine.

"The owner being much offended at this, we laughed immoderately; and as for Erskine, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and said there were more self-moving principles in the world than some folk dreamed of. They then persuaded me, by way of experiment, to take the other seat beside the Shepherd, which I readily did. The owner desired us to make ourselves firm, as the

movement was of a very uneasy nature, and he buckled two strong belts round each of our waists, which fastened us to the machine. The Shepherd then waved his bonnet, and cried, 'Set her a-gangin', now, lad! set her a-hatchin'! There will be an awfu' gallop soon. Hup, rae! hoit, yaud! Hey to the gate, yaud! Ha, ha, ha! I think the yaud has ta'en the reest. Awm thinkin she'll be spaird o' the hint legs. Ye had better tak' a reed-het guid o' ers, lad, and stap it atween her hips; I hae witten seen that gar a reestin yaud set to the gate—ha, ha, ha!'

'Harry Erskine was by this time lying rolling on the ground with laughter, and we were all laughing as loud as we could, when what did the infernal villains do, but let go a baloon at the back of the wall, which was quite concealed from our sight! This at first gave us such a jerk, that it deprived me of sensation, so that I knew not to what sort of movement we were subjected. But the old Bard had not been so callous, for the moment after he uttered a tremendous yell of despair, which was echoed far below—and, as I am a man of honour, ere ever we could draw our breath, we were entering the clouds, and losing sight of the earth. The last sight that I got of Edinburgh, the Castle was not so large as a mole-hill.

'I now became alarmed for the reason of my companion, for a man so overcome with terror I never beheld. He was staring all about him among the dark clouds, and baying out 'Murder! murder!' in a voice so Stentorian, that I question but it was heard at the North Meadow Walk, which would have been glorious fun to our enemies. 'Sir, consider where you are, and abate those cries of horror, which can avail you nothing. We are now, by the wiles and contrivance of my mortal enemies, sent out on a voyage of discovery in the heavens, without either helm, rudder, or compass,—but nevertheless, we are still in the hand of the Lord.'

'In the hand of the Lord, ye auld raggamuffin!' says Hag; 'I think it wad ha been wiser like if ye had said we were kinging at the tail o' the devil, whilk I'm sure we are. Ah, what a monstrous auld dragon he is! See how he is bering through yon thunner cludds without ree singin his auld shapeless pow, but clearing the way for his cargo!—Gudeness and mercy! whateen shapes are these? We are coming into the kountry o' the bogies already. Heigh! preserve us!'

'This last sentence of the Bard's was expressed in a loud frantic bellow, as if something had a hold of him, which made all the hairs on my head creep, for I perceived, or thought I perceived, a number of hideous shapes, resembling warriors clad in black, but twenty times as large as the human form. 'Who or what can these be?' said the Shepherd. 'Is it not terrible that the vera cludds o' the firmament should be inhabited, and that by siccan giants as these? I wonder what they gat to eat, for I see naething for them here but to gobble up balloons an' fire.'

'That phenomenon, my friend,' said I, 'can only be accounted for in the refraction of the rays of light upon a denser body. For example, the refraction which the rays of light suffer in elanting across the higher regions of the air, is greater than what calculation assigns to the corresponding density of the medium. But the supposed transparency would entirely disappear, were we to suppose that strata to consist of hydrogen gas, which is known to possess in a remarkable degree the power of refraction.'

'Heh, man, but I daursay that is very deep and very grand philosophy!' said the impatient and intractable Bard; 'but the worst fau't that it has, it's a babble o' nonsense. I'll tell you at aince what you awesoms appallments are, without ony palaver about the density o' the medium. They are the dell's artillerymen, for I saw their long matches in their hands; an' you'll hear a tremendous valley soon, for I thought I heard his majesty, wadnock haggis-headed friend there, gi'en orders as he

came by, to fire—an' I hope there will ane o' the bolts at least light on the North Meadow Walk at Edinburgh! O! to hear tell that it drave a' yon blackguards belten-akelter, and left them lying wi' their bawes as saft as roasted ingans!'

'Accordingly, by the time the Shepherd had done speaking, there was a tremendous volley of thunder right below our feet, the effect of which, even to men hasting to their long homes, was grand and impressive. 'That's perfectly terrible!' said the Shepherd. 'Od, I believe their cannons are run away on their wheels rastlin' to the far end o' the heavens. There they go again, rant-tat-tat boorrrrr! Level at the North Walk, brave old harquebusiers!—O what a glorious voyage this would be, if we had aught to eat and drink! But to be set adrift through the heavens to perish wi' hunger an' thirst, is a waeifu' prospect indeed. It has ta'en away a' my relish for thae grand gangins-on o' nature already, when I think o' the weary weird we hae to dree. Od, I wadna wonder gin we war found in some far polar keuntry, twa dried skeltons, like Egyptian mummies, an' eaten for hams by the Esquimaux or the Greenlanders! Even already I find my stameck beginning to crave me, for how chilk an' thin the air feels up hereabouts! A waught o' the mountain dew just now wad be worth a world o' wally-wonders. I fancy the dell gets a' the lawyers; at any rate, if no, he is sure of a batch in the North Meadow Walk the day. O that he may tatoo them wi' reed-het spin-dles, for sending us up to speel the lift like a wheen hungry craws! Od, the very fear o' deeing far hanger, will tak the breath frae me in a few hours.'

'Have patience, have patience, my dear sir,' said I; 'it's in vain to fret or fume, which will only put an end to our precarious existence the sooner. Perhaps the gas may be exhausted in these celestial regions, and then the attraction of gravity may draw us again to the earth in life and breath.'

'The attraction of what? Od, ane can hardly keep their gravity, when hearing you speak! Aboon a' things, I hate to journey wi' a philosopher, for he is always bothering ane wi' ex's gin and headraw gin, when his hearer wadna gie a bottle o' Peter Forbes's Hollands for them a'.'

'I now began to feel truly sorry for the past, as I saw the terror of dying of hunger and thirst would infallibly drive him mad, and that he would thereby lose every frail chance of surviving; and perceiving a great covered space all around us, I began to reconnoitre, and the very first spring-latch that I opened, was in the space between the Shepherd's knees and mine, and behold, on opening the lid, there stood a keg of at least six gallons, and the thrilling name GLEN-LIVER written on it in large characters. When the poet beheld this, he gave such a spring for joy in his wicker-seat, that he made the balloon bob, and put her so much off her balance, that she kept a reeking motion for an hour afterwards, while for five or six minutes of the time he continued to utter one scream of joy after another; and perceiving a spigot in the oak, and a quisk in a corner of the wicker-chest, he forthwith filled himself a bumper, spilling a great deal in laughing. Then taking off his bonnet, he said, 'Here's a health to Harry Erskine! He's witty Harry yet. An' here's to a' the lawyers wha war on the North Meadow Wauk this morning. God bless them a', for a wheen sensible, claver chieles! Here's t'ye, Doctor, min.—Hay, it is a grand thing yon philosophy! Hae ye ony mair o't now?'

'That keg appears to have changed the nature of things with you, most elevated Bard,' said I. 'But see, what is here all around us—wines, biscuits, tongues, pies, I know not what all, provisions for months to come. Now, I'll bet that the hydrogen gas is rarified to that degree as to carry us half the circuit of the globe, for it is evident the villains have set us off never more to be seen or heard tell off. It is likely we may fall in some of the polar regions, among snow and ice.'

'Ay, or maybe into the mids o' the sea, Doctor, an' be draggit at the tail o' that great hellfire monster, bumping frae the tap o' ae wave to another, till we be chokit. An' then to be gaun on plashing in the same style after we are dead, is an awfu' thing, ha, ha, ha! Never mind, Doctor, here's a queich o' moost excellent stuff for you. Do ye ken, sir, that I has suffered aae muckle wi' hunger an' thirst in my life, that when a man has plenty to eat and drink, I never account ony circumstances hard that he can be in? Take off that, an' I'll e'en fill another to mysell.—Where's that blood coming frae?'

'Oh, lak-a-day, sir,' said I, 'we are now so elevated, and the column of air so light, that we can no longer keep the blood in our veins. It is oozing from the top of your brow like a purple perspiration, as well as from the tips of my fingers.'

'Ay, dell care, let it uze on,' said he, 'we has the mair need of a little o' the *creature* to supply the blood's place. We's has ilk ane another queich, at ony rate.' We took each of us another, and some venison pie, and while eating, owing to the excessive chillness of the region, we fell both sound asleep; and slept I know not how long, nor do I think I should ever have awakened again, had it not been for the obstreperous notes of the Shepherd, who, as soon as his nap was over, had begun again to the Glen-Livet, and was now singing the following verses, till the arches of heaven responded:

SONG FIRST.

The tempest may teak, and the wind may blow:
With its whoo-rhoo, morning and even;
For now the auld Shepherd's aboon them a',
Winging his way through the sternies of heaven.
He has had dreams o' the night an' the day,
Journeys sublimed by streamer and rainbow,
Over the cliffs of the milky-way,
And by the light of the seraphim's widow.

Now in his flesh, his blood, and his bone,
Far o'er his cliffs and mountains of heather;
Here he careers through the starry zone,
Bounding away on the billows of ether,
Whoo-rhoo! Glen-an-dhu,

This is a scene from the future we borrow;
This is the way each spirit must stray.
Mased in delight, in terror or sorrow—
Heeh waw! that's a serious thought! Amen!

'Weel, weel, Amen! be't.—Doctor, waken up, like a good lad, an' say Amen for aince. There's a grand sunshine hill, which I think is like Ben-Nevis. An' there's a moon in the lift, as big as a wheel-rim. I think ye're amazed, Doctor,—an' weel ye may.'

'Sir, you are intoxicated,' said I; 'intoxicated beyond measure! For this is no earthly mountain that we are coming upon, but the moon herself, while yon immense pale globe that you see at such a distance is the earth.'

'Aih, Lord preserve us! Is that the case?' cried the Shepherd. 'Then, if she has that power of attraction that you talk of as the all-regulating law of nature, we are likely to get some hard bumps against her majesty very soon. An' it is hard to tell what kind o' welcome we may get frae the folk, for it is a question if ever they have heard tell o' the Etrick Shepherd. She is very like Ben-Nevis at the sun-setting, however. Hand me the prospect by, an' let me get a look at her, for it strikes me, an' has done this hour past, that we are receding frae her.'

'Then it appears that the moon has neither atmosphere nor attractive power of her own,' said I; 'but is involved in those of the earth, and borne round the sun with it in her concentric and various motions. And truly, if that were not the case, she would sometimes be seen beyond the sun, which she never is. Look well if you perceive any inhabitants.'

'No, I see no inhabitants; but I see some slate quar-

ries, whilk is a gayan good sign that inhabitants are there,' said the Shepherd. 'But we are now fleeing like an arrow out of a bow away frae her. Here, Doctor, take the prospect, and gie us a screed o' philosophy, for I'm gaun to gie ye another sang.'

SONG SECOND.

Now fare ye weel, bonny Lady Moon,
Wi' thy dark look o' majesty,
For though you hae a queenly face,
'Tis yet a fearsome sight to see:
Thy lip is like Ben-Lomond's base,
Thy mouth a dark unmeasured dell,
Thine eyebrow like the Grampian range,
Fringed with the brier and heather bell.

Yet still thou bear'st a human face,
Of calm and ghostly dignity;
Some emblem there I fain would trace
Of Him that made both thee and me.
Fareweel, thou bonny Lady Moon,
For there's neither stop nor stay for me;
But when this mortal life is done,
I will take a jaunt and visit thee.

'Weel, Doctor, what do ye see about her ladyship that ye didna ken afore?'

'I can't see distinctly with the telescope,' said I, 'owing to the rapidity of our motion. But I see she's a round opaque mass of matter, without internal light, without an elemental atmosphere, and consequently without inhabitants.'

'Ha, gude faith, lad, but that's a muckle discovery, an' a deep ane—or, I should rather say, an elevated ane,' said the Shepherd, who was busily engaged with something else. 'But it is a braw elemental sphere this o' ours, for here's a good queich o' claret for ye, an' a shag o' butter-an'-bread.'

'And these are not blessings to be despised, James,' said I; 'but now we are descending rapidly in a northerly direction. We have formed a great paracentral parabola, and I think must come to the ground somewhere in the North Highlands. Do you know what a parabola is, James?'

'Ou, finely that, man.—Here's t'ya.—It is just a kind o' representation o' things by similitude—and a very good way it is. It answers poetry unco weel.'

'It is strange to me how ever you came to be accounted a man of genius,' said I, 'for such an opacity of intellect I never encountered. It was one of the conic sections of which I was talking.'

'O, that is a part of geometry,' said he. 'Weel, I could try you on that subject too, though it is rather a kittle ane. Mr Constable has published a singularly able book on mathematics just now, which I would fain have had a lend o', but didna like to ask him for it, as he had given me Marmion so lately. However, I'll take a spell wi' ye at geometry, for I dinna like to be countint ignorant by ony body but mysell. I understand the parabolic and the hyperbolic curves; the cycloid and the epicycloid; the taternary and the logarithmic; the magnetic curve, and the curve of tangents, an' what the mischief mair wad ye hae for the understanding the principles o' geometry?'

'I am astonished how you even know their designations and arrangements,' said I. 'But here is something more serious to think of, for we are now wearing fast to the earth, and I perceive the ocean under us. And it appears that we have been a day and a night in the upper regions of the firmament, for see the sun is again in the east, and the whole face of the country free of the dark clouds in which we were involved yesterday morning. There is land between us and the sun, but we are yet far from it. And as the sun, from his height above the horizon, must be about E.S.E., so we are sailing on a south-west wind, and descending slowly towards the north-east.'

'Then that must be the coast of Norway afore us,' said the Shepherd; 'and a curious and romantic country it is, whilk I'm very fond o' seeing. Gin it hadna been James Wilson, the great naturalist, wha lives out at Caanan, that mistyrist me since, I had seen a' the Dophvines lang syne. But I hardly trow that we hae been a night an' a day swinging along the floors o' heaven, for I haena t'en aboon a dozen noggins o' the whieky yet, an' I think ye hae only gotten fourteen, whilk wad hae been but an unco scanty allowance in twenty-four hours in sic a climate as we war in.'

'But then, air, we know not how long we slept,' said I; 'for above a certain altitude the human frame is subject to torpidity, and I remember that mine was such, that if you had not awakened me, I think I should never hae awakened again.'

'An we had fa'n baith in the sea sleeping, we wad hae gotten a terrible gliff,' said he; 'and really, if we had been near the land or near a ship, I wad hae likit to hae seen it, for the fun o' the thing. But the truth is, that I hae nae inclination ava to light as lang as our provisions last, for I think it a grand ploy to sweep through the heavens wi' plenty to eat an' drink. Na, na, I hae nae wish to light this lang time yet, an' least o' a' in the open sea. Think ye there's nae way o' tickling her to gar her spring up again?'

'Why, there is one certain method,' said I; 'which is, by throwing out our ballast.'

'Ballast! where is't?' said the Shepherd, in astonishment.

'Why, all that superfluous stuff of victuals, wines, and spirits,' said I.

'The dell be in your fingers gin ye touch them as lang as I hae the pith of a man in my fore-spaulds,' said he. 'Ballast! My truly, billy, but ye ballast weel! Sic ballast as this winna dunt at our doors every day. No, gin ye were trailing ower the waves at our grey, yaud's tail like a dolphin, wad I suffer ye to throw out these precious benefits; sae ye may fit on your cork jacket an' prepare for the worst, for that resource disna await you.'

"Finding it in vain to reason with this thirsty and ravenous son of the mountains, I began to look about me for some other resource, assured that there would be some way of letting the gas escape, should we perceive a ship or proper lighting place. I had long noted a small brass handle, attached to a tube which seemed to connect our tent and the balloon, but I did not understand it, for at the handle was written, *If like to alight, turn this*. But seeing that we approached nigher and nigher to the sea, I now watched for an opportunity of turning it and letting the gas escape; and accordingly, perceiving a large ship at a due distance before us and some small craft farther on, I tried the handle with all my might, but it would not budge. I tried it the other way, when it instantly turned with a jerk and a spring; and thereby letting forth a supply of gas, away mounted the balloon once more in the most beautiful alighting style imaginable. The Shepherd was actually, delirious with joy. He clapped his hands, waved his bonnet, took a quitch of whieky, and then sung out

SONG THIRD.

Hurray! hurray! The spirit's away,
A racket of air with her bandelet;
We're up in the air on our bonny grey mare,
But I see her yet! I see her yet!
We'll ring the skirts o' the gouden wain,
Wi' curb an' bit, wi' curb an' bit,
An' catch the bear by the frozen mane,
An' I see her yet! I see her yet!
Away again o'er mountain and main
To sing at the morning's rosy yett,
An' water my mane at its fountain clear—
But I see her yet! I see her yet!

Away, thou bonny witch o' Fife,
On the foam of the air to heave an' flit,
An' little reck thou of a poet's life,
For he sees thee yet! he sees thee yet!

'Aha, Doctor, I ken where we are now! This is nae Norway, but the Western Isles of Scotland. We hae been half-way ower the Atlantic, an' brought back again by the changing o' the wind. Weel, this is really grand!—to see sae mony islands, a' like dark spots o' ebony on a sheet o' silver an' gold! This is a scene that's worth the living for! Weel do I ken a' their shapes an' sizes, for I hae been ower them a' an' ower again. Yon farthest away ane is the Lang Island, stretching frae Barra to the Butt of Lewis 166 miles, an' containing about as many inhabitants. A waeftu' wretched country as ever my fit was in, since the inheritances o' the M'Leods an' M'Donalds; but, alack! they'll soon no hae as muckle land on the hail island as to bury the hinder end o' them. Then, yonder is Sky, a fine island, an' majestically theirs yet. Then here is the fertile Isle, the barren Jura, the bonny little Colonsay, and the inhospitable Mull. Oh, but my heart is light at flying ower them in this style!—ay, beyond the flight o' the Heliopidan eagle herself! See how they scour away frae beneath us, as if, borne by an irresistible flood of an ocean river! And then, here come the valleys and gentle hills of Lorn, with the towering cliffs far beyond them. But how insignificant their appearance from this point! Ah, said Scotland, how my heart warms to thee! Wha could look on sic a scene, an' no turn a poet?

"Man never look'd on scene so fair
As Scotland, from the ambient air;
On hills in clouds of vapour roll'd;
On vales that beam with burning gold;
Or, stretching far and wide between,
Her fading shades of fairy green;
The glassy sea that round her quakes,
Her thousand isles, her thousand lakes,
Her mountains frowning o'er the main,
Her waving fields of golden grain;
On such a scene, so sweet, so wild,
The radiant sunbeam never smiled."

'That is very good, James, and very appropriate,' said I; 'who in the world can have written that?'

'Ay, what need you speir, Doctor,' returned he; 'wha writes a' the good songs an' ballads in our kentry, an' never see either kens or thanks him for it?'

SONG FOURTH.

O for an angel's pencil now,
With canvases of the ocean's open!
For such a panoramic view
Nae man the eye of mortal man:
There lies Loch-Awe, like silver seas,
She's spending to the south away;
And there's Crumachan's lifted cone,
Less than Mount-Benger's coils of hay.
Now speed, now speed, our wondrous steed,
Though now thou'rt skiffing on the sky,
In kind Glengarry's snugget bed
We'll find a shelter by and by
There goes Ben-Nevis' sovereign head,
Soon o'er the Border will he be;—
Ha, speed thee! speed! my wondrous steed,
The world's on wing from under thee!

'We were very near the top of that broad unshapely hill that you call Ben-Knives,' said I; 'we might have cast anchor on it.'

'Ay, but how wad ye hae gotten aff it again?' said the Shepherd; 'I was very feared for a game at hardheads wi' some o' his rocks, but the current o' wind that streaks up his ravines carried us safely ower. And now, hey for Glengarry! It is straight before us as the crow flies.'

'He is spoken of as a wild savage chief that,' said I, 'and one who will account very little of cutting off the heads of two Sassanachs like you and me.'

'An' that's nae lee neither—but only if we were gawn to cross him or bully him; whilk we hae nae call to do, for a mair kind an' coovleezed gentleman I never crested the door threshold o'.'

'Here is a fine house, like the castle of a chief, on our left hand,' said I; 'I suppose that is the castle of Invergarry?'

'No, no,' said the Shepherd, 'that is Lochiel's castle, bonny Auchnacarry. I have seen it a ruin, all black as ink wi' the flames that Cumberland's brutal soldiers raised in it—see mean and grovelling was the malice they bore against a man that had frightened them saft on the field. Lochiel has now renewed it in mair than its primitive splendour. But he's a gawk; for instead o' leaving at that lovely romantic mansion, and spending his income among his Camerons, he'll be snorking about the vile stinking shores o' East-Lothian. When I think o' the gallant, matchless heroism o' their forefathers, the very thought o' sicean chiefs as Clan-Ronald and Lochiel is aye like to turn my heart. Plent a ane o' them a' has the true an' proper feelings of a chief but Glengarry himself, let them a' say o' him what they like!—And now we are coming very near the bit, Doctor, for as soon as we cross the corner o' that ugly black hill, then Invergarry is plump below us.'

'Then over it we must go,' said I, 'for how are we to bring down that inextinguishable machine? Hogg, you are accounted a powerful fellow; take a bottle and throw at it with all your force, perhaps you will be able to burst it.'

'Hand me up a bottle then, Doctor,' said he; 'but od, be sure it be a toom ane, else I winna fling it.' He then set himself firm in his basket, and holding with the one hand, he flung a bottle at the balloon with all his force, which only rebounded away into the air. He tried another, and another, all with the same effect; and I think I never saw aught so ludicrous as the Shepherd standing biting his lip, pelting the balloon with one bottle after another, and cursing her for a muckle unpurpose swine's blether. At length, perceiving the chief himself at his side, Hogg, with a voice like a trumpet, shouted out, 'Help, Glengarry! help, help! for the love o' M'Donnell's name an' the Jacobite Relics o' Scotland, bring us down!'

"Glengarry ran for his rifle, but when the Bard saw it cocked and pointed towards him, he roared out, 'Tak care what ye're about, ye deil's buckie, an' dinna hand at the basket!' Crack went Glengarry's rifle, and before one could have said Mahershallallahbaz, we were plashing in Loch-Garry. Still the intractable machine, notwithstanding her wound, was dragging us on, whiles beneath the water and whiles above it; but always as the Shepherd's head came above, he uttered a loud Hilloo! in a half-choked style, while Lady Glengarry and her Misses were screaming with laughter at the miserable floundering figure we made in the loch. Glengarry was all activity; he manned a boat to our rescue, but before it could reach us, we were dragged ashore and bumping up the hill, away for Inch-Laggan; and I firmly believe, that if we had not fastened firm among the branches of an elm-tree, we had been taken to the heavens a third time.

"So much unaffected kindness and hospitality I never experienced as in the house of Glengarry, but we never told him how we were set off, nor does he know till this day but that we took the jaunt out of good-will and enthusiasm. Hogg even told him that he was engaged to another jaunt with a literary friend. He gave us £100 for our balloon, in which he proposed to go a-eagle-shooting, and take some jaunts to his estates in Knoidart and Morrer. He was delighted with this mad aerial visit of the Shepherd's, and the two sung Jacobite songs the whole night over. I was obliged to leave our kind en-

tertainer, and haste to Edinburgh, being distressed about my lawsuit, but I could not make Hogg budge; so there I left him, sitting drinking and singing with Glengarry, and, for any thing I know, he is sitting there to this day."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, 14th January.

Sir WALTER SCOTT in the Chair.

Present.—Sir George S. Mackenzie; Professors Hope, Russell, Wallace, Brunton, Pillans, Graham; Drs Hibbert, Knox, Borthwick, Gregory, Russell; James Skene, John Robison, Thomas Allan, Charles J. S. McIntosh, Patrick Nelli, Esquires, &c. &c.

THIS was the most crowded meeting of the Society, both in respect to the number of members and of visitors, that has been held this season. Sir George Mackenzie read the first part of a paper, entitled "An Elucidation of the Fundamental Principles of Phenology." The learned Baronet's communication professed to be no more than an exposition of those first principles upon which all Phenologists are agreed; and as these have been already repeatedly laid before the public, we do not see any necessity for troubling our readers with a recapitulation of them. No member offered any remarks upon Sir George's Essay. The Secretary announced the reception of communications from Dr Hibbert, on the Geology of the Volcanic district Lanch, in the Prussian Rhine Provinces; from Dr Knox, on the Dentition of the Cetaceae, with at attempt to fix the rank which the Dugong holds in the animal kingdom; and from Dr Edward Turner, a Chemical Analysis of Wad.

THE DRAMA.

CHARLES MATHEWS is the intellectual comedian of the present day. Liston is too much of a buffoon, and there is no one else to be named. Yates is clever, but he wants the original genius of Mathews. What we enjoy about Mathews is, that he does not need to wait till some one has conceived a grotesque and humorous character, before he can be grotesque or humorous himself. He is his own author. Not that he writes comedies and farces; but that he sees them written in human nature, and reads and studies them in everyday society. Mathews is delightful, not because he acts what is humorous, but because he feels it. Besides, his appreciation of the ridiculous is delicate and refined. He has the mind of a gentleman, and consequently pleases the boxes more than the gallery. His representations are full of minuteness. The little nice shades of character—its outs and ins—its small tortuosities—its oddities—its distinguishing peculiarities, which more obtuse spirits never think of—he sees at a glance. Yet, there is seldom much bitterness in his mirth. He is too sensitive and social, and full of kindliness, to tolerate the vulgar caricaturist. He rejoices in tickling the fancy, but not in wounding the feelings. Most of his favourite portraits swim in a rich essence of *bonhomie*; we laugh at them, without being either ill-natured or losing our time. This is the great test of an actor's powers, and of the value of mirth—has it any thing improving in it? We laugh at a scene of bustle in an ordinary farce, when chairs and tables are thrown down, and the *dramatis persone* run knocking against each other in all directions. But this is idle laughter, called forth by seeing our fellow-creatures make preposterous fools of themselves. As soon as the exciting cause of the merriment ceases, we almost regret that we lost our time in giving way to it. There is more philosophy, and a much deeper substratum, in the mirth excited by Mathews. He opens up to us new views of human nature,—he reads us a moral lesson in the midst of our cacklings,—he shows folly her own image, and smiles her out of countenance,—he puts things in a new

light, and as soon as we see them in that light, we obtain new ideas concerning them,—the more he makes us laugh, the better it is for both our head and heart. Mathews, moreover, is rich in *thoughts*. His mind continually overflows with them. He always seems to us, if we may so speak, to move in an atmosphere of jocund conceptions. His face, deeply marked, as it now is, with a thousand lines and wrinkles, is a study for a Shakspeare. There is in it the faces of a multitude. It is like a series of palpable and visible mental operations. His eye is full of all kinds of light. His nose twitches about, up and down, now to this side and now to that, like a merry mischief-maker, half buried among the dimples and little knolls and crevices of his cheeks, in which a thousand racy imaginations lurk. It is to us also matter of great consolation that Mathews is lame, and halts in his gait. It takes him at once out of the common class of men, and hangs up his picture indelibly over the chimney-piece of our memory. There is more humour in either of his legs, than in the whole body of any other man. We have learned to ourselves that we saw little roguish faces hiding under his stockings, and peeping out from his shoes. Of all the comic actors we ever saw, Mathews is our favourite. This is little to be wondered at. He was admired by Lord Byron, and is esteemed by Sir Walter Scott.

A three-act piece, called "Monsieur Mallet, or My Daughter's Letter," was produced on Wednesday evening, to introduce Mr Mathews to us as the Frenchman. He of course, sustained the part admirably; but the drama is a very poor affair, and turns upon an incident which, though it does excellently for an anecdote, is woefully distorted when made into a whole play. Besides, the thing is ill written, and gives but little scope for good acting.—Murray, as a stage-struck negro, was amusing; and Miss Pinnett, as Monsieur Mallet's daughter, was simple and natural. If this young lady would act with a little more energy, we think she might make herself well liked. We expect to owe to Mr Mathews several smiling pleasant evenings next week.

©D Cæterbus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

By Lawrence Macdonald.

"We have pleasure in introducing to our readers as a worshipper of Nature, one of the most successful and eminent of our Scottish bards.—Ed.]

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray!"

Spirit of Beauty! were it not for thee,
I would not gaze one hour on Nature's face,
How great see'st her wondrous works might be;
Nor yet desire to traverse boundless space,
Exploring all things, where'er a trace
Of wisdom, power, or goodness, meets the eye.
Thou hold'st the universe in thy embrace!—
The rolling earth!—the burning spheres on high!
All these worlds of light that wander through the sky.

Spirit of Beauty! in a foreign land,
I've seen thee mingle with the noontide sun,
And o'er both earth and ocean wave thy hand;
And when that glorious orb its course had run,
And night's more silent, solemn reign begun,
I've seen thee with the pale moon mount the skies,
As if mankind, and earth, thou sought'st to shun,
So high in azure heaven thou seem'st to rise;
But again thou can'st not dwell in woman's eyes!

Spirit of Beauty! may thou still prevail,
And o'er both Time and Ruin keep thy sway!
Though man's divinest works these may assail,
And with defacing fingers work decay,
Thou hast a power more mighty yet than they—
Pervading nature, and enlivening all;—
Thou mak'st more beautiful the ruins grey
Than princely palace, with its stately hall;
Witness the ivy'd tower, the garland-cover'd wall.

Spirit of Beauty! Woman's lovely form
Is thy fit temple, and thy fairest shrine;
Thou mayst take shelter there 'mid every storm
That darkens o'er this earth, no more divine.
Although in worlds above thy light may shine,
The brightness that thou giv'st to woman's eyes
Eclipse all those heavenly orbs of thine;
To view the radiant soul that in them lies,
'Tis said that angels have been known to leave the skies.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

By Lawrence Macdonald.

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
Where all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to the tender light
That heaven to gaudy day denies."

THERE is a pensive sweetness in thine eyes,
A mystery and a depth, like that of heaven
When viewed by night without the day's disguise!
Though 'gainst this world my spirit e'er hath striven,
Yet there be deeds of mine to be forgiven;
And, fair Madonna, I would pray to thee
For solace to a heart all wrung and riven;
To features less divine men bend the knee,
And lovelier in the realm of fancy none may see:

Though I have gazed on faces where the eye
Shone forth in beauty like the star of morn
That ushers in the day so tranquilly,—
And struggleth not as doth the babe new born,
When first it wakes to life 'mid passion's storm;
But steals all gently o'er each earthly bower,
As if it meant to keep the angel form
It thus assumes, in that most heavenly hour,
When it comes forth to wake the world with gentle power:

Yet, there is something like a nameless feeling—
Of which we're conscious, but know not the cause—
That hovers round thee, like the daylight stealing
O'er Nature's face—ere man infringed her laws,
Or earth beheld the curtain sin still draws
Between high Heaven and this inglorious spot;
Where, if one blessing falls, it is because
Lost virtue never can be all forgot;
And if it brings eternal bliss, 'twill be thy lot.

'Tis this all nameless thing that dwells in thee,
The essence of thy being, thy mind's light,
Thy soul in more than infant purity,
That makes both eye and star set to the sight,
When thou art near, with something still more bright—
Shining in silence like the pale moonbeam,—
When it reveals the glories of the night,
And makes this earth to me seem like a dream,
And thou the fair pervading spirit of the scene.

Speed on thy journey through this world below,
Thou loveliest of thy kind, and most divine!
Though I would kingdoms for thy sake forego,
I would not link thy destinies to mine,

Nor with my fortunes aught of thee enshrine,
Because I could not brook the blight that them
Would fall, and break that tranquil peace of thine.
That aught like thee should ever wear a stain,
Would make the heavens to blush, and double all my pain.

LINES FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS'S BIRTH-DAY.—JANUARY 25, 1830.

"He'll hae misfortune's great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

Burns's Song on his own Birth-day.

A' ye wha bow at friendship's fane,
Or own the Muse's sway;
A' ye, within whose tingling veins
Warm Love's soft pulses play;
True Scottish hearts assembled here,
This night to toast and sing
Deep Mem'ry o' the Bard o' Kyle,
In friendship's social ring!
An' sure frae out our lale ne'er sprang
A worthier wight than he;
Nor, frae the North, has pibroch rang
In strains mair bauld and free:
Though spurned at Fortune's vernal ha',
His genius rose sublime,
To hail our honour'd "Land-o' Cakes,"
An' "days o' langryne."
He sang auld Coila's laughs and streams,
Her leafy woodlands gay,
Her flowery straths and airy bens,
Where winsome lasses stray:
Frae his wild harp bauld strains he struck,
'Neath bonie Lincolnden's shade;
In bonnie Doon's romantic nooks
He mourn'd his Highland maid,
His harp was heard on rocky Doon,
Where Aird's green forest grows;
At Beauty's glances on Catrine lads
The voice of Coila rose;
When Gallia shook her threatening crest,
He woke that matchless strain,
That roused in every patriot breast
The Bruce's martial flame;
For echoing wide the slogan flows
All Scotland's vales along,
And freedom waved her bonnet blue
The mustering ranks among.
Though doom'd mid Zaara's deserts wild,
The dread Simoom to brave,
Or where nae summer breezes fan
The far antarctic wave,
Still memory should our bosoms charm,
And wake, o'er Robin's lay,
Remembrance of our native land,
In life's ecstatic May.
Though worldly cares our steps should trace,
When wintry cold is near,
Or puirith shaw his ween'd face
To twine us o' our gear,
Ev'n then, forlorn and "tempest driven,"
His precepts sage and true,
By star-eyed Independence given,
Shall proudly bear us through.
Come, then, a toast,—let's pledge it fain,—
"May a', frae Tweed to Spey,
Fast link'd within the Muse's chain,
True brothers be for aye;

And while yon sun and starnies bright
Their annual round renew,
Blithe may we hail this festive night,
To Kyle's sweet Minstrel due!"

Gretna Green.

B. F.

SONG,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS.

"But still the Patriot, and the Patriot Bard,
In bright succession raise her ornament and guard!"
Cotters' Saturday-Night.

As SCOTIA stood musing on days that are past,
Her eye all around her she pensively cast,
O'er her land of red heather and thistles so green:
A sigh came unbidden, when, far in a wild,
She Coila descried softly tending a child,
Whose looks beam'd with rapture, through ringlets profuse,
As connd be the Legends of Wallace and Bruce,
Entranced 'mong the heather and thistles so green.

"Hall, Coila, still dearest! whom now dost thou nurse?
A statesman or warrior? a blessing or curse
To my land of red heather and thistles so green?"
"A child," she replied, "who is doom'd to inspire
The sons of thy heather with patriot fire;
And yet no Belhaven, to combat thy wrong,
Nor Wallace of war, but a Wallace of song,
Awakes to thy heather and thistles so green."

"From the thousands his spirit, restless, shall lead,
As follow'd thy Wallace, a Bruce" may succeed
Our bard of the heather and thistle so green.
Though far hath the fame of thy heroes been heard,
Still farther the fame of thy Patriot Bard:
While roams the proud peasant thy mountains and plains,
So long shalt thou, SCOTIA, exult in his strains—
While blooms the red heather and thistle so green."

TO ALISON.

Come hither, my beloved one,
Of the dark and sparkling eye,
And let thy bright and dimpled cheek
On thy brother's bosom lie,
While he traces in thy laughing face
The buds, yet scarcely blown,
Of the beauties of thy childhood, that
So promisingly shone.

Oh, thou wast once a sickly thing,
Seem'd doom'd to early death;
And many an hour we sat by thee
To watch thy parting breath;
But heaven, that yearn'd for thee, relax'd
Its hold, and thou at length
Fast overcame'st disease, and grew
In loveliness and strength.

Twelve long, long years I've been away—
And in that weary time
Thy little image solaced me
In many a distant clime;
And I had hoped—but let that pass—
The day perhaps may be
Not distant, when I yet may do
All I had hoped for thee.

I left thee a mere child—and now
Thou art a woman grown;

* "The Vision, a Fragment," which, in Dr Currie's opinion, is the most sublime of all the compositions of Burns.
† The Lass o' Ballochmyle.

* Prophetic of Sir Walter Scott.

Blending thy mother's playful charms
With beauties all thine own ;—
Thou hast her dimples and her smile ;
Her buoyancy and mirth ;
And, blest inheritance ! thy heart
Reflects her modest worth.

Ay, hide thy blushes there, my sweet,
In the bosom where thou'st lain,
In years long past, in many an hour
Of restlessness and pain.
Tis bliss to feel thy cheek once more
Thus on my breast recline—
Thy cradle once—and now thy home—
Would it were pure as thine ?

Edinburgh, 9th Nov. 1829.

W. B. H.

THE CIGAR.

My spirit, confound them ! had sunk below par,
So I said to myself—I will smoke a cigar ;
For I knew that if any thing earthly would do
For curing those devils by men called "the blue,"
T'would be an Havannah, to me dearer far
Than Persian, or Russian, or Turkish cigar.

Whenever I meet with the crosses of life—
A hill from my tailor—a scold from my wife—
A riot in Ireland, a murder in France,—
I take out my herb with a calm non-chalance,
And fragrantly whiffing, look grave as a czar—
Tis a noble specific, a genuine cigar !

Some live upon books, and some live upon beer,
Some with racing and gambling can run through the
year ;

Some dote upon beauty, and would not resign
A fair woman's smile, or for gold or for wine ;
But a queen might pass me in her glittering almar
Unregarded—if I had my tranquil cigar.

To the doctor a patient gives highest delight,
To the alderman turtle's an exquisite sight,
At tide-time a fat bishop's joy is complete,
A lady loves jewels, a client's a treat
To the gentlemen flocking in crowds round the bar,—
But the purest of pleasures is in a cigar.

It brightens the genius, it softens the heart,
It goes to the brain by a wonderful art,
It makes you a poet in spite of yourself,
It changes to china what erst was but delf,
You look at your candle and think it a star,
You sleep in soft numbers—and bless your cigar !

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

UNIVERSAL MECHANISM, as consistent with the Creation of all things with the appearances of Nature, and with the dictates of Reason and Revelation, by G. M. Bell, Esq., is nearly ready for publication.

Two and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, designed to illustrate the popular Modes of Thinking and Acting, will shortly be published in Dublin.

A new novel, entitled *Forester*, will appear immediately.

The Pasha of Egypt, besides sending young men to Europe to pursue their studies, has commenced a newspaper at Boulogne, the port of Alexandria, which is to be published twice a-week. It is entitled *News of Egypt*, of the common folio form, laid in two columns, the one French, and the other Arabic.

In respect the anomalies of the day, we observe a Treatise on *Boring* published by *Virtue*.

Among the numerous volumes of *Mémoires* announced at Paris, we notice the continuation of *Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité*, from the death of Louis the Eighteenth to 1829; the inedited *Mémoires* of Madame la Duchesse de Chateauroux; the inedited *Mémoires* of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour; the *Mémoires* de

Marion de Lurme, comprising the reign of Louis XIII.; and the *Mémoires* du Marquis de Dangeon, from the original manuscripts in the King's Library.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—Sir Thomas Lawrence had been a member of the Royal Academy for thirty years, and succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Mr West. He is supposed to have derived an income of about £10,000 a-year from his profession. On the day previous to his death, he had worked on a splendid portrait on which he was engaged, of the King in his robes; but the last finished work which left his hands is the exquisite portrait of Miss Fanny Kemble, which has been drawn on stone by Mr Lane, and is just published. It is a very remarkable fact, that no portrait whatever exists of Sir Thomas Lawrence, either on canvas or in marble: he having never sat for one, nor painted one of himself; which latter almost all the great masters of former times did. The Royal Academicians who are now most in the public eye, after Sir William Beechey, and Messrs Northcote, Thomson, Stothard, and Westall—who are all at that age when it is not likely that they would willingly enter upon the active duties of the Presidency—are Howard, Etry, Turner, Westmacott, Chantrey, and Wilkie. The President is chosen by ballot, and the day of election is the 25th instant. Every academical has a vote, and the choice is determined by a second ballot on the two who have the highest number of votes; the object of election is then recommended to the approval of the King. It is said that Wilkie has the best chance. We learn that Mr Thomas Campbell has undertaken to prepare a life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, for which he is to receive one thousand guineas.

FINE ARTS.—There is now in course of publication at Venice, a collection of the Statues belonging to the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, and of other classical sculptures which are the objects of public admiration in that city. They are of a large quarto size.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.—The first Subscription Concert for the season took place in the Assembly Rooms last Tuesday. It was respectfully, but not crowdedly attended, a good number having been kept away by the intimation that none but subscribers could be admitted. Of the instrumental music, the gem of the evening unquestionably was the Overture to "*Semiramide*," upon which Rossini has exhausted all the richness and variety of his genius. It is full of striking and beautiful movements, and, notwithstanding its length, was enthusiastically encored. We observe that some critics have attacked this overture;—it may be scientifically defective in one or two points, but it is full of genius, which, we regret to observe, the said critics do not appear to have found out. The three vocalists of this concert were, Miss Inverarity, Miss E. Paton, and Miss Louisa Jarman. Each of these young ladies sung two songs; but Miss Inverarity's "*Il braccio mio*" was the only one which obtained an encore. Miss Inverarity, who upon this occasion made only her second public appearance, has an amazingly powerful voice, which, under the superintendence of Mr Murray, she has evidently cultivated with no little assiduity. There is still, however, a considerable want of sweetness and refinement in her style;—if she can acquire these, we doubt whether she will have a rival in Edinburgh. Miss E. Paton is always lady-like and pleasing. Her songs were "*Fra tante angosce*," and "*There's a tear*." Miss Louisa Jarman is as yet new to an Edinburgh audience; but from the two appearances which she has now made, we hesitate not to pronounce her a decided acquisition to the musical world here. Her voice, though not of very great volume or power, is sweet and clear, and her style chaste and elegant. In her "*Una voce poco fa*," on Tuesday evening, there was perhaps a little want of brilliancy; but the ballad of "*Allice Gray*" was full of pathos and expression, almost reminding us of Miss Noel.

MUSIC.—M. de Solomon, a musical professor at Paris, has just invented a little machine, by which, it is said, all instruments may be tuned without difficulty, even by the youngest musician.—The musical intelligence from Germany is wholly on the subject of Paganini, the celebrated violin-player. The sums he is said to have accumulated since his departure from Frankfort, that is, in the space of three months, are enormous. He is reported to be fond of money—a pardonable weakness, when it is considered that the wealth he amasses is for an only child, a boy of four years of age, to whom he is anxious to ensure an independence before his own health, already precarious, is entirely broken.

REMARKABLE SPECIES OF PETTY LARCENY.—THE ATLAS serves THE LITERARY JOURNAL.—We were not a little amazed to observe, under the notice "To Correspondents" in last week's *Atlas*, the following paragraph:—"There has been, for some time past, a species of petty larceny carried on by our provincial contemporaries, which we are surprised to find committed by a respectable paper, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Our articles are weekly copied wholesale without acknowledgment. (1) As the *Journal* does not require aids of this kind, we hope it will have the courtesy, in future, to give credit to the source from whence it derives its intelligence."—There must be some mistake here. We have no desire to quarrel with the *Atlas*; but really the accusation contained in the above passage is one of the coolest things we have seen for a long while. With the exception of a single line or two of literary gossip, which we take indiscriminately from the *Court Journal*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Spectator*, the *Athenaeum*, and, it may be, the *Atlas*, and

which we unconsciously put into our own words, we are not aware that we have copied a line from that or any other paper since we came into existence as a Journal. As to having "weekly copied its articles wholesale," the charge is certainly enough to provoke the patience of a Job, and, considering the quarter from which it comes, has upon us a peculiar if its brute effect. The truth is, the *Atlas* has been recently pilfering a little from us—witness its unacknowledged quotation from the Ettrick Shepherd's "Aughteen Hunder and Twenty-dine," and also its review of the Provincial Scotsman's "Tour to London, Brussels, and Paris," which, in many sentences, was verbatim but ours; but, widely quoted as we are glad to see we are, we thought it beneath us to take notice of these peccadilloes. Little, however, did we expect so unnatural a return for our forbearance on the part of *Master Atlas*. We hope he will soon come to a proper understanding of the error he has committed; and if not, we can only say, that we hate such paltry squabbling.

PARIS versus LONDON; OR, COCKNEYS OUT-COCKNEYED: KIPPING HUNT AT A DISCOUNT.—We abridge the following from an advertisement in the *Constitutionnel* of the 2d of January:—The chase has been esteemed in all ages one of the most noble and enlivening pleasures; but, in great cities, it has become an exclusive enjoyment of the privileged classes. Those less favoured by fortune must either renounce it altogether, or seek, at a great distance from Paris, a doubtful chance of firing a few shots. The "Compagnie des chasseurs publics" aims at bringing this pleasure within the reach of every amateur, in its full plenitude, with all possible conveniences, and in every modification of which it is susceptible. A field of four hundred acres, near Courbevoie, a league and a half distant from Paris, affords the public four alleys, which, at all seasons, admit of forty-eight sportsmen at once, with an intervening space of 160 paces between each to prevent accidents. Each ticket of admission confers a right to three hours' shooting in one or other of these alleys, which are supplied from preserves capable of furnishing 500,000 head of game annually, and afford the sportsman an opportunity of firing twenty or thirty shots per hour. Coursing matches will be held within the boundaries at stated intervals, and a pack of hounds will assist occasionally varying the mode of hunting. The park contains, moreover, a preparatory school for beginners, where regular demonstrations will be given, and opportunities afforded of practising upon automotons imitating the modes of flying and running peculiar to different kinds of game. The grand hunts will be regularly announced in the journals. The extensive resources of the company enable it to promise the public opportunities of hunting the fox, the stag, and the wild bear. Fire-arms and other equipments of the complete sportsman may be hired at the establishment on moderate terms.

THE VORACITY OF THE SHARK.

To the Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

SIR,—I observe, in one of the late Numbers of your entertaining journal, some account of the Voracity of the Shark. The case of the pocket-book is well known to all West India cruisers, and the other is highly probable, from the known propensity of all fishes to snap at any thing dropped into the water,—a bit of glittering tin being, as you know, an excellent bait for mackerel. But I think the circumstances I am about to relate is still more curious. In the early part of the Revolutionary War, the *Telemachus* Cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Crispe, (now Captain), was ordered with dispatches to the West Indies. On nearing his destination, by a change in the state of the weather, it became necessary to shift the jib, and hands were ordered forward on the bowsprit for that purpose. A flap of the sail sent the hat of one of the sailors overboard, and the vessel having considerable headway, it was instantly lost sight of under the bows. In the morning, a large shark was seen nearly alongside; the boat was soon baited, thrown out, and in a few minutes greedily swallowed by the fish, which, after being played about until tired, was brought alongside. A slip noose, on a stout rope's end, was drawn over his head, *hauled long* *hoy*, and in this way he was hauled on board, where the carpenter stood ready with his axe, to chop off his tail,—a necessary operation, as a lively fish of ten or twelve feet long will, unless disabled, soon clear the deck of every thing movable, and perhaps make work for the Doctor. This being done, the miller attached him with their knives, and cut off certain portions in convenient rounds or slices, which, though dry food, is by no means disliked by men long confined to salt provision. This is the usual way of treating *Monsieur Shark*, and the ceremony was, no doubt, strictly observed in the present instance; but, on opening the stomach to see what it contained, the man exclaimed, "D—my eyes! what have we here?—a brother's ship, by Jove!" And here, indeed, we found entire the identical heavy tarpanin hat that had fallen overboard the day before. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CONWANT READER.

Theatrical Gossip.—A new farce, called "The Phenomenists," has just been produced at Covent Garden, from the pen of Wade. It ap-

pears to be as little worth as the subject upon which it is founded.—The author of "Black-Eyed Susan" has written another drama, called "Sally in our Alley," which has been played with success at the Surrey.—It appears that Fanny Kemble's third part is not to be *Coastance* in "King John," as originally announced, but *Euphrasia*, in the Tragedy of "The Grecian Daughter." She appeared in this character with all due éclat on Monday last. We understood that she has also changed her mind regarding the acceptance of provincial engagements, and is to visit Dublin, Liverpool, and other places. This being the case, we hope for the pleasure of seeing her here.—A Mr Morley is about to make his debut at Covent Garden in Rossini's Opera of "La Gazza Ladra," arranged by Bishop.—A two-act drama, from the pen of Morton, founded on the escapes of Baron Trenck, is in preparation at Covent Garden.—Besides Miss Kemble, it appears that Charles Kemble, Maeready (who, we are glad to hear, is convalescent), Dowton, T. P. Cooke, Miss Kelly, and the Elephant, are all to visit Dublin soon.—Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the celebrated French actress, has, by public letter, signified her retirement from the stage.—Liverpool appears to be especially gay at present. Besides two Theatres, they have Deasow, the Messrs Hermann, Astronomical Lectures, and a Royal Menagerie. We observe a criticism in one of their papers on Miss Jarman, in which the writer says, that she is "the severest of beautiful!" by which we suppose he means to say that she is ugly, and that her acting is not to be compared to that of Miss Ellen Tree, Vestris, or Foote. We are afraid this writer has a kind of Royal Menagerie taste.—Miss Jarman attracted to her benefit here last Saturday night one of the most crowded houses of the season. On the falling of the curtain she was loudly called for, and greeted with three rounds of applause.—Our *Pantomime*, which has had a very successful run, is now finally withdrawn, the *Clown*, Mr Taylor, having taken his benefit last night.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan. 16—22.

SAT. — *The Sergeant's Wife*, *The Youthful Queen*, & *Turn Out*.
MON. — *Rob Roy*, & *The Twelfth Cake*.
TUES. — *Paul Fry*, *William Thompson*, & *Do*.
WED. — *Monsieur Mallet*, & *Before Breakfast*.
THURS. — *Do* & *Do*.
FRI. — *Mary Stuart*, *Rosini*, & *The Twelfth Cake*.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length of our review of Moore's Byron, and also of the Ettrick Shepherd's amusing tale, preclude the insertion not only of all the Advertisements with which we have been favoured, but of many other articles; and make the contents of the present Number less varied than usual. There is variety, however, in being less varied.

THE EDITOR in HIS SALVAGE, No. VI. in our next Number, which will be given half a sheet of additional matter.

As we have not yet had time to look into Mr Dunlop's Pamphlet, we hope we do not put "Proteus" to any inconvenience by keeping it a day or two longer.—We cannot undertake to correct the mistakes into which the periodical alluded to by "P." may have fallen, on the subject of the "Court and Camp of Bonaparte," or on any other subject.—We should have read the letter of "Amicus ad artem" with greater satisfaction had it been post-paid.

"Richard Coeur-de-Lion" in our next.—We do not think the "Very mournful Ballad" one of its ingenious author's happiest productions.—We shall be glad to receive some poetical contributions from the author of "The Voice of a Dream," in which, we think, there is very considerable promise.—"The Stranger, a Ballad," and the Stanzas by "M—e," will not suit us.—In our next Number, (which we expect will be an exceedingly good one,) many of our Poetical Correspondents, whom we need not now particularize, will find themselves rescued from oblivion.

Of the "Sonnet to Miss Jarman, after seeing her in the 'Youthful Queen,'" the first four lines are the best:—

"Thou art the spirit of a prince's dream;
Thy queenlike air, bright form, and glancing eye,
And steps of proud command, might well bespeak
The daughter of a royal ancestry."

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OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 64.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1830.

PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Sibylline Leaves. A Collection of the Modern Itinerant Minstrelsy of Scotland. Printed by and for Willison Glaz. Edinburgh. 1830. 4to. Pp. 493.
(Unpublished.)

Five persons who have visited the northern metropolis and have failed to be struck with those itinerant minstrels who charm us at every crossing with their wood-notes wild, or, as they are termed in our own Doric dialect, "summer tunes." We do not allude at present to that interesting orator of the Earthen-Mound, who combines so judiciously attention to our temporal and spiritual needs, having alternately, with equal emphasis, "Shoe-ties, a penny-pair!" and "Religious tracts, a ha'pny a-piece!" nor to the lady of the unrivalled fiddle-bow, who charms our ears, secure from the interference of the unharmonious police, under the guardian angelship of the Director-General. We speak rather of those last and remnants of the ancient minstrels, of whom the poet tells how sumptuously they fared wandering from regal palace to baronial hall, and who still exercise their leafy vocation on our streets and highways, under the humble designation of "half-singers." There is something primitive in their style of attire; and the rude attempts to add to the pathos of their minstrelsy, by the adjunct of one or more babes—begged, borrowed, or stolen—carries us back to those simple ages when an excess of refinement had not yet drawn a broad line of demarcation between the dramatic and other classes of poetry. They move about, free denizens of nature, amid our highly artificial state of society, like singing birds in the gardens of Versailles; and if they do not, like the blackbirds, occasionally purloin a cherry, they at least afford invaluable opportunities to the assiduous cultivators of the appropriate art.

The poets who furnish these Pastas and Patons of the highway with numerous verse, to which none but their unsuitable audiences are worthy of giving utterance, have in general, with the modesty of true genius, preserved a strict incognito. They have, moreover, like the orchid abandoning her egg in the desert, or like the inspired sibyls of old leaving their vaticinations to be blown about by the wind, intrusted their effusions to the uncertain and necessarily perishable keeping of the alms-paper, on which they are printed. This, however, is not a view to their being disposed of at a price so low as to deter to bid defiance to the eager opposition of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. It was the similitude to which we have just alluded that suggested to the ingenious editor of the book the appropriate title of "*Sibylline Leaves*." The work is an attempt to present to the public, in a less pedantic form, the best of these wild flowers, which have hitherto most unaccountably been left to perish by the roadside. The undertaking is one which inspires us with admiration too deep to find vent in words; and if we are ever again from the direction which public taste has recently taken in the kindred art of sculpture, we entertain sanguine hopes of the success of this volume. But what

ther successful or not, our talented friend will be amply rewarded by the consciousness that he has saved a world of trouble to the Percies, Jamesons, and Chamberlains, of a future generation. We believe it is his intention, should the sale of the book prove sufficient to replace the outlay he has made upon it, to lay before the public, ere long, the fruits of his enquiries into the history of the authors of these poems. Having been favoured with a view of every sheet of the present work as it passed through the press, we find pleasure in being enabled to present our readers with a few specimens of its varied and sparkling beauties. In this, we doubt not, the public will recognise another proof of the peculiar facilities we possess for obtaining the earliest and most accurate information regarding all works of national interest.

It may be as well to premise, that these poems are composed in a peculiar dialect, in regard to the origin of which, philologists are by no means agreed. It is perhaps rash in us to give an opinion where the greatest geniuses have confessed themselves at a stand; yet it seems to us most probable, that as Homer is generally understood to have taken, from the various dialects of Greece indifferently, the word which best suited him at the moment, so these, our modern bards, have drawn with a large and lavish hand upon the treasures of every provincial vocabulary from the Land's end to John o' Groats, and from the mouth of the Thames to that of the Shannon. Nay, in one respect, they have even surpassed the great father of poetry; for he, with all his daring, shows some remains of a prosaic spirit in his slavish submission to the rules of grammar.

In opening the book at random, the first poem that presents itself is an elegy on the fate of the Comet steam-boat, worthy of Prior or Shenstone. There is a rude magnificence in the opening stanza:

"When we set sail from Inverness,
Came to Fort William sound,
With seventy men of us on board,
For Glasgow we was bound.
As we came through the north seas,
Our loss we did deplore,
As we arrived at Kempech point,
Not far from Gourrock shore."

The previous voyage is detailed with considerable minuteness; after which, the poet, in a fit of rapt enthusiasm, hurries over the fatal catastrophe in two bold and energetic lines:

"All by another steam-boat
Was the cause that we was drowned."

He next indulges in a brief and melancholy retrospect of the gay hopes, and utter absence of all presages of the impending doom, with which they commenced their voyage:

"We little thought when we set out,
We was to be no more;
Or be in danger of our lives,
Not far from Gourrock shore."

He then pours out his whole soul in a succession of melancholy pictures:

" To see the sailors' bodies
 Would grieve your heart full sore;
 All floating on the wat'ry main,
 Not far from Gourrock shore.
 Their wives and their children small,
 Lamenteth to their cost,
 On the twenty-eighth of October,
 When the Comet it was lost."

The poet, however, seeks with an admirable and delicate tact to relieve the horrors of the scene, by dexterously directing our attention to the happiness of those who were rescued:

" The number of the passengers
 All out of seventy-five;
 Eleven of us did come to shore,
 They that was left alive."

We would here advert to a certain melancholy and mysterious grandeur which the author has thrown around the poem, by the doubt as to his own fate which he has created; at one time speaking of himself as one of the sufferers, and at another as one of those who were saved. We are left uncertain whether a human being or a disembodied spirit sings in our ears; a state of dubiety increased by the alternation of the singular and plural number in personifying the speaker. There is likewise an unspeakable charm in the frequent occurrence of these musical words, "Gourrock shore,"—it gives a very echo to the seat where grief is throned. The author concludes by a declaration which shows him, dead or alive, to be most philosophically inclined, inasmuch as he is evidently one who can take warning by experience:

" But never in a steam-boat
 We will sail any more,
 To be in danger of our lives,
 As we pass Gourrock shore."

We know not who is the author of this overpowering monody; but should he be still alive, (the melancholy enmity which whisky holds with the lives of this inspired class justifies the doubt we express,) he may be gratified by the information, that his elegy has been received, on various occasions, with the most unbounded applause at the meetings of that erudite and elegant body, "The Roast Pig Club of Edinburgh." Nor need he be in the least inclined to fear that the tribute of admiration was paid exclusively to the merits of the musician, for the song was equally successful when warbled in the rich and pathetic tones of C——, and in the somewhat monotonous note of H——. We have little doubt, should the poet (notwithstanding our sad foreboding) be still alive, that this gratifying intelligence will meet his eye;—a genius so delicately attuned, cannot fail to be a reader of the LITERARY JOURNAL.

The song which next arrests our attention, in turning over at random the leaves of this fascinating volume, is not without a subdued tone of pathos running through the whole; but, unlike that which we have just been criticising, it elevates us by the portrait of a buoyant spirit floating in innate gladness upon the billowy waves of misfortune. It is entitled, "The Convict's Farewell," and commences in a strain of delicate moralizing, which we earnestly recommend to the serious attention of all frequenters of the theatre:

" Come all you young men of learning,
 And warning take by me;
 I would have you quit night-walking,
 And shun bad company.
 Leave off your cards and play-houses,
 Or else you'll rue the day—
 You'll rue your transportation,
 When you're going to Botany Bay."

We are altogether uncertain whether the hero ought to be considered as a real being, or merely a creature of

the poet's fancy. If the latter, we think a most delicate tact is evinced by making him a person of education; a circumstance which gives an elevation to his character, indispensable in poetry, and which the nature of the adventures he is represented as having been engaged in are scarcely adequate to bestow. The ideal character conferred upon him by this circumstance is, in like manner, amazingly heightened by the skilful introduction of Glasgow in the background, the smoke and essentially mechanical character of that city forming a masterly contrast with his refinement:

" I was brought up in Glasgow town—
 A place I know right well—
 Brought up by honest parents,
 And rear'd most tenderly;
 Till I became a roving blade,
 Which proved my destiny."

We again interrupt the flow of the narrative, to call the reader's attention to a skilful and original musical artifice, to which the very peculiar structure of this verse has been rendered subservient. After the word "town," the tune is suddenly interrupted, and the performer speaks the line—"A place I know right well"—which, it will be observed, rhymes with no other,—then, instead of taking up the melody where he broke off, he starts the tune afresh at the words "Brought up." Every one must feel the increase of strength given to the poet's illusion by this identifying of the songster with the scene; but only those who have heard can conceive the startling effect produced by the interruption. The song proceeds:

" My character being taken down,
 And I was sent to jail:
 At the last Assizes
 I then could find no bail.
 And at the last Assizes
 The judge to me did say,—
 'The Jury has found you guilty,
 You must go to Botany Bay.'"

We are quite aware that the reader, rapt by the impetuous flow of the verse, will be apt to think our interjected remarks tedious; but we cannot refrain from pointing out the bold and original turn of expression in the first two lines of this passage. The intimate acquaintance with the forms of judicial procedure it displays, leading us to infer that the poet must have been the hero himself, or, at the very least, his agent—and the *curiosa felicitas* and dignity of the judge's speech. It is from this speech, too, that we are led to infer the date of the poem. It wants the energy of the present President of the Judiciary Court, and that hurried flow and mixture of imagery with which he is wont to bid malefactors, acquitted for want of sufficient evidence, "remember that the eye of Almighty God—and of the Police of Edinburgh—is upon them." We are rather led back by it to the days of the amiable Justice Clerk R——, of triad notoriety; and there is a gentleness in the mode of pronouncing the prisoner's doom, admirably according with the soft soul of that distinguished individual, who did not deem it beneath him to shed tears in unison with the dejected Pyper, and to console him even from the bench with the assurance, "that although he was under the disagreeable necessity of pronouncing his banishment from Scotland, yet he (the culprit) might betake himself to England; that England was not such a bad place, for he (the judge) had been there himself; and that he (the judge) would be most happy to give him (the culprit) letters of recommendation, whether he should choose to continue his then occupation of barber, or resume his previous one of chaise-driver; seeing that he (the judge) had ample experience of his (the culprit's) talents for either line of business." These are remembrances of less artificial times, when an almost patriarchal relation subsisted between the judge and prisoner. But to our task.

We spare our readers the heart-rending details of the effect produced by his sentence upon the relations of the unfortunate prisoner; quoting only the simple and pathetic exclamation of his venerable mother,—

"Oh son, oh son, what have you done,
To be sent to Botany Bay?"

We know that some critics have objected to this passage, alleging that such a question is unnatural, inasmuch as the good woman, having been present at the whole proceedings, must have been quite well aware of the nature of the charges preferred against her son. To us, however, it seems that the poet has here shown most satisfactorily his deep knowledge of human nature. In the wild agitation of the moment, the sufferer had forgotten every thing. The rest of the poem is composed in a spirit of subdued melancholy, and a manly looking forward to better days:

"As we sail'd down the Firth of Forth
The twenty-first day of May,
And every ship that we pass'd by,
I heard the sailors say—
There goes a ship of handsome lads,
All bound for Botany Bay.
There is a girl in Glasgow town,
A girl that I love well,
And if ever I gain my liberty,
With her I mean to dwell—
If ever I gain my liberty
We ne'er shall part again,
I'll bid adieu to Van Diemen's land,
And adieu to the raging main."

What particularly charms us in this collection is, that although an undercurrent of deep feeling, closely bordering upon melancholy, may be traced through all the songs, yet it is never allowed to degenerate into a maudlin sensibility. These ballads are strongly characteristic of our people: there is a severity even in their mirth, but they bear grief like men, bending, not crushed, beneath its load. As proofs of this assertion, we need only refer our readers to the verses entitled "Jean M'Callum, executed for child-murder," and "The Death of Queen Jean."

The last of these poems to which we intend to allude, must either be a translation from the French, or must have proceeded from the pen of some member of a celebrated school of poets, chiefly resident in London. There is a spirit of freedom and toleration in its morality, to which few Scotchmen have attained. The story is of an Englishman of an eminent merchant in Dumbarton, who had foolishly listened to the addresses of a neighbouring squire, loving him "not wisely, but too well." In his embarrassment, she applies to her lover, who gives her the following sound advice, relative to her father's claim:

"It's go to his coffers,
Send a deal of his money,
And I'll hire a ship,
And away with my money."

We are immediately told, with a beautiful iteration, which reminds us of the old time:

"It's she's gone to his coffers,
Stole a deal of his money,
And he's hired a ship,
And away with his money."

In a short time, the fiend who had tempted her began according to the uniform analogy of nature, the punishment of her punishment, and tosses her overboard, her child. But hers was to be no common fate:

"She sank and she swam,
And she swam aye before her,
Until the ship landed
On the banks of the Yarrow-r."

Were it not for the arbitrary manner (already alluded to) in which these poets borrow, as suits their convenience, from each and all of our island dialects, we should notice the last rhyme as satisfactorily establishing the London origin of this poem. As it is, however, the peculiar notions of Scottish geography which the verse expresses, is perhaps a surer index. The poet, meantime, does not disturb our feelings for the lovely and unfortunate victims, by any allusion to the fate of their murderer, but leaves him to the wide world and his own remorse, merely telling us of his victim and her child:

"The kist it was wide,
And the deals they were narrow,
And this lovely couple
Lies buried in Yarrow."

We intended to have stopped here, but a passage which arrested our attention as we were closing the book, seems worthy of citation and a brief comment. A distinguished critic tells us, that there is a mysterious power in the pomp with which Milton sometimes enumerates a long list of names of places or persons, rendering the bare words equivalent to so many pictures. Something of the same kind may be said of the following list of the sufferers in a boat some time ago overcast at Tarbet, by the Lady of the Lake steam-boat:

"One Miss Bunting, mild, discreet,
Who did belong to the High Street;
A widow-woman was there also,
Who did belong to the Rottenrow;
A doctor and his wife beside,
Who in Hutcheson-town did abide,
Enjoyed but two months of a married state,
For in Loch Lomond they met their fate."

On the whole, we are of opinion that Mr Glass has displayed a degree of taste in the selection of these poems, that adds an additional leaf to the laurel wreath which his original compositions have already bound around his brow. We think these songs likely to circulate as far as the British tongue is spoken. The "Fate of the Comet" will yet beguile the seaman's night-watch off Spitzbergen, and "Jean M'Callum" and the "Convict" awake, by their melodious strains, the echoes of "the long isles of Sydney Cove." Nor will they prove less interesting to the antiquaries of future generations, who, with this book as a manual, will wander among our deserted potteries and mouldering glass-houses, guessing at the uses of long obsolete machinery and enigmatic ruins. After long centuries, the love-lorn maiden's tear will flow for her who lies buried on the banks of the Yarrow-r, and the youth's heart beat high to emulate the manly spirit of him who sailed down the Frith of Forth, "all bound for Botany Bay."

Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of La Pérouse; interspersed with Accounts of the South Sea Islanders.
By Chevalier Captain P. Dillon, Member of the Legion of Honour, &c. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829. 2 vols. 8vo.

ONE of the most distinguishing characteristics in the administration of Queen Elizabeth, was the direct encouragement which she gave to the spirit of discovery, so prevalent in England at the commencement of the 16th century. While to this auspicious era we must trace the foundation of that enlightened philosophy, which, spurning the artificial restraints of schoolmen, comprehended in its wide range the varied circle of science, and unfolded a new and infallible directory to human knowledge,—to it also we are to look for those eminent improvements in navigation, which led to enterprises so brilliant in themselves, and attended with such beneficial consequences, that they enabled England to emulate, in

some measure, the glory which had accrued to Spain by the previous success of Columbus. Seas and countries, previously unknown, opened to the view of the English mariner, and were eagerly explored. It was under this new impulse that Drake accomplished a task, the practicability of which, by Englishmen, had seemed wholly incredible. His feeble squadron, by sailing round the globe, deprived Magellan, the Portuguese discoverer, of that exclusive admiration which he had enjoyed for sixty years without a single rival. During the subsequent reigns, various efforts were made to complete and enlarge those designs, which had been so propitiously commenced under the direction of Elizabeth. This laudable zeal gradually declined about the beginning of the 17th century, but partially revived under the government of George II., when two voyages were performed by Captains Middleton, More, and Smyth, to discover a north-west passage through Hudson's Bay to the East Indies. Other two voyages, under Captains Byron, Wallis, and Carteret, were undertaken by order of his late Majesty, who also patronised the efforts of the celebrated Cook.

The labours of the illustrious navigator last named, besides conferring numerous advantages on his own country, had the effect of exciting other nations to similar undertakings. Accordingly, it was at this time that Louis XVI., taking advantage of the re-establishment of peace, determined to fit out an expedition to the Southern and Pacific Oceans, in order to complete what Cook, by his premature death, was supposed to have left unaccomplished. To secure the success of this enterprise, the command of the vessels was intrusted to M. de la Pérouse, on account of the celebrity of his naval exploits, and his bold and persevering character. The two frigates, *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*, sailed from Brest, in August 1785, and the last dispatch from La Pérouse was dated at Botany Bay, in March 1788. Since that period, no authentic tidings of his fate were received; and, with the view of furnishing these, the present work is laid before the public.

How far Captain Dillon's narrative is complete, shall be immediately considered. But in the meantime we may observe, that the subject itself is sufficiently hackneyed, and incapable, we suspect, from its very nature, and especially from the length of time which has elapsed, of being fully or satisfactorily explained. Any opinion on the point, is at best conjectural. Unless it can be established, that by performing a voyage of this description, some improvement is also to be effected in geographical science and nautical astronomy,—or some fresh wonders are to be revealed to the naturalist,—or some new light thrown on the manners and customs of tribes hitherto imperfectly described,—we cannot help regarding it as chimerical and absurd. The voyage of *Dentrecasteaux*, undertaken three years after receiving the last intelligence from Pérouse, in the words of the unfortunate Louis, not merely "*présentoit une occasion de perfectionner la description du globe, et d'accroître les connoissances humaines*," but was calculated to subvert the most humane and philanthropic purposes. That the weight of public affairs should not have occasioned indifference to individual calamity, and that such an expedition should have been fitted out during the bustle and ferment of a mighty revolution in political feeling, was honourable to the National Assembly of France. Even then, however, there could have been little hope for the safety of the ships. Their loss seemed certain. But better hopes were justly entertained as to the crew, who, although shipwrecked, might very probably have effected a landing on some of those numerous islands which abound in the Southern and Pacific Oceans. There are many instances recorded of escapes, under circumstances far more unfavourable. We repeat, therefore, that the voyage of *Dentrecasteaux*, though perhaps somewhat too long delayed, was highly proper; and had it been conducted with greater decision and more activity, could not have failed either to have

saved Pérouse and his followers, or at least to have ascertained their ultimate destiny. But the case becomes widely different when an interval of upwards of thirty years has taken place,—when there cannot be the remotest prospect of restoring the luckless voyagers themselves,—and when the chance of determining their eventual fate is in every respect problematical. And even suppose the expedition as successful as possible, what would be the real benefit resulting from it? It might gratify a curiosity to a certain extent laudable, but conducing to no truly important end. It might display perseverance, and fortitude, and acuteness, on the part of him under whose guidance it had been achieved; but we could only regret the employment of these talents in such a Quixotical and profitless service. It might bring an accession of new facts, giving rise to interesting conjectures; or might supply links wanting in the chain of evidence adduced by former voyagers; and founding on these, we might have no moral doubt as to the certainty of the event which they were intended to substantiate. But still, reverting to that event itself,—comparing the anxiety displayed in proving it, with its *intrinsic utility* when actually proved,—we could not, though applauding the motive in which it originated, forget the insignificance of the ultimate result. Without, however, prejudging, by these observations on the abstract propriety of the expedition, the inherent merits of Captain Dillon's work, we shall now give an impartial analysis of its contents.

The circumstances which gave rise to the present voyage are somewhat singular. In September 1813, Captain Dillon was an officer in the Bengal ship, *Hunter*, then on a voyage from Calcutta to New South Wales and other places. While at the Feejee Islands, he discovered several Europeans, whom he employed in collecting sandal-wood and beche-de-mer. But a misunderstanding having arisen between the natives and these Europeans a general affray occurred, in which they were all killed except Captain Dillon himself, a Prussian, named Martin Bushart, and one of the ship's company. The survivors, sailing from the Feejees, afterwards arrived at Tucopia Island. Here the Prussian and his wife, with a lascar whom they brought with them, were landed, and the *Hunter* proceeded on her voyage. In May 1826, Captain Dillon, with his own ship, again came to Tucopia, and learnt that his old companions in danger were still alive. He accidentally observed that the lascar had an old silver sword-guard, which he willingly sold. On examining it, Captain Dillon thought he saw the initials of Pérouse, and his suspicions being confirmed by seeing other articles of French manufacture, he asked the Islanders how these articles were procured. They said that the natives of Mannicoola, from whom they were obtained, stated to them, that many years ago two ships had arrived at their island; and that these ships being afterwards driven ashore, the articles were saved from the wreck. This statement induced Captain Dillon to sail for Mannicoola, but his provisions being exhausted, he abruptly returned to Calcutta. He, however, commenced a correspondence with the Bengal Government, under whose command the present voyage was performed.

We certainly expected that the narrative of Captain Dillon would, among the numerous books of voyages now so generally published, have presented peculiar and indisputable claims to public attention. We, at all events, conceived that his statement of facts would be instructive, and capable of elucidating the main design of his expedition. Captain Dillon, however, has thought proper to extend his work to a most inordinate length, and to introduce details uninteresting in themselves, and of no conceivable utility. Indeed, the principal part of the first volume, after reciting his letters to the Bengal Government, is filled with an account of certain private quarrels between our author and a Dr Tytler, a sort of mad doctor, who accompanied the Captain on his expedition, and which terminated in a prosecution before the Supreme

Court of Van Diemen's Land, the result of which was unfavorable to the Captain. We could quote whole pages, in which the chronicling of these petty disputes is only varied by tedious statements as to wind and weather. When he comes to describe the Tonga Islands and their inhabitants, he makes, without ceremony, a literal transcript of part of Mariner's work, which occupies about a fourth of the second volume. In short, he seems to overlook almost entirely the chief purport of his Narrative, till he notices his arrival in Mannicoola, about the middle of the second volume. Here, therefore, we have an author, avowedly actuated by a wish to promote the interests of science, and yet indulging in lengthened details of his personal brawls,—taking credit to himself for engaging in a voyage of discovery, intended to solve a question which has caused a division of opinion for forty years, and yet nearly inhumating his leading design under a mass of extraneous and tedious discussion,—professing to make us acquainted “with human nature under a new aspect, and with tracts, never before fully explored,” and yet actually borrowing his most important hints from a work long before the public, and already widely circulated. Captain Dillon may be, as he elsewhere modestly affirms, “a plain seaman,” but he has certainly been initiated most effectually into the mystery of forming bulky compilations out of comparatively very scanty materials. The substance of the present two volumes, so far as they relate to Pêrouse, might have easily been compressed into a small duodecimo.

But what are the proofs which Captain Dillon has really gathered as to the fate of Pêrouse? In his anxiety to obtain relics of this unfortunate navigator, he has loaded his catalogue of curiosities with many articles, which surely cannot aid him in any way. How “the shank of a sword of a copper candlestick,” “iron adzes of native manufacture,” “several pieces of broken glass,” “a piece of earthen brick,” *et multa alia hujusmodi*, can assist his views in bringing home the matter to Pêrouse, we are somewhat at a loss to conceive. We willingly admit, that the recovery from the natives of Mannicoola of several articles bearing the stamp of the *fleur-de-lis*, understood exclusively to designate the property of the French even, seems to warrant the conclusion that the vessels wrecked on this island were French men-of-war. And when it can be established, (which, judging from the interviews between Captain Dillon and the natives, appears hardly possible,) that some other vessels belonging to France were wrecked in the South Pacific Ocean about the same period, the presumption naturally enough rises, that the articles obtained could have only belonged either to the *Boussole* or the *L'Astrolabe*. This presumption might have been considerably strengthened had Captain Dillon adopted proper measures regarding the several guns which he also procured. These were necessarily numbered; and on application to the Register of the Arsenal at which the vessels of Pêrouse had been fitted out, the guns might have been recognised as part of the equipment. This obvious course, however, Captain Dillon did not follow, though the defect is partially remedied by the testimony of Viscount Lesseps, the only man of Pêrouse's expedition known to be alive. He was attached to it only twenty-six months, and was landed at Kamachika, in order to carry to France accounts of the voyage up to that period. From his statements, and from other minor considerations unnecessary to be stated, we think that Captain Dillon has completed his task, so far as it is capable of being completed—for even so it is impossible to arrive at any positive conclusion. While we cheerfully make this admission, we cannot but state our objections to the utility of the expedition itself, nor to the mode in which the Narrative before us has been prepared.

A Political and Historical Account of Lower Canada; with Remarks on the Present Situation of the People, as regards their Manners, Character, Religion, &c. &c. By a Canadian. London. William Marsh and Alfred Miller. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 275.

THE colony of which we are now favoured with an account, from a person born and long resident in it, is at present an object of anxious interest to this country. Colonies, in general, are delicate subjects for a government's management. The inhabitants possess the same rights in the soil, and live under nearly the same laws, as their fellow-citizens in the mother country. But their distant situation necessarily cools the warmth of that sympathy, which makes a whole nation feel, in right and in wrong, as one man; and a sturdy sort of spirit is thus engendered, which bows with reluctance, especially to an executive like ours, in which the popular voice, the voice of the co-equals of the colonists, has so potential an influence. Witness our former colonies in America, which separated from us the moment that the removal of the French power from Canada left them less dependent upon our protection. There were, no doubt, grievances on the part of the Americans, and misunderstandings on both sides, but the main cause of the rupture was, that Jonathan, our eldest born and dearly beloved, had come of age,—that his proud spirit had outgrown the application of birch and ferula, and that he was resolved to set up in business for himself. This resolution was powerfully strengthened, when his venerable Mamma, like the Hon. Mrs. Byron, flung the tongs at his head, in the course of a discussion respecting some household arrangements.

There are some circumstances in our relations to Lower Canada, which render our connexion with it even more delicate than is usually the case. It is a colony which has become ours by conquest, and contains a large population, chiefly of a different origin, and speaking a different language, from ourselves. It is flanked and outflanked by the territories of the United States; and the frontier line is not particularly susceptible of an easy defence. Nor are the jealousies, occasioned by the difference of race and language between the governors and governed, merely prospective and possible. We had learned from the debates in Parliament, from the puffing and blowing in our political journals, (especially the *Westminster*), and we have it now confirmed by a native Canadian, that there have been serious differences in the colony between the Executive and the inhabitants. It is a pity Captain Hall did not extend to the Lower Canadians the blessings of that eloquence, which he poured into the ears of their Upper brethren “till the rude seas grew civil at his song,” respecting the benefits of a dutiful and polite carriage towards Great Britain, which, in reference to the French Canadians, we suppose ourselves bound, by all the rules of analogy, to call the step-mother country. But since he did not, and may possibly entertain qualms of conscience as to the convenience and expediency of again trusting himself on the American side of the Atlantic, some other person must undertake the task; and to that person, whoever he be, we would recommend our Canadian's work as a sort of *vade mecum*, or *reading-made-easy*, to be duly studied before entering upon his task.

Seriously, we think the work now before us of some moment, both on account of the importance of its subject, and the great quantity of information it contains regarding a country, with the condition and relations of which we are not so much acquainted as we ought to be. The reader will find in it a distinct view of the situation and boundaries of Lower Canada, its natural products, and its facilities for production and commerce. There are also pretty complete notices of its civil history, the density of its population, the physical, moral, and religious characteristics and manners of its inhabitants. The state of law and legislation occupies, in like manner, a considerable portion of the author's attention; and, connected

with these, we have disquisitions regarding the most likely mode of affording due facilities to the settlement on the waste lands by inhabitants of the densely peopled districts, and by emigrants from the mother country. The author is—and we like him the better for it—a Canadian in his feelings, as well as in the extent of his local knowledge. It will be necessary, therefore, for any one who seeks to make himself master of this subject, to check his statements, and complete his narrative, from the works of others who have enjoyed the same opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and from the information lately elicited on several occasions by different committees of our Parliament.

On the Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance. By John Dunlop, Esq. Glasgow. William Collins. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 123.

It would appear that the vice of intemperance is more prevalent in America than in any other quarter of the globe. Luckily, however, for the people there, the higher and middle classes are determined to wipe off this reproach if possible, and have already, by the powerful aid of Temperance Societies, been the means of checking, in no small degree, this besetting sin of the Americans. In some parts of the United States, the success of these societies has been quite extraordinary. This is principally to be attributed to the fact, that gentlemen of the highest respectability, on purpose to influence the lower classes by a good example—which goes a far way in a case of this kind—have entirely given up the use of wine and ardent spirits, and, for a considerable time back, have abstained, both at home and abroad, from partaking of any liquid after dinner, except a *glass of water*!

This spirit of temperance has fortunately been wafted across the Atlantic, and is making a fair progress among our friends in the west. In the work of reformation, John Dunlop, Esq. leads the van. We had occasion lately to notice a poem from the pen of this gentleman, entitled “*Oliver Cromwell*,” and also a volume called “*A Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris, by a Provincial Scotsman*.” On the interesting subject of drunkenness, he has now produced a pamphlet of 120 pages. The first fifty are occupied with the “*Extent and Remedy*” of the evil, together with the moral and medical considerations connected with the topic—ground which has been already gone over by Mr Macniah, in his clever work on Drunkenness. Then follows an appendix, containing extracts from Medical Treatises, and Plans for Temperance, in all its variety. For the amusement of our readers, we shall make one extract:

PLAN OF A TEMPERANCE DINNER.

“At the risk of provoking a smile, the following is submitted as a plan of a Temperance Dinner, among the middle classes. The entertainment to consist of, 1st, a course of soup and fish. 2d, Roast and boiled meat, game, &c. 3d, Sweetmeats, &c. (*Mem.*—Sedentary men who partake of the third course, may be as well to refrain from cheese.) No wine or drums to be on the table. Conversation, ordinary subjects. (!) (*Mem.*—Perhaps the fashionable topic of cooking may be excluded; except by way of discovering how to serve up more light and nutritious viands than those in present use.) Immediately after dinner, while others refresh themselves with coffee, chocolate, and other infusions free of alcohol, those of the party qualified to do so, should be requested to regale the company with instrumental music; and the harp, piano, and violin, (under the authority of Milton,) ought always to succeed a *full meal*. (!) Some individuals might sing in harmony. The gentlemen to follow the ladies within a reasonable time into the drawing-room. Tea:—Conversation of various kinds. In the event of the interest flagging, there might be introduced (but as much as possible without formality) exhibitions of drawings, books, varieties, mechanism. Some particular topic of general interest may be admitted, but not too systematically or professionally: a paragraph from a periodical: * part of

a friend's letter on some interesting point; or music might be resumed. Near the conclusion, a hymn, chapter and exposition, and prayer. The whole entertainment, on no account, to last more than four hours; so that family and other duties may be afterwards cheerfully and pleasantly performed. Next morning every one would awaken refreshed, and the more fitted for arduous business, by the temperate and rational recreation of the preceding day.”

This is amusing enough, and proves pretty clearly that the temperance gentlemen have no intention of depriving themselves of *all* the creature comforts. Here we have the very head and front of temperance societies talking of a dinner of three courses, consisting of soups, fish, roast meat, boiled meat, game, cheese, sweetmeats, &c. &c., and deliberately telling us that music ought always to accompany a *full meal*—the food of love and a crammed stomach!

The appendix to Mr Dunlop's pamphlet is principally composed of notices favourable to his cause, extracted from the American journals. The following paragraph from the “*Journal of Commerce*,” sounds rather oddly in British ears:

“REFORM.”

“A gentleman with his sister rode out a few mornings since for an airing, and stopped at one of the most frequented taverns on the island, where he saw a dozen young gentlemen in the bar-room, with each a glass of milk and a cracker [a kind of biscuit.] The landlord remarked that he had sold ten dollars' worth of milk that morning!”

Whether this Arcadian state of things will ever be attained in Glasgow, we shall not attempt to prophesy; but one thing is certain, that the work which Mr Dunlop and his friends have laid out for themselves will be no sinecure, and must, in all probability, be the labour of years. However, their cause may succeed, and if so, they will have achieved a great good.

National Work, under the Patronage of several Members of the Highland Society of Scotland. The Breeds of our different Domestic Animals, engraved from Portraits painted from Life, by Howe. Edinburgh. To be published in Parts. 1829-30.

This is an interesting and elegantly executed work, both in regard to the illustrations and the letter-press. Its object is to exhibit the varieties of the different species of our domestic animals, in the different breeds into which they have been modified by cultivation and climate. The first Part is devoted to the Horse,—the second, to the Ox. The drawings, by Howe, are exceedingly good; and the accompanying descriptions by the Editor, Mr Wight, are lively and instructive. The work is to be completed in six Parts, each Part containing four Plates. A Part is to be published every four months; and the spirited exertions of the conductors ought, we think, to be patronized by all those who are interested in the improvement of the breed of our domestic animals.

Monsieur Tonson; Illustrated by R. Cruikshank. London. Marsh and Miller. 1830.

R. CRUIKSHANK is the brother of George Cruikshank, and a clever caricaturist also, though not quite so clever as George. In the present *jeu d'esprit* we have half-a-dozen amusing illustrations of the ludicrous distress of poor Monsieur Tonson.

The Coffee-Drinker's Manual; with the French Method of making Coffee, &c. London. Marsh and Miller. 1830.

WE some time ago chronicled with all due solemnity our love of coffee. This little volume is one of the best we have yet seen upon the subject, and evidently the production of one worthy, from his knowledge and experience, of writing concerning it.

* We particularly recommend the *Literary Journal*.

The New Chesterfield; containing Principles of Politeness to complete the Gentleman, and give him a knowledge of the world; also, Precepts, particularly addressed to Young Ladies. Edited by the Right Hon. the Earl of Chester. London. William Marsh and Alfred Miller. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 176.

THIS handsome little volume may be read with advantage. Some of Lord Chesterfield's precepts have now gone out of date; but the present Editor has selected the best, and modified them somewhat to suit the existing state of manners.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS;

OR,

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

NO. VI.

"Stulta, jocosæ, camenda, dolentia, seria, sacra,
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;
Quisquis es, hic aliquid quod delectabit habebis;
Tutior an levior, seligis quicquid amas."

SCENE.—The Editor's Study. A mixture of snow and hail beating against the window;—a blazing fire illuminating the room and the surrounding bookshelves. The Editor, with his coat off, discovered reading a manuscript in a large easy chair. Slow music, expressive of the Editors entering the apartment, and putting themselves on the Editor's feet. Immense bundles of papers are scattered all round, and four large silver baskets full of unpaid letters are seen on one of the tables. The Editor speaks.

By the Goddesses! we shall either resign or rebel. These contributors will be the death of us. It would take fifty Editors, instead of one, to go through all their lucubrations. Why were we not born like the Siamese youths? We might then have kept pace with them, for while one of us slept, the other could have worked. We are well now that we are equal to at least "two single Editors added into one;" but still we are like to be buried under the towering of the literary *cacoethes* of Scotland. No man can tell where it will end. All the stage-coach and mail proprietors are beginning to complain of the loads of papers they are obliged to carry; and, in consequence of the voluminousness of our correspondence, it has been found necessary to separate the penny-post deliveries from those of the General Post Office, and to add to the establishment in Edinburgh upwards of twenty additional hands. To the postmen alone, we gave away a small fortune in perquisites at the commencement of the year. Yet we are not angry. Mild as the gentle zephyr of a July morning, we sink into our easy chair, and bury our momentary vexation deep in the recesses of our SLIPPERS. We forgive the *genus scribbletabile*. It is natural for all high-minded men to be ambitious; and what ambition more praiseworthy than that which leads to a desire of appearing in those pages which continually bend under a weight of golden thoughts? Beautiful as the bride stepping in the light of the rosy morning, forth from the bridegroom's chamber, with the blush of maidenhood still lingering on a cheek warm with the glow of a wife's deep love, is the hebdomadal issuing from its Athenian press of our SCOTLAND'S JOURNAL! And glorious as the blaze of the early sun—in itself a concentrated mass of stars—is the appearance of those lovely *folia* when massed together into one burning book, to remain the admiration of all posterity, and the source of ceaseless regret to our children's children, that they lived too late to see the volume starting into existence, hot from the mint of mind.

Enter Peter.

Peter. One of the most remarkable looking gentlemen that I ever beheld, requests that the Editor will admit him to an audience.

THE EDITOR. You are aware, Peter, that many strange persons are continually calling upon us,—some at day-break, some at noon, and some at midnight. From non-descript characters in tartan cloaks, up to English Earls, German Barons, and French Dukes, we are exposed to the visitations of all ranks and classes. We have given audience in one hour to three poets, two actresses, one sculptor, five booksellers, six noblemen, three printers, one painter, and two spirits from another world.

Peter (growing pale, and looking round the Study with evident signs of fear.) Heaven forbid that any supernatural being should be with you at this moment! I am not quite sure as to the gentleman who is now waiting in the anteroom.

THE EDITOR. Describe him, Peter.

Peter. When I first opened the door to him, upon hearing three loud and distinct knocks, he appeared to me a middle-aged person, with a very quick grey eye, and very bright red hair, which escaped from under his hat in short thick curls. I happened, however, to turn away for a moment, and, on looking again, my astonishment cannot be told, when I distinctly perceived that his hair was of a crisp grey, and his eye of a most red and bloodshot hue, and that, though he still retained the same indescribable expression of countenance, he looked like a man at least twenty years older than he seemed at first. I ushered him in with much composure, and told him I would inform you of his presence. As I left the room, I could not help casting a glance at him once more, and behold! his hair was jet black, his eye was jet black, his whiskers were jet black, and there had suddenly started out upon his upper lip the most enormous moustaches, which were also jet black, and, by the shadow they cast upon his mouth, made it, too, seem jet black! He wears a long foreign kind of mantle, so that I could not distinctly see his feet, but I am willing to stake my reputation, that they are not only jet black, but of a peculiar shape.

THE EDITOR (smiling). *Soyez tranquille, Pietro.* We know our visitor well. It is our friend OLD CERBERUS. Admit him.

Peter. OLD CERBERUS, sir? May I ask whether he is a medical gentleman, a writer to the signet, or a preacher of the gospel?

THE EDITOR. Ask nothing, Peter. The mysteries connected with OLD CERBERUS cannot be explained to thee.

Peter. But, my honoured master, is there no danger in trusting yourself alone with him? Consider how precious your safety is to all Europe.

THE EDITOR. You grow officious, Peter; and foolish, too. What danger can affect us? Know you not that we possess a spell which could bring the lion crouching to our feet, and which could make the artillery of an army innocuous as the *pistols* of a flower? Have we not stepped over Corra Linn with as much ease as you could step down stairs? Have we not encountered fifty enraged authors at a time, and scattered them like dust before the wind? Would you have us shrink from meeting one of our own contributors? Never!—Admit OLD CERBERUS.

[Exit Peter, bowing.]

THE EDITOR. We are glad he has come. His opinions are always valuable, and if he could only restrain that ungovernable temper of his, which still haunts him even in his human state, he might be tamed down into something admissible into a drawing-room. The ladies would tremble, but admire him; and the male creatures, whom he could trample over like an elephant among cabbages, would tremble too, and be far too jealous to admire.

Enter OLD CERBERUS, with only one head visible;—in height about six feet five, and with two brilliant eyes, burning under dark shaggy eyebrows. As Peter closes the door behind him, he casts an anxious look, first towards OLD CERBERUS, and then towards the EDITOR, who receives his visitor with a placid solemnity of manner.

THE EDITOR. We are glad to see you, OLD CERBERUS.

OLD CERBERUS. May the infernal gods singe me into the dimensions of a burnt cocoa-nut if I return the compliment! I fawn to no man. I scorn these vile conventional phrases of polite society. I speak my mind, and nothing more, even to the EDITOR in his SLIPPERS, the greatest man with whom I have met since the days of Rhadamanthus.—I am not glad to see you, for I am angry.

THE EDITOR. Why, **OLD CERBERUS**?

OLD CERBERUS. You are the only man to whom I trusted to lay bare, as with a scalping-knife, the gross follies of this puny, piddling, paltry generation,—to pluck out their little rotten hearts, and set them grinning at each other,—to lift up the flowing garments of their conceit, and whip them into humility,—you are the only man to do this, and you shrink from the task,—you are becoming fat and good-natured.

THE EDITOR. Were we to "own the soft impeachment," we do not perceive that we could be greatly blamed. But we deny the charge, and maintain that we only temper our severity with becoming mildness, and soften the awful terrors of our frown with a little smile, which occasionally plays across our countenance, like sunlight flickering around the edges of the thunder-cloud. It is true, that we rarely indeed wax so savage as thou wert on that most unfortunate and ill-used lady, Miss Smithson. The battles we have had to fight for thee on her account, are innumerable. Your lucubrations shook the kingdom to its centre, and killed two milliners.

OLD CERBERUS. (*The colour of his eye changing to a dark red.*) By the immortal memory of Alecto, Typhon, and Megara, my remarks were just! The being who dares to tell me I went one syllable too far, dies the death of a worm.

THE EDITOR. (*Firing upon OLD CERBERUS a benevolent, but determined look.*) Your remarks were not just; you went too far. As an actress, Miss Smithson is nothing, but as a lady her feelings should have been more regarded. We liked your discrimination, but were distressed by your ferocity.

[**OLD CERBERUS** rises in a tremendous passion, and drawing from his bosom an Indian crease, is about to rush upon the EDITOR. The latter, with a calm smile, points to his SLIPPERS. **OLD CERBERUS** drops the crease, falls upon his chair, and covers his face with his hands. When he removes them, there is a marked change on his countenance. Rich chestnut locks cluster over his forehead, and his eye is blue, intelligent, and gentle.

THE EDITOR. (*Without appearing to notice the alteration.*) At times you are as mild, merry, and benevolent as man could wish. That was a splendid article you wrote upon the Christmas pantomime.

OLD CERBERUS. I am a strange creature. I am at one moment a volcano, at another a flower-garden;—to-day full of flames and red-hot rocks, to-morrow yielding up my senses to all pleasant odours and sunny sights. The worst of it is, I cannot even trust myself; yet I feel that there is something about me worthy of respect, and I should like the world to own it, else to what avail am I different from all mankind? To what avail that I have been where foot of mortal dared not follow me,—that I have stood where the brain grew giddy, and the senses reeled,—that I have loved as none but I could love,—that I have resolved into their elements substances which have puzzled the science of ages,—and that I have crowded into a single night the events and thoughts of a thousand years,—what avails it, if I am to be set down as mad by the wise, because I am a step before the wisest?

THE EDITOR. Fear not that. There are those who can appreciate thee.

OLD CERBERUS. There is not one but you, and that is because you are greater than I. But perhaps the day may come when even the EDITOR in his SLIPPERS will be thought mad by the grovelling herd. (*The EDITOR*

smiles.) It was you that first reconciled me to existence. Had it not been for the LITERARY JOURNAL, I should have committed suicide. It is the only thing worth living for. That Christmas—oh! that Christmas Number!—what a flood of light did it not pour in upon the darkness of December! how splendidly did it marshal on the January of 1830! Did it not concentrate into one glittering focus the truly national and racy vigour of Gillespie,—the classical humour, and clear, picturesque, crisp sketching of Tennant,—the delicate, deep, and touching beauty of Mrs Hemans,—the delightful originality and characteristic quaintness of the Ettrick Shepherd,—the chastened pathos and moral eloquence of Memes,—the glowing thoughts and warm-hearted imagination of Mr Hall,—the wild strength of Shelley,—the pensive grace of Malcolm,—the manly power and intensity of Kennedy,—the rich traditional lore, and busy fancy of Chambers,—the elegance and the sound sense of Derwent Conway,—the instructive pleasantness of Carruthers,—the gentleness of Hetherington,—the spirited energy of Atkinson,—the Grecian patriotism of Negris,—the romantic genius of Sillery,—the tender melancholy of the authoress of "Aloyse,"—the ardent and well-cultivated mind of Weir,—the sportive earnestness of H. G. Bell—did it not link all these together in one garland of un fading loveliness? And it is to you, wonderful and thrice admirable man!—to you, sitting here alone with you SLIPPERS in the silence of your own study, that we owe all this! Against such an EDITOR, how could we ever breathe one word of discontent? When I think of what you have done for the periodical literature of Scotland,—how you have collected its strength from the four corners of heaven,—how you have sacrificed your own time and pleasures to promote its interests,—how you have rebuked the vain, and encouraged the timid,—how you have struggled impudent quackery even in the pride of its strength and raised up humble genius from the dust,—how you have given a new tone to conversation, and put a new spirit into the literature of your age and country,—when I think of all this, tears rush into my eyes, my heart beats audibly, and, clasping your knees thus, I humbly prostrate myself before you and your SLIPPERS.

[**OLD CERBERUS** kneels;—the EDITOR looks upon him for a moment with an approving smile,—then stretch out his hand, and restores him to his seat.

THE EDITOR. (*After a short pause.*) Just as you can in we were looking over a mass of communications. Some of them are interesting and excellent, and I shall be glad to show them to you, as I know you will be pleased with them.

OLD CERBERUS. You could not confer upon me a high favour.

THE EDITOR. You have spoken of our Christmas Number. We are happy to assure you that no literary production ever created so great a sensation in Scotland, as even Moore's Life of Byron. Nobody considered himself able to enjoy the New Year properly unless he secured a copy; and we venture to say, that we were, that occasion, read to an extent hitherto unparalleled any other periodical. To give you some idea of the eagerness with which we were devoured, here is a letter from a person of great eminence, who thus writes:—"I was delighted with your Christmas Number. Few of your readers, I presume, read you as I did. Having been engaged abroad all day, I took you up before dining and seized the nearest article in my library to cut you out, which happened to be the bronze dagger of an ancient Roman, put the candlestick (it happened to be a chamber-light, and I could not wait to ring for another upon a Greek urn, propping the whole with the divinity stone of an Arch-Druid, and thus I devoured you pie column after column."

OLD CERBERUS. Brave! This was just such a read as such writers as your contributors and yourself could always to have.

THE EDITOR. We have laid our hand upon a poem, by Alexander MacLaggan. You are aware that we give ourselves some little credit for having first discovered and encouraged the poetical genius of this young man. We have not for a moment tempted him to forsake the steady duties which belong to his sphere of life; but, in pointing out to him how best to cultivate his imagination and strengthen his mind, we have rendered these labours less onerous, and presented him with an additional motive for activity. We have already published two or three poems by him, which we do not think would disgrace poets of far longer standing and higher name; and the lines of which we now speak are not inferior to any he has yet written. Here they are:

AN INVOCATION TO FANCY.

By Alexander MacLaggan.

Light-footed Fancy! bring to me
The gems of earth, and air, and sea;
Spring's sweet breath, and Summer's glee,
With all their winning witcherie!
Gladdening, glowing, glorious thing,
Take my soul upon thy wing,
And bear it to some soothing scene,
With skies of blue and bowers of green,
Where beauty's foot hath often been,
Where glow the sights her eyes have seen,
Where round the ruin ivy creeps,
Where o'er the rock the clear dew drips,
Where down the vale the soft wind sweeps,
Singing till the shepherd sleeps;
Where the streamlet's living wave
Kisses the bank it loves to lave,
And the merry trout with finny wings,
Up from its watery wimple springs.
Then lay me down in that calm bower,
Where lovers have spent their midnight hour,
When the burning chain of rapture bound them,
And their own soft sighs were breathing round them;
When glorious visions fill'd their brain,
And the blood that broke every curbing chain,
Ran restless through each trembling vein;
And where oft they pray'd the silver moon
For love's sake not to fly so soon;
And the evening star, so pure and bright,
Look'd fond into each face all night;
And their words of love and truth to hear,
When angels hover'd near.

O, Fancy! if thou art unheeding
To my soft and silvan pleading,
Bear me where the restless shore
Rays to the ocean's mighty roar;
Bear me where the frantic storm
Swells itself to giant form;
Bear me where the ceaseless waves
Deep in the rocks are carving caves;
Bear me where the wild winds shout
As they blow the stars of heaven out;
Bear me to the dizzy height,
Fling me to the tempest's might;
I can look in the face of night,
And see it all start out to light,—
For thunders roar, and lightnings fly,
To glad mine ear, to please mine eye!

Wherever thou wilt lead I care not,
Through calm or storm, or day or night;
Then know'st no clime to which I dare not
Follow in thy phantom flight;—
Yet most I love to wander lone,
Where soothing silence woos to rest,
And living things are all unknown,
Save in the woodland turtle's nest;
There Fancy smoothes my bed, and brings
A little heaven upon her wings;

And swiftly fly the blessed hours
When stretch'd upon her couch of flowers,
And upward looking to the sky,
I watch the white clouds sailing by.
O! then my soul forsakes its clay
To wander o'er that heavenly way,
Where many a mansion, tower, and town,
Start up to my delighted eyes;
And I can call them all my own,
Glittering bright in rainbow dyes!
What though the fleeting vision flies
Far from my sight in hazy air?
Another dream will soon arise,
Another sight as gay and fair!

Queen of my heart! wert not for thee,
How poor this life of mine would be!
When Zephyr, in its wanton jest,
Lifts thy locks, (like sunbeams fair,)
And lays them gently on my breast,
How deep my joy to feel them there!
The worldly cold—the unfeeling wise—
Do thee, and song, and me despise;
They tell me that I soon will wake
From my stupor deep of dreamy madness,
To see my air-built castles break
Dark on my path in clouds of sadness;
They tell me that mine eye's wild beam
Will soon be quench'd in woful weeping:
But let me dream my heavenly dream,
Whilst in this world of darkness sleeping.
And sure the vision is more sweet,
Than any dim material show
Of sights all soil'd with dust below—
Poor, fading, fleeting, fallen things!—
Fancy! thy high imaginings
Are truer, better, far than all
That rattles in this childish ball!

TO CERBERUS. There is both fancy and feeling in that poem. I will back Alexander MacLaggan against all the young men who have published five-and-sixpenny volumes of miscellaneous poetry within the last three years.

THE EDITOR. Here is a letter from Inverkeithing, in which there is a very considerable proportion of sense; and it is therefore worth reading:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

Sir,—I know that the Editor of a Journal is overwhelmed with poetry, and that generally of a very inferior kind; yet, notwithstanding, I have enclosed two little pieces, chiefly because they are out of the vile hackneyed track of Magazine verse, which always abounds too much in sighs and sentiments, and that sort of thing, altogether intolerable to an old stager like me. Permit me to say, that the little bits with which you occasionally favour your readers, and your mode of managing them, suit my taste exactly; and are, as the fashionable phrase is, quite *refreshing*, amidst the heap of even well selected poetry of the present day. Let us have more of them during this gloomy weather. Many of the subjects you write upon would be rejected with disdain by the juvenile Magazine contributor, because, forsooth, in his conception they are not *poetical*,—which merely means, that out of such materials, he could not fabricate a single verse. But as to the pure all things are pure, so to the poetical mind, every subject, however unpromising, is capable of poetical embellishment. Indeed, it would be a good test of poetical tact and ingenuity to propose a subject apparently barren and intractable, and see what could be made of it. Whilst the many aspirants would find themselves unable to pass this *pons asinorum*, a few *quos equus amavit Apollo*,—the Wordsworths, the Byrons, and Campbells, would skillfully convert the barren field into a fruitful soil,—they would make springs in the desert, and their alchymic touch would transmute the iron

into gold—the water into wine.—I beg leave to congratulate you on having passed your probationary period of year and day. The JOURNAL has now “taen wi’ the grund,” as the gardeners say, and bids fair to become a thriving plant—*semper floreat*. Amen!

THE EDITOR. One of the poems which accompanied this letter is the following. It is lively and pleasant:

TO A STREAMLET.

Pretty streamlet, singing, dancing,
While through meadows green you stray,
In morning beams your beauty glancing,—
Say, whence come you—runaway?

“From the foot of yonder mountain,
Up whose side the mist ascends;
I was bred beside the fountain,
Where the sward its greenness lends;

“And there—a child—I learn’d to prattle
As I might in hidden dells;
To crowds of rushes to give battle,
Or play at bo-peep with hairballs!”

So, you have left your loves of childhood,
Round whose necks you fondly curld’st,
And come hither, in some wild mood,
To sport a while, and see the world?

Ah! you have got a roguish twinkle;
They say you streams are fond of flowers;
Well—here they all your path besprinkle;
Bright Flora!—you’ll have pleasant hours!

How I envy you their kisses,
As you glide all slow and meek!
And they bathe their lips and tresses
On your cooling dewy cheek.

Between you ’tis a happy union!
Long and constant may it prove;
Streams and flowers—a bless’d communion!
Beauties—ye were made for love!

Around these green knolls now you’re winding,
Murmuring tones significant;
Aye departing, yet aye finding
All of which you are in want.

Now you dart to yonder coppice,
And the love-lorn birks beguile;
They fondly whisper all their hope is
That you’ll linger for a while.

But you leave them with small sorrow,
Onward still the dance you lead;
And to-night you’ll sup in Yarrow,
Ere you rest your giddy head.

Ettrick Forest.

A.M.

THE EDITOR. But though our friend in Inverkeithing does not like “sighs and sentiments,” they are, nevertheless, excellent ingredients in poetry; and there are a thousand moods of mind in which sought else would appear profane. What think you of the following verses, energetic in tone, and sincere in expression?

STANZAS TO A LADY.

Sweet lady! I tell thee thou needest not tremble,
Unwarily should thy soft fingers touch mine,—
I love thee not, girl,—why should I dissemble?—
My heart is another’s—it ne’er can be thine.

And if thou wouldst know who that heart has a-keeping,
And wherefore my brow is still shadow’d with care?
Or why all my gladness is changed into weeping?
Go, ask the dark grave—for my idol is there.

Oh! it was not the spell of her dark ringlets wreathing
Around the white neck so surpassingly fair,
Nor the music that seem’d from that soft bosom breathing
As if telling how kind was the heart that beat there:

It was not the calm of her brow’s snowy whiteness,
That won my heart’s homage from all else on earth;
Nor the glance of her eloquent eye’s thrilling brightness
Still sweetliest beaming when by her own hearth.

’Twas the smile on the ruddy lip ever reposing,
When no one was near to applaud or condemn,
The sunshine within of the pure soul disclosing,
The bliss of the spirit—the blaze of the gem.

She waned not as light from the landscape at even,
As mist from the mountain, or snow from the hill,
But pass’d as a star from the azure of heaven,
A flash from the cloud, or a ray from the rill.

My sainted, my loved one, my lost earthly treasure—
All pure and beatified now as thou art,
Thine, dearest! thine be my harp’s latest measure,
The last sigh of my soul—the last throb of my heart.
W. W.

OLD CERBERUS. (*With an agitated voice.*) These good verses!

THE EDITOR. The same author strikes a different key in this short ballad, concerning one of the most romantic hearted of England’s kings:

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

Brightly, brightly the moonbeam shines
On the castle turret wall,—
Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
Deep, deep in its dungeon’s thrall.
He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
To the warder’s drowsy strain,
And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring-flowers spread
When first he was fetter’d there,—
Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
Yet breathes he that dungeon’s air.
All lowly lies his banner bright,
That foremost in battle stream’d,
And dimm’d the sword that in the fight
Like midnight meteor beam’d.

But place his foot upon the plain,
That banner o’er his head,
His good lance in his hand again,
With Paynim slaughter red,—
The craven hearts that round him now
With coward triumph stand,
Would quail before that dauntless brow,
And the death-flash of that brand!

W. W.

THE EDITOR. Thou shalt never say, OLD CERBERUS that there was a want of variety in our company. I carry thee, therefore, all at once from poetry to prose from Richard Cœur-de-Lion to a Fox-Hunt. Thou no doubt, followed the hounds in thy day,—perchance them.

[*A shade of mysterious meaning passes over the face of OLD CERBERUS.*

OLD CERBERUS. Let us have the article with as introductory remarks as possible.

SKETCH OF A FOX-HUNT.

“Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow!”
Richard.

Perhaps there is not a more exhilarating sight, to the huntsman or the looker-on, than a full field

for the chase. Suppose a fine clear morning in December, a blue sky overhead, and the horizon fringed with a deep curtain of mist, which is gradually dispelling before the rays of the yet powerful sun; a faint breeze is abroad, which does no more than shake the remaining leaves from the almost leafless branches, and there is a slight frost just enough to crisp the crest of the deep-ploughed field; a hoar-frost, too, lies on the timber and brushwood, the rays of the sun making it sparkle with a gorgeous brilliancy. The appearance of the horses and dogs is no less full of interest. The hunting-field is an admirable place for viewing the various attitudes of that noble animal, the horse. Here is seen a young horse, "his first appearance in any field," as may be discovered from his restless demeanour—throwing himself back—plunging on all-fours—tossing his head, and putting himself into fifty attitudes in an incredibly short time. There stands another, who knows how "fields are won," his arched neck and pawing feet showing his impatience of restraint;—and here is an old veteran who has been in at fifty deaths in a season, and who contents himself with silently pricking his ears, and gazing earnestly on his companions in the chase—the hounds.

In Dr Chalmers's admirable discourse "On Cruelty to Animals," he defends the lovers of the chase from the charge of premeditated cruelty, and favours us with the following glowing paragraph concerning the amusement itself:—"There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous Old England, when the gallant knighthood and the hearty yeomen, and the matrons or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprise, and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with unusual clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the race, and every adventurous heart is braced, and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise; and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty, even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim."

The cover is at the top of a gently rising hill, planted with wood around the sides, but clear of every thing except furze and very low brushwood at the top, where a considerable space is open; a winding road leads to the cover, and as the huntmen ride up, their red coats are seen glittering in the sun, while a partial glimpse is caught of each rider, as he canters to the place of rendezvous. The dogs are thrown in, and the old huntmen are slowly up and down the edge of the cover, cheering the pack with the cries of "Tally-ho! Tantivy! Tally-ho!" accompanied with an occasional blast of the hunting-horn. A louncing dog or two are to be seen skulking outside, but are soon recognised and saluted with a "Go along, Duchess!" "Get away, Ruby!" and a crack of the whip, which sends them yelping to the cover. The pack are now seen commencing at one end, and spreading gradually along the cover, snuffing at every bush. Reynard, thus pushed, creeps silently from furze to furze; but as the pack steal on him, he shows himself, looks about for a moment, and then bounds from the enclosure, while the hounds, now laid on the right scent, "break cover," with a yell which makes the welkin ring.

The horses are restrained for a few minutes to keep the dogs clear, and then away pell-mell goes the whole field, the horses straining every nerve, and clearing the enclosures like birds on the wing. After the first burst of two or three miles, a few may be seen drawing up from the corner of the wood on the right, out springs a young horse, his first *debut* on the hunting field, ridden by a groom, and covered with foam; the powerful bit has torn his mouth, and the snowy wreaths are tossed from his head, tinged deeply with blood. The horses

yet young in the field are drawn up, and walked slowly home. Meanwhile, by

"Those of the true, the genuine sort,
Whose heart and soul are in the sport,"

as we see in one of Henry Alken's excellent sporting prints, the chase is gallantly held on, and Reynard leads his still numerous followers up hill and down dale with unabated vigour. After a few miles' farther run, the fox makes a sudden turn, and leads in the direction of the cover; the horses, breathed in the few minutes' check, rattle along after the baying hounds, while the fox makes rapidly for his old shelter. But he is destined never to reach it. After some severe running, the dogs are observed to get closer to their prey, and one or two staunch hounds are seen within a few yards of the brush of poor Reynard, who turns now and then, as they gain ground upon him, and snarls at them in savage desperation. The cover is all but gained, a high enclosure which surrounds it is leaped, but, at the same moment, three of the best hounds leap it also, and, in the twinkling of an eye, life is extinct.

Now the huntmen pour in for the purpose of securing the brush, and being first in at the death; and while three or four are coming down the field with all the speed of which their horses are capable, and each one calculating on gaining the prize, lo! an old huntsman, well acquainted with the country, has taken a short cut, and, by a direct road through the wood, takes his last leap in the face of the other huntmen, gallops up, and secures the trophy of the hunting field—the brush! The head and feet are given to the others in succession, and the remainder to the dogs, who make quick work with the remnants of poor Reynard. Once more mounted, the huntmen pursue their various routes homeward, discussing the incidents of the day, and indulging themselves in anticipating the pleasures of to-morrow's chase. OXION.

OLD CERBERUS. It is well written,—accurate and distinct. But there was a time—No matter.

THE EDITOR. We shall now treat you to a couple of sonnets, by different hands, but both good:

SONNET.

There was a silent spot, where I have been
In my blest boyhood, and my spirit caught
Its softer feelings and sublimer thought,
From the still influence of that thrilling scene.
The green-robed mountain, and the summer vale,
Were dim in the night's shadows; and the wood,
The wild and leafy haunt of solitude,
Held out its branches to the moonlight pale;
The noiseless waters slept beneath the sky,
Baring their wavy bosoms to the gaze
Of countless stars, that, with their sparkling rays,
Shed new enchantment o'er the scenery;
The birds gave forth no song, the winds no breath,
And all around seemed fading into death!

V. D.

SONNET TO ESKDALE FEN.

Thou parent mountain of my native dale,
Thou'rt lovelier in thy nakedness to me
Than woods that wave in odorous Araby,
Or clustering flowers that spangle Tempe's vale!
Thou'rt lovelier!—for I saw thee touch the sky
In infancy, ere care my heart had wounded,
And deem'd that thy strong cliffs of dusky dye
Man's habitation and his wishes bounded!
Not the high Alps nor Andes, higher far,
Can fix, like thee, my fancy's wandering eye,
Whether the sunbeams on thy bosom lie,
Or clouds around thee roll, and tempests jar;—
Whether thy brow be deck'd with heaven's bright bow,
Or crown'd with coronet of stainless snow.

Moffat.

J. H. L.

THE EDITOR. Here is a poet of whom you have heard us speak, who has already done well for so young a bard, and who will soon again be before the world, under the auspices of Messrs Constable & Co., and in the guise of "Eldred of Erin." He has a rich and ready fancy. If any one had doubts thereon, the following effusion would prove them erroneous :

A VISION.

By Charles Doyne Silvery.

I stood within the thunder of the sea ;—
Below my feet, on the pale golden sands,
The crimson pebbles and the pink shells lay :
Above, the full moon spread her wings of light,
Silvering the hoary ocean, and the depths
Of the blue, shoreless, breathless atmosphere :
There was no murmur—all was so serene,
And still, and moveless, that I heard my heart
Throb audibly within its secret cell,
As it drove life's red current through my veins ;—
When—lovely vision ! O, celestial sight !—
I saw, just where Orion paved the waves,
A form so radiant, that it seem'd to be
Chisel'd from the dazzling mass of the pure sun !
And could it be an Angel ?—There she stood
In the bright sunshine of her beauty !—there
She stood in music, and the living light
Of her own loveliness ! while from her wings
Of purple, downy, variegated gold,
A mist of sparkles fell around her form,
And mingled with the crystal of the sea.
Thick, glossy, silken, tangled wreathes of gold
Hung o'er the polish'd ivory of her brow,
(Clustering in clouds to veil her loveliness,)
And floated by her on the restless tide,
Where her limbs warm'd the water. — While I gazed,
The curdled blood crept freezing through my veins ;
The cold dew gather'd on my beating brow ;
My heart felt crush'd ; and my fraught quivering soul
Rush'd—like a deluge rush'd upon my brain.
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, in a trance
I stood—when her sweet silver-flowing voice
Broke forth into such melody divine,
That nought on earth can I to it compare :
She said—" Oh ! I am weary with this flight,
So far removed is yon bright star from Heaven,
Where I have been to save a dying soul ;—
Here let me breathe a moment, and again
I'll spread my pinions on the ethereal sea,
And seek the radiant bosom of my God !"

Nor did she ponder long—scarce had she spoken,
When all her form dissolved into my thought,
As melts away a rainbow in the heavens !
And there—oh, beautiful ! just where she stood,
A gentle halo hover'd o'er the sea,
Like the soft sunshine of a seraph's soul :
The cold glass glitter'd through it, while I gazed
On the dissolving glory, which did wane
Away in such sweet music, that the tears
Stole from my heart and wet my cold wan cheeks.
And this was all I ever saw or knew
Of that celestial visitant ;—and this
Was all a lovely mystery to me !

THE EDITOR. From the far land of Calithness, even from the burgh of Thurso, has come unto us the next communication. It is the production evidently of a gentle and poetical mind :

"I would not lose my recollections for all Mexico."
KNIGHT'S Quarterly Magazine.

Gone—and ne'er again to meet !
Lost for aye the converse sweet,
And the dewy smile that press'd
Gladness from my aching breast ;—

Far the voice, whose music shed
Loveliness o'er all it said ;
Yet no tone of grief shall be
In the song that tells of thee.

Fleety, fleety didst thou fly,
Like a shooting star on high ;
But thou leavest yet to me
The hidden gold of memory ;
Not when hush'd the lute's soft strain,
Fades its influence on the brain ;
And their odours still abide,
Where the summer flowers have died.

Blest and blessing thou hast past,
Oh ! I will not say too fast ;—
Present ever as thy shade,
Happiness around thee play'd ;
Absent—thou hast oft sweet thoughts—
Spirit-like thy memory floats,
Whispering words of import high,
Guiding onwards to the sky !

Thurso.

W. S. M.

EDU CERBERUS. Happy is it for him that his recollections are so valuable,—sad, but pleasant to the soul. There are those whose melancholy present is not to be easily consoled by drawing upon the treasury of the past.

THE EDITOR. In that frame of mind, here is a paper which will exactly suit you. It is an able and interesting one.

THE SUPERIORITY OF FICTION OVER TRUTH.

I propound it as an infallible axiom, that *Truth* is our greatest enemy. From our boyhood even to the present minute, the discovery of each new fact has occasioned the demolition of some air-built castle or other, more valuable to our happiness by an hundred fold, than the smallest particle of truth we found among its ruins. For myself, I ask no greater happiness than to be well deceived. Give me back my boyhood, with all its errors and ignorance. Make me again believe the Universe to be comprised within my visual horizon,—the blue heaven to be a palpable dome, based on the surrounding mountains. Give me again to speculate on the stars, as many lucid gems of nothing more than their seeming magnitude and distance. Let me again feel sublimity in the tiny cascade, that woke the echoes of my native glen. Set manhood again before me in prospective distance ; and oh ! let me once more believe that every soul who professes himself so is my sincere and trusty friend. These are the delightful fancies which your moral truths and scientific facts have deprived me of ; and what have they given me in return ? When I believed our little world comprised within so small a compass, I felt myself to be of some account ; but your telescopic discoveries have dwarfed me to an insignificant reptile ; and although you have enlarged my notions of the planet we inhabit, you have shown it, at the same time, to be a very atom of the mighty whole—a particle of dust, whose loss could scarcely be distinguished, were it swept from the citadel of creation. Besides, many of your calculations, which claim the assent of my reason, are, nevertheless, of a magnitude which I cannot distinctly comprehend.

What is it to me that the diurnal changes are produced by the revolution of the earth round its own axis, and not, as was supposed, by the motion of the sun ? Has that opinion altered one jot the economy of life ? has it added one lot to my happiness ? How has it advantaged me to know that the moon is merely a satellite of our planet—that she is lighted by reflection from the sun,—that she has her rivers, hills, rocks, and valleys, and is, in all probability, inhabited ? Does she look more lovely to me now, than when, without enquiring what she was, I used to emulate her speed of autumn nights, as she went reeling through the drifting clouds ? Is her coming more

welcome to me now? does she serve my purposes better, with all this added knowledge? Am I benefited by being initiated into the secret of the formation of colours—the mystery of the rainbow? Is the rose lovelier or sweeter, since I knew that its delicate pencillings were nothing permanent or abiding in itself, but merely produced by its capacity of absorbing and reflecting certain rays of light,—that its scent is nothing positively sweet,—that the sensation is in myself, which a certain quality in the rose has merely the power of exciting? What has the stupendous discovery of Newton done for me, that I should be grateful for it? Has it tempered the heats of summer, or softened the rigours of winter,—given a single additional blossom to the spring, or added a sheaf to the harvest? Do the dews of heaven fall more kindly, or the spring taste sweeter, that I know of how many powers the element is compounded?

O! what a world of happiness has the knowledge alone of my own puny powers and faculties not destroyed! There were blessed days indeed, when, straining like a bloodhound on the leash, I seemed to stand on the frontiers of Fame, feeling conscious of every faculty that was necessary to carry me to the highest honours, and only at a loss to choose which of the many paths I should pursue. What pictures did my youthful fancy not portray! annihilating time and space, and feeling the future in the instant. Nothing was to me impossible, because nothing had been tried. Surrounded, too, as I supposed myself to be, with the wise, the good, and the kind, the dark volume of humanity was to me a sealed book. Such were my dreams of youthful ignorance;—how prodigious the expense at which I have purchased the little knowledge I possess!

After frequent and fruitless attempts in various directions, the conviction was at length forced upon me that I had mistaken my powers—that I was a very limitedly endowed mortal, after all—that in place of being fitted to excel in every thing, it was very questionable if I was qualified to excel in any thing. The suspicion and ultimate conviction of this have given me more pain than all the pleasure I shall ever reap from knowledge. It brought me down at one fell swoop to the level of my kind, and taught me to consider how, by painful industry, I was to make my way through this every-day world. It cost me sorrows, military honours, literary and scientific fame, the supposed consciousness of lofty and commanding intellect, wealth and its gaudy additions, the power of doing gracious and noble actions, the anticipated pleasure of admiring my friends, and receiving their grateful testimony of praise and admiration. Am I answered, by telling me that these were but the childish delusions of a heated fancy? The happiness they gave was surely no delusion, for it had a positive existence in my mind and body. My bosom warmed and throbbed to it—the tear started to my eye to it—it sent the life-blood in spring-tides through my heart—it shortened my hours to minutes, and my days to hours—it sent me to sleep without care, and surrounded my pillow with visions of bliss. Unaided happiness, founded on the most solid truth, do you ask? What was it to me, that the coining of my fancy was spurious, while I had no suspicion of the cheat? It answered all my purposes, the same as if it had been of great value, with this immense addition, that, in place of being supplied like the penurious pittance of Truth, I had it in a profession that the most unlimited prodigality could not exhaust.

The human heart, too!—I still clung to my belief in its purity. But Truth threw open this chamber-house of verities, dashed in pieces the mirror in which Fancy had portrayed its lovely pictures, and left Memory, like a child, to pick up and amuse herself with the broken fragments. Tell me, ye advocates of Truth, was this a painful knowledge? I know that your own bosoms must echo the sentiment of the poet, "Again, who would not be a boy?" Who would not willingly forget all that he

has learned, renounce all that he has acquired, and go back to the land of hope and delusion, to inherit their boundless patrimony,—to believe his powers equal to his ambition, and mankind commensurate with his wishes?

Z.

☿ *Cerberus*. There are some who may think much of this paradoxical; but to me it is not so. It is all painfully correct.

THE EDITOR. We shall not, however, brood over it at present. Here is something of a livelier kind, redolent of Scotland, and her delightful traditions of Fairyland. It is the production of one whose name has long been well known, and known only to be respected and esteemed:

THE PLOUGHMAN AND FAIRY QUEEN.

A TALE OF MOTHERHOOD.

In ancient times, when Fairy Elves
Had houses and haddens like ourselves,
But, 'stead of halls, in knowes of heath
Kept ben and kitchen underneath;
Baked, brew'd, and cook'd their Elfin dinners,
And lived like ony christen'd sinners:
At times by lawful arts subsisting,
Bringing at times unlawful grist in,
Just as we men of mortal make
Sometimes earn, and sometimes take,
Steal, labour, reave, or beg or borrow,
That we may live, and dine to-morrow;
In such old times, when spade and plough
Kept clear of cairn and Fairy knowe,
With reverential care respected
What Elves improved—though man neglected;—
A ploughman wight (his name's unknown)
Came bump against a yird-fast stone,
And whilst his arms and shoulders dinne,
He peeps into an open'd tunnel,
By which a "Wolf's throat" entrance lay,
To what or whither, none might say;
Yet being hearty, young, and stout,
"I'll search," says he, "the secret out;
As oft, in quest of *binks*, I've found
The 'honey'd treasure' under ground."

He set his yads a bite to pluck,
And in his ploughman shoulders stuck,
Cork'd up the light, and like a mole
Crawl'd onward through the darken'd hole.
At length the floor beneath him rave,
And down he plump'd into a cave,
Not dank, and dark, and dreary seeming,
But all with light and splendour beaming,
Where green-coat, limber, pranky folks
Were making cheer, and cracking jokes,
Holding their Elfin carnival,
Within their subterranean hall.
He wish'd to run—he tried to rise—
But felt of an unwonted size,
As if a rock of fifty ton
Deep sunk in earth had tried to run!
Around him flock'd the Elfin train,
And smirk'd, and smiled, and smirk'd again;
At last a tall imposing figure,
Full four feet high, or somewhat bigger,
With finger salved his eye, and then
Back to her circle tripp'd again.

He oped his eye—it was his right one,
And now be sure it was a tight one.
He saw what never human eye,
All unassisted, might espy;

* January—*Wa fr-Monch*—Sax.: that is, Wolf's month, because this month is dark and dreary, as is the howl of a wolf when he yawns.

*The secrets of the Fairy train,
No man might live to tell again.*

His eye he closed, o'ercome at last,—
When oped again, the scene had pass'd ;
Again, beside his plough he stood,
His yads again pursued their food ;
Again, in broad and open day,
The knowes and cairn before him lay.

May fairs and markets never cease
To grace thy plainstanes, auld Dumfries !
On Wednesdays still may farmers ride
Along the Nith and Annan side,
To buy and sell, and wet their whistle,
And set the gude town in a bustle ;
And still may lads wi' fairings meet,
Treat bonny lasses in the street,
Lochmaben belles,—amid their romping,—
Wi' carrot tails to "keep them crompting."

Our eye-enlighten'd Ploughman bold,
Came down from mountain-land to hold
His bridesman market,—flashing free,
The prime of noble fellows he.
On wings of love his money flew—
On wings of love and friendship too,
For friends had throats, and lasses laps,
These for drink, and those for snaps,
(As sings our learned friend M'Diarmid,
Whose song full many an ear has charmed,
Sunk through the brain into the liver,
And made the very heart-strings shiver ;)
And our anointed hero knew
No limits when his purse he drew ;
On either arm a maiden fair
Hung with an easy, kindly air,
Like Gilpin's bottles swinging free,
In bobbing, plunging harmony,
Whilst he, like honest Gilpin knew,
To keep his balance, needed two.

Exhausted, out of breath and clink,
He sat him down at last to think ;
On market cross, with vacant eye
Surveying what he might spy ;—
In Galtish lingo to portray him,
"On stony settle" glow'ring frae him.
He saw,—nor might he trust his een,—
His tall green-coated Elfin Queen,
With measure of no common metal—
The size was nearly half a kettle,
From stand to stand, of corn and peas,
Helping herself with greatest ease ;
As greedy hangman used to ply
His ladle 'neath the dealer's eye.
Meanwhile nor eye nor hand essay'd
To mark or mar the maiden's trade ;
She came, she paused, she pass'd along
Unchallenged through the mazy throng.
Our Ploughman's bluid was warm and high,
And as the figure pass'd him by,—
"My guld kind dame of Fairy Land,
How goes it? let me shake your hand!"
The lady stopp'd, and stared, and then
Blew in his eye with might and main ;
That eye he never oped again!

MORAL.

Who looks too far into a stone,
Had better let the search alone.

©*Id Cerberus*. I should like to meet with the author of that tale. I will lay my life that he is a social and delightful companion.

Tax Eriox. He is, indeed ; and could make allowance for even your eccentricities. Meantime, allow me to present you with a sonnet from Glasgow :

SONNET.—TO THE STARS.

Beautiful Stars, again assemble ye !
Again together, on this Sabbath even,
Brothers and sisters—one bright family,
Around the mother moon ye meet in heaven !
Now, as I look up from my native vale,
That in the hush of all things seems to lie
Dreaming o'er every beauty which, to hail
The morrow's sun, she has in birth,—as I
Gaze on ye, Stars, from where I'd rather die,
Than elsewhere live a King—my spirit drinks
Of life from a new source : For, o'er the sky
As ye spread wide your shining band, methinks
Ye are souls of late departed from our sphere,
Watching o'er some you left who still are dear !
Glasgow. N. C.

THE EDITOR. A translation from the Spanish will agreeably vary so much original writing :

ON THE ASCENSION.

From the Spanish of Louis de Leon,

And leav'st thou, Pastor Holy !
Thy flock in this dark wilderness and maze,
'Midst fear and melancholy,—
Dost thou, in glory's blaze,
Calmly ascend to the Infinite of Days ?

The wise, the good, the blest,—
Rejoicing once, but now in mournful guise,—
The cheriah'd in thy breast,—
Who now shall sympathize
With them, or who shall charm their longing eyes ?

What shall those eyes behold,
That saw the beauties of their Heavenly Lord,
That can delight unfold ?
By whom that heard thy word,
Will not the world's harsh discord be abhor'd ?

This dark and stormy ocean
Who shall control ? What power the winds shall chide
In their tempestuous motion ?
If clouds thy form now hide,
What star the vessel to her port shall guide ?

Alas ! thou envious cloud !
Why with our short-lived pleasure interfere ?
Why in such haste to shroud
Thy wealth and disappear ?
How poor, how blind, alas ! thou leav'st us here !

THE EDITOR. We think the following paper will be perused with interest. It is upon an interesting subject and there is a great deal of truth to nature in it :

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL-DAY SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

"Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or like a school broke up,
Each hurries to his home and sporting place."
Henry IV. Second Part

Our school-days were, on a reduced scale, somewhat like those of King Richard,—"frightful, desperate, wild, and furious." It is true that we had done no evil sufficient to make

—"Shadows strike more terror to our souls,
Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers ;

but nevertheless our career was characterised by all recklessness, temerity, and mischief, common to the youth of boyhood.

The King's birth-day was, of course, a holiday, and was always looked forward to with great pleasure. Some weeks previous, the providing material for our bonfire, as we called it, was of no small moment. Our stave, which was placed by the wall at the end of the p

ground, was most rigorously looked after; indeed, we had a hermetical sort of residence constructed inside the pile of firewood, where one or two of us actually bivouacked through the summer nights to keep our property safe. The decoration of the play-ground and ball-alley was another important piece of business; the boughs were generally procured (by right of custom) in some neighbouring wood; the baker's cart was pressed into the service, and after nightfall we set out, and were not long in loading the cart with the finest branches we could get hold of, by the dim and uncertain light of a summer evening. This part of the work was always performed the night before the birth-day. One night, I remember well, while we were all busy in the work of spoliation, some in the trees, some below, and others at the cart, we were rather startled by the report of a musket in the very heart of our troop. We instantly made the best of our way through the wood, burst through the hedging, leaped the ditch, and "cut and run before the wind," as Byron somewhere says, as hard as we were able to scamper. We might have saved ourselves the trouble, however, as it was only the gamekeeper of the district, an indulgent fellow, who was merely trying whether we could stand fire or no. The morning of the fourth of June, the birth-day of our late "beloved sovereign," saw us up with the sun, assembled on the play-ground, and ready for active service by four o'clock. The pile was erected close by the river side, a few immense roots of trees, which had been washed down by the winter *spates*, forming the foundation of our labours, and a noble fir-tree the centre. The day was spent with all the madcap revelry and boisterous noise due to the occasion, and night saw us wander home as black as sweeps with dirt and gunpowder, and as ready, as a long day of youthful toil and labour could make us, in the words of Montgomery, to

"Stretch the tired limbs,
And lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed."

There was an old woman who lived near the school, and who lives there yet for aught I know. She was a good honest creature, but a singular one. She concocted a certain villainous compound of treacle and raw sugar, which was, in common parlance, denominated *clagum*—a vile name, it must be confessed. Many a goodly fellow's stomach did it disarrange, and many a dinner did it cause to stand over. Be that as it might, however, we were wont to smack our unsophisticated lips very sweetly after discerning a penny-worth of Nannie's far-famed mixture. This old woman kept a calender, and the fact was intimated to the natives by a sign above her door, which ran thus:—"A mangle kept here." One night, some of the wags about school took the liberty to erase one letter and suppose two others, so that, next morning, to the astonishment of the beholders, the horror of Nannie, and the infinite delight of the perpetrators of the mischief, it read, "An angel kept here." The old woman was exceedingly wroth at this doubtful sort of compliment. Nannie was as a beauty, and she well knew she had little claim to such a title. This trick was not forgotten by her for many a day; she laid the blame on the whole community, and insisted that the master should flog the whole school, in order that the real offender might not escape; but *Nobody*, who certainly "did the deed," was as scarce in those days as he is now.

The winter season was another fruitful source of joy and amusement, and, while snow and ice lasted, we made good use of them. First, as to snow, the suburban and we were wont to contest the possession of the old bridge with the most eager violence. The appearance of hundreds of snowballs, flying like lightning from both sides, had a most picturesque effect: the balls often met midway, and split with a report which told with what *birr* they were thrown. With caps drawn down, and jackets unbuttoned up, and the arms of our advanced guard full of

our harmless implements of war, we used to commence the action with the utmost regularity. I have not heard that any *Bonaparte* ever went out from amongst us, but this I know, that our attacks, skirmishes, rescues, and retreats, were conducted with a military truth which would have done honour even to the boyish days of the grand Napoleon himself. The ice, too, was the scene of many a well-remembered exploit. One winter the frost was so severe, that carts crossed on the ice at the fording place for ten or twelve days. When it began to give way, we amused ourselves by cutting large squares with hatchets, and detaching them from the great body of the ice, managing our frail rafts with long poles, and steering down the water and through below the bridge. Two or three of us had one afternoon hewn out a tolerably-sized raft; it was thawing fast, and the river was running broad and deep; we pushed away, got into the middle of the current, and made for the centre arch of the bridge, intending to sail through, and land at a green bank on the other side. By some mismanagement in the steering, our flat-bottomed bark "missed poles," and, before we could say "Robinson Crusoe," crash went the brittle raft against the pier of the bridge, and was in a twinkling smashed into a thousand pieces, leaving her crew in a most uncomfortable situation. Luckily for us she went down, or rather, we went down, not *at*, but a few yards *from*, a dreaded place called "the deep hole," caused by the constant eddying of the water, where even a member of the Six Feet Club would have been deprived of daylight. We floundered out from among the broken ice, wet to the skin, and shivering like leaves in the winter blast, laughed at by many, and pitied by few, got home, and did not attempt the ice-rafts till—next opportunity.

Dear to the memory are all these, and a thousand more, reminiscences of our early years, and endeared to us is the scene of all these recollections,—

"— Dear is the school-boy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

There we are forgot!—a melancholy truth; yet there is a sad pleasure in going over the scenes of our early days, with no companion save our own thoughts, and reflecting on the years which are passed by, which are gone—and for ever! F.

THE EDITOR. You will be pleased with the plaintive spirit which pervades the following lines:

ON REVISITING THE RHYMER'S GLEN, NEAR ABBOTSFORD.

Returning from another clime,
I seek the haunts of olden time;
Once more, at close of evening grey,
Down Elidon's side I fondly stray,—
Once more with willing steps I turn
To thee, romantic Huntlyburn.
Scene of my first poetic dreams,
Where all with fond remembrance teems;
Here, as thy waters onward haste,
I mark, in rapture, all the past,
And muse on those delightful hours
When first I sate among thy bowers.

Thrice ten long tedious years have passed
Since with the dawn I left thee last;
The glow of youth was on my brow,
My step was firm and light,—but now
An alter'd man thy vale I seek—
Benumb'd my limbs, and wan my cheek.

Each year the world new changes knows,
Thy stream the same for ever flows,
Soft gliding through the leafy brake,
From Cauldshell's dark unfathom'd lake,
And still remains as pure and free
As it of old was wont to be;
And groves of birch and hazels green
Still soften all thy fairy scene!

What changes hast thou mark'd of men,
 Since first thou wast the Rhymer's Glen !
 Since nightly in the moonlight clear
 The fairies held their revels here,
 Till the gay skylark from the lawn
 Uprose to meet the silver dawn ;
 Since first the clanging bugle-horn
 To envied toils awoke the morn,
 Call'd of our land the pride and grace
 To seek for glory in the chase,
 And brought the deer o'er hill and dale,
 For safety to thy lonely vale.
 Thy sod has oft with blood been dyed,
 But now no more the warriors ride ;
 The dauntless Thistle and the Rose
 No longer meet as deadly foes.
 Long since the mighty spell is broke,
 That bound us to St Peter's yoke ;
 The monks, thy lords in days of yore,
 Will tread this green recess no more,
 No more will chant the mystic strain,
 Nor worship at St Mary's fane.
 The deer has left his woodland lair,
 Thy furze but screens the timid hare.
 The eagle from his cliff has flown,
 Succeeded by the hawk alone.
 But in thy minstrel's lofty rhymes
 Our souls revert to ancient times,
 And still in fancy hover o'er
 The scenes that can return no more.

W. B.

THE EDITOR. This little song is also by the same author. There is a pretty wildness in it, and it might be successfully set to music :

SONG.

O bury me deep in the trackless sea,
 Let the freshening breeze around me hover ;
 Let the soft bed of coral my pillow be,
 And the circling waters lap me over.
 With their robes of green, and their eyes of pearl,
 Let the nymphs of ocean my vigils keep ;
 Let my bed be deck'd with the sapphire and beryl,
 And the waves' gentle murmur lull me to sleep.
 For I have loved the ocean wide,
 And fearless rode o'er the rising billow ;
 There let me repose beneath its tide,
 Dearer to me than the downy pillow.
 O bury me deep in the trackless sea,
 Let the freshening breeze around me hover ;
 Let the soft bed of coral my pillow be,
 And the circling waters lap me over.

W. B.

THE EDITOR. Indicative of a yet higher order of genius, and of a more glowing imagination, is the following composition, by one who has not hitherto come before the world as a poet, but who certainly promises yet to distinguish himself in that department of literature. Let us request your attention to this production :

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.—A VISION.

By J. W. Ord.

No human form could I espy, no habitation there,
 But only three black castle walls, most miserably bare ;
 And near, two rotten leafless trees were staring on each other,
 And there they hiss'd with the hissing wind, like brother
 'gainst a brother.
 Away and away I wander'd, o'er the far and desert waste ;
 I went as if my life in heaven depended on my haste ;
 And through the long and weary night I hurried on my way,
 For I sicken'd at the dreariness I had beheld that day ;

And when the dawn flash'd o'er the earth, I laid me down
 to rest,
 The frowning heavens my canopy, my bed the cheerless
 waste.

And, lo ! within my dreaming sleep, the winds and storms
 were gone,
 Like a child's sweet face was the smiling sky, so cheer-
 fully it shone ;
 And perfumes faint came o'er the sense, as from sweet
 gardens nigh,
 Upon the breeze swift odours pass'd, as love-thoughts on
 a sigh.

At length, oh heavenly thing ! I saw, afar unto the west,
 A glorious sight, which yet doth dwell like music in my
 breast :

It was the first green lovely thing that yet had struck my
 sight,

And I felt as a loosen'd captive feels, when he looks on
 heaven's loved light ;

I ran as runs the wild deer proud, when he hears the
 clarion ring,

Or the Arab's thirsty war-horse, when he smarts the de-
 sert spring.

'Twas a lone and beauteous flower, which shed its per-
 fume on the air ;

Like a stately herb which angels love, it stood in grandeur
 there :

I thought on the rose and the violet, and I thought on
 the hairbell blue,

And the sensitive plant, and anemone, with its cup of sil-
 ver dew ;

And I thought on the tulip and hyacinth, and the flowers
 beneath the wave,

And the poison-staying asphodel, which was sown on the
 dead man's grave ;

And I thought on all earth's fragrant flowers—and many
 and sweet are they—

Of flowers of passion, and scent, and love, which breathe
 in the poet's lay ;—

But dearer, lovelier, sweeter far, was that odour-breathing
 flower,

Which shed such perfume, faint and deep, the dreary
 desert o'er.

It was not yellow, nor white, nor red, nor purple, nor
 green, nor blue,

Nor like those flowers which poets clothe with fancy's
 every hue ;

Its leaves were rim'd as the eve clouds are, with the
 sun's last parting beam—

A soft, and a rich, and a golden shade, like a moon-re-
 flecting stream.

And a warm and odorous scent breathed up, like a breeze
 of the gentle west,

And a rosy glow tinged every leaf, like the depth of a
 maiden's breast ;

You might have deem'd it a heaven-loved flower, just
 fall'n from the summer sky,

And the dewdrop gleaming in its cup, the tear of an
 angel's eye.

And a bubbling fount beside its foot gave music deep and
 wild,

Gentle, and soft, and musical, as the breathing of a child ;
 And its crystal depths were still and clear, as a winter
 moonbeam's light,

And its heaving breast was full and fair, as a virgin's
 bosom bright ;

And the delicate murmuring melody, which at every throb
 was heard,

Was deeper, sweeter, more intense, than the song of the
 forest bird,—

A song like a zephyr sighing 'mong the gay and amorous
 trees,

As it fondles and kisses the panting leaves in its wanton
 gallantries ;

O'er the wild low chant of a fairy band o'er the grave of
a sister dead,
O'er the music of their silvery wings, as they float o'er the
dreamer's head.
And I knelt me down by that lonely flower, and I knelt
by that crystal spring,
And I drank from that stream, whose melody was deeper
than bird might sing;—
To the golden rim of the gentle flower I gave one fervent
kiss,
For I could not help but deeply love this child of the
wilderness.

Oh beautiful, oh beautiful, are the dreamy things we see,
The golden-hued illusions of the realm of fantasy!
Oh the shadows wild and gay which float before the eye
in dreams!
Are they glimpses dim of hidden joys and bright Elysian
glens—

The fife of the guardian spirit kind that watches our
couch in sleep,
And thus gives token of coming bliss to those who mourn
and weep?
Or are they glittering nothings, which attract the mortal
eye—

Vain of things which dwell not in the earth, nor sea,
nor sky—

Unwilling spirits sent to haunt the child of poetry?
Guiseborough, Yorkshire.

©D Cæterbus. The man who wrote that has a highly
poetical temperament, which ought to be encouraged. I
see he dates Guiseborough, in Yorkshire;—why is the
lyric of your old friend Danby, who now resides there,
silent?

THE EDITOR. We know not the cause; but we regret
the fact. If you are not tired—

©D Cæterbus. Tired! My dearest Editor, I could
listen to such compositions, enhanced, as they are, by the
rich, mellow, and manly tones of your voice, for a whole
year.

THE EDITOR. We shall not tax your patience quite so
long, for there are only three other effusions which we
intend to separate at present from these mighty heaps be-
fore and around us. The first is entitled

HUMAN LIFE.

Like a boat on the wave
When a storm's in the sky,—
Like the rose o'er a grave
When the winter is nigh,—
Like a star when it streams
Through the clouds in their flight,—
Like the fabric of dreams
'Mid the slumbers of night,—
Like the lamp that is lit
In the mist o'er the moor,
Or the bubbles that flit
By the rude rocky shore,
Is the vision of life in this tempest-tost clime,
A shadow fleet fleeting—a moment of time.

As the bark—as the star—
Disappear, and are gone,
And their destiny far
Is mysterious—unknown,—
As the rose fades away
From our hopes and our tears,—
And our bright dreams decay
In the rude wreck of years,—
As the meteor-lamp flies
To its deep water cave,
And the wind-bubble dies
On the first dashing wave—
Is akin to his doom—but a span from his birth,
The sport of his passions—the monarch of earth.
Drumthwaite, near Stonehaven.

THE EDITOR. Our next poem puts us in mind of a
question which we have long wished to ask you, ©D
Cæterbus;—were you ever in love?

[The hair of ©D Cæterbus becomes first red, then
black, then grey; his eyes flash fire; and his whole
body is convulsed. A pause.]

THE EDITOR. Enough. We are answered. Here is
the poem:

A LOVER'S HOUR.

By William Arncliffe.

A star was twinkling in the west,
And rising o'er our woody hill;
The moon, upspringing from her nest,
Turn'd looks of light on lake and rill;
Afar was heard the surging sea
Rustling o'er the pebbled strand,
A low dull moan,—it seem'd to be
The ripple dying on the sand!

Soft flow'd our thoughts that twilight hour,
As I sat by thee in that lonely bower,
And gazed uncheck'd on those dark fringed eyes,
Where I saw reflected the deep blue skies,
And felt thy averted glance revealing
The tenderness which o'er thee stealing,
Made thee turn gently round with one full look,
A brief, a single look!—and all was told!

Sweet were our thoughts that silent hour,
As the moon beams chequer'd through our bower.
And when our shadows startled thee,
And closer still thou crept to me,
I felt thy bosom quickly prest
One yielding moment to my breast!
Earth was forgot—it was holy bliss
To love a maiden so gentle as thee;

And though we met in one deep kiss,
Our hearts were calm as that evening sea.
And then, thy hand was placed in mine,
And we knelt mid flowers in the pale moonshine;
And we vow'd in our hearts—for no words were spoken—
That the link of true-love should never be broken.
Colliston, September, 1829.

©D Cæterbus. (Still much agitated.) An hour such
as is here described can only exist once in all this long and
dreary life,—the first hour in which mutual passion is
confessed, is felt, is rejoiced in. Let it be locked up for
ever in the innermost chamber of the heart. Men may
dream of living it over again; but it is impossible. The
whole soul will never more foam and sparkle up so high.
Much of the ethereal essence has been expended, and what
is left, gradually subsides into the stale flat lees of ordi-
nary existence. Better to be a vampire, and dig up the
dead, than endure the misery of vainly lamenting over
the shadows of the past!

THE EDITOR. *Apropos* of the dead, here is a sad and
gentle poem, which will tend to soothe your somewhat
perturbed spirit. It is the last we shall produce:

THE CHURCHYARD.

By Thomas Brydson.

At most times I feel it a dreary thing
To walk in the churchyard alone,
Though the moments go by on sunny wing,
And bright is each sculptured stone.
Oh! the grisly likeness of Death is there,
And a heavy sadness weighs down the air.

I live and I move where those have moved,
Who beneath my feet decay;
I think of a home and of friends beloved,—
And those sleepers, so once did they.
They turn'd to that home, and the morning shines
Brought the joy to their bosoms it brings to mine.

There's a voice in the dark rank grave-weeds too,
That mocks at my hope and fear :—
"He was young,—but he gasp'd out a long adieu,
And we revel above him here."
Thus speak the intruders where man is less
Than the weed in his poison'd helplessness.

Yet mournfully pleasing it is, I ween,
To read on the tomb of some long-lost friend,
(While memory brings us the days that have been,)
How his life was blameless, and calm his end :—
Then mingles a ray with our spirit's gloom—
Heaven in contrast with mortal doom.

But many moods of mind there be—
Coming and going like light and shade
O'er the green fields of summer—and blessed is he
Whom the black cloud of sadness hath seldom sway'd.
At most times, though sunshine is in the sky,
I shrink from the lonely cemetery.

THE EDITOR. The many perils who still surround our gates must exert their patience for a time, for we cannot yet give them admission to our paradise.

OLD CERBERUS. Why should you? Are there not innumerable drivellers, who ought to be kept as far from you as midges from the sun;—creatures that buzz in your ear; and when you will not deign to listen to them, seek for revenge, by attempting to sting you, although a wasp might as well attempt to sting Ben Lomond?

THE EDITOR. Nay, let us part in peace with our contributors;—we have a liking for them all.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Eighteen printer's Devils have just arrived in a triumphal car, to convey the manuscript of the next Number of the LITERARY JOURNAL to the Printing-office.

OLD CERBERUS. It is a contrivance of mine. The car is built after the fashion of an Eastern chariot; and both the vehicle itself, and the four black horses which draw it, I purchased as a present for the EDITOR in his SLIPPER. (THE EDITOR bows.) I have to request, in return, one favour,—that you will allow me to drive the manuscript of the forthcoming Number to the Printer's myself.

THE EDITOR. By all means.—Peter, order the Devils to enter and receive the copy.

[Exit Peter.]

OLD CERBERUS. I have long been distressed to think that any of your immortal lucubrations should be conveyed to the press, just as if they were the writings of any ordinary man; but I have now, by the present expedient, obviated the difficulty. The triumphal car, as it hebdomadally gleams along Prince's Street, will be at once recognised, and many an anxious anticipation will be awakened as to the contents of the succeeding Number.

THE EDITOR. Our best thanks are due to you.

[Re-enter Peter, followed by the eighteen Printer's Devils. The EDITOR gives a quantity of manuscript to each, and then presenting his hand to OLD CERBERUS, leads him out to the door, followed by Peter and the Devils. OLD CERBERUS ascends the box, and the eighteen Devils seat themselves in the car. The crowd assembled round the house give three cheers. OLD CERBERUS and the Devils bow respectfully to the EDITOR, and the horses set off at full speed. EXEUNT the EDITOR and Peter into the house. The Scene closes.]

REMINISCENCES AND RELICS OF ROBERT BURNS.

We were lately enabled to lay before our readers some interesting relics of Scotland's favourite poet, Burns, and also to give a full account of the discovery of a new and highly interesting portrait of the bard. Some farther in-

formation upon this subject has since been put into our hands, which we have much pleasure in now communicating to our readers. The portrait already mentioned having been shown to Mr Alexander Smellie, the son of the gentleman who printed the first edition of Burns's Poems, he addressed a letter to Messrs Constable and Co., which, with their permission, we now subjoin, and which cannot fail to be read with interest:

"Edinburgh, 8th Jan. 1830.

"GENTLEMEN,—As I have been requested to give my opinion of the original portrait of Burns recently discovered, I think it right to state the opportunities I had of judging of his likeness. From the beginning, I think, of January, 1787, when the first Edinburgh edition of his poems was begun to be printed by my father, till about the middle of April of the same year, I sat every day at the opposite side of the desk, reading to Burns the manuscript of his poems, while he corrected the proof-sheets. Some time after this period, I occasionally met with him in Mr Hill's house. I also frequently saw him at the meetings of the Crochallan Fencibles, a convivial club, consisting of many of the first literary characters of the day, which met in a tavern kept by one Douglas, in the Anchor Close, where the members of that corps used to pit the Poet and my father against each other in contests of wit and irony. Though I had thus such ample opportunities of seeing him, it is somewhat curious that I do not recollect any thing at all remarkable about his eyes, which some persons have described as being so keen and penetrating. I cannot, however, forget the peculiarity of manner which he exhibited on his first appearance in my father's printing-office. He was dressed much in the style of a plain country farmer, in a grey coat, striped vest, and his usual buckskin breeches and boots. He walked three or four times from one end of the composing room to the other, cracking a long whip, to the no small annoyance of the compositors and pressmen; and although portions of the manuscript of his poems were lying before every compositor in the house, he never once looked at what they were doing, nor asked a single question. He frequently repeated this odd practice during his visits to the printing-office, and always in the same strange and inattentive manner. We had been told, when the poems were first sent to be printed, and before Burns had made his appearance in the printing-office, that they were the composition of a common illiterate ploughman; and though I was at that time a young man, the cracking of the whip, and the strangely uncouth and unconcerned manner of Burns, always impressed me with the notion that he wished to assume the clownish appearance of a country rustic in a greater degree than what naturally belonged to him.

"I saw the original portrait, by Nasmyth, in Mrs Burns's house, Dumfries, in 1796, when I was introduced to her by Mrs Riddel of WOOLLEY PARK, (not of Glenriddel, as she has been so often erroneously designated,) a lady much celebrated by Burns, and the writer of a very ingenious critique on his poetical works. I well remember, one evening shortly after his funeral, of this same lady, in a fit of enthusiasm, proposing to me to accompany her to the burial place of Burns. We accordingly went together, and at the dead of night planted laurels on his grave. Mrs Riddel, on my return from Dumfries to Edinburgh, gave me a letter of introduction to the celebrated Clarinda, who at that time resided in the Canongate. Clarinda was so kind as to read to me a number of the letters which she had received from Burns, many of which I have never seen in print.

"Before I saw this portrait of Burns by Mr Taylor, I had never seen any thing at all like him, except the engraving done by Beuge for the first Edinburgh edition of his Poems, which was, in my opinion, far liker than the portrait by Nasmyth, from which it was taken. This may have been owing to the engraver's having, if I mis-

like not, had frequent sittings of the Bard, during the progress of the engraving, in addition to Nasmyth's portrait lying before him.

"The Portrait which I have now seen in the hands of the engraver, I think a remarkably striking likeness—so much so, that I recognised it the instant it was shown to me. It is, in my opinion, much liker than that done by Nasmyth. Of this I conceive there cannot be the smallest doubt in the mind of any one who has a distinct recollection of the features of the celebrated original. I pointed out to Mr Horsburgh, the engraver, what I thought a small defect in the Portrait, which he said he would endeavour to correct in the engraving.

"After what I have stated, I need not add that I have not the smallest doubt of the authenticity of this invaluable Portrait—I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,
ALEX. SMELLIE."

These reminiscences are characteristic and striking. From another gentleman of respectability in Edinburgh we received, a few days ago, a communication containing some curious particulars illustrative of Burns's popular and beautiful song, "My Nannie, O." We willingly give his letter a place also :

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

"Sir,—None of the editors or biographers of our immortal Poet seem to know any thing of the heroine or history of the beautiful song, 'My Nannie, O.' Mr Lathar, though latest of them, refers this song to the time when the Poet lived at Mossgiel, and ascribes it to one of the many minor love attachments to which the Poet, he thinks, was so prone. This is a mistake. The circumstances which gave rise to it were these:—Burns published at Kilmarnock, as is well known, the first collected edition of his poems, which was printed and published by John Wilson, bookseller and printer there, a worthy and respectable man, whom I knew well. While the work was in progress, Burns resided in Kilmarnock, but he might be at hand to furnish manuscript for the press, and revise the proof sheets. During that season, he was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr Wilson, who was spacious and hospitable, and possessed taste and talent enough to relish the charms of Burns's conversation. Mr Wilson had recently before married a daughter of Mr William Sheriff, farmer at Broomhouse, in East Lothian; and Agnes, an unmarried daughter of Mr Sheriff's family, familiarly called Nannie by her sister, was on a visit to Mr Wilson at the time the printing of this volume was going on. Nannie was eminently beautiful, with sweet, engaging manners, and Burns was delighted with so fascinating a young creature. As he often spoke in her praise, her sister—whom I have often heard mention the circumstances—suggested that he should make her the subject of a song. He said, 'That would not be difficult, but that it would be necessary to place her among scenery somewhat more poetical than the houses and streets of Kilmarnock.' He soon produced the admirable song, 'My Nannie, O,' in the MS., and also in the first edition of which, he described her as residing 'Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows'—which hills she had never seen—by which term Stinchar, he afterwards altered to Lugar—both of them streams in the south of Ayrshire—on account of the softer name. The lovely Nannie, who was never sent to my wife—the latter being, indeed, named after her—married, soon after, Mr Morton, a respectable young man, whom she accompanied to the West Indies, where, some years after, both of them died, leaving two children, with a competency for their support.

"Though I would prefer anonymous publication, yet if you think authentication of the facts I have stated of importance, you are welcome to subjoin, in place of my initials, my name and address as in the envelope.—I am, Sir, J. G."

* Mr Alexander Smellie was thirty years Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries.

From another source we have been supplied with two curious relics of Burns. The first is probably the last letter he ever wrote, bearing date "July 16th, 1796," which is two days later than any other hitherto published. He died upon the 20th of the same month. It is a letter, addressed from the Brow, near Dumfries, to the late Mr James Gracie of that town, and is in these words, which we copy verbatim from the original, now in our possession :

"My dear Sir,—It would be doing high injustice to this place not to acknowledge that my rheumatisms have derived great benefit from it already; but, alas, my loss of appetite still continues. I shall not need your kind offer. *this week*, and I return to town the beginning of next week, it not being a tide week. I am detaining a man in a burning hurry. So God bless you! R. Burns. Weden. Morn."

We consider the other relic, which we obtain from the same source, still more curious :

"About seven or eight years ago," says our informant, "Mrs Burns presented me with a volume of 'The World,' with many of Burns's holograph remarks written upon it; and on one of the blank leaves are the following lines, written with a pencil, much defaced, yet pretty legible, and in Burns's hand."

We are not aware that these lines have ever before appeared in print. They may aptly be entitled,—

A TRIBUTE TO THE GENIUS OF FERGUSON.

"Ill-fated genius! heaven-taught Ferguson!
What heart that feels, and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.
Oh! why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of want and woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour fortune can bestow."

These lines are every way characteristic of Burns. We are at all times glad to be the means of rescuing from oblivion aught that may belong to the memory of the illustrious dead; and there is no one to whose memory we are more anxious that justice should be done than to that of Robert Burns.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

WEBERIAN SOCIETY.

Saturday, 23d January.

DAVID FALCONER, Esq., V.P., in the Chair.

Present.—Professors Jameson, Ritchie, Brunton, Graham; Drs Gillies, John Aitken, Coldstream; C. G. S. Menzies, Henry Witham, James Wilson, — Torrie, Mark Watt, — Stark, — Adie, Esquires, &c. &c.

THERE were read, 1st, "Notices on Coal, under the New Red Sandstone near to Leicester, by Mr Foster;" communicated by Henry Witham, Esquire; on which Professor Jameson made some observations, tending to prove that this position of coal strata is not so unfrequent as has been supposed; and 2d, A paper "On the Circulation of the Blood in the Fetus, in Man and in the lower Animals," by Dr John Aitken. We regret that the utter impossibility of rendering the subjects of these interesting communications intelligible to our readers, unaided by the diagrams which accompanied the one, and the specimens which accompanied the other, obliges us to forego our intention of attempting a sketch of their contents.

Before the termination of the meeting, an experiment of a highly interesting nature was exhibited by Mr Reid. It had occurred to this gentleman, that if the heat given out by a small ball of chalk, exposed to the united action of oxy-

gen and hydrogen gases, in a state of ignition, were reflected and condensed between two concave polished surfaces, a very powerful effect would be produced. He accordingly tried the experiments, and found that, by means of a ball of chalk, not larger than a small hazel-nut, objects were ignited in the focus of the opposite mirror, which, *ceteris paribus*, in ordinary experiments, required the use of a red-hot iron ball, three or four inches in diameter. It will be recollected by our readers, that about two years ago it was proposed (we think by Captain Drummond) to employ the intense light, created by the above-mentioned process, in light-houses during foggy weather. Mr Reid, in a second experiment on the present occasion, predeed, with the assistance of a common light-house reflector, an effect of light vivid and dazzling beyond description.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Monday, 25th January.

Sir GEORGE MACKENZIE in the Chair.

Present.—Professor Brunton; Drs Hibbert and Carson; Thomas Allan, James Skene, Donald Gregory, ——— Dennison, Esquires, &c. &c.

Among other donations this evening presented to the Society, were some specimens of the Ancient Painting on the walls of the Baths of Titus at Rome, from William Dyce, Esq., Associate of the Royal Institution. What follows is an extract from the letter of the donor, which accompanied the fragments:—"I am sorry that the fragments, from their smallness, do not exhibit the character of ancient painting so fully as some I have had an opportunity of seeing in this country; but as there is nothing of the kind already in the Museum, they may, perhaps, be thought worthy of a place until some better specimens be procured. Such as they are, however, they are sufficiently interesting, and may serve, with the help of Vitruvius, to give us a pretty correct notion of the manner in which the ancient Roman fresco painting was executed; for between the age of Augustus (in which Vitruvius lived) and that of Titus, (in whose days the Baths were built,) there does not seem to have been any great change, either in the style of the decorations of their houses, or in the manner of their execution. This might be made to appear by a comparison of the remains of either age with those of the other, or by tracing the complete correspondence which is found to exist between the rules laid down by Vitruvius and the practice followed by the artists of the days of Titus. Vitruvius, like a true antiquarian, complains bitterly of the vitiated taste which prevailed among his countrymen at the period when he wrote. 'They love,' says he, 'to represent things which neither exist, nor can be, nor have been.' 'Painting,' he continues, 'represents things which either exist or may exist; but in these days subjects are painted, whose prototypes are nowhere to be observed in nature. For, instead of columns, we find reeds substituted; instead of pediments, the stalks, leaves, and tendrils of plants. Candelabra are made to support little temples, from the roofs of which branches spring out, bearing absurd figures. And again, we find other stalks bearing figures, some with human heads, others with heads of beasts. These new fashions have so much prevailed, that, for want of competent judges, true art is little esteemed. How is it possible for a candelabrum to support a horse, or for figures to grow on stalks?' &c. &c. I am sorry the fragments I have procured are too small to exhibit specimens of this grotesque work alluded to and condemned by Vitruvius. Any one, however, who has seen the baths of Titus, can testify that the style of their decoration is precisely the same as that mentioned by Vitruvius; or that, if any difference exists, it is, that the very fault pointed out by him, is carried, if possible, to a greater excess. That the mode of execution was the same as that laid down by Vitruvius, will immediately appear if we compare his words with the appearances in the fragments. He says, that after the beams of a chamber are fixed, Greek reeds, previously bruised or pressed flat, are to be tied to them; after which, various layers, or coats, of lime, are to be laid on—the first composed of lime, and very coarse sand—the second of lime, and finer sand—the third of lime and fine sand, mixed with marble dust. The wall is then to be finished by three separate coatings of stucco and marble dust; on the last of which, while wet, the colours, mixed to the size, are to be laid. After this, if any colour needs to

be kept from the action of the air, it is to be covered with mixture of Punic wax and oil. All these operations the specimens exhibit sufficiently well. On the largest one, as some of the others, impressions of the flattened reeds may be seen, as well as the various coatings of lime and stucco increasing in fineness towards the coloured surface. The various colours also clearly appear to have been put on before the stucco had been dry, from their having sunk into it in some places more than one-tenth of an inch."

The Secretary read the conclusion of Col. Miller's essay on the site of the battle of *Mons Grampius*, which contained a narrative of what the essayist believed to have been Agricola's movements during the subsequent part of the year in which it was fought.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FAVOURITE ACTRESS.

By Henry G. Bell.

"But is the syren happy, who imparts
A subtle rapture to a thousand hearts?"

THE triumph of the hour was past. She sat
Alone within her chamber, and she leant
Her pale cheek on her soft fair hand. The applause
Of gather'd hundreds died into an echo;—
Pass'd from her face the flush of many thoughts,
And from her eye the light of conquest fled.
She wore the same rich dress, and on her brow
Sparkled the many-gemm'd tiara stiff;
Yet these but made her look more desolate,
And ill contrasted with the glistening tear
Which came unchecked, as if it were a friend.
Long thus she sat, till suddenly she raised
Her drooping head, and flinging back the wealth
Of her rich chestnut locks, that thickly fell
In clust'ring ringlets o'er her shaded face,
She turn'd to where her lute in silence lay,
And passing o'er the strings her gentle hand,
She woke to melody the dormant tones;
And these the words that mingled with the strain:—

Proud heart of mine! thy pride gives way,
When there is none to see;—
The grief, so long repress'd, flows forth,
And it is well for thee!
I could not live unless I shed
Such welcome tears as these;
Even in the spring-time of my days,
My very soul would freeze
Beneath that mockery of light
Which gives no heat—averts no blight!

The light of what the world calls fame—
On woman's path a curse,
Than dull insensibility—
Than thoughtless folly worse.
O! why should I have ever sought
For what I value less
Than even the saddest thought that haunts
My spirit's loneliness?
Why stoop to court the vulgar crowd
For what I scorned when 'twas bestow'd!

I was the same that I am now
Before I sought their bar,—
The same—save that my heart's best chords
Have suffered many a jar;
And paltry cares and jealousies
Have follow'd in my track,
And many a fresh warm hope has fled,
That never can come back;
And what was new, and pleased at first,
Has, like a foam-bell, shone and burst!

And now it is a weary thing,
 What'er my mood may be,
 To ape my former self, and strut,
 In wretched mimicry,
 Through parts in which I cannot feel
 As once I used to feel,
 And where my highest aim is now
 With cold art to conceal
 The scorn with which my smiles are sold
 For heartless praise, or worthless gold.

There have been those I wish'd to please,
 Whose single glance of praise
 I held more dear than all the shouts
 Assembled crowds might raise;
 But even they have look'd on me
 As on a gaudy show,
 And though my mental gifts to them
 In brighter hues might glow,
 They saw—approved—and then pass'd by—
 Forgetting me, with scarce a sigh.

And there was one round whom my heart
 In all its passion twined;—
 I loved him for the noble thoughts
 That glitter'd in his mind,—
 I loved him for his keener sense
 Of all I strove to do,
 And in his presence felt my soul
 Its earliest powers renew;
 Even from his looks I caught my tone,
 And play'd for him—for him alone!

A wild and feverish dream! 'Tis past;—
 He is another's now;
 Yet I have worn this very night
 Upon my aching brow
 The wreath of pearls I had from him,
 And which he knew full well
 I valued more than all my gems—
 More than I cared to tell;
 I wish he knew how throbs to-night
 The brow where gleams their silvery light.

I wish he saw my hot pale cheek,
 Nor be alone, but all
 Who scarce a little hour ago,
 Before the curtain's fall,
 Beheld me in the glittering scene—
 A form of smiles and light,
 As if my heart could know no case,
 My day could have no night,—
 I wish they saw me now—for I
 Am sick of this wild mummery!

Would that my name had died away
 Upon the lips of men,
 And that my voice and form had pass'd
 From out their memory's ken!
 Would that no higher impulse e'er
 Had tempted me to seek
 The fame that has made dim my eye,
 And paled my burning cheek!
 Alas! alas! am I the thing
 Whose entrance makes the high roofs ring!

She ceased, and in the silence nought was heard
 But the deep sob, that would not be repress'd.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S SOLILOQUY.

"What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans,
 Is almost enough to draw pity from stones."
 COWPER'S *Pity for Poor Africans*.

DISCONSOLATE beside his briefless desk,
 Young Wordsby sat, and mournfully he closed
 His portly Erskine, while, with heavy heart,
 Thus, fee-lingly without a fee, he spoke;—
 "Farwell! a long farewell to all my law-books!
 This land of unpaid wigs for me no more
 Hath charms or welcome.—Lo! my empty purse,
 More hideous than a bare-ribb'd skeleton,
 Beckons me far away. On Monday last
 Six youths, led onward by the cheerful sound
 Of coming fees, tinkling like distant music,
 Their trials in the civil law did pass;
 Six more on Tuesday!—Hast thou, Jupiter!
 No earthquake, no fell bolt, no pestilence?
 Why not beneath the crowded Outer-House
 Dig out a yawning gulf to swallow Skene,
 Cockburn and Jeffrey, Cranston and Menzies?
 Or, if thy mercy interposes, why
 Wilt thou not send us a reviving shower
 Of rich litigious clients from the moon?
 And must I rend you from my heart, ye dreams
 Of white cravats and sweeping treble gowns?
 No longer must I pant for the keen war,
 Where foes are floor'd by words of giant size,
 Or cut in pieces by a Latin saw?
 My sweet Louisa, too!—must all our hopes
 Vanish as quickly as a city feast?
 Must we not marry, love, as once we plann'd,
 Purchase a house in Queen Street or the Crescent,
 And keep a carriage!—Eheu! Well-a-day!
 Hold forth a fan to ward a thunderbolt,
 With pasteboard dam up Niagara's flood,
 Bind with a cobweb Captain Barclay's hands,
 Set snails to hunt the Alpine antelope,
 Dissolve an iceberg in a crucible,
 Shout loud enough to fright the antipodes,
 Take a boll'd pea to shoot an elephant,
 Put Patrick Robertson in Jeffrey's fob,
 Saddle a mouse to carry Colonel Teesdale;—
 And when all these are done—all these and more—
 Then hope that love will link itself with law!
 Farewell!—I would not go, but cruel fate
 Has a writ out against me, and I must.
 Alas! my heart fails like an English bank!
 My spirits sink far lower than the funds!
 Relentless Fate! had any but thyself
 Been plaintiff in this stern unnatural suit,
 I might have gain'd the cause, and prosper'd yet,—
 But now I yield, for thou nonsuittest all!"

G. M.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.—We understand that the following new works are preparing for Constable's Miscellany: 1st, *Memoirs of the Irish Rebellions*, including the History of Ireland, from its first invasion by the English, till the Union with Great Britain in 1800, by John M'Caul, Esq. M. A., of Trinity College, Dublin; 2d, *History of Modern Greece, and the Ionian Islands*; including a Detailed Account of the late Revolutionary War, by Thomas Keightley, Esq. author of "Fairy Mythology," &c.; 3d, *A Journey through the Southern Provinces of France, the Pyrenees, and Switzerland, by Derwent Conway*, author of "A Tour through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," &c.

The Rev. Dr Ingis, of the Old Grey Friars Church, Edinburgh, is preparing for publication, a *Vindication of Christian Faith*, addressed to those who, believing in God, do not believe in Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent.

The *Narrative of the War in Germany and France*, from the pen of Lord Lansdowne, so long announced, is nearly ready for publication. This second work of the noble author will contain, we un-

derstand, a variety of Court Anecdotes and amusing topics, which relieve the dryness of military detail, and fill up the intervals of armistice and negotiations, such as splendid reviews, festivals, and balls.

Mr Murray is preparing for publication a series of Landscape Illustrations of the Poems of Lord Byron, to be engraved in the most finished style, after drawings by the most eminent artists.

Conversations with Lord Byron on Religion, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's death, by the late James Kennedy, M.D. of H.B.M. Medical Staff, is announced.

Notices of the Brazils in 1828-9, by the Rev. Robert Walsh, L.L.D. are announced. Also, by the same publishers, Chronicles of a School-room, by Mrs S. C. Hall; and The Three Histories, by Miss Jewsbury.

We understand that Mr Richard Howitt is preparing for publication *The Count and Princess, a Tale from Boccaccio, Antediluvian Sketches, and other Poems.*

The Rev. Hobart Caunter is preparing for publication a poem entitled, *The Island Bride*, with an illustration by Martin.

Three of Wilkie's paintings are now engraving on a large scale.—*The Chelsea Pensioners, The Parish Beadle, and the Scottish Wedding.* The last is in the hands of Mr Stuart, the engraver, in Edinburgh, who, we believe, was selected by Mr Wilkie himself. We have seen the print, so far as it has yet gone, and think it promises very favourably.

Captain Glascock has nearly ready for publication *Tales of a Tar*, embracing authentic and interesting details of the celebrated mutiny at Spithead.

Mr Atherstone is about to publish his second volume of the *Fall of Nineveh*.

The author of the *Collegians* is preparing a new work, to be entitled *Tales of the Five Senses*.

Mr Bannister, the late Attorney-General of New South Wales, is preparing an Enquiry into the best means of preventing the Destruction of the Aborigines, usually incident upon settling new colonies.

Mr F. W. H. Bayley announces *Four Years' Residence in the West Indies*.

We observe that a French translation of Moore's *Life of Lord Byron* was to appear in Paris at the same time with the London edition.

There are as many periodicals in Germany as there are hours in the year. The prolific soil which brings these ephemera into being, gives birth at times to productions of a more durable and attractive form; and of this nature is a new periodical styled the *Comet*, edited by the celebrated Heriasson.

The learned juriconsult, J. D. Meyer of Amsterdam, is about to publish his *View of Legislation in Europe*, which he has condensed within the compass of three hundred pages. It is written in the French language; but our readers will be pleased to learn, that he is occupied simultaneously in the preparation of an English version.

The *Practical Planter*, containing directions for the planting of waste lands, and management of wood, by Thomas Cruickshanks, Forester at Coreston, is announced.

MR WESTMACOTT.—A paragraph has appeared in some of the newspapers, stating that Mr Westmacott, the celebrated sculptor, from London, is at present in Edinburgh. This is not the case. A brother of Mr Westmacott has been resident here for some time, and has recently turned his attention to sculpture also. Among several felicitously executed busts, he has just finished one of Miss Jarman, which we have seen, and are glad to be able to report very favourably of it.

Mrs HEMANS.—As a specimen of the horrid nonsense which occasionally appears in newspapers, we take the following paragraph from a respectable provincial paper:—"Mrs Hemans is both young and beautiful. In her recent visit to Scotland, none appeared more surprised or embarrassed than Mrs H. at the honours which awaited her. Sir Walter Scott felt some restraint in her presence, and exerted himself to show his reading; while Mr Jeffrey, awed by the lady's presence, dropt on one knee, and solemnly impressed a kiss upon her trembling hand. Such are the fascinations of a superior mind, when it comes allied with a pleasing form." If this be meant for wit, it is very poor; and if for truth, it contains a very small sprinkling of it. The writer is evidently totally unacquainted with the lady of whom he speaks. Possessing as she does, in no common degree, varied and brilliant powers of conversation, Mrs Hemans would herself smile at the idea of overawing Sir Walter Scott, or of bringing Mr Jeffrey to her feet.

GERMAN ECSTASY.—A new historical and heretical ballet, in five acts, called "Cesar in Egypt," has been produced at Vienna. A German journal, speaking of its effect on the audience, says, "The spectators floated in a sea of rapture (!)"

JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY INTO AFRICA.—Continual failures only seem to increase the desire to explore Central Africa; and whilst the Landers seek the Niger from the western coast, a young Indian Officer (Mr Henry Welford) is about to sail for Egypt, and proceed thence to Senaar, the *Bahr-el-Abbed*, and Mountains of the Moon, from which point he will penetrate through the unexplored countries westward to the lake Tana, returning either by way of the Gold

Coast, Timbuctoo, or the Desert. He goes quite alone, in the costume of a Desert Arab; and will travel with the greater facility from his knowledge of Eastern manners and languages. He is only 21 years of age.

FINE ARTS.—We observe that an Exhibition of Paintings and Works of Art is about to be opened at Dumfries. There was one got up there a year or two ago, under the patronage of the county gentlemen, by the spirited exertions of Mr Dunbar, sculptor, one of the most active members of the Carlisle Academy. The present Exhibition is under the same management. We observe, with interest, the struggle to diffuse through the whole country a relish for the beauties of Art, by means of provincial exhibitions. We shall keep an eye upon that of Dumfries, and shall be most happy to hear of its success.

EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT PAINTINGS.—The Directors of the Institution are busy getting up an Exhibition of the Works of the Ancient Masters. Nasmyth has been travelling with a view to procure contributions, and packages are daily arriving at the Building on the Mound. The Exhibition, we understand, will open early next month. We are glad of this; for, if the Exhibitions of Paintings by our modern Artists, serve to keep up a spirit of generous emulation among them, and to bring their merits fairly before the public, the Exhibition of what has been done by the mightier spirits of former days, serves to enlarge and enoble the taste both of Amateurs and Artists.

Theatrical Gossip.—All the London critics are disappointed at Miss Kemble having chosen so poor a part as that of *Euphrasia*, in so poor a play as Murphy's "Grecian Daughter," for her third character. She does not appear likely to add much to her laurels by it. Her next part is to be *Isabella*, in the "Fatal Marriage."—Kean is still at Drury Lane, where "Henry V." and "Richieu"—a play altered from Massinger's "City Madam"—are in rehearsal for him. *Henry V.* is a character Kean has often played in the provinces, but never before a London audience.—Laporte and Cloop are about to open the English Opera House with a French company.—The King's Theatre is also about to open. Malibran is to be the *prima donna*.—Sontag has taken her farewell of the Parisian stage; and Caradai Allan is at present in Venice, where she has been received with the greatest applause.—The author of "The Devil's Elixir" is preparing an Easter piece for Covent Garden; and he has also a new farce in rehearsal, with music by Rodwell.—Report says that a baronet's lady is about to make her debut as *Lady Macbeth*, on account of family embarrassments. The profession is likely to become aristocratical in time;—a lord's wife belongs to it already.—Macready has been performing at Portsmouth.—Downton has been playing the *Hypocrite* in Dublin.—Barton has been starting it in Glasgow.—Miss Jarman has been winning golden opinions in Dundee, Perth, and Aberdeen.—Mathews takes his benefit this evening. He has drawn excellent houses, and been as much liked as ever. Besides his Monologues, he has appeared in four new pieces,—"*Monsieur Mallet*,"—"Before Breakfast,"—"The May Queen," and "*Love laughs at Baliffs*." All these are farces, and none of them worthy of Mathews.—Yesterday the Theatre was closed on account of the Theatrical Fund Dinner.—We are to have Abraham next week.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan. 23—29.

SAT.	<i>The Home Circuit, & Before Breakfast.</i>
MON.	<i>A Trip to America, & The May Queen.</i>
TUES.	<i>The Home Circuit, & Before Breakfast.</i>
WED.	<i>A Trip to America, The May Queen, & The Twelfth Cake.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Home Circuit, Love Laughs at Baliffs, & Do.</i>
FRI.	(Theatre closed.)

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have fallen into arrears with several poets, whose volumes lie upon our table; but we promise that they shall all be reviewed next week.

An Extract from the Note Book of Baron Bissen in our next. Also "The Actor of All Work."—We have to return our thanks to the Editor of the *Carlisle Patriot* for his polite attention, and shall be glad to receive the communications he promises.—The notice of "Domestic Life and other Poems" cannot be inserted, as we intend to express our own opinion of the work.—A packet for "A, B, C" lies at our Publisher's.

Upon a second reading, the "Effusion to Aileen Craig," though spirited, appears unequal.—We shall not be able to find room for the following poems:—"A Categorical Epistle by a Quaker, to a certain ultra orthodox Doctor,"—"The Weaver's Bundle, a Parody on Lord Ullin's Daughter,"—"Song for the Newhaven Burns's Club,"—"and "Lines to a Young Lady."

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THE STUDENT OF SPRECHENBURG
AND
THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It was about the middle of a moonless night, in the winter of 1889-90, that a young lawyer, residing in the splendid city of Sprechenburg, was slowly making his way homewards through the deserted and glimmering streets. He had spent the evening in a party, concentrating in itself a great proportion of the hilarity and wit of the learned city,—a wit and hilarity which, as Mrs. Malaprop might express herself, have been long and justly extinguished. Music and poetry, the last subjects of conversation, naturally enough engrossed his thoughts. His brain, at the same time, laboured under the influence of certain potations, not immoderate, but undoubtedly any thing rather than thin; his heart expanded with kindness to every person and thing, and ideas flowed in upon him with a rapidity and pleasure completely inexpressible, but attended with an incoherence and absurdity for which he, at the moment, found it utterly impossible to account. Every attribute of poetry, and more particularly of the musical art, floated through his imagination in a perfect chaos of delight, and even communicated to his wavering eye-sight a sympathy with their appearance. An immense shapeless road-way of earth, strewn across a deep valley in the heart of the city, appeared to transform itself into the case of an enormous violoncello; and a gigantic column, towering in the centre of a handsome square, presented itself in the lamentable guise of a bassoon, wanting the mouth-piece. At last, on endeavouring to ascertain his locality, he found the understanding completely beyond his powers, and quietly resigning himself to his fate, sat down on a flight of door-steps, wrapped in sage meditation on human error and ignorance.

The moon shone bright, and allowed him to see that he stood on a low terrace, which overhung a beautiful and extensive garden, disposed with a variety of features and richness of grouping, approaching to that of natural scenery; but he had scarcely time even for wonder at his sudden introduction to the scene, when a grave-looking person stepped forward, and accosted him,—“I congratulate you, sir, on the honourable choice of which you have been made the object.”—“Be good enough to explain yourself,” interrupted the young gentleman, somewhat abruptly, and with the fretfulness which seizes a philosophical mind on discovering that it has got beyond its depth. “With much pleasure,” answered the attendant, having with all the polished suavity of *Monsieur le confident* in the classical French tragedies: “you have been selected to witness and report to the world one of the most extraordinary occurrences of the day,—a musical performance by these British poets who have had the principal share in modelling the taste of the present age. You have, of course, heard with interest of certain animadversions thrown out, in the course of last winter, against the musical direction of the Opera-house in our English capital?”—“I am a Sprechenburg advocate,” replied the

young man, with some warmth. “True,” said the other; “and, consequently, a person of fine taste and universal information;—my question was needless. You are to understand then, that the poets have been in a peculiar degree interested by these circumstances. Having, accordingly, from all quarters of the island, assembled to-night in the secluded nook where we now are, they are immediately to make trial of their own musical skill; and, in case of a favourable result, a deputation is to set off for London, to offer their services to Signor Boches, and perform for the season in the orchestra.” The lawyer stood astonished. “Well,” said he, on recovering words, “how comes it that we in the literary world have not heard a syllable concerning this strange speculation?” The senior answered, with an air full of meaning, “The whole affair is intended to be kept a profound secret; the strangers have all arrived incog, and if you were to-morrow to meet and question any of them on the subject, you would probably be assured that the whole is nothing more than a foolish quizz of some would-be-witty writer in *Blackwood* or the *Literary Journal*.”

As he spoke, he led the way down the terrace staircase, and they passed rapidly through the more regular quarter of the garden, while the bewildered visitor looked round in not unpleasant wonder at the beauties of the ground. Green squares, marble fountains, shady avenues, all were scattered round; rural lodges and moonlight colonnades shone in the distance; and smooth banks and hollows wafted the delicious fragrance of their clustered flowers. Gradually the scenery became wilder, and the dissimilar elements of the most picturesque landscapes blended together in masses of magnificent irregularity. The course of waters began to be heard through the trees, and tangled brooks to gleam out from between the richly green hillocks, beyond which the vistas were closed by fir-shaded ranks of hills. As they advanced, the woods were more and more colossal, and alternately exhibited thicker abysses of gloom, or opened upon steep, rocky, and verdant chasms in the mountainous sides of the romantic dell. They continued ascending, till, amidst thickets entwined with shrubs and creeping plants, and darkly over-arched by wall-like cliffs, the guide suddenly paused, and pointed to a path winding by the corner of a projecting rock which rose like a barrier before them.

The sounds were those of a violin stamped and bowed with the skill, so rarely to be met with, which makes that difficult instrument the most delightful of any. The air was one, breathing in refined melody the genuine inspiration of those ancient years when Patriotism raised her standard of the silver cross,—when haughty Chivalry plunged his war-steed into the fray,—and Romance looked forth from her grey hermit-tower on haunted valleys and dark sepulchral woods. The temper it excited was the stirring and rejoicing one which makes the soul go bounding on its way like the bark before the western gale. Yet in the strain which now rose from its strings, a deeper and loftier spirit often mingled; while, in the light elastic measures of the ancient Scottish poetry, it poured forth a rush of sounds which those old masters of the

art might have loved to hear. The commencement of the music had a wild and supernatural meaning, as if its theme were some tale of early enchantments and deeply-believed appearances of fear; a melody dark as if borrowed from the dim haze of the place which witnessed it, and flashing with a fitful splendour like that which alone illuminated the spot—the darting and vanishing light of the meteor-streamers of the north. And as the sky-lit flames revealed glimpses of the green and cliff-encircled amphitheatre, the air sank into a calmer tone, and, in long-drawn fits of harmony, embodied the purest delight in the shifting moods of nature's charms, and the most lively perceptions of their poetical qualities and associations. But there was still a further height to try; and those bursts of warlike enthusiasm which had occasionally kindled through the serene light of the former song, augured well of the strength which was to luxuriate in full-grown freedom amidst the deafening clamours of the battle-field. The notes rose, and the wonder was, that the familiar instrument could be made to utter tones of such varied, powerful, and elevated music, alternately booming with the thrilling beat of the drum, and piercing like the shrill blare of the trumpet, through the quivering ear and the beating and glowing heart. Now was heard the deep and stilly tramp of distant armies,—now, as they neared, the hum of swords and the dashing of armour united in resounding harmony, till the charging hosts dashed together as the flooded river leaps upon the sea, and the fierce exultation of the combat was imaged in a long and tempestuous sweep of music, free as the race of the winter-blast, and majestic as the echoed thunder in the darkened vale. With throbbing veins and eyes flashing ardour through their filling tears, the listener drank in the strain; and, as he half sprang forward to join the fancied fight, felt as if he could himself, at that moment, like the poet's own MARION, have looked gladly from the bed of death on the march of his victorious banner, and collected his energies in one expiring effort, to utter his last delicious shout of intense and martial exultation. And then, in a sad minor movement, one brief measure wailed for the ill which was to follow, and expressed a mingled grief for desolate houses and a vanquished land.

It had scarcely ceased, when, as if in harmony with its closing temper, there arose the deep and solemn swell of an organ, in whose touch the listener immediately recognised the hand of WOODWARD. The former strain had been consecrated to Memory: this was a garland hung on the altar of Hope. And as man, identifying himself with the future, looks forward through many fears and sorrows, but looks backward on vanished ages with a pleasing awe, untinged by a single selfish feeling, so was this piece of music instinct with the sad spirit with which we contemplate the land of futurity, when we for the time forget that around us stretches the shifting pageant of the present, and far and illimitable behind us the dim and glorious scenery of the past. And the prevailing mood of the music was one of deep and often anxious meditation, which could for a while quietly and calmly brood over the loveliness of the external world, and celebrate its praise in melody befitting the subject; but which ever and anon strained onwards to look into the soul of man, and speculate with sorrowful and half prophetic earnestness on his future prospects and destiny. But it had many moments of exquisite and sacred beauty, when it trembled and rose more and more loudly, till its full and ecstatic breath floated through the air, sweet as the first voices of the angelic harps that greet the freed spirit at the gates of heaven. There was no passion in the notes, and even some of the milder and more lovely feelings seemed to have died in the poet's soul, as if unworthy to find a place in the spirit whose inmost cells were filled by an awe and calm rejoicing, as of one standing in the presence of superior natures, and chanting an anthem which he proudly felt was not unworthy of his place. Yet, dignified and almost divine as were many passages, the ear was in some

parts offended by decided dissonances and abrupt changes of key; and with regard to mastery of the instrument, the impression produced was the very reverse of that which was excited by the first performer: for here a feeling accompanied the hearer, that the cathedral organ of Milton was indeed too powerful for the hand which now touched its keys; as if in these failing days we must be contented with short and interrupted strains of the music of poetry, nor hope to hear those sustained strains of harmony, which the hand of old devotion drew from its unfathomed receptacles of sound.

The notes which next broke the silence were those of a violoncello,—deep, impressive, and possessing the finest quality of tone. Through the still air of night, the wild and extraordinary music which rose into it was heard with startling distinctness. Rude pauses often broke in upon the measure; but where the flame of the poetic frenzy struck most fiercely on the poet's heart, those thoughtful and intensely musical sounds bore in them a tremendous energy, an energy and wildness of expression which could flow only from the rich and wide chambers of one spirit,—that of COLERIDGE. The song resembled the effusion of a mind which saw every object through a peculiar, but splendid medium; a mind which had the silence of midnight before it in the full blaze of noon, and which, in the crowded assemblages of real life, was present in thought with spiritual and awful existences. The most ordinary objects were viewed by this singular and powerful imagination as if surrounded by a ghost-like radiance, and endowed in their nature with a mysterious and hidden life; and when his song strove to give voice to the feelings which his fantasy suggested, it rolled on with the low and distant sound rising from beneath the rocks of a gulfed and subterraneous river.

A long pause succeeded: yet the mind had scarcely recovered from the impression of that imaginative piece of music, when a more lightsome burst of melody broke out, expressed in the clear, sweet, bell-like tones of the harp. The hand which wandered over its keys was that of the poet who gave to the world the pure and delicate pictures of the ISLE OF PALMER. Every bar of the music overflowed with combinations of ideas the most gorgeous and lovely; the fulness of delight was uttered in sounds of rich and conscious vigour, and mournful cadences sank away in a tenderness of expression affecting even to tears. But every varied emotion of pleasure in nature, of triumph in delicious hopes, or of sorrow for death and misery, all were embodied with an airiness and ideality of tone which resembled the echo of music rather than its first sounds. The air in every turn discovered the movements of a mind which inhaled the fairness of nature like the very breath of its life, which saw every object in all the colours of the brightening rainbow, and clothed with a thousand decorations invaluable to the common eye; and which yet, amidst this glow of increased beauty, believed that poetry is something too sacred for expressing unshadowed joy, and felt that the greenness of the earth is but a thin covering for its graves.

The hautboy, which next struck the ear, fingered by the LAUREAT, was played with much skill; and the instrument, possessing, to the full extent, neither the power of some of the harsher instruments, nor the plaintiveness characterising its own class, yet combined, in no small measure, the capabilities of both kinds. A few passages there were which were given with much pathos, and many with great fire of execution; but the finest part of the performance was a grotesque concerto, apparently intended as an experiment to determine how many seemingly inconsistent sorts of time could be harmoniously blended in one composition. As the song of THALIAN proceeded, the mind was hurried along by a series of rapidly changing and varied representations of the most fanciful and striking description, awakening few of those more vivid emotions and sensibilities which are the grandest effect of music and poetry, but dazzling by a lofty

stateness of tone, an unobtrusive quaintness of modulation, and a profusion of arabesque and marvellous ornament, probably never before united within the same limits.

This air was followed by a performance on the Pandemonium, in which the ERRICK SHERRMAN executed and imitated the melodies which had pleased and nurtured his mind in childhood and youth. And whether the measure was the stern and unearthly one which ushered in his most savage and sublime spot in the range of Highland grandeur, the haunted and terrific Loch Aven,—or rather, in an altered tone, full of fanciful imagery and æsthetic sense of the beautiful, it described the wonders of the fairy-land of thought, with the feeling and over of one who believed in the very wildest of the enchanting legends which he sang,—in all its changes, the instrument, so far as its confined scale admitted, was managed with the mastery of one whose whole soul was sound up in its simple notes, and in the train of old and æsthetic thoughts which they excited.

Next rose the accents of the flute of CAMPBELL, an instrument of exquisite tone, and played with the utmost accuracy of stop and softness of breathing. The delicious harmony, uninterrupted by a single note that could have marred its sweetness, floated like the very voice of the spirit of youth,—a spirit for the first time finding sounds to utter those mute, unexpressed visions which had given happiness to its early years, and while, with fond affection, it lingered in fancy among their sunny landscapes, ryming them in mingled strains of blissful rapture and romantic sorrow. It was an air soft and passionate beyond description,—one which, sung to us in sinking and passive years, brings up before us the very impress and presence of our own youthful fancies; it was the voice of ideas too purely beautiful to be real, too soothing to be believed untrue.

Last came a lively prelude on the guitar, the music of the thronged ball-room and the splendid saloon, exciting one of those deeper and more melancholy reflections which might cloud the festivity of the place, but calling up gorgeous groups of voluptuous and attractive ideas. It was the instrument of MOORE; fingered in short ariettes, with the rapidity of thought, and in the presto movements suited to the sprightly evolutions of the dance,—played with great richness of sound, and perfectly in tune, but with a profusion of graces much injuring the effect of the many pathetic, tender, and imaginative ideas with which its varying measures abounded.

The music had ended: but the concealed spectator yet stood with head bent forward, in the attitude of deep attention, while his mind formed to itself pleasurable and distinct remembrances of the feast of melody he had just enjoyed. He raised his head, and spoke, half to himself:—"We have heard nothing of two of our greatest names, Byron and Shelley. How is this?" In a moment the blush of shame flitted across his cheek, as he muttered in a lower tone, "They are right; there is no jesting with death!" He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the voice of his guide. "You appear to have felt the excellences of these our amateur performers; are you prepared to listen to my criticism on their faults?"—"Confound their faults! what are their faults to me?"

And he awoke, and rather thought it must have been a dream.
AN ARTIST.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. In four volumes, 8vo. London. Henry Colburn & Richard Bentley. 1829-30.

We do not know that we have encountered, in the whole course of our critical experience, a work so calcu-

lated to put our impartiality to the test as this now before us. Moderate in all his other feelings, there was one which, in Mr Jefferson's breast, was strong, deep, and lasting—and that one was, hatred to England. We can account for the rooted character of this passion by the fact, that he knew nothing whatever of the domestic life of this country, and that the greater portion of his political career was spent in an embittered struggle against her pretensions as a nation. Still, there is something repulsive in the virulent tone in which he always speaks of Great Britain, and of every thing connected with her, that necessarily engenders a reciprocal dislike in our breasts. It is almost impossible to avoid entertaining an aversion to the man whose confidential, no less than his public writings, are one huge libel against our national character. His duties as a statesman, it is true, oblige him occasionally to speak us fair, and his principles as a philosopher force him now and then to admit our merits; but even in these transient intervals, his words are cold and measured, while the continually recurring expressions of his antipathy are full, unconstrained, and heartfelt. Until we had thus made our readers aware of the leading feature of Jefferson's mind, it would have been difficult for us to have attempted to convey to them, without interruption, any idea of the light which his works throw upon the history of his country.

Thomas Jefferson was born in Virginia, in the year 1743. He was bred a lawyer, and, attaining his majority in 1764, entered upon public life just as the dissensions which led to the independence of the United States were commencing. As, successively, a member of the legislative assembly of his native state, and of Congress, Governor of Virginia, Charge d'Affaires in France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President, he was uninterruptedly engaged in public business from the beginning of the American commotions till the year 1809; and from that period down till his death, a few years ago, he kept a watchful eye upon the political transactions of his native country, and continued in active correspondence with its leading statesmen. From the time of his first taking a share in public business, he retained a copy of every letter he wrote, and this voluminous correspondence occupies by far the greatest and most interesting portion of the four volumes now published. His memoirs, written by himself, which are prefixed, are brief and unsatisfactory. The editor conjectures that they were designed for the use of his family alone; and, even supposing that Mr Jefferson had contemplated no wider circulation of this document, we cannot but think that he must have meant it merely as a first hasty jotting, to be extended and filled up at leisure.

The reader naturally anticipates that this collection of documents must afford rich materials for the historian of the United States;—nor is he mistaken. In Jefferson's letters, we find a minute and faithful picture of the labours by which the internal arrangements of the new state were completed, and of the degrees by which she attained to the place she now holds among the nations. We see in them the progress of her system of constitutional and international law, from its first conception till it attained its present degree of development and consistency. In perusing the work, we cannot help being deeply impressed by the noiseless and unpretending manner in which Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, and Munroe, (the leaders of both parties,) at first laid the broad and firm foundations of the infant country, and afterwards reared it to its present extent and power. Its constitution depends, more than any the world has yet seen, upon the preservation of a healthy moral tone among its population, and upon a succession of gifted and patriotic leaders; but if Heaven continue to grant it such men as it has hitherto had, the future power of this infant Hercules must be tremendous. We say this assuredly in no cowardly or desponding spirit, though it would be folly to pretend, that, as Britons,

we are entirely void of misgivings in regard to the future. Literary men may tell us (and truly) that America is behind in art, science, and literature; shallow babblers may sneer at some peculiar habits of the Americans, and at their want of the last Bond Street polish; but men who can look deeper, and read, in their history of fifty years, their enterprising spirit, the immense resources of their scarcely half-occupied territory, and the mainly practical sense of their governors, will not be likely to join in any hasty ridicule of this people. The Romans were rude and illiterate for the first five hundred years of their growing greatness; and there was, amid all their courage and patriotism, a stain of avarice and selfishness. Yet we do not find that these hindered them one moment in their progress to universal empire. It is true, that times are changed since then; and America will neither have the wish nor the power to emulate their career. But the superior opportunities which a nation so extensive, and promising to be so firmly knit, must enjoy, for attracting a large share of this world's wealth, are yet incalculable.

Of the particular contents of this work, our limits, of course, do not admit of our giving any thing like a detailed account. The most interesting are:—*Firstly*, The debates in Congress respecting the declaration of independence. *Secondly*, That part of Jefferson's correspondence which, extending from 1781 to 1789, paints the reluctance and slow degrees by which America was received within the pale of nations. *Thirdly*, The documents tending to show the gradual extension and formation of her commercial and diplomatic system. *Lastly*, The insight given us, by a long series of letters, written during the heat of the contest, into the struggles by which the constitution of the United States was firmly established.

The contents of the work are almost exclusively political and scientific;—there are scarcely any intimations of the personal and domestic habits of the author and his contemporaries. We meet now and then with a hasty sketch of some leading actor in the times, sufficiently shrewd and graphic, but always restricted to his public character. Jefferson himself betrays little of his own character. From what little offers, we would say that its predominant feature was strong practical understanding. Of imagination he had not a tittle; and if he had any of the common feelings and affections of humanity, he has (except in the case of his hatred to England) been wonderfully successful in subduing them. Of devotional feeling he seems to have been entirely unsusceptible. What he calls religion, takes cognizance only of man's duties to his fellows. His mind, therefore, shorn as it was of some of humanity's most noble faculties, was of no very elevated cast; and yet there was a power about him, as long as he moved within his own circle, that enforces our admiration. Less amiable, but more energetic, he belongs essentially to the same class of intellects as Franklin.

It redounds to the credit of the Editor that he has not attempted to swell this publication by any of the common tricks of book-making. On the contrary, we may remark, that an occasional note to inform us who the correspondents are, or to explain a local allusion, would not have increased its bulk materially, and would have been (in this country at least) highly useful and acceptable.

Pitcairn's Criminal Trials. Part IV. From Sept. 1600 to July 1602. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1830.

THE greater proportion of the present Number of this interesting work is occupied with documents relative to the Gowrie Conspiracy—a subject upon which we entered at too great length on a former occasion, to leave any necessity for our discussing it again at present. There are, however, in this Part, several trials unconnected with that transaction, which are, nevertheless, pregnant

with interest, as serving to elucidate the moral character and domestic economy of the nation at the beginning of the 17th century. It is true that a criminal tribunal is not the place to seek for a flattering, perhaps not even a just, picture of an age; but, as our peasants say of any windfall, “it helps wi’ the lave.” The differing degrees of rudeness and atrocity with which the same crimes are perpetrated at different periods, form no bad index of a people's comparative civilisation.

After carefully perusing this, and the preceding Numbers of Mr Pitcairn's valuable publication, we cannot say that we feel over-and-above proud of our ancestors. The timber out of which they were hewn might have been good originally, but it was terribly warped in the making. We do not allude to their rude and coarse superstitions, of which we have given specimens on former occasions; nor to those habitual acts of lawless violence, in which all classes indulged, but to the low standard of honour and honesty which these records show prevailed among the middle class. Along the shores on either side of the Forth and Tay, and through the low country as far as Aberdeen, the people seem to have been tolerably domesticated. It is, perhaps, what a lawyer calls travelling a little out of the record, (but, as it elucidates our point, we do not mark mind that,) when we say, that having lately had occasion to consult some of the burgh records of Scotland, we were much struck by the anxiety evinced at the period, by this part of the population, for the diffusion of education. The eager attachment of the burghesses to the reformed religion likewise, although it in too many cases begot a pharisaical spirit, at least made them acquainted with more elevated feelings and principles. But with all this there was still a deep and radical taint adhering to them. Habits of industry, though gaining ground, were not yet so firmly rooted that a line of demarcation could be strongly drawn betwixt the honest pains-taking class, and the idle and dissolute, who indulged in acts of fraud and violence. The wolves and the sheep were penned up together, and this (to say nothing of the danger to which the more pacific race were thereby exposed) had the bad effect of educating many of the lambs to assume carnivorous habits. Among the numerous bands of lawless men whose misdeeds bring them into collision with the courts of justice, we find an unwarrantable number of *doctes* burghesses, and young men of respectable families. The most common crimes are *steathrieft* on a magnificent scale, and coinage of false money. In this latter branch of business the Flemings, who had at that time considerable intercourse with Scotland, dealt largely. Bibles and bad money seem to have constituted the bulk of their imports.

On the south lay the border counties, and on the north the Highlands, both districts, though from somewhat different causes, and with varying shades of character, in a sufficiently rude and barbarous state. In the case of the former there is at least this alleviating circumstance, that their rudeness was fostered by their continual exposure to hostilities from another nation; the barbarism of the latter was perpetuated by the more unpardonable indulgence in personal and domestic feuds, as illustrated by the discussions of the Islesmen commemorated in Mr Pitcairn's earlier numbers, and the case of Patrick Stewart (p. 383) in the present.

This *fasciculus* tends also to throw some new light on the character of James, our Scottish Solomon, and, in truth, not much to his advantage. The case of Kincaid of Craighouse (p. 336), who seems to have been seduced by the King's instrumentality into the perpetration of abduction, in order that he might be amerced in a swinging fine, as well as in his “guld broune horse,” might make a good incident in a comedy. The unblushing manner in which many are declared free from all farther quarrel, because they have disbursed a certain sum for his Majesty's use, is no more than James's usual brainless trumpeting of his indiscretions led us to expect. But the case of Archibald Cornwall (p. 349) has very much shewn

his own preconceived notions of the King's goodness of heart. This unfortunate man was a town-officer, and had been employed in a judicial sale of household furniture. The "rowpe" took place near the common gibbet, and there being a picture of the King among the goods, the officer, in order to show it to advantage, was proceeding inadvertently to attach it to the gibbet, but was prevented. For this inadvertency he was tried and executed, his body being allowed to hang four-and-twenty hours. This happened at a time when the adherents of the crown were daily speaking in a strain which bordered upon treason, and yet not a voice was raised against this act of cold-blooded pride and cruelty.

We wish Mr Pitcairn all possible success; for his work is already a most valuable addition to the history of our country and laws, and every new number seems to add to its interest.

Domestic Life, and other Poems. Edinburgh. Waugh & Innes. 1830. Pp. 127.

Queen, Stella, and other Poems. By John Mackenzie, D.D., Minister of Portpatrick. Second Edition. Edinburgh. A. Macredie. 1830. Pp. 153.

Poetical Aspirations. By William Anderson, Esq. Edinburgh. John Anderson, jun. 1830. Pp. 200.

Emira; or, the Curse of Egypt, a Sketch from Scripture; and other Poems. By T. B. J. Glasgow. W. R. M'Phan. 1830. Pp. 176.

My Flowers. Poems and Songs; some in the Scottish Dialect. By John Imlah. London. Baldwin, Craddock, & Joy. Pp. 231.

THE history of a small volume of miscellaneous poems from its first conception to its final completion, from its made to its grave, would afford materials for a curious chapter, illustrative of the phenomena of mind. Considering the matter superficially, we have often wondered within ourselves what on earth could ever tempt a young or middle-aged man gravely to print one hundred and fifty or two hundred pages, consisting of detached pieces of rhyme. We have said to ourselves, What possible advantages does the author of this publication expect to win out of it? In these days, when the power of verbiage is almost as common as that of eating or walking, can he anticipate that a little book in blue, yellow, red, or green boards, (for there are all these varieties,) with a neat title-page and a modest preface, and a very tolerable collection of pretty thoughts under the head of "Lines," "Stanzas," "Sonnets," "Canzonets," "Serenades," "Songs," "Impromptus," or "Fragments,"—can he by any chance anticipate that such a little book will fill his coffers with money, or crown his brow with laurels? Upon what principle is it that he voluntarily undergoes all the "whips and scorns" of authorship,—the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,—the suppressed smile of his friends as often as his three-and-sixpenny volume comes across their memory,—the sneer of his foes, who, as soon as they discover that their enemy "hath written a book," proceed to make him aware of what Hamlet meant when he spoke

"the spurns

Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?"

Why and wherefore has he brought down upon his own head so great a load of misery? We have revolved this question a thousand times, and after keeping it long—his acute *reposte*—we can answer it satisfactorily only in the supposition that most of these miscellaneous-poem-publishing authors go on step by step, from little to little, till, upon awaking some morning, they see a book upon the breakfast-table, and blush to find it their own. Let us for a moment look a little deeper into the heart of the mystery, and if possible trace the rise and progress of the phenomenon.

A stripling about the age of sixteen, who has been hitherto rather short and dumpy, suddenly finds himself shoot out like asparagus, and all at once become portentously long and thin. His mother and sisters with all possible expedition proceed to let out reefs from the cuffs of his coat and the legs of his trousers; but to little purpose, for the sleeves of the one arrive only a short way below the elbows, and the trousers, as if their legs had been cut away instead of lengthened, terminate in a very ludicrous and Highland fashion somewhere about the knees. There is at length no alternative; recourse must be had to a skilful tailor, and in his new suit of clothes, behold! our hero is all at once, to his own considerable surprise, a *young man*! Adieu at once to marbles and paper kites; the King's birth-day fades into obscurity, and blind-man's-buff becomes undignified! At dancing-parties he is considered a very eligible partner, and ladies quiz him upon the subject of his being in love. And no wonder; for being naturally susceptible, and having read a considerable number of novels and not a few romances, he seldom falls asleep before he has vowed in his own heart eternal fidelity to some Adelaide, Clara, or Matilda. Then, in a most unaccountable manner, he suddenly conceives the idea of taking a solitary walk,—a walk away into the country where there are some green trees a good way off the dust of the high road, and a stream tolerably clear, only that there is a large dyeing establishment on its banks, and a hill or two in the background, trying to look as picturesque as they can; and where he can hear what he knows to be the voice of birds, without enquiring too curiously whether it be only the chirping of the sparrow, or the warbling of the linnet. Under the influence of sights and sounds so harmonious, he puts his hand first into his breeches' pocket, and takes out a silver pencil, and then into his coat pocket, and takes out a memorandum-book, in which there are several blank leaves. To one of these leaves the youthful poet intrusts his maiden effusion—a sonnet perhaps, or "Lines to —,"—and then with a trembling thrill restores the memorandum-book to its accustomed place, and with a more than ordinary flush upon his countenance, returns home to dinner. For weeks—it may be for months—he is like the little girl described by Montgomery who "had a secret of her own," because she had discovered a bird's nest. He knows that he has written poetry, but he breathes not the fact to mortal man; he is ashamed to confess the weakness. But he takes some more solitary walks; and at length all the blank leaves of his first memorandum-book are filled, and he finds himself under the necessity of purchasing a second. Still, like Von Dunder in the farce, he "sticks to his incognito," till the fatal hour at length arrives when the lady of his heart determines on keeping an album. He is asked for a contribution, and he dare not refuse. The snowy whiteness of its exquisite gilt leaves and spotless Bristol-board is intrusted to his keeping; and, fully impressed with the weight of the responsibility, he mends half-a-dozen pens in a manner calculated to secure the fineness of their hair-strokes, and with much agitation commits some of his own verses to the sacred book, modestly affixing to them his initials only. But now his fate is sealed; the intelligence flies like wild-fire; he is a poet; his verses are the sweetest things ever written. Albums pour in from all quarters, accompanied with most irresistible three-cornered pink-coloured notes: "Will he do Miss A the honour?"—"Will he so far oblige Miss B?"—"Might Miss C venture to request?"

Meantime, all the young ladies assure him that several "real judges" have pronounced his poetry "most beautiful." "The Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* said his 'Lines to —' were full of genius." "The Editor of the *Literary Journal* said his 'Stanzas to a Lady' were equal to any thing Moore had ever written." "Surely he intended publishing?" "At all events he should write for the periodicals." No mortal man could resist such an attack as this. Without saying a word to any body, he

makes up his mind to write, to the editor of the nearest newspaper, a letter couched in these terms:—"Sir, should the following lines be deemed worthy of a place in your invaluable paper, their insertion will confer a lasting obligation upon, sir, your obedt. servant, X, Y, Z." With a beating heart he waits the awful fiat of the editor, and scarcely dares to glance over his columns on the succeeding day of publication. But how does his eye brighten into rapture when the identical lines by "X, Y, Z," meet his gaze! A new world opens upon him; he is now before the public; his thoughts are esteemed worthy of being submitted to the consideration of his fellow-men; the outer gate is passed, how far may he not penetrate into the inner glories of the temple?

Time rolls on, and he is now a regular contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the newspapers, and occasionally one or two of his happiest efforts have found their way into magazines. But "increase of appetite grows with what it feeds on." He begins to think, that to be an anonymous writer in periodicals is at best but a mongrel species of reputation;—his genius is hid under a bushel, and the brilliancy of his effusions may be overlooked amidst the mass of dulness with which they are too often surrounded. He wonders what the expense and risk of publishing a small volume would be. At first he almost starts at his own wonder, and shrinks from the vastness of the idea; but after the query has once occurred to his mind, he is uneasy until it be answered. He calls upon a bookseller, and in a round-about, and what appears to him a particularly ingenious manner, endeavours to worm the information out of him. The bookseller sees at once that he has to deal with a young aspirant for the honours of the muses, and informs him that he will be happy to publish a work of the nature described, provided the author takes all the risk, and allows him (the bookseller) the usual charge of twenty-five per cent. Then come the discovery that the risk will vary from about £60 to £100; the reflections upon the existing state of his finances, and the consultations with friends; the assurances he receives from them—that is to say, from about ten or fifteen people—that they will all purchase copies of the work; his increased confidence; his belief that the editor of the — newspaper will give him a favourable review; his palpitations—his hesitations—his determinations. The die is cast,—he will print;—Byron would never have been heard of unless he had printed.

Now comes the tug of war;—the reviving of manuscript and arranging it for the printer, the sending it to that functionary, the proofsheets, with all their errors on their head—errors enough to drive a poet mad—the loss of time at press, the fixing of the day of publication, then its postponement, the curiosity of friends, the flurry of the author's spirits, the dawning of the important day, the advertisement in all the papers—"This day is published,"—the astonishing quietness with which this day, and the next, and the next, passes over, the lukewarmness of all common acquaintances, the total apathy of the public at large, the strange inattention of the really candid critics, and the spiteful cavillings of those whose opinions show that they have a personal dislike to the author. All this, and much more, must the writer of "the small volume of miscellaneous poems" endure; and the only question that remains is—are there no counterbalancing advantages that make people willing to endure all these evils?

We believe that the most which can be said on this side of the question is, that pleasure always accompanies the gratification of vanity; and the vanity of seeing oneself in print is of a prevalent, and, in general, a very absorbing kind. One may easily flatter oneself, that to be in print implies an immense deal. It may imply that you are read, and that you are admired,—that you convey instruction, and open up new trains of thought. It may imply that you are now much superior to the common herd, who never were in print, and that you will be

treated accordingly in all society. Moreover, it has afforded you an opportunity of putting your sentiments and feelings upon record, and it has accordingly widely extended the sphere of your sympathies, and recommended you to all those, many of whom you may have never seen, whose sentiments and feelings are similar to your own. In all this flattering belief, there may be much delusion; but, nevertheless, you may say with Cicero,—"*Si erro, libenter erro.*" To be well deceived, constitutes one-half the happiness of most men, and almost all the happiness of a poet. Besides, there is pleasure, independent of all external things, in the indulgence of a poetical temperament, however far that temperament may be distant from the high imaginative and intellectual vigour in which the Delphic god rejoices. Why should not the amiable writer of small miscellaneous verses be allowed to amuse himself, by bundling them up into a book? There is something gentle and benevolent about every man who is fond of rhyme, and though there are only a few of its votaries in whom we would encourage lofty hopes, we should be the last needlessly to torture an ingenious poetaster. Why pluck the wings off a blue-bottle, though they be not so rich and beautiful as those of the golden butterfly? In the most mild humour, therefore, we proceed, after this long introduction, to say a few words of the books whose titles we have copied above.

We are inclined to think "Domestic Life, and other Poems," the production of a lady. "Domestic Life" is a poem in heroic verse, after the manner of Rogers. It treats, of course, of all the delights of "Home, sweet home," and though it never rises into a very high strain of poetry, it contains a good number of smooth and pretty passages. Of the miscellaneous poems, we cannot speak very highly;—we select, however, as a specimen, that which appears to us the cleverest:

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

"See the shadows on the wall;
They are black, and broad, and tall,
And they mock and mimic all

That we do.
"Twixt them both, there's not an eye,
Yet they sharply seem to spy,
With a humour quaint and sly,
Me and you.

"Not a motion but they hit,
Let us walk or let us sit,—
"Tis ungentlemanly wit,

I must say.
Had they language and an ear,
They would turn, I shrewdly fear,
Into mockery, what they hear,
Grave or gay.

"When, with glowing zeal, we late
Warily discuss'd the affairs of state,
I saw them, too, debate
Long and stout;
And, like politicians true,
Each more animated grew,
Both at once the wrangling two
Seem'd to about.

"O! 'tis well they are not taught
To give outward form to thought,
For much mischief would be wrought
By these elves.
It would frighten great and small,
Were our thoughts seen on the wall;
Aye, how oft they would appal
Even ourselves!

"How oft the greatest men
Scarce a shadow would have then;
"T would be mirth to see them when
Lost in thought;
And oft we would appear,
On the wall, to hate or fear,
When our words fall on the ear
Honey-fraught.

"We would hate the sense of sight;
As for sun and candle-light,
Out of use and fashion quite
They would be.
We might meet our foes by day,
But our friends must stay away
Whilst the faintest shadows they
Yet might see."

On the whole, this is one of those books which it would be needless severity to cut up, but quite preposterous to load with praise.

Of "Ocean, Stella, and other Poems," more may be said, as much on account of the author, as of his work. Dr Mackenzie of Portpatrick, who is now, we believe, in his eighty-sixth year, is not unknown in the church and the literary world. The worth of his private character, and the extent of his general acquirements, have been long appreciated as they deserve by his friends. Neither is it to be wondered that, having turned poet, he should particularly have directed his attention to the ocean, having forwards of fifty years lived where the *marmoreum æquor* was continually stretched before his eye,—not as the passing traveller may sometimes see it when he catches an afternoon glimpse of a sheltered bay, but in all the moods in which the western main rolls between Portpatrick and green Erin, ever and anon coiling itself round the rocks of Dunakey, and spouting forth upon them a tide of foam sufficient to put to the blush all the whales of Greenland. We have ourselves seen the venerable clergyman perched like a cormorant on a rock, and sending forth his expansive seal over the face and the fury of cloud and ocean. We have seen him taking the ruffian billows by the hair of the head, and calmly putting them into his pocket, as some people do sweetmeats, for future use. Before the erection of the splendid and useful pier at Portpatrick, it was generally believed that the Doctor, from his converse with the spirits of the deep, could accelerate or retard the mail at pleasure; and many a storm-staid stranger can bear testimony to the heart-felt hospitality with which such arrestment was repaid. Why, therefore, should we not blow a favouring breeze over the second edition of Dr Mackenzie's "Ocean?" We are not prepared to say that no man ever wrote better poetry, but this we will affirm, that his verses abound in good sense and correct feeling. In proof of this, we could quote many passages both from his "Ocean" and "Stella;" but we prefer giving some of the stanzas occasioned by the death of our author's son—a brave young soldier, who fell in India. We envy not that man's heart who can read the following verses without entering sincerely into the paternal feelings of the amiable octogenarian:

VERSES,

WRITTEN TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN JOHN MACKENZIE,

*Who led the storm of Mallia at the head of the forlorn
hope, to which he had volunteered his services; and, after
carrying the place, "died"—as it is expressed in the public
orders—"without a wound, from the extreme fatigue and
relaxance of his exertions in the course of an uncommonly
early and oppressive day, on the 7th July, 1809."*

"Shade of my dear departed boy,
Say what the cause can be,
That I can sing of others' woes,
Their hopes, their griefs, their fears disclose,
But cannot sing of thee?
My wild harp, grovelling on the ground,
From passing winds may catch a sound,
But low and sad the melody.

"Yet at my side, and by my bed,
Thy image still appears;
Awake, in dreams, I see thee still,
View thy loved form go where I will,
And still dissolve in tears.
In vain to crowds or wilds I go,
My sorrows will for ever flow,
For ever fresh my griefs and fears.

"Sometimes I see thee all a boy,
Stand at thy father's knee;
And smile, and climb, and prattling tell
Of what thy little self befell,
With interest still to me;
Or fondly ask to hear of wars,
And, kindling o'er the battle's scars,
Wish they had told that tale of thee.

"Again, again, on Mallia's steep,
Where death and horror ran,
I see my proud chief drive his foe
Dismay'd, while wond'ring hosts below
Acclaim him more than man.
The foe is quell'd, the breach is won,
The flag of Britain fronts the sun,
The triumph then anew began.

"Yes, yes, on Mallia's carnaged height
My proud chief dares his foe,
In vain—weep! wretched father, weep!
For gloomy griefs that laurel steep,
I see the victor low!
Yet not to man his fall was given,
The burning stroke descends from heaven,
Mysterious in its paths below!

"Heaven granted thee one glorious day,
Then closed thy short career;
Alas! for glory did I pray?
Or, was it not my humblest lay
That I might see thee here?
To prop the failing step of age,
To tell me all thy pilgrimage,—
But now the contrast—how severe!

"Thy early ardour urged thee forth
To brave a boundless main:
I shook the boy with trembling hand,
Departing for that distant land,
In hopes to meet again.
O'er the broad ocean, still I cast
A sick' regard on India's waste,
No other care—no other pain.

"Fondly in hope of thy return,
I counted o'er the time,
Enquiring still of all that came,
And saw thee rise in wealth and fame,
And touch thy manly prime.
Dear, thy respect, for it was mine,
And all my fondest wishes thine,
Sojourning in that barbarous clime.

"Flow on, my griefs! he hears them not;
By Cutche's distant wave,
Far, far from me, my warrior sleeps,
While bending low, even Victory weeps,
As round him lie the brave.
Gallant the band my hero led,
And fair the monumental bed
Which rises o'er their honour'd grave."

We conclude by expressing our hope that Dr Mackenzie may yet long continue in the enjoyment of his literary otium, and in the assurance that he lives in the heart of a wide circle of respect and esteem.

Mr William Anderson's "Poetical Aspirations" claim our attention next. They indicate unequivocally the existence of a poetical temperament in the author, and if not a mind of great vigour, at least a heart of considerable susceptibility. Some of the poems remind us a good deal of Malcolm, and, with a little more experience, and care in selecting from his manuscripts, we think Mr Anderson may produce a pleasing and interesting volume, which the present would have been to a still greater degree, had the best pieces been just a little more powerful, and the contents of the whole less unequal. We like the simplicity of the following

SONG.

"The stars are clustering above,
Like early summer flowers;
The moonbeam, like the smile of love,
Lights this dull world of ours.

The breeze steals through the shade, like one
A lover's vow who keeps;
The bee to dream of sweets has gone—
In yonder rose he sleeps.

"It is the hour when love-breathed thoughts,
Like angel lays, are heard;
When all of heaven our earth denotes,
By love may be conferred;
When lovers' hearts throb fast and wild,
And lovers' eyes are bright;
When woman smiles as beauty smiled,
When first she woke to light."

Under the title of a "Dramatic Portrait," Mr Anderson presents us with some lines, which we like, both because they are good in themselves, and because the sentiments they contain are just, and also because they are commemorative of a lady for whose vocal talents we have long entertained the highest respect. We subjoin the poem:

MISS NOEL,

(Now Mrs Dr Bushe, of New York,)

AS CLARI, IN THE MAID OF MILAN.

"Hark! 'tis the voice I love to hear,
And thoughts are thronging in my breast,
Whene'er these notes are on my ear,
As if by inspiration blest.—
That song again!—A Peri's voice
Could never make my heart rejoice,
With more triumphant bliss than thine,
So soft, so dulcet, so divine.
Sweet Clari, I did weep with thee
In all thy sorrows, when the thought
Came o'er thy heart, like agony,
With bitterness of feeling fraught,
That he thou loved, with bland deceit,
Had lured thee from thy home so sweet,
To ruin with insidious art,
And blight thy beauty and thy heart.—
Then, when the thought of home came o'er thee,
With feelings of delight and pain,
Where all did cherish and adore thee,
And would, if thou wert there again;—
Then didst thou warble forth thy song,
To soothe thee as thou strayed along;
It peopled all the solitude,
Where silence long had loved to brood,
With melody that floated round,
And echo syllabled the sound;
The zephyr, as it murmur'd by,
Did pause to listen and to die;
For oh! thy song, upon the mountains,
Was sweeter than its own,
When sighing o'er the summer fountains,
With light melodious tone.
Thy heart was heavy—like the leaves
With Autumn's dewdrops—full of care,
As one without a hope who grieves,
But wanders home to find it there.
And I did hear thy song again,
With much of bliss, and much of pain,
That thou so sweetly sung'st thy woes,
Like the soft south-wind on the wing;
Yet then my sorrow too arose,
That thou hadst grief and care to sing.—
I've heard the night-bird's plaintive cry,
When welcoming the moon on high;
I've heard its warblings of farewell,
And still its tones all sweetly fall;
But softer, sweeter, dearer far,
Thy voice's notes to Memory are:
Neel! thy music has enshrined
The name of Clari in my mind;
My heart has heard thee, for a heart can hear,
When melody like thine is breathed upon the ear."

"Exodus, or the Curse of Egypt," is the production of a young author, who unquestionably possesses a considerable portion of genius, but who, on the present occasion, has been very unfortunate in the choice of his subjects. He soars too daring a flight in his "Exodus," and the consequence is, that his strength not unfrequently expands into bombast,

or sinks into weakness. Every here and there, powerful lines occur; but it is a sore thing to struggle with the seven plagues of Egypt, and makes the verse smell too much of Golgotha. The continuation of the "Lament of the Wandering Jew," which we formerly noticed, by the same author, is not so good as the first part. What "T. B. J." has principally to guard against, is bad taste. His image and expressions continually show that he has not sufficiently cultivated this faculty. He is frequently original both in his feelings and thoughts; but to be original, he does not scruple to be harsh, and even coarse. From the minor poems we select, as a favourable specimen of the author's talents, the following

STANZAS.

"I sing as gaily as of old,
I smile as glad as I have done,—
Though cheeks that glow'd with mine are cold,
And they who loved my lay are gone.
I dance as light as e'er I did,
I laugh where roar and riot flow;—
Though she who join'd the dance is dead,
And lips that kiss'd my cup are low.

"But, oh! when I am cold and clay,
Will I as quickly be forgot?
Will friends sport on, and smile as gay
As now they do, when I am not?
And will affection cease to move
The finer chords it moved,
The hearts I used to bless and love,
That made me blessed and beloved?

"Alas! they will—the game of life
Will still be play'd—its idle toys
Will woo mankind, when, free from strife,
I cannot hear nor heed their voice.
Corruption is my mother dread,
The worms my sisters—chilling thought!
But, O, most sad to leave when dead—
A worthless name—a blank—a blot."

We should also have quoted the poem, entitled "The Weepers," but it has already appeared in the *Literary Journal*. We take, instead, the

SONG OF AN EXILE.

"I should not like to die
Upon a foreign strand;
I should not like to lie
Far from my father-land:—

"I love my native Isle,
Its blue hills, its wild glades;
Its heaven's sunny smile,
Its merry mountain maids.

"O! I would wish to have
Some one o'er me to weep,
I wish my grassy grave
Where all my fathers sleep.

"It must be sad to pass
Away from life alone,—
As in the wilderness
A leaf—unseen, unknown.

"The wild birds cease to roam
At eve—their wanderings past;
So would I seek my home,
To dwell and die at last.

"I would not like to die
Upon a foreign strand,
I would not like to lie
Far from my father-land."

If "T. B. J." will put his taste through a pretty severe discipline, he possesses stamina which he may ultimately turn to good account.

The last upon our list of poets is Mr John Imsh, author of "May Flowers." This work was printed several years ago, but has never been brought before the public.

any of the usual adventitious modes. It contains a number of pretty unpretending verses, evincing that the author's heart is in the right place, and that he loves his friends and his country. On the whole, we think the poems in the Scottish dialect the most successful, and two of these we shall quote. They are both songs:

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE FRIENDS FAR AWA.

"Here's a health to the friends far awa !
Whose absence this moment we mourn ;
And we'll pray with our offering that fair be their fa',
And speedy their welcome return !
Then, oh ! for the sake o' *langsyne*,
We'll have a blithe night—maybe twa ;
And if this were water, aa, thank God ! it's wine,
Here's a health to the friends far awa !

"Here's to some hereabout and awa,
Whom there's nae occasion to name ;
The fairest—the fondest ! ilk a kens best wha,
Though we'll likely nae a' think the same.
When memory mirrors aae bright
The lassie we lo'e abuse a',
O ! wha wadna drink wi' gudewill and delight,
Here's to some hereabout and awa ?

"And drink to the dead ! they wha now
'Neath the gersie and the gowan sleep sound,
With the gush of the goblet the fond tear will flow,
As the ad silent tribute goes round ;—
Yet still vain regretting forbear,
Aad, quick ! fill the cup aae and a' :
For the lassie we lo'e,—for the friends now nae mair,—
And a health to the folks far awa !"

The other is entitled,

MARY.

"There lives a young lassie
Far down yon lang glen ;
How I lo'e that lassie
There's nae aae can ken !
O ! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithful I'll be ;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red—red as the rowan
Her smiling wee mou' ;
An' white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow !
Wi' a foot o' a fairy
She links o'er the lea ;
O ! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

"Where yon tall forest timber,
An' lowly broom bower,
To the sunshine o' summer
Spread verdure an' flower ;
There, when night clouds the cary,
Beside her I'll be ;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me !"

Mr Imish is an amiable man, and we shall be glad to hear from him occasionally, as he promises in the letter which accompanied his volume.

We now come to the conclusion of what we consider a remarkably good-natured review. If we have said any thing that has given the shadow of offence to any body, we hereby apologise in the most ample and satisfactory manner.

Brady; or, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. By the Author of "Richelieu," &c. In 3 vols. 8vo. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

This is the most agreeable piece of light reading we have met with for a long while. The date and scene of the story, as those of our readers whose education has been minutely cared for to make them acquainted with Trimmer's History of England, will at once perceive, are laid

in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., and consequently at the time when the chivalrous spirit in Europe was in its full blossom. The virtue and the daring of the earlier chivalrous ages had taken a brighter colouring from the gradual diffusion of arts and knowledge. Our author culls with a judicious hand from the rich stores of the period, and hurries us through a succession of dazzling pictures and striking incidents, seasoning his narrative with an occasional dash of sentiment, or more frequently with playful and good-humoured rallery.

The various characters introduced are dashed off with a hasty, but spirited pencil. The high-souled Lady Constance Grey contrasts finely with the volatile and fascinating Catherine Bulmer. The merry yeoman Richard Heartley, the honest Dutch merchant William Hans, are good and honest fellows. The Kings of France and England, Wolsey, Sir Pagan Wileston, and the Astrologer, are more ambitious, and by no means unsuccessful, portraits. We are not aware that the author has anywhere evinced great power, but he exhibits in every page a spirit of buoyant humour, and a delicacy of sentiment which is never allowed to become cloying. We end where we began, by saying we have seldom met with a more pleasing work of the kind.

Adventures of an Irish Gentleman. In three volumes. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

THE leading features of this book are heartlessness and vulgarity. The author possesses a sort of coarse cleverness, and expects it to atone for the absence of all the better qualities of a novel. It is disgusting enough, under any circumstances, to be hauled through a long series of low intrigues and black-leg adventures ; but to us this becomes altogether intolerable, when the hero of the whole is a half-bred Irishman. We like the Irish,—we like the genuine Paddies, whether in town or country,—we like an Irish lady, and we also like an Irish gentleman ; but there is a kind of mongrel Irishman, who pretends to be a gentleman, though one may see at the first glance that he is no such thing, and him we invariably detest. A more odious creature does not walk the earth,—unpolished and impudent in his manners, gross in his language, obstreperous in his mirth, quarrelsome in his conviviality, capricious in his likings, brutal in his tastes, and black-guard in his principles,—a fellow whose only mode of putting himself upon a level with you is to force you into a duel ; and who, in the company of women, mistakes rakish familiarity for gallantry. We have met with such an animal, and are glad now to chronicle our contempt for him. We do not say that the hero of the book before us is exactly his counterpart, but simply that he has a leaning that way. He gets into all sorts of society, except good society,—forms *liaisons* with all sorts of women,—breaks them off in all sorts of ways,—and fancies himself a dashing fellow, who "knows life," though, in point of fact, he knows much more of the London chop-houses and Parisian *cafés*. There are some who may have a taste for this kind of writing, and may think the whole thing done capitally ; but we beg to except ourselves from the number.

A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease, containing a Brief View of its Structure and Functions, and the Diseases to which it is Liable ; with ample Directions for the Regulation of Diet and Regimen, from Infancy to Old Age. For the Use of General Readers. Edinburgh. D. Lizars. 8vo, 1830.

MEDICAL works, published for "General Readers," ought to be received by the public with very great caution ; because the diseases to which the human body is liable have so insidious an origin, and are frequently so complicated, that it is often difficult even for the experienced

physician to trace the symptoms that may present themselves to their proper causes. Very improbable, therefore, is it, that any book can be published, wherein the whole science can be reduced to so simple a form, that the treatment and cure of the Protean maladies which assail the constitution may be comprised in a series of general directions and universally applicable prescriptions. It has been truly said, that "medicines differ from poisons only in their doses;" and it is no less true, that the victim of pain is always too ready to become the victim of credulity, and fly to any remedy which popular caprice, or individual prejudice, may extol into a promised charm. A knowledge of the structure and functions of the different parts of the human body, in their healthy state, is indispensable to those who would wish to understand their condition in disease. Without this previous information, all attempts to restore the body to its natural condition must be empirical, and may prove not only unavailing, but aggravate or provoke the accession of some new and more grievous affliction. The author of the present work, convinced of this fact, has given a very brief and clear view of the structure and economy of the human body,—the knowledge of which must at all times prove useful, and may almost be regarded as indispensable to every well educated and enlightened man. He has next adverted to the management of children,—the regulation of regimen and diet in after life,—cold and warm bathing,—exercise, and other matters; all of which he has treated with very considerable skill. The chapter on climate is also deserving of particular attention. We do not think it necessary to give any extracts from this work, but conscientiously recommend it to the attention of our readers.

The Gairloch Heresy Tried, in a Letter to the Rev. J. M. Campbell of Row; and a Sermon, &c. By the Rev. Robert Burns, D.D., Minister of St George's, Paisley. Paisley. 1830. Pp. 82.

THE Row Heresy, as it is somewhat affectedly called, has, we think, already received more attention than it deserves. The doctrines, whether new or old, of universal pardon, unconditional freeness, and absolute assurance, though sufficiently detestable, are not very likely to become popular in this country; and certainly no cause, except that of self-evident truth, could hope to prosper in the hands of such feeble advocates as Mr Erskine and the Rev. Mr Campbell. We think, therefore, that Dr Thomson, Dr Burns, and other respectable clergymen of our church, might employ their time and their talents more profitably to their flocks; than by amusing the idle, and gratifying the curious, with philippics against this silly heresy. If the minister of Row really holds—and we are convinced he does—doctrines inconsistent with those of the church which claims his fealty, and at the same time wants the common honesty to resign the charge committed to him by that church, then let him be ejected, as a matter of course, and let his bishoprick be given to a more orthodox divine, and a more honest man.

At the same time, we are aware that there are some who take a deeper interest in this controversy, and apprehend greater danger from the new doctrines than we do. To such, we commend Dr Burns's little pamphlet. The Letter is well written, and the Sermon is still better; the reasoning in both is perspicuous, and often forcible; the texts quoted from Scripture are numerous, but they are generally apposite, and quite conclusive against the Gairloch doctrines;—they ought to convince every reasonable being who admits Scripture to be the rule of faith. But we think Dr Burns is wrong, if he expects that reasoning, however just and unanswerable, will dissipate the delusion of the self-righteous gentlemen, who have boldly plunged into mysticism, and wrapped themselves comfortably in the mantle of unqualified assurance.

Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country. No. 1. February 1830. London. James Fraser. Edinburgh. John Boyd.

THIS is a new Magazine, of respectable appearance, the writers in which are apparently determined to do their best to obtain a due proportion of elbow-room in the literary arena which they have entered. The first article is entitled "Our Confession of Faith." It is respectably, but not very powerfully written. In politics the conductors declare themselves to be "not of liberal principles,"—in literary matters they are determined to be "fearless and fair,"—and in the ordinary sources of information "no pains shall be spared to make their Magazine equal to its contemporaries." They further request that they may not be judged by the first Number, "although it is written by the first writers in England, Scotland, and Ireland." Of the articles which follow this introductory one, we pronounce briefly as follows:—that which is entitled "American Poetry," is superficial; "The Philosophy of Catholicism" is laboured, but obscure, and not very satisfactory; the translation of "Richter's Review of Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne'" is interesting; Captain Basil Hall's paper on Mechanics' Institutes has already appeared in print; "A Legend of Macalister More" is pretty good; "On Poetical Genius" is pompous and rather common-place; "On Architectural Design and Decoration" is by a man who understands his subject, and is one of the best essays in the number; "Horse Gallica, No. I." is pretty well; "The Hurons, a Canadian Tale," by Galt, is ditto; "West India Sketches, No. I." ditto; the review of Mr Robert Montgomery's "Satan" is spirited and good; the review of Mr Hamilton's "Annals of the Peninsular Campaign" is also good, and takes nearly the same view of the work as that which we ourselves entertain; the "Remarkable Vision of Charles XI. of Sweden" is *assez bien*; the concluding paper, "On Dramatic Taste," is poor. The original poetry is only respectable. On the whole, there is cleverness in the work, but not enough of it. However, we never make up our mind on a first number.

Parochial Psalmody; a New Collection of the most approved Psalm Tunes from the most eminent Composers. Including several Original Tunes, composed expressly for this Work. By J. P. Clark. Glasgow. John Cunningham. 1830.

THE schoolmaster is abroad, and why not in music as well as in mechanics, or any other of the arts and sciences? The march of improvement in music, however, has not kept pace with the march of mind. This may be said more particularly of sacred music; for whilst years are devoted to the study and practice of secular music, and hundreds of pounds expended on tuition and instruments, in almost every family of respectability, sacred music seems to be quite overlooked. Now, that sacred is by far the finest and most sublime music we hope few will deny; and to us it appears a paradox that people otherwise of cultivated and liberal minds, should seem to set themselves against its study and improvement. The state of music in our churches, at the present day, shows plainly the neglect under which it has fallen;—to a person of musical taste, the exhibitions there are more calculated to excite languor, if not contempt, than inspire devotional feelings. What should be done in order to remedy this defect, is a question easier asked than answered. But we are glad to see the attempts made by individuals, from time to time, to call the attention of the public to the subject, and the contributions that are occasionally made to the slender stores we already possess.

Under this impression, we feel pleasure in the appearance of a new Collection of Psalm Tunes, by a person who seems to understand the subject. The "Parochial

Psalmody" appears to contain a very good selection, ancient and modern, and quite enough for any established church—the Psalms and Paraphrases not admitting of much variety of metres.

In this useful little work, the *harmony* appears to be a good deal altered from other collections; and, to our taste, mightily improved. The airs are, of course, the same, but the tenor, counter-tenor, and bass, are, in many cases, greatly altered. In fact, Mr Clark has shown his science more in this respect, than any editor of Psalm Tunes we have seen. Instead of confining his basses to the common chords of tonic, dominant, and sub-dominant, which are found recurring in almost every line of the generally-received books of sacred music, he introduces a greater variety in the harmony, giving it more interest than when written in plain counterpoint. We observe, also, that he has recourse to *inverted basses*, *dissonances*, and the dominant 7th, which throw a higher degree of light and shade into the harmony. The minor ones, especially, have pleased us in this respect, being much more difficult to harmonize, probably, than those in the major keys.

There is another modern improvement in the science, of which the Editor has repeatedly availed himself, and which has an uncommonly fine effect,—the introduction of the sharp 6th. We do not know any chord that has a sadder effect than this one, when judiciously used. The last line of our old favourite, *Dandee*, is made quite another thing by this chord. *St Mary's*, *St Alban's*, *St Andrew's*, *St John's*, *St Peter's*, and many others, are improved by the same beautiful interval. Judging of Mr Clark's talents from the few tunes he has given of his own composition, we must say we are sorry they are not more numerous.—*St George's*—*Glasgow*, and *Yarrow*, are both splendid tunes, and must be well adapted for the expression of cheerful praise.

This little work is well got up, the size is convenient for the pocket, and the price is reasonable. It will be found a great acquisition to those who play the piano and organ, having the full harmony written for every note which gives it considerable richness and fulness.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MY INTERVIEW WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Translated from the Journal of Baron Adolph von Bissing.

The character of the following paper, for which we are indebted to a distinguished foreigner now in Edinburgh, will be best explained by a few sentences of the letter which accompanied it:—"I send, as you desired, the simple expression of my feelings, just as I entered them in my Journal with a view of transmitting them, according to my custom, to my father, by the first post. True feeling shuns publicity, and but for your solicitations, these notes should never have been presented to a wider public than the family circle for which they were originally destined. And yet where is the harm in telling so openly how highly we esteem him? I know that I speak not merely my own sentiments, but those of my whole nation. I would not be the last man on earth to violate the sanctity of the domestic fire, and to drag its secrets to the day. I have no desire to become collector of trifling anecdotes, merely because they refer to a great man. But a poet belongs to the public, and I see no greater harm in expressing publicly the impression his presence made upon me, than he himself does in stinging the impulses awakened within him by the contemplation of the sun and stars. I am no author by profession, and the suspicion of seeking the acquaintance of distinguished persons, with a view to write about them, cannot fall upon me."

A more worthy feeling than the idle wish to be able to say, on my return, "I, too, have seen him;" rendered me most anxious to meet with Walter Scott. It was therefore with some degree of excitement that I repaired to the Parliament House, where the Bard officiates in his judicial capacity, to find the friend who had promised to introduce me. On entering the hall, I dwelt with pleasure on the idea, that this favourite of the gentle Muses

was at the same time a priest of the inexorable Themis, and that, although elevated above the common race of mankind, he possessed the power of submitting to the yoke of daily life. These reflections were, however, interrupted by a feeling of diffidence, which obliged me to halt for a moment to muster courage for the introduction. Although tolerably blunted by custom to the impressions of mere worldly grandeur, I could not help paying this tribute to the imposing presence of intellectual and moral greatness.

At last he stood before me!—the venerated old man, leaning upon his staff, in his black gown, while, beneath his snow-white head, his soul looked out through his clear eyes! I forgot every thing that I had been so anxious to say to him; and I could with difficulty stammer out, "that my acquaintances and relations had charged me, on leaving home, should I have the good fortune to meet our northern favourites in this country, to add, to my own, the expression of their esteem, devotion, and love, and to invite him to visit a land where he would be welcomed as the personal friend of every family circle which he had delighted with his songs, and awakened to sympathetic pleasures." I received a friendly and polite answer. Scott spoke with kindness of our country; and delighted me in particular with his warm expressions of esteem for our immortal Goethe.

While he spoke, I had leisure to contemplate the lofty poet. His image is deeply engraven on my memory. An ever-wakeful and deep feeling glances from his eye. An expression of sound judgment, peace of mind, modest consciousness of power and goodness of heart, sits upon his high forehead. A gentle seriousness, indicative of past struggles and matured experience, plays around his mouth. The echo of the soul—his voice—is soft and full-toned, and accommodates its modulations to the train of his thought. His bearing is gently dignified. His whole appearance has the self-created beauty of an amiable mind—the reflection of internal harmony. None but the man who is blind to this expression of the soul, can fail to recognise this lofty and eloquent expression in Scott's exterior—can see in him a mere commonplace person. It is written legibly on his brow, that his songs bear the exact impression of his character, no less than of his genius—that he is himself the same noble, plump, high-spirited being as the creatures of his fancy. And herein lies that personal charm, which Scott possesses in a degree superior, perhaps, to every other author. The thoughtful, purely intellectual look of the *Aegis*-clad Minerva, depresses and repels the beholder, while the human feeling about the genius of Scott elevates us to him.

And it ought to be thus. Is not the artist more noble than his work? Is man the masterpiece of the creation, not more worthy of our wonder than the works of his hand? Must we not attach to the lofty temple those very feelings with which we think it inspires us? Must we not attribute even to dumb nature that life which is in ourselves? How much more strongly than must these feelings influence us, when we come in contact with a highly-gifted man, in whom there is independent and innate life. The noblest works of art are, after all, but the imperfect exertions of a single talent: the beams of the poet's eye, bright, variegated, and glancing as the light, are of themselves all in all sufficient, and need no completion from without.

In that memorable moment, the poet stood before me associated with all those remembrances of my home,—of those evenings sacred to domestic affections, whose cheerfulness his tales had increased. His the songs of the bard of human affections—whose gentle muse never seeks to wither the human heart. As he shook me friendly by the hand, and wished me in parting success in the journey of life, I thought I felt why our forefathers should have esteemed their bards a sacred race. I would not have given his simple wish, for the prayers of a whole congregation. I still hear his friendly voice,—I still feel the

warm pressure of his hand. I hope my eyes spoke my gratitude, for in such moments the lips are by no means the best interpreters of the heart.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A PERUSAL OF MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

Few men have been more unjustly dealt with than Byron. He died just at the time when the character can be first said to be definitely formed, yet both his actions and writings have been tried by the standard of the full-grown man. Cast on the world without a guide,—obliged, like all who have to learn for themselves, to blunder into correctness,—the errors which he unavoidably committed in groping for the right path have been attributed to wanton depravity. To judge of him so, was to judge hastily and most erroneously.

The fundamental characteristics of Byron's mind were susceptibility and intense power. Both of these are essentially necessary in the poet's constitution; the former renders him alive to the most delicate and evanescent feelings,—the other enables him to combine and reproduce effectively the images he has thus acquired. For man as a social being, and especially for a young man, they are dangerous endowments. The one exposes him to seductions and irritations of which less susceptible constitutions are not aware; while the other gives a vehemence to his actions which drives him off his equipoise and status in society. In after life, the reasoning and imaginative powers frequently serve as conductors to lead a portion of the lightning of the mind to expend itself harmlessly upon abstract pursuits; but in youth the whole stock of glowing passion is poured out upon nature and mankind, now fostering, now scathing with their blaze. It is at this period, therefore, that the instinctive ties of family and friendship, reverence for elders, love for those who are of our own standing or younger, are indispensable as substitutes for the yet unawakened powers of reason. These feelings, less strong, but also less transitory than others, serve as moorings to keep the ship steady till the anchor is slung with which she is to steer through life. At a later period the same feelings are our ornament and solace, but in youth they are necessary to our moral existence. Yet, during all the freshness of youth, when man's character receives its first indelible impression, Byron was excluded from participation in these feelings and affections. He came occasionally in contact with some who knew how to estimate his promise, and there were plenty who, from motives of vanity or interest, sought to hang themselves upon the young lord; but for a permanence, there was only one who really loved him—his mother—a weak and violent woman, whose conduct was calculated to stifle or pervert his affections. Yet it is precisely in Byron's treatment of this mother, that we find, amid all his aberrations, the strongest proofs of an indestructible goodness of nature. The whole tone of his correspondence with her, and of the expressions casually wrung from him, show how truly he could see her character, and how deeply his feelings had been wounded by her folly; yet, from first to last, we find the knowledge that she was his mother triumphing over all. He struggles, throughout, not only to pay her the services of a son, (and in them he was never deficient,) but to feel for her all that the magic word "mother" inspires.

Notwithstanding his filial piety, however, he reached manhood in a state of isolation. He had companions, but no friends. There is a loneliness in the condition of an only child, without parents, or without such parents as he can cling to, that only he who has experienced can conceive. The young affections expand among a band of second selves;—they are so many additional hooks by which we attach ourselves to society, and are drawn within its circle. But he who stands alone must work his way into it, and the least awkwardness or shy-

ness effectually bars him out, forces him to nurse his warm feelings in silence and secrecy, and to attach himself to the beings of his own fancy. A degree of morbid egotism is thus engendered within him. In Byron this state of mind was heightened by the consciousness of a personal blemish. The first indication of expanding intellect is a desire to stand well in the opinion of others, and the first tendency of this desire is to create anxiety about personal appearance.

Under all these inauspicious circumstances, Byron took his place as a man among men, without having been guilty of any greater irregularities than the majority of his equals in rank. He entered upon the world with embarrassed finances, and without a single senior friend to countenance or lend him advice and assistance. Having stood forward as an author, his irascible temper was exposed to all the annoyances of carping criticism; and having attained a degree of public notoriety, he was seized upon as a common-good by all the scandal-mongers of the press. Prepared by his constitutional susceptibility to feel these attacks deeply, and by his lonely habit to brood over his own thoughts more than was conducive to a healthy state of mind, he took refuge in retaliation, and in nursing a gloomy pride and pleasure in dwelling upon, and exaggerating, his tortured feelings. He could not hope to prove to the world he was immaculate, and he took a perverse pride in bidding defiance to its censure, and attempting to prove himself worse than he really was. The means suggested by his friends as most likely to retrieve him from this wayward conduct, added new fuel to the flame; and, possessed of the dangerous power of investing his passions with the grandeur and beauty of poetry, he sought rather to nurse than to control them. This could not last for ever with a mind as superior as his. So unhealthy a state of excitement was gradually subsiding into a more firm and manly tone,—the indestructible mind was gleaming through and over it,—when, alas! his career was abruptly and prematurely closed.

This is the dark side of the picture,—let us now turn to the reverse. Byron's conduct and feelings toward his mother have been already noticed. His generosity and bravery are attested by hundreds. In all his aberrations there is nothing mean, equivocal, or malignant. Notwithstanding his assumed cynicism, his enthusiasm for whatever is good and great is every moment flashing forth. Sublime and lovely though his works be, they are but the hasty effusions of a mind which had not yet attained the full consciousness and command of its powers. His uncertainty respecting the merit of his poems, until stamped by the fiat of public applause, can only be accounted for on the supposition that, conscious how insufficiently they expressed his unutterable thoughts, he could not see their real value. His continual depreciation of literary labour, and his panting after action indicate a mind not yet at ease with itself as to its proper sphere. His life was a fragment. He stands like one of the immense cathedrals of Germany,—a work commenced on too gigantic a scale for human powers and perseverance to complete. We saw him only in that period of life in which the mind is a fermenting chaos. But even in this state, what augury did he not give of future greatness! His promise is more than other men's performance. Wit, humour, the most voluptuous passion, the most delicate beauty, and the most magnificent power and grandeur, strive for pre-eminence in his poetry.

The aim of this hasty and unsatisfactory sketch has been to seize, as far as possible, the grand outlines of Byron's character. The attempt was audacious,—but better to fail in it, than to succeed in repeating small anecdotes, which but distort our ideas of the mighty dead. It is the right of every man to be judged, not by his isolated actions, easily susceptible of misrepresentation, but by the whole tenor of the mind and affections when

they proceeded, as indicated by the collective conduct of his life.

MR MACDONALD'S NEW WORK.—THETIS ARMING ACHILLES.

We have been favoured with an early view of this highly interesting and splendid work. Mr Macdonald has chosen for the story of his new group, Thetis arming Achilles. The figures are, as in his Ajax, colossal. Achilles appears in the act of moving forward; with his left arm he poses his shield above his head; in the right hand, which is depressed, he brandishes a couple of light javelins. His figure unites the utmost physical power with the ideal beauty of the "goddess-born." His countenance is fiercely beautiful. His eager glance, harmonizing with his forward motion, seems to seek Hector in the distance; and his mind, engrossed with the thought of vengeance, and consciousness of power, is inaccessible to every other impression. Thetis, who has one arm re-dined on his shoulder, is allowing the other to drop away, as if relinquishing the vain hope of detaining him. Her face is turned to heaven, with an expression in which the grief of the prescient mother, and the dignified composure of the goddess, are majestically mingled.

Unlike Mr Macdonald's former work, in which passion and the death-struggle knit every sinew, and swell every vein even to bursting, the present group is composed in the most severe style of quiet and elevated beauty. The attitudes and action of the figures simple in the extreme—the drapery of Thetis falling in the most instructive folds—the outlines bold and majestic,—harmonize with the heroic character of the story. Achilles is the very Achilles of Homer,—beautiful, and strong as a demi-god, the unreflecting child of impulse. Thetis is the goddess of that old mythology, with all a mother's feelings warm about her, and with a far-searching view into futurity, the curse of those human-hearted deities, but with that intellectual power which confers dignity upon grief, by controlling its expression.

We feel perfectly satisfied that this work will at once place Mr Macdonald on a level with the most eminent living sculptor, and prove him to possess a mind capable of achieving the highest triumphs of his noble art.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, February 1, 1830.

Professor HORN in the Chair.

Sir GEORGE MACKENZIE concluded, this evening, his communication on Phrenology. In so doing, he recapitulated his former observations, read an account of the history of the Science, from an unpublished work of Mr Combe, and referred for facts in support of his views, to the works of Gall and Spurzheim, to the Phrenological Journal, Mr Combe's Lectures, and the Clyde Street Museum. Professor Hope, on the conclusion of the paper, said he thought himself at liberty to return thanks to Sir George Mackenzie, for the pains he had taken to lay before the Society a view of the fundamental principles of a doctrine which Sir George thought well founded, and highly important to the welfare of mankind, and in particular to the rising generation. That as Sir George had availed himself of that opportunity of recommending to his hearers to make themselves acquainted with the doctrine, by reading the works of Gall, &c., he, in his turn, would use the freedom of recommending to Sir George to direct his attention to that view of phrenology which alone he considered as philosophical. Every person, the Professor observed, who is in the smallest degree acquainted with the anatomy of the brain, must know that there lie deep seated a very large number of distinct organs, totally dissimilar in appearance, substance, and structure; and that, as different organs are provided for each of the external senses, it is extremely probable that each of these had a particular share in the general mental operations of the brain assigned to it:—That it is a study strictly physiological, and truly philosophical, to

investigate the special use of each of these organs, and the particular operation of the mind to which each is more immediately subservient:—That much benefit had accrued to medical science, and to mankind, by investigating the structure and use of the other organs of the body—as, for example, the heart;—and that, without doubt, both physical and metaphysical sciences would profit greatly from successful enquiries into the uses of these multifarious and finely-constructed organs in the interior of the brain:—That the phrenologists of the present day, having quitted the right path, had not advanced a single step in this physiological investigation; for they had not, so far as he knew, ascertained the function performed by any one of them. The Professor concluded by recommending strongly Sir George and other phrenologists to pursue the truly philosophical, though very difficult, course of enquiry which he had pointed out.—Notice of a Meteorological Journal, kept for twenty-five years, at Carlisle, by Mr W. Pitt, was then read, and afterwards an account of a Specimen of a mineral called Wad, by Dr Turner.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADA'S EVENING HOUR.

"Come, Ada, close the lattice now,
The sun is in the sea;
The night-wind, with a mournful tone,
Sighs through the old oak-tree;—

"The bird has sung herself to rest,
The flowers are gemmed with dew;
And twilight's shades are deepening fast
The Evening's heaven of blue;—

"Come, Ada, touch thy harp, and sing
One sprightly strain to me;
Why, there's a tear in thy dark eye!
Sweet girl! what aileth thee?"

"Oh! mother, let me gaze awhile
Upon this silent scene,—
The fading glories of the sky,
The hills and valleys green!

"I feel the calm of nature's mood
Steal softly to my heart;
And all unknown the gentle tears
Into my eyelids start!

"I cannot—cannot sing to-night,
A spell is round me thrown;
Oh! leave me here to gaze awhile
On this sweet scene alone!"

She cast upon her mother's face
One fond imploring look,—
Then silently she turned again
To Nature's holy book.

And who may tell what noble thoughts
Across that bosom stole;
How many sacred feelings rush'd
Like music on her soul?

Ah! who can say in hours like these,
With holiest visions fraught,
What heavenly wisdom Nature's voice
To the ead heart has taught?

Blest—ever blest is she who loves
To meditate in youth!—
And on Creation's glorious page
Has learnt to read the Truth!

GERTRUDE.

"O THIS LOVE!—THIS LOVE!"

By Thomas Atkinson.

I do not wish again to love
As when I had its scarlet fever;
And yet I still love on,—a name
Makes me as great a fool as ever!

'Tis true, I'm now too old to rave
At midnight in my chamber lonely,
Yet oft I'm humming, as I shave,
Such stuff as "Love me—love me only!"

Nay, faith, I've more than once been caught—
Would you believe it, though I own it?—
With vacant look, as if in thought,
And perpetrating half a sonnet!

The deuce is in the witching race!
No sooner have I cut my cousin,
Who flirted even before my face,
Than I'm in love with half-a-dozen!

Yet, on my life, I cannot tell
For whom the symptoms are in motion;
Sometimes I think they are for Bell,—
For Bessy next I've got a notion.

I know a pair of lovely eyes,
As blue as sapphire—ringlets yellow;—
If I could make that fair my prize,
I'd be a devilish happy fellow.

But then I know a pair of black—
As bright as night when stars are lighted;
And 'tis an undisputed fact,
That I'm with dark eyes much delighted.

One of the sweetest girls I ken,
Is my heart's height—up to my shoulder;
Another I look up to—then
She overlooks me—as I told her!

With ten-stone-seven I've been prepared
To fly to heaven if she were willing;
Or with a sylph I would have dared
To dig Potosi for a shilling.

Well, since in love I am—that's flat—
But cannot tell the happy woman,
I'll toss their names into a hat,
And woo as guided by the omen!

Then here goes Ann—Kate—Mary—Peg—
Jane—Agnes—Isabella—Jessy!
Now, Madam Fate, I humbly beg
You'll be propitious!—Heavens! 'tis Bessy!

MAN'S LIFE.

By *Lawrence Macdonald.*

MAN'S life's a bubble, born of empty bliss,
Flang on the ocean of unebbing time,
To drink the hues of every sunbeam kiss,
To take the dyes of every varying clime,
Expanding, 'mid the growth of every crime!
Creation's veriest fiction, without name,
End, aim—a hollow toy; from out the slime
Of over-wrought existence forth it came,
Expanded, burst, and left no trace where it had lain.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A New work, entitled "The Athenæum," conducted by students in the University of Glasgow, is announced to appear in April. Though it will be for the most part written by members of the University, yet its pages will be enriched by a few articles from some of the most celebrated literary characters of the present day.

Monsieur Sureme, of the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a Pocket French Grammatical and Critical Dictionary, the principal object of which is to point out the popular errors committed in French conversation.

We understand that Mr Motherwell, editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, is about to succeed Mr McQueen as editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, Mr McQueen's other avocations requiring his undivided attention. We are glad that Mr Motherwell's talents, of which we entertain a high opinion, are thus likely to be brought into a more extensive sphere of usefulness.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—Volume 9th of the new edition contains the Black Dwarf, and the first part of Old Mortality. The frontispiece, by Wylie, is excellently drawn, but indifferently engraved, by R. Graves, for whom Wylie seems to entertain an undue partiality. The vignette is pretty. The literary additions are not numerous, but are curious and interesting.

Messrs Colburn and Bentley announce seventy-seven new Works in the press! We cannot find space to enumerate them all; but the following appear the most important:—The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Thomas Campbell, the Poet—René Caillie's Travels to Timbuctoo—Cloudeley, a novel, by the author of Caleb Williams—Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Germany and France—The Garrick Papers—Travels in various parts of Peru, by Edmond Temple—Private Memoirs of the French Cabinet during the Directory, Reign, and Consulate of Napoleon, by M. Bourienne—The Hetress of Bruges, by the author of Highways and Byways—Tales of the Colonies, by William Howison, Esq.—Travels among the Sedouins and Wahabees, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt—Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna—A History of Modern Greece, by James Emerson, Esq.—East and West, by one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses"—Life of John Hampden, by Lord Nugent—Letters from Switzerland and Italy, by John Carne, Esq.—Sketches of the Irish Bar, in 2 vols.—History of the Bible, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of the Subaltern—The Correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

Mr Murray's list of Works, nearly ready for publication, amounts to forty-four, among which are the following:—Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher, by Sir Humphry Davy—Life of Bishop Heber, with Selections from his Correspondence, by his Widow—Life of Sir Stamford Raffles, by his Widow—Papers of the Earl of Marchmont—Life of Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry—Life of the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott—Popular English Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets, with Essays and Notes—The concluding volume of Southey's Peninsular War—Life of General Wolfe, by Dr Southey—Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by J. S. Paris, M.D.—Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron, held in Cephalonia, by the late James Kennedy, M.D.—The Progress of Society, by the late Robert Hamilton, LL.D.

Periodical Literature seems at last to be taking root in Ireland. There is the Literary Gazette—The Dublin Monthly Magazine—The Christian Examiner, and the Christian Herald, monthly—The Friend, weekly—two in Belfast, the Ulster Magazine and the Orthodox Presbyterian, both monthly—besides the Limerick Magazine that is to be, and the Cork Magazine that was.

The Correspondence between Lord Mountcashel and the Bishop of Ferns, on the State of the Church, together with an Account of the Lay Meeting at Cork, out of which the Correspondence arose, will be ready in a few days.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—A Literary Gazette, to appear twice a week, was commenced on the 1st of this month at Weimar.—German translations of Scott's, Mackintosh's, and Moore's Histories of the British Islands, are already announced.—Mansoni, the Italian novelist, is busy with a new Historical Romance.—A selection from the principal London Annals has been published at Paris, under the title of *Album Britannique*.—A work is announced at Paris, called *Confessions d'un Homme de Cour, sous le règne de Louis XV.*—Beuchot, the Editor of a new edition of Voltaire's works, gives six of the Philosopher's unpublished letters. In one of them Voltaire favours us with his opinion of Weekly Journals, which is in these words:—"I déteste as much as you these trifling weekly publications; but frequently they contain what is agreeable. They are the vendors of grains of dust, in which diamonds are sometimes found." What a pity that Voltaire did not live in the days of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*!—By the last arrival from Egypt, there has been received a file of the newspapers published at Boulae, under the authority and Protection of the Viceroy, and with the title of the *Egyptian Journal*: it contains regular reports of all the debates in the National Council, particularly a speech of the Viceroy's son, Ibrahim, in which he declares to the assembly that his father is resolved to remain at peace with all countries, and to improve the condition of their own. There is a notice in one of these papers of the construction, at Alexandria, under the direction of M. Serail, a French engineer, of a new arsenal and dock-yard, for vessels of the line and frigates; 1697 workmen are employed in ship-building, casting of cannon, &c., and there are upwards of 500 clerks and officers. The Viceroy has also established, with the National Council, a new Penal Code.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Seca. A Poem. By Robert Montgomery. London. Samuel Maunier; and R. Griffin & Co. 8vo. Pp. 391.

Tax time has but very recently gone by, since we existed in a sorely exasperated state against Robert Montgomery. The chief cause of our rage was, that he had been most extravagantly and boisterously puffed by a small junto of his friends; and to see people, by a sudden *coup de theatre*, attempt to place an individual, high and dry, beyond those waves of criticism which are continually fretting and dashing against much better men, invariably puts us into a passion. Had we written of Montgomery (not James, recollect, but Robert) in the first impetuosity of our choleric mood, we should certainly have stayed him alive, and sent him forth into the world in a very raw and pitiable condition. But, according to the advice of all sages, we have taken time to count a hundred, and to swallow a tumbler of cold water, since our anger first began to boil; and the consequence is, that we have now become more temperate, and are therefore likely to be more just. Besides, we observe that a few of the more able and independent critics of the country, who do exist,—although certainly *rari, et rantes in gurgite*—have not permitted Mr Montgomery to walk about altogether scatheless, but have, each after his kind, administered a due proportion of that most wholesome medicine—the rod of correction. As coming more immediately under our approbation in this respect, we may particularly mention *Fraser's Magazine*, No. 1, the *Atlas*, and the *Dublin Literary Gazette*. The first offerings having thus been made upon the altar of Justice, we feel ourselves called upon to prove our fealty by cool determination, rather than impassioned warmth.

Mr Robert Montgomery is a young man, not yet four-and-twenty, we believe; and he possesses a "vaulting ambition," which, though honourable to him, not unfrequently "overleaps itself." This is evident both in the choice and in the management of his subjects. He first presents as the "Omnipresence of the Deity;" then we had "A Universal Prayer, Death, and other Poems;" and now we have "Satan." We beg to say, once for all, that we believe we have said before, that we hate to see men and striplings raving about the Omnipresence of the Deity, uttering Universal Prayers, diving into the mysteriousness of Death, and affecting a hand-and-glove acquaintance with Satan. Of late, this has become rather a fashionable sort of amusement; but it is in all cases bad, because it must in all cases be hollow, heartless, and untrue. What does Mr Montgomery know of the Omnipresence of the Deity, or of Death, or of Satan, more than any young man whom we may meet with every day of our lives, at a pleasant evening party, in white kid shoes and dancing pumps? There was a time, when any who dared to tune their harps to those high and solemn themes, felt that, to approach them right, it was necessary to give up to them their whole lives and souls. But he walked in his "obscure wood," until the fitful

light broke in among the gloomy branches. Milton trusted not even to the radiance of external nature, but in the long solitude and uninterrupted darkness of his own chamber, painted the visions that arose before his mind's eye,—gorgeous, and strange, and awfully beautiful, like the tempest-clouds that lift their phantom-shapes out of the bosom of the far-stretched sea. Pollok, too, though but the humble and remote imitator of Milton, dedicated all the years of his allotted time to his one great object. A solitary child,—a youth that mused among the hills,—a man who stood apart from his fellow-men, nursing and feeding on his own imaginations,—he completed his task and died. But a new generation has arisen, who find it a mere pastime to mount upon the wings of the morning, and to soar into that presence where angels are poetically said to vell their heads, and feel their effulgent natures fade into dimness. Young men, who have a strong, natural, and healthy liking for the things of this world,—who laugh at a comedy, and become jocund over a bottle of mulled port, fancy all at once that they are able to cope with the mightiest of the fallen cherubim, to tear aside the curtains of the tomb, and to pass into the presence of futurity. This is quite out of character, and out of nature; and though such proceedings may impose upon the credulous for a time, they will soon come to be seen in their proper light, and be set down as a species of stage-trick and clap-trap.

It is true, that a lofty subject naturally inspires lofty thoughts; but unless these thoughts be *original*, there is little or no value in them, in as far as regards the modern author. We believe, however, that it is precisely upon this very point that both the young barding and his readers are most apt to be deluded. The Omnipresence of the Deity, or Death, or Satan, are such vast ideas, that they at all times fill the mind with a sense of sublimity and awe, and could the first existence of these ideas be traced to the creative fancy of any poet, we should not hesitate to pronounce him infinitely the most inspired of all the race. But they owe their origin to a higher source—to the page of revelation itself; and all that our limited intellect could understand, or is permitted to know concerning them, has there been set forth. One or two of the very mightiest spirits which this world has produced, have ventured to trace a little farther the probabilities to which that revelation leads, and though they have failed in adding to our stock of knowledge, they have poured out of the richness of their own conception, a flood of lofty illustrations upon the solemn truths previously communicated. Thousands of far inferior men have also attempted to handle these truths, and have occasionally succeeded in obtaining a borrowed lustre, not from their own merits, but from the sacredness of the subjects with which they mingled themselves. Aware of this fact, it has recently become fashionable among many persons of pretty fair abilities, to attempt to turn it to their own account. All they have to do is to say high-sounding things, and the multitude will not at first discover that they are merely new versions of what has been said before, and to better purpose. They have, besides, this great advantage over persons who choose less exalted topics, that, unless they be down-

right drivellers, they must repeat many things which are in their essential meaning full of poetry, whether clothed in successful language or not. The only drawback is, that these meanings are not new; the changes are rung upon them every Sunday, from every pulpit in Europe. We do not denigrate the poor priest or curate a poet of the first magnitude, because he hebdomadally delivers to his congregation the most sublime and magnificent views regarding the attributes and dispensations of Omnipotence. We know that he only speaks by rote, and judge him accordingly. Why should we place the rhymester on a different footing? His words may be a little more select, and his fancy a little more vivid, than the divine's; but separate the chaff from the grain, and there will be found as much real substance in the possession of the one as the other. The language is their own, but all the rest of their ideas are as old as Isaiah, or as He whom Isaiah foretold.

Descending from more general remark to a particular instance,—what is this blank-verse poem in three books, extending to so many thousand lines, and called "Satan," all about? The question is rather a puzzler, and the only answer we can think of is, that it is a poem *de omnibus negotiis, et quibusdam aliis*. We are introduced at the commencement to Satan standing on the top of Mount Ararat, and there looking around him, entirely contrary to the established laws of optics, upon all the world. During the whole of the volume the garrulous old gentleman is made to indulge in one unbroken soliloquy, in the course of which he speaks of the changes that have taken place in empires, indulges in a good many hits at crowned heads, says a few words of Napoleon, then descants on India, America, the slave-trade, Europe and its different countries; then moralizes (rather odd, is it not, that Satan should *moralize*?) on man, his nature and crimes; delicately touches on the tender subject of original sin, and the introduction of Christianity; falls into a pathetic mode of thinking concerning war and its miseries; gives a great deal of good advice to England, especially suggesting to her, not to be so fond of money as she seems to be; visits London, and looks into her palaces, her senate, her ball-rooms, theatres, academies, &c.; and, in conclusion, leaves the full conviction on the mind of the reader, that Satan is on the whole a very respectable person, who has been rather harshly treated.

Such is the sum and substance of Mr Montgomery's poem, and, setting aside its execution altogether, we have no doubt he thinks its conception entitled to much praise. In this opinion we are sorry that we cannot agree. We see nothing in its conception but the vague and rash daring of a young man, who has not yet learned to form any proper estimate of his own powers, and who thinks himself able to swim across the Atlantic, because he knows he can swim across a canal. Looking even at the very imperfect abstract which we have given of the multifarious and most comprehensive subjects which his plan made it necessary for him to dwell upon, it must be evident that he trusted more to the weight which the very magnitude of these subjects carries along with it, than to the original, or even generally intelligent, remarks which he was to make concerning them. This is a dangerous rock for a young author to split upon; it lifts him out of the waters only to dash him back the more severely. We would sooner a thousand times be presented with one new and striking thought concerning a simple weed, than a whole volume of antiquated declamation concerning the moon and stars, or principalities and powers. The latter may have the more lofty sound, but the former indicates that creative power which is the highest attribute of mind. Hence, though Mr Robert Montgomery was to write for a thousand years, in the same style in which he has hitherto written, of the Omnipresence of the Deity, and Death, and Satan, and all these grand things, would we place him, think you, side by side with our own Robert Burns, who saw and felt for

himself, as poets only can see and feel? When we speak of the "style in which Mr Montgomery has hitherto written," we mean to imply, that as we can discover no very wonderful power in the conception of his poems, neither can we be very greatly delighted with their execution. It is but fair that we should explain why this is the case.

Mr Montgomery's besetting sins are, vagueness and bombast. He is not a clear thinker; neither has he very quick perceptions; and the consequence is, that he very frequently flounders through his ideas. In the whole of the first two books of his "Satan" there is an unsettled wandering from subject to subject, and a constant beating about the bush, indicative neither of a steady purpose nor a well-stored mind. Page after page is filled with musty scraps of morality, and very trite pieces of sublimity. Whenever he tries to say anything particularly fine, it is sure to be either replete with bad taste, or to be something very like nonsense. Thus, in the introductory stanzas, we have the lines,

"Thou wilt not deem such verse supplied
By superstition's haggard gaze."

At page 20 we meet with the following question:

"—Is the Earth
Appall'd, or agonising in the wrack
Of Elements?"

Again, in no better taste;—

"Oh! what a cloud on Liberty was thrown,
How deep a gash her dreadless form profaned!"

Or, in a style of yet greater coarseness;—

"Then Havoc started with a hideous howl;
The shriek of violated maids, the curse
Of dying mothers, and despairing sires,
And dash of corpses, torn from royal tombs,
And plunged amid devouring flame, were heard
Terrific!—Moscow seem'd a madd'ning Hell."

We are not quite sure that the following passage is English:

"—Primeval woods,
And chieftain wonder-trees, and forest haunts,
Where frequent rolls the stormy lion roar."

Nor do we profess to understand these lines:

"For some can dare the imprison'd mind unbar,
And glance unearthliness behind the veil
That mantles their mortality."

Or, as a specimen of Mr Montgomery's metaphysics, we should like to know whether our readers can make either head or tail of the passage subjoined:

"The atmosphere that droleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence (?) those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and create
An Eden wheresoe'er their magic light
Upon the rack of quick excitement lives;
Their joy, the essence of an agony, (!)
And that, the throbbing of the fires within!" (???)

This is pure nonsense; the following passage, considered as coming from the lips of Satan, only indicates the total absence of all judgment and discrimination:

"Methinks I'm challenged to admire a man
Adorned with meekness, graced by heavenly love,
And in the noiseless vale of humble life
Content, and charitably good; whose name
Is nobly register'd in realms divine,
Though unrenown'd below,—for men forget
Th' obscure on earth are oft the famed in Heaven."

Satan speaking thus! and not only once or twice, by mistake, but continually throughout the whole poem! Moreover, to add to his sins, Mr Montgomery is particularly anxious to introduce a false coinage of new words, against which we should rebel even although coming from an

author of five times his standing and weight. Among other specimens we find, "paradisaal," "vasty," "impregn," (for impregnated,) "a dew-fall," (meaning a dew-drop.) "a most insinuous man," "the greenery of hills," "halls of fictitious glare" (obsolete,) "a pest which might peg the heart" (obsolete,) "dareful" (obsolete,) &c. &c.

To try Mr Montgomery by another test—a test which all true poetry can stand—let us take a passage at random, print it as a piece of prose, and then see how it will read. Here are some lines about Bonaparte which ought to be good, and, above all, ought not to be commonplace, else they should never have been printed :

"Napoleon! on the island rock thou sleep'st; but such a storm thy spirit raised, so full the swell of feeling born of thee, that Time must lend his magic to allay the rush and respect of opinion into truth, that, taming wonder, stamps thee as thou wert,—a tyrant, in whose passion for a power unclouded above all liberty and law, thou stand'st alone, unparagon'd. . . . Thy race is o'er; and in the rocky jule of ocean, canopied with willow shade, in death's undreaming calm thou rearest now; but all the splendid infancy of war, the fame of blood and bravery, is thine: thy name hath havoc in its sound; and Time shall read it while his ages roll,—'twill live when Time and Nature are forgotten words! For, as a noble fame can never die, but proudly passeth on from earth to heaven, there to be hymn'd by angels, and to crown with bright pre-eminence the gifted mind that won it gloriously; so evil fame a fiery torment to the soul must be for ever."

This is positively poor prose; a boy at the High School would gain no credit by it. What does it say of Bonaparte that has not been said a hundred thousand times before, and often better, by every puny whipter. Yet sorry are we to state that this is the common sort of reading to be met with in the two first Books of Satan. The third is better, and it is for the sake of the third that we have thought it worth while to be thus minute in our criticism.

Mr Robert Montgomery by no means deserves to be altogether put down. He only requires to be rescued out of the injudicious pawings of his absurdly partial friends. He requires to be lowered to a sense of what he really is; and to have the long and arduous way distinctly pointed out to him, which he has yet to overcome. Among our minor aspirants for poetical reputation he holds a respectable place; and by perseverance, and modestly listening to sound advice, he may in time arrive at something higher; especially if he will renounce for ever the hopeless ambition of identifying himself with Satan, and of discoursing *de ambus negotiis et quibusdam aliis*. To prove that we are anxious to do him all manner of justice, and have an eye for his beauties as well as his defects, we have selected what we consider the three very best passages in the whole volume, and these we shall lay before our readers. The first, which relates to Byron, though not very original, is spirited, and decidedly above par :

LORD BYRON IN ROME.

"It was a haggard night; when mortals dream
Eternal nature in her sadness pines,
As though the elements were all diseased:
The moon hung rayless, and the few faint stars
Gleam'd, pale and glassy as the eye of death;
Alone, the victim of his darkest mood,
Among the limbs of levell'd palaces,
And monuments, in earthy slumber laid,
The wanderer roam'd; and when some sickly break
Of moonlight lit his features into play,
With all their lines of passionate excess,
The haunting genius of the spot he seem'd,
Lost in the workings of a wilder'd mind!—
He sigh'd, and mused, and then from earth to heaven
His eye was raised, but moisten'd with a tear
Of tenderness, wherein the pride of years
Had melted out, like essence from a soul
Most haughty in abasement:—blighted man!
His nature was a whirlpool of desires,
And mighty passions, perilously mix'd,
That with the darkness of the demon world
Had something of the light of heav'n! He breathed

The sighs that after ages will repeat;
The selfish eloquence of tortured thought,
In words that glow with agony! yet far
From him that deeper sadness of the mind,
Which, gather'd from the gloom of mortal things
In moments of mysterious power, o'erclouds
The spirit, and subdues it into thought
Sublime, and shadow'd with eternity."

Our second quotation is an apostrophe to the metropolis of our island :

LONDON.

"But hail! thou giant city of the world!
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternal smoke
For ever rising like an ocean steam,
Dost mantle thine immensity; how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies!
Time was, and dreary solitude was here,
When night-black woods, unvisited by man,
In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.
But now, the storm-roll of immingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles!
Thou more than Rome! for never from her heart
Such universe-awaking spirit pour'd,
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fever'd by thy name; a thousand years,
And silence hath not known thee! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene
Derive; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime, with such a thunder-crash as thou!"

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown;
Myriads of streets whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unwearied sound;
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mix'd
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—
And there is London! England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world!"

Our third extract, which is by far the best, and which puts it beyond a doubt that Mr Montgomery has a portion of the *divinus afflatus* in his composition, may be entitled

THE DYING PAINTER.

"In a lone chamber, on a tatter'd couch,
A dying painter lies. His brow shows young
And noble; lines of beauty on his face
Yet linger; in his eye of passion gleams
A soul, and on his cheek a spirit-light
Is playing, with that proud sublimity
Of thought, that yields to death, but gives to Time
A Fame that will avenge his wrongs, and write
Their history in her canonized roll
Of martyrs:—be it for his epitaph,
He lived for genius, and for genius died!
So sad and lone!—wall'd in by misery,
With none to smooth his couch, or shed the tear
That softens pain,—uncheer'd, unwept, unknown,
And famish'd by the want of many days,—
Hither! Ambition, wisdom breathes in woe.

There are, to whom this elemental frame
Of wonders seemeth but an outward show
To look upon, and aid the life of things:
But some in more ethereal mould are cast,
Who from the imagery of Nature cull
Fair meanings, and magnificent delights;
Extracting glory from whatever they view,
Making the unbodied air a blessing, light
A joy, and sovereign attributes of Earth
Enchanting ministers to sense and soul.—
And such was he. An orphan of the woods,
With Nature in her ancientness of gloom,
And cavern, dark peak'd hill, and wild,
Whose boughs waved midnight in the eye of day,
—He dwelt, until he hung the wizard sky

With fancies, and with earth incorporate grew !
 Nature and he, in one communion glow'd ;
 With all her moods, majestic, calm, or wild,
 He sympathised. In glory did he hear
 Ecstatic thunders antheing the storm !
 And when the winds fled by him, he would take
 Their dauntless wings, and travel in their roar !
 He worshipp'd the great sea,—when rocking wild,
 Making the waters blossom into foam
 With her loud wrath ; or savagely repaired,
 Like a dark monster dreaming in his lair.
 No wonder then, by Nature thus sublimed,
 With all her forms and features at his soul,
 The brain should teem with visions, and his hand
 A glorious mimicry of Earth and Heaven
 Perform ! till lakes and clouds, and famish'd woods
 In wintry loneliness, crags and eagle haunts,
 And torrents in their mountain rapture seen,
 All dread, all high, all melancholy things,
 Full on his canvass started into life,
 And look'd creation !"

If in our remarks upon this poem we have dwelt more elaborately upon its faults than its merits, it has been both in the hope of doing ultimately more good to Mr Robert Montgomery himself, and at all events of putting a clearer exposition of our poetical creed into the hands of our readers, as well as of those who may afterwards come before our critical tribunal.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., K.C.B., late Governor of Madras. With Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Colburn and Bentley.

WE reserve our more detailed account of this interesting work, containing the memoirs of one who adds another to the long list of eminent men of whom Scotland may well be proud, until we have sufficient time to do the volumes the justice they deserve. Meanwhile, we present our readers with the following entertaining and characteristic letter from Sir Thomas Munro to his sister, after he had been nine years in India, when he was twenty-eight years of age, and only a lieutenant in the Company's service. It is highly graphic, and most amusingly descriptive of

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA.

"*Madras, 23d January, 1789.*

"I have often wished that you were transported for a few hours to my room, to be cured of your Western notions of Eastern luxury, to witness the forlorn condition of old bachelor Indian officers ; and to give them also some comfort in a consolatory fragment. You seem to think that they live like those satraps that you have read of in plays ; and that I in particular hold my state in prodigious splendour and magnificence—that I never go abroad unless upon an elephant, surrounded with a crowd of slaves—that I am arrayed in silken robes, and that most of my time is spent in reclining on a sofa, listening to soft music, while I am fanned by my officious pages ; or in dreaming, like Richard, under a canopy of state. But while you rejoice in my imaginary greatness, I am most likely stretched on a mat, instead of my real couch ; and walking in an old coat, and a ragged shirt, in the noonday sun, instead of looking down from my elephant, invested in my royal garments. You may not believe me when I tell you, that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, till I came to India,—that since then, I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge-pouch ; my bed was a piece of canvass, stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was the great coat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay like Falstaff in the basket,—bilt to point,—and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet ; for the tailor, not having foreseen the various uses to which this piece of dress might be

applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover ; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs, I lost by exposing my neck ; and I generally chose rather to cool my heels than my head. This bed served me till Alexander went last to Bengal, when he gave me an Europe camp-couch. On this great occasion, I bought a pillow and a carpet to lay under me, but the unfortunate curtains were condemned to make pillow-cases and towels ; and now, for the first time in India, I laid my head on a pillow. But this was too much good fortune to bear with moderation ; I began to grow proud, and resolved to live in great style : for this purpose, I bought two table-spoons, and two tea-spoons, and another chair,—for I had but one before—a table, and two table-cloths. But my prosperity was of short duration, for in less than three months, I lost three of my spoons, and one of my chairs was broken by one of John Napier's companions. This great blow reduced me to my original obscurity, from which all my attempts to emerge have hitherto proved in vain.

"My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece ; it grows tattered in one quarter, while I am establishing funds to repair it in another ; and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off, to try on a new waist-coat.

"My travelling expeditions have never been performed with much grandeur or ease. My only conveyance is an old horse, who is now so weak, that, in all my journeys, I am always obliged to walk two-thirds of the way ; and if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of my offer. Till I came here, I hardly knew what walking was. I have often walked from sunrise to sunset, without any other refreshment than a drink of water ; and I have traversed on foot, in different directions, almost every part of the country, between Vizagapatam and Madura, a distance of eight hundred miles.

"My house at Vellore consists of a hall and a bed-room. The former contains but one piece of furniture,—a table ; but, on entering the latter, you would see me at my writing-table, seated on my only chair, with the old couch behind me, adorned with a carpet and pillow : on my right hand a chest of books, and on my left two trunks ; one for holding about a dozen changes of linen, and the other about half-a-dozen of plates, knives, and forks, &c. This stock will be augmented on my return by a great acquisition which I have made here,—six tea-spoons and a pair of candlesticks, bought at the sale of the furniture of a family going to Europe. I generally dine at home about three times in a month, and then my house looks very superb ; every person on this occasion bringing his own chair and plate.

"As I have already told you that I am not Aladdin with the wonderful lamp, and that, therefore, I keep neither pages, nor musicians, nor elephants, you may perhaps, after having had so particular an account of my possessions, wish to know in what manner I pass my leisure hours. How this was done some years ago, I scarcely remember ; but for the last two years that I have been at Vellore, I could relate the manner in which almost every hour was employed.

"Seven was our breakfast-hour, immediately after which I walked out, generally alone ; and though ten was my usual hour of returning, I often wandered about the fields till one ; but when I adhered to the rules I had laid down for myself, I came home at ten and read Persian till one, when I dressed and went to dinner. Came back before three ; sometimes slept half an hour, sometimes not, and then wrote or talked Persian and Moors till sunset, when I went to the parade, from whence I set out with a party to visit the ladies, or to play cards at the commanding officer's. This engaged me till nine, when I went to supper, or more frequently returned home without it, and read politics and nonsense till bedtime, which, according to the entertainment which I met with, happened sometime between eleven and two. I should have mentioned five as an amusement that occupied a great deal of my time. I seldom missed above two days in a week at this game, and always played two or three hours at a time, which were taken from my walks and Persian studies. Men are much more boyish in this country than in Europe, and, in spite of the sun, take, I believe, more exercise, and are, however strange it may appear, better able to undergo fatigue, unless on some remarkably hot days. I never could make half the violent exertions at home that I have made here. My daily walks were usually from four to twelve miles, which I thought a good journey in Scotland. You see children of five or six years of age following the camp,

and marching fifteen or sixteen miles a-day with the same ease as their fathers."

Sir Thomas Munro died in 1827, having raised himself by his talents from the situation of a simple cadet to that of Major-General, Governor of Madras, and Baronet.

Natural History of Enthusiasm. Second Edition. London. Holdsworth and Ball. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 320.

There is much in this book both of powerful writing and deep thinking, and, what on such a subject is more important, of pure practical sense. We have scarcely seen any thing so good since the publication of Foster's *Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance*—a work, by the way, which it considerably resembles both in conception and style.

In the first section the author treats of enthusiasm secular and religious. All enthusiasm he makes to consist—rightly, we think—in useless or perverted excitement. Agreeably to this view, therefore, the religious malady of which the particular object of his Treatise is to give the *Natural History*, has its origin in the same quarter to which every thing else that is extravagant in human action or opinion may be traced—a fevered imagination. Our author shows that the very feelings of the heart, for the purity and intenseness of which enthusiasts are so apt to give themselves credit, are in effect rather hardened than improved in genuine sensibility, by that constant riot of the imagination which causes them to be excited too often, and suffers them to wander, when they are excited, without an aim. Upon this point he thus expresses himself:

"The process of perversion and of induration may as readily have place among the religious emotions as among those of any other class; for the laws of human nature are uniform, whatever may be the immediate cause which puts them in action; and a fictitious piety corrupts or petrifies the heart, not less certainly than does a romantic sentimentality. The danger attending enthusiasm is not, then, of a trivial sort; and whoever disaffects the substantial matters of Christianity, and seeks to derive from it merely, or chiefly, the gratification of excited feeling; whoever combines from its materials a paradise of abstract contemplation or of poetic imagery, where he may take refuge from the annoyances and the importunate claims of common life;—whoever thus delights himself with dreams, and is insensible to realities, lives in peril of awaking from his illusions when truth comes too late. The religious idealist, perhaps, sincerely believes himself to be eminently devout; and those who witness his abstraction, his elevation, his enjoyments, may reverence his piety; meanwhile this fictitious happiness creeps as a lethargy through the moral system, and is rendering him continually less and less susceptible of those emotions in which true religion consists."

The author afterwards shows that enthusiastic excitement is not merely unfavourable to the growth of good affections—but also a fruitful source of such as are malignant and bad, and particularly a cause of fanaticism. "The amenities that have been diffused through society in modern times, indeed," he observes, "forbid the overt acts and excesses of fanatical feeling; but the venom still lurks in the vicinity of enthusiasm, and may be quickened in a moment; meantime, while smothered and repressed, it gives edge and spirit to those hundred religious differences which are still the opprobrium of Christianity."

The second section contains many powerful remarks on enthusiasm in devotion; the third exposes the enthusiastic perversion of the doctrines of spiritual influence; and the fourth treats of enthusiasm as the source of heresy. The fifth section, which is very masterly, and which must be hailed as particularly seasonable at the present time, by the true friends of religion, is devoted to the enthusiasm of prophetic interpretation. The author properly distinguishes between the use to be made of fulfilled and of unfulfilled prophecy; and he finds a resemblance of construction between prophecy and the enigma—both being so framed as to admit of various guesses

and probable solutions, but each having at the same time some special mark by which the true solution, when given, is authenticated and made to recommend itself immediately to the understanding. We recommend the following improvement of this text to the Rev. Mr Irving and his admirers, and much good may it do their pious souls:

"Is a predilection touched in symbol? Is it entangled among perplexing anachronisms? Is it studded with points of special reference? We then recognise the hand of Heaven in the art of its construction; and we know that it is so moulded as to admit and invite the manifold diversities of ingenious explication; and that therefore even the true explication must, until the day of solution, stand undistinguished in a crowd of plausible errors. But for a man to proclaim himself the champion of a particular hypothesis, and to employ it as he might an explicit prediction, is to affront the Spirit of Prophecy by contemning the chosen style of his announcements. And what shall be said of the audacity of him, who, with no other commission in his hand than such as any man may please to frame for himself, usurps the awful style of the seer, pronounces the doom of nations, hurls thunders at thrones, and, worse than this, puts the credit of Christianity at pawn in the hand of infidelity, to be lost beyond recovery, if not redeemed on a day specified by the fanatic for the verification of his word."

In section sixth, on the abuses of the doctrine of a particular providence, it is well observed,—

"In minds of a puny form, whose enthusiasm is commonly mingled with some degree of abject superstition, the doctrine of a particular providence is liable to be degraded by habitual association with trivial and sordid solitudes. This or that paltry wish is gratified, or vulgar care relieved, 'by the kindness of providence;' and thanks are rendered for helps, comforts, deliverances, of so mean an order, that the respectable language of piety is burlesqued by the ludicrous character of the occasion on which it is used."—"These small folks have need to be warned of the danger of mistaking the language of piety for the gratulation of selfishness."

The enthusiasm of philanthropy is treated in the seventh section with the same discriminating good sense; and in the eighth and ninth, which contain some of the most eloquent passages to be found in the volume, we have a complete analysis and exposure of the enthusiasm of the Ancient Church and of Monachism.

At the same time, we consider ourselves called upon, for the author's sake, to state, lest the terms of our commendation should by any chance operate to his exclusion from the circles of those who lay exclusive claims to evangelical religion, that his work is written no less in a pious spirit than with a rational intention; and that for aught we can see, or indeed for aught that is rendered probable by any one expression of his book, he may be an approved expounder of orthodoxy from the most popular pulpit in the kingdom.

But while we admire our author's eloquence, enjoy his sense, and are grateful for his seasonable labours in exposing the source of so many newfangled absurdities—we wish he had given us no reason to conclude our remarks with a censure on himself for a sort of enthusiasm, which, though we hope not damnable, is, we are sorry to say, very common at the present day. Somebody should write a book, or at all events a first-rate essay for the *Literary Journal*, "on the Enthusiasm of Modern Style." Our author exemplifies it by turns of expression, and even words, which prove that his mind is often so dangerously excited as to spurn authority and defy the Dictionary. Although our opinion of the general goodness of the book remains unchanged, we are sorry to find in it a few such figures as these:—"The ribbon of despotic interdiction is still stretched across the high-way that leads to the popular mind." Or, "while the minds of high communion lie hushed in the caverns of divine restraint." We are also sorry to meet with such skilfully-invented and well-sounding words as "perfectionment," "inamissible," (meaning to be admitted,) "spontanities," "perfunctionalary," "fortuity," "magnific;" and many more, which may deserve the attention of those gentlemen who are at

present employed in improving Johnson's Dictionary by the addition of "many thousand words."

The Follies of Fashion; a Comedy, in Five Acts. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Glengall. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 147.

EVERYBODY has complained of the decay of the drama in this country, until everybody has grown sick of the subject. We may perhaps be thought singular, and will therefore have some little chance of being listened to, when we say that we are not aware that there has been any decay of the drama among us. If by decay be meant, either that we have fewer dramatic writers than we once had, or that our stage is worse managed, or that the theatrical part of our population has dwindled away,—we deny the facts. We have fully as many dramatic writers as ever we had; the stage was never in a more moral or healthy state, nor its performers more talented and respectable; and the patrons of the theatre are quite as numerous and ardent as they were in times past. If the drama has decayed,—from what palmy state, from what happy period, has it fallen off? One swallow does not make a summer; neither does the existence of one Shakspeare prove that the drama was then flourishing. On the contrary, Shakspeare's plays were not nearly so much enjoyed during the Bard's lifetime as they have been since. We may perhaps be referred to the days of Charles the Second, when a number of celebrated dramatists sprang up together; but shall we prefer the gross licentiousness of their writings, to the far more refined wit of Goldsmith, the exquisite polish of Sheridan, or the classical purity of Cumberland? These, it is true, are the writers of a former generation; but have we not even in our own, seen both comedies and tragedies take a rooted possession of the stage, and appear alternately with the productions of the older masters? No doubt, we have never had among us another Shakspeare; but such men do not come into existence like mushrooms. Greece, amidst all her galaxy of bright names, could enumerate only four great dramatic writers,—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. If we except Plautus and Terence, (both clever, but neither of them first-rate,) the Roman empire could hardly boast of one. France rejoices in her Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and Moliere; but these, being numbered, amount only to four. Germany has Schiller, and almost no one else worth naming. Italy can point only to Alfieri and Monti. Spain is more fortunate; but even her Lopez de Vega is valued more for the quantity than the quality of his lucubrations. What then do we mean by eternally mourning over the decline of the drama? If we look to our actors, can we not trace an unbroken line of them from Garrick down to Mrs Siddons, John Kemble, Young, Kean, and Matthews? If we look to our theatres, when were there more in the land than there are now, and when were vaster sums of money ever expended upon them?—That some of them do not pay, is the fault of individuals, not of the public. True, we have plenty of bad actors and dull writers, but as long as humanity continues what it is, this must be the case; and the greater the number of bad actors and writers, the greater the probability that out of them a few good actors and writers will make their appearance.

If, therefore, we find that the Right Hon. the Earl of Glengall has written a portentously stupid comedy, shall we be ninny enough to attribute this amazing circumstance to the general "decay of the drama?" Shall we not rather venture the more direct supposition, that the Right Hon. the Earl of Glengall is a nobleman of very moderate capacity? Unless our knowledge of history has much deceived us, there were dull noblemen before Agamemnon, and the breed is not extinct even yet. Had Lord Glengall's comedy taken possession of the stage, the matter would have assumed a more serious aspect,

for it would have implied that public taste was deteriorating; but as the "Follies of Fashion" was all but damned, there is nothing very ominous in the simple fact of its having been written.

The plot of this piece possesses little or no interest, and the incidents are weak and commonplace in the extreme. Lord and Lady Splashton, Sir Harry Lureall, and Lady Mary Fretful, are the four fashionables. Of course, the Lord and his Lady are at sixes and sevens, the former paying rather too much attention to Lady Mary Fretful, and the latter being the object of Sir Harry Lureall's intrigues. By way of contrast to these persons, we have Mr and Mrs Counter, and their daughter, Emily, from the city, Major O'Simper, an Hibernian, and George Foster, Emily's lover. In this part of the plot, it becomes necessary for Foster to assume the character of a Lord Henry Drummond, whom her papa and mamma have fixed upon, without having seen, as Emily's husband. Almost the only scene in which there is any approach to humour, is one in which Major O'Simper is introduced to George Foster, by old Counter, who believes him to be Lord Henry Drummond. As the very best specimen we can select, we shall give this scene, which is as follows:

Enter Major O'Simper.

Major. Your most obedient very humble servant, Mr Counter; I have just called to pay my respects to the ladies, (*aside*), and to know if Jenny has delivered my note.

Counter. Unfortunately the ladies are—rather unwell; Mrs Counter has a headach, and Emily a cold.—I shall never get rid of him unless I ask him to dinner, which I certainly will not.—(*Aside*.)

Major. A cold! Oh, merely that species of fashionable indisposition which will not prevent their going to three or four parties this evening. I myself—I have five engagements for to-day. What it is to be asked everywhere, to know everybody,—as you would say in the city, "to be in demand!"

Counter. I rather thought that the market for diners-out by profession was glutted—ha! ha! ha!

Major. Vulgar personality! City wit, I suppose!—It was in consequence of the arrival westwards of a large cargo of gilt halfpence from the east, who, finding they had more money than friends, were obliged to hire their company at so much per plate.

Counter. Hang the fellow! (*Aside*.) Egad! I'll try his boasted knowledge of everybody.—Do you, Major, happen to be acquainted with Lord Henry Drummond?

Major. Lord Henry Drummond? To be sure I am, certainly; particularly well.

Foster (aside). Particularly well! I certainly shall be discovered and ruined!

Counter. I beg your pardon then, Major, for not having before mentioned it. There sits his lordship.

Major. The devil he does! (*Aside*.)

Counter. I will inform him you are here.

Major (confounded, and endeavouring to stop him.) No, no, by no means. He is reading.—(*Aside*.) By all the powers, I don't know him from Adam or Eve! How unlucky! Oh, Goddess of Impudence, who never desertest an Irishman when he is bothered, assist me now!

Counter (touches Foster, who affects to read.) Lord Henry! Lord Henry! your friend Major O'Simper is here!

Foster. Ah! bless me, is he indeed? So he is.—(*Covers his face with his handkerchief in advancing. The Major also covers his face as much as possible from Foster.*)

Major. Ah! my good lord, is that you? I am extremely gratified at meeting you again. Is your lordship as gay as ever? We have not met, upon my honour, since we last parted at—at—

Foster. Spa, I believe, Major,—(*Aside*) where I never was.

Major. Spa was the place, by my faith! The party was highly diverting.—(*Aside*.) The devil a party I ever saw there!—You may remember the German Baron Higgenstein, who ate so much; and the Russian Count Swillofsky, who drank so much; and the French Marquis, who quizzed you so much. Oh, it was strikingly entertaining!

Foster. Oh, yes! Ah, true, I remember it well—ha, ha!

(*Aside*.) Who the deuce does he mistake me for?

Major (aside). By my honour, his lordship's memory

is elegantly adapted to my inventive faculties ! He would make a choice travelling companion.

Counter. He has quite brought old times to your lordship's recollection.

Major. You remember, no doubt, the little blue-eyed Polish girl you admired so much, with whom you were so much in love ?

Foster. No, no, I don't indeed. No—no—no.

Major. Oh, by my honour, you do—you must !

This, after all, is poor enough ; but there is nothing better, and scarcely any thing so good, in the whole play. The denouement takes place at a masquerade ; Lord and Lady Splashton are reconciled, Foster is married to Emily, and everybody is happy.

Having already protested against the supposition that the drama is on the decline among us, merely because a good deal of trash is occasionally written, we cannot conclude this article without adducing another triumphant argument to show that it is, in point of fact, on the very verge of a new accession of glory. We received, only a few days ago, a communication from Glasgow, which, in our estimation, places it beyond a doubt that Thalia and Melpomene have united to rear up a favourite son within the busy haunts of that city. The communication to which we allude is a dramatic sketch, of inimitable power and pathos, concerning which the author, in his accompanying letter, with the modesty and naïveté of a true poet, thus speaks :—" Sir, in presenting you with the following sketch, we cannot better premise, than by quoting from a friend the following observation : ' If it' (meaning the following) ' had the name of a Byron or a Shakspeare annexed to it, its success were sure.' But I am afraid I have said too much in my own praise."—Not one whit ;—aware as we are of the magic of a name, we nevertheless feel satisfied that the genius which could conceive, and the hand which could execute, a dramatic sketch like " the following," is born to establish a new era in the history of the drama, and will become known even as far as the *Literary Journal* itself. Compared with him, how feeble is Barry Cornwall,—how commonplace Miss Mitford ! We venture to say, that our readers have seldom met with any thing half so exquisite :

JOSEPH, OR THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

A Dramatic Sketch.

SCENE.—A Room prepared for an Entertainment.—Supper on Table.

Mr and Mrs MULLER.

Mr M. (pacing up and down the room.) 'Tis strange, not one has come ; the hour is past ;

The clock has just struck eight.

Mr M. I wonder who

Will first arrive. (A rap is heard at the door.) Even now some person comes.

I hope 'tis Joseph.

Mr M. I hope so too ;

For if it be, we need not mind the rest—

We shall be so delighted with his company.

Enter Joseph.

Ah ! 'tis he !—Come in, my Joseph—you are late,

But yet you're first.

Joseph. 'Tis as I wish'd.

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

Mr M. (bowing.) How do you do, my friends ?—

Now let the evening pass in joy and merriment.

1st Gentleman (to another of the company.) James, see ! what goodly fare for us prepared

By our most generous host.

James. It looketh well,

But I shall tell you better when I taste it.

[He helps himself, and begins to eat.

1st Gent. You are not mindful of the company, James.

James. Yes, I am indeed ; for I have shown an example, which,

If strictly followed, will soon provide you all With meat and drink in plenty.

1st Gent.

Perhaps too much.

James. But we must not waste the time with converse such as this,

Weak and unlovely ; but talk of something consequential, More solid and more serious, which will Engage our attention, and rake up our minds :

How do you think Constantino

Will stand the shock of Russian armies ? *

1st Gent. As mountains by lightning shivered ;

Or as the stormy cloud with thunder charged,

Renting, yet not rent.

Mr M. I prithee, speak not so boldly, sir.

2d Gent. The Turkish power is broken, and never shall Regain its former strength.

1st Lady. Gentlemen, please attend ; here is something worth the seeing.

[Joseph performs a number of amusing experiments in optics, electricity, &c.

James.

Such learning

Cannot be attain'd without much study and much practice.—

Some one approaches.

Enter Mathew, nephew to Mr Muller.

Mr M. Ah ! is it you, and at so late an hour ?

What has detained you, Mathew ?

Mathew.

Uncle, I was

Conversing with my cousin James, who is Fast hastening from this world ; and perhaps, ere now, Has gasp'd his parting gasp, and groan'd his parting groan.

Mr M. Ah ! well I knew 'twas something real, not weak or fabulous,

Which kept you from your uncle's house.

Lady. Mr Joseph, are you ill ?

Your face is pale,—the rosy cheek,

The powerful arm, and sparkling eye, which but now were yours,

Are now all gone—have vanished suddenly.

Ha ! how ill you are !—Speak ! speak to your uncle ! Say, Shall we call a physician ?

Joseph. I feel a strange sensation through my frame—

A great trembling—e—a great weakness overpowers—

[He falls on the floor, and dies.

Exclamation of several voices. Oh ! how sudden !

Mr M. O, my Joseph !

[He faints.

[Ladies sprinkle cold water on his hands and face ;—he recovers.

James. Gentlemen, come, let us bear the body hence ; While, ladies, you conduct our host into an airy room.

We should like very much to see this piece performed, and we are sure Mr Murray would find it for his advantage to produce it upon the stage here. The character of the hero, Joseph, however, would require an actor of no common powers, especially in that part where he performs the experiments, and also where he so suddenly dies. Vandenhoff, with careful study, might, perhaps, be able to embody this fine conception. Miss Jarman would make an excellent Mrs Muller ; while the important character of Mr Muller might be intrusted to Denham. Pritchard might play James ; and Montague Stanley, we daresay, could do justice to Mathew. Thus cast, the success of " Joseph, or the Uncertainty of Life," would be triumphant ; and the Right Honourable the Earl of Glengall might take a hint from it for his next comedy.

The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. II. Being the Family Library, No. X. London. John Murray. 1830.

We have just received this interesting volume, which we consider still superior to its elder brother. It is evi-

dent that its amiable and talented author has taken no little pains to merit the approbation of the best judges. For his sake we are truly glad to learn, that the first volume has been received with so much favour that 7000 copies have already been sold, and that a new edition is now in the press, which will contain improvements, particularly in the life of Hogarth. Mr Cunningham has two volumes yet to write to complete the series, one containing the lives of sculptors, and another of architects. We cannot attempt more to-day, than to give a short extract from the volume before us; next Saturday we shall introduce our readers more particularly to its contents. We select from the life of West the account of the

ORIGIN OF THE PRESENT ROYAL ACADEMY.

"While West was painting the Departure of Regulus, the present Royal Academy was planned. The Society of Incorporated Artists, of which he was a member, had grown rich by yearly exhibitions, and how to lay out this money became the subject of vehement debate. The architects were for a house, the sculptors for statues, and the painters proposed a large gallery for historical works, while a mean and sordid member or two voted to let it lie and grow more, for it was pleasant to see riches accumulate. West, who happened to be a director, approved of none of these notions, and, with Reynolds, withdrew from the association. The newspapers of the day noticed these indecent bickerings, and the King, learning the cause from the lips of West, declared that he was ready to patronize any association formed on principles calculated to advance the interests of art. A plan was proposed by some of the dissenters, and submitted to his Majesty, who corrected it, and drew up some additional articles with his own hand.

"Meanwhile the Incorporated Artists continued their debates, in total ignorance that their dissenting brethren were laying the foundation of a surer structure than their own. Kirby, teacher of perspective to the King, had been chosen President; but so secretly was all managed, that he had never heard a whisper in the palace concerning the new Academy, and in his inaugural address from the chair, he assured his companions that his Majesty would not countenance the schismatics. While West was one day busy with his Regulus, the King and Queen looking on, Kirby was announced, and his Majesty, having consulted his consort in German, admitted him, and introduced him to West, to whose person he was a stranger. He looked at the picture, praised it warmly, and congratulated the artist; then, turning to the King, said, 'Your Majesty never mentioned any thing of this work to me—who made the frame?—it is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen—it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder.' To this impertinence the King answered with great calmness, 'Kirby, whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame.'—'I hope, Mr West,' said Kirby, 'that you intend to exhibit this picture?'—'It is painted for the palace,' said West, 'and its exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure.'—'Assuredly,' said the King, 'I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public.'—'Then, Mr West,' said Kirby, 'you will send it to my exhibition.'—'No!' interrupted his Majesty, 'it must go to my exhibition—to that of the Royal Academy.' The President of the Associated Artists bowed with much humility, and retired. He did not long survive this mortification, and his death was imputed, by the founders of the new Academy, to jealousy of their rising establishment, but by those who knew him well, to a more ordinary cause, the decay of nature. The Royal Academy was founded, and in its first exhibition appeared the Regulus."

We promise our readers several highly interesting extracts from this work in our next.

Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England. In three vols. London. John Murray. 1830.

We have been very much pleased with this little book. Its aim is to awaken the attention of children to the objects in nature and art which they see around them, and to rub off that fatal rust so apt to gather around the juvenile mind, when a habit is acquired of ceasing to take an interest in what is familiar to it. We know of no greater service that can be done to children, than to make

them feel how much importance attaches to the commonest things, by describing their origin and uses. Nor does our author limit himself to doing them this service. He pursues the enquiries he has endeavoured to awaken in their minds into those regions of observation and reflection, which are properly the province of maturer years. This, too, has its advantages. There is a prospective striving in the human mind, which always carries our curiosity somewhat in advance of our faculties. We anticipate in fancy the thoughts and feelings of a more advanced state of our mental development. It is this power of projecting ourselves into the future by which our advances in knowledge are principally made; and it is an object of the highest importance to cherish it from the first. In connexion with this, we feel ourselves called upon to notice with praise the style of language in this book. It is plain, and easy to be understood, but utterly devoid of those tasteless approximations to the dialect of the nursery, which disfigure so many works composed for young people. It is always more safe in attempting to accommodate yourself to the apprehension of children, to speak somewhat above than below their level. Their intellect makes more rapid strides than we are aware of. Besides, forcing them to exert their apprehensive faculties, braces and invigorates them; while speaking with them in the baby tongue keeps them longer fit residents of the nursery.

Remains of the late Rev. A. Fisher, Minister of Queen Ann Street Congregation, Dunfermline. With a Memoir. By the Rev. John Brown. Pp. 448. Edinburgh. Wm. Oliphant. 1830.

We cannot at present recollect whether we ever recorded our dislike to posthumous publications. If not, we wish to do so now, because the practice, which is, in general, of very questionable propriety, and is, in some cases, altogether unwarrantable, has of late been of alarming frequency. Distinguished literary characters are a sort of public property, and we are curious to see even their most trifling scraps, for the author's sake. But in the case of a new author no such sympathy exists; and, by giving publicity to commonplace or ill-digested papers, which were never intended for the press, indiscreet friends both insult the public, and injure the memory of the dead. Who is likely to profit by such lucubrations? Experience answers,—the trunkmaker. Our objection especially regards the posthumous publication of sermons. Every clergyman is supposed to leave behind him MSS. Now, let us take the clergy of Great Britain at the very moderate computation of one hundred thousand: each clergyman writes twenty sermons, i. e. two octavo volumes, annually; in one generation we should have thirty times two hundred thousand,—that is, six million new books of sermons alone! This would form a pretty addition to the theological literature of the next generation; and against this, or even a more severe judgment, they can have no security, if booksellers are made heirs-general to every bit of blotted paper which a man leaves behind him at his death. Seriously, injudicious relatives are the worst of all literary nuisances; and they ought to be made sensible that, in giving publicity to his manuscripts, they often make as cruel an exposure of their departed friend, as if they were to transfer his dead body to the table of the anatomist; and with less apology, since, in the latter case, they would be conferring upon mankind a less questionable benefit than in the former.

We do not wish these remarks to bear particularly hard upon the "Remains of the Rev. A. Fisher." On the contrary, we think this volume a favourable specimen of the class to which it belongs. The prefixed Memoir describes Mr Fisher as an amiable and a pious young man; and his sermons, though scarcely possessing that degree of excellence which should, in our opinion, entitle them to publication, exhibit many proofs of a mind elegant and well cultivated, and by no means deficient in vigour.

A System of Geography, Popular and Scientific; or, a Physical, Political, and Statistical Account of the World and its various Divisions. By James Bell, Author of "Critical Researches in Geography," &c. &c. Illustrated by a complete Series of Maps and other Engravings. Volumes I. and II. Glasgow. Blackie, Fullerton, and Co. 1829-30. Large 8vo. Pp. 508 and 600.

As far as we are able to judge of this work, it appears to be one of the very best upon this comprehensive subject which has yet been given to the public. It is clearly and philosophically arranged, and written in a style of great perspicuity and vigour. Its contents are compiled from a careful collation of the works of all the most eminent geographers, from the days of Busching down to those of Gaspari, Babbi, Malte Brun, Rennell, Vincent, Paikerton, and Playfair. The immense work published in Winter in 1819, from the united pens of five of the most celebrated of the German geographers, and also the splendid volumes on Asiatic and African geography by Ritter, have been likewise used as valuable text-books by the Editor. The present undertaking is to extend to six volumes, two of which only are as yet published, embracing the geography of Europe. The maps and embellishments are executed in the first style of art; and, altogether, we consider it due to the spirited conductors of the work to express our conviction, that it will be found a truly scientific and excellent system of geographical knowledge.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(First Notice.)

We embrace with pleasure this opportunity of discharging our part of the debt of gratitude, which every one of the Fine Arts in Scotland owes to the Directors of the Royal Institution. For some half century back, the art of painting has been spreading in Edinburgh. Attempts have been made both by artists and amateurs to get up regular exhibitions, which, after going on with moderate success, have from time to time been interrupted. The Board of Trustees for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, opened their Drawing Academy, originally intended for educating ornamental manufacturers alone, to young men of talent who had devoted themselves to art; and that this might be of the greater service to such artists, they extended their beautiful collection of casts from the antique. In the year 1819, some of the most distinguished amateurs in Edinburgh, most of them connected with the Board, projected the Institution for the encouragement of the Fine Arts; and, under its auspices, annual exhibitions of the works of modern times have ever since been regularly opened in this city. These the Institution has added on different occasions to exhibitions of paintings by the Ancient Masters. The public notice thus given to the works of our artists, and the emulation thereby excited,—the taste created in the public for paintings by more frequent opportunities of seeing them,—and the more elevated and refined feeling of art begot by the conjoined influence of the Trustees' Academy, and the exhibitions of ancient paintings, advantages whose results are now visible in the immense strides which art has made among us during the ten years: and for this we do not hesitate to say, that we have mainly to thank the Directors of the Royal Institution.

In paying this merited tribute to these gentlemen, it is far from being our intention to pass an oblique censure on the founders and supporters of the Scottish Academy.

We have watched with a painful interest the dissensions in which their secession originated. We think that they had their rise in a great measure in misconceptions on the part of the artists, as to the constitution and aim of the Institution, and of the nature of their connexion with it. At the same time, we are aware that some members of that body conducted themselves during the discussions with a degree of *hauteur* towards the artists, that left them, as men of spirit and independence, no alternative but to secede—in a manner, which, from what we know of these gentlemen, we are sure they themselves must regret, now that they have had time to cool. But even yet, separated though these bodies are, they may be mutually of advantage to each other—and, at all events, there is a wide enough field for each to exert itself, without coming into collision with the other. While the artists are busied exhibiting their works, and employing the proceeds for the advantage of their profession, the Institution may be engaged most beneficially for art in exhibiting occasionally the works of the ancient masters, in forming a gallery of paintings, in perfecting the arrangements of the Trustees' Academy, (with which most of the Directors are connected,) and in supporting the Life Academy, which, though it has been interrupted, will not, we trust, be allowed to fall to the ground. We look with interest and hope to the proceedings of both bodies. The Institution may find more slavish panegyrists of all their actions,—the Academy (or at least a portion of it) writers more ready to become the echoes of their angry passions; but neither the one nor the other will easily find warmer or truer well-wishers, or persons more ready and willing to eulogise their good deeds.

To leave this preliminary matter, and come to our more immediate object,—the merits of the present Exhibition,—we think it one calculated to afford a high treat to the lover of art, and one for which our painters ought to be most especially grateful, as affording them an opportunity of studying, on a pretty extended scale, the various characteristics and excellencies of the masters of their art. The full value of the Exhibition, considered in this point of view, will be more justly appreciated, if we pause for a moment, and cast a glance over the history of painting. Accordingly, we propose no more, in this introductory notice, than to present our readers with a sketch of the principal schools, and point out how far the paintings now in the rooms of the Royal Institution will go in enabling the student to make himself acquainted with their leading peculiarities.

The two principal, and, indeed, the only two independent and original schools of painting in modern Europe, are those of the Netherlands and of Italy. Under the former, we include the kindred and short-lived school of the Nether Rhine. The most distinguished painters of France, England, and modern Germany, derived their impulse from, and many of them formed their style upon, the works of one or other of these two schools. The consequence is, that we can often trace in the character of their productions the features of their models, and, at all events, we can uniformly trace the school of any of these last-mentioned nations historically backwards, till we find the point where it branched off from the parent stem in Italy or Holland. It is different, however, with the schools of art in these two countries. Not only are they essentially unlike in their characters, they are of coeval and independent origin, and their development has been different, and under different auspices.

According to Vasari, in his *Lives of the Painters*, this art was imported into Italy from Byzantium. His story is, that some artists from that city had been called to Florence to assist in the decoration of some church, and that Cimabue picked up from them a smattering of the art, which he continued to practise after their departure. It is not very probable that all the painters of Italy owed their education to the school of Cimabue; but this story shows, at least, how the art was introduced into that part

Instead of getting more classical and diversified in his gestures and attitudes,—and above all, instead of attending to the more delicate modulation of his voice, to the richness of his tones, and the Tuscan accuracy of his enunciation,—he has become, we are sorry to think, more stiff, more monotonous, and certainly more fond of mauling his words, and of dwelling upon them with a certain rolling, rattling sort of noise in the throat, which may indicate a well-formed œsophagus, and a powerful pair of lungs, but which, from its continual repetition, grows at length almost ludicrous. We do not precisely accuse Vandenhoff of ranting; but we accuse him of what is nearly as bad,—of bawling, nay, of absolutely bellowing through many of his speeches. In addition to this, his pronunciation, in several instances, is quite preposterous. He seems, for example, to have no notion whatever of the close sound of the letter *o*; but invariably makes it broad and full. Thus, in “Macbeth,” in the soliloquy about the dagger, he says,

“I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so fearful!”

Or,

“Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!”
“Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house;
Glamis bath murder’d sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!”

We have heard an anecdote of an actor, not unknown to Mr Vandenhoff, which we shall take the liberty of telling, because we think it characteristic. The gentleman in question was asked to read Campbell’s “Hohenlinden” one evening at a private party; he complied, and went on to near the conclusion, when he stopped, and shutting the book, said,—“Were I to go on I should split the *daar*!” Now, Mr Vandenhoff not unfrequently feels a slight inclination, when on the stage, “to split the *daar*.” He has in reality an excellent voice, and he has no idea how much farther he might make it go did he only think less about it, and allow it to be more naturally modulated by the varying tone of his feelings. This is indeed what we chiefly wish to impress upon him—that his acting ought to be more full of the impulses of the moment, or at least of what might *appear* to be such. At present, he goes through a character too much as if it were all a splendid piece of declamation—a cold, preconceived, unbending study. But, whatever acting in point of fact *be*, it should never *seem* to be this, else the spectator begins to yawn, and the whole is pronounced *heavy*. This is the very epithet which will soon attach itself to Vandenhoff’s acting,—it will be called *heavy*, unless he looks to it narrowly, collects his good sense, shakes off the trammels of mannerism, thinks more of the part he is embodying than of either his own voice or person, and ceases to chew his words before he lets them pass out of his mouth, dwelling upon them with a purring noise, and allowing the sounds to swell and die with a most musical cadence. This must be reformed altogether, else we should like to know with what conscience Mr Vandenhoff will be able to say to the *Player* in “Hamlet,”—“Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as some of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.” We throw out these hints in the hope that Mr Vandenhoff may profit by them, and that before he leaves us we may be able to report an evident improvement. We write with all kindly feelings towards this gentleman, of whose merits, which are many, we shall be glad to speak at greater length hereafter.

The theatre has been but poorly attended this week. Perhaps one reason is, that the public, knowing that Young is soon to be here, do not think it necessary to go till they can see him and Vandenhoff together. Miss Jarman has returned to us, and appears to-night as *Emily Tempest*, in the “Wheel of Fortune.” She was announ-

ced also to appear as *Clari* on Wednesday last, but when the evening came, the piece was not produced, which so what disappointed us.

Ed Cerberus

METROPOLITAN THEATRICALS.

London, February 8, 1830

RAYMOND’s melo-drama of “Robert the Devil, Duke of Normandy,” produced on the 2d instant at Covent Garden, is a *melange* from the French of several ghost stories, rather skilfully put together; and, fit its many attractive and effective *coups de theatre*, fit to have a run, as a substitute for the pantomime, whilst alas for the fame of Mr Farley! is now played only a week. Thursday, February the 4th, made memory of the opening of Parliament, introduced a new drama at Covent-Garden, Drury-Lane, and the Adelphi, all which were deservedly successful, and, in the order of their own importance, were as follows:—“Ninette the Maid of Polaiseau,” a new three-act version of everlasting “Gazza Ladra,” with Rossini’s music, added by Bishop, introduced Miss Paton, after a two years’ absence, to a crowded audience, who welcomed her return with clamorous enthusiasm; when she sang, acted with all her unexceeded talent. The story is, of course, the same as in the former adaptations of the opera; and, with the able support of Bartley, W. Keeley, Penson, and a new bass singer of the name Morley, “Ninette” will doubtless be popular. Drury Lane’s novelty was Planché’s long-promised translation of Scribe’s “*La Fiancée*,” in the shape of a two opera, entitled “The National Guard, or Bride and Bride,” with the original music, by Auber. This was decidedly successful. The plot is most admirably veiled; the poetry and music equally beautiful; when I state that the leading performers were Liston, Farren, Cooper, and Madame Vestris, it is quite unnecessary to praise the acting. The Adelphi’s attraction was a one-act burletta, called the “Bricklayer’s Art founded, I believe, on the same French bagatelle which furnishes the *matériel* for a new farce to-night at Covent-Garden, under the euphonious title of “Teddy Tiler!” for neither of which can I predict great locality, though good acting may give them a temporary triumph.

The Drury-Lane Boxes being again, very wisely, let to seven shillings, that measure, aided by the attraction of Kean and the pantomime, has been duly felt in treasury since Christmas; and new dramas from Liston, Poole, Peake, Peacock, &c. are in readiness at houses to continue their success. The remaining dramatic news will not tire your patience in reading. Kean is absent, from one of his *periodical illnesses*; French players have commenced at the English Opera House, with the very clever Potier as their leading man, and the King’s Theatre opened on Saturday last “*Semiramide*,” to a very thin audience, and will present, by no means a first-rate company.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

By Henry G. Bell.

I’ll tell thee, lady, what I saw
One evening in a lighted hall;
It is a sight we oft may see,
Yet felt by few, though seen by all.

I saw a youth of gallant mien,
With twenty summers on his brow,
And many an eye glanced bright on him,
As bright as thine is glancing now.

But there was one on whom alone
His envied smiles were all bestow'd;
And ever as he turn'd to her,
His mantling cheek more brightly glow'd.

I mark'd her well,—and liked her not,
Although I own that she was fair;
Methought she had a soulless face,
Methought she had a heartless air.

And if she smiled upon the youth,
'Twas only with the poor design,
To prove to all that he was hers—
An humble votary at her shrine.

Now note me well; for in that hall
I saw another, and to me
She seem'd more fair than she who bore
Her honours so exultingly.

The fairer, that, with flushing cheek,
She deeply watch'd the young knight too!
And with a weight of tenderness
That melted in her eye of blue.

He knew it not; he only saw
The dazzling thing round whom he hung;
With her he trod the mazy dance,
For her he talk'd—with her he sung.

Yet did that silent maiden drink
Each treasured accent as it fell;
Though, by her throbbing heart, I guess'd
That she had heard the words too well.

It was a sight that scarce could fail
A sense of pain in me to stir,
To see that girl so wrapt in him,
Although he never thought of her.

'Tis ever thus in this dark life,—
We stand beside our greatest good,
And know it not, but pass it by
In careless and unthinking mood.

We pass it by, and earnestly
In search of idle baubles go;
And when they burst, we vainly wish
That we had known what then we know.

TO A LADY.

By Lawrence Macdonald.

Thus meeting and this parting o'er,
We meet again to part no more.
The silver wave that glides along
Shall witness then our happy song,—
The little warblers on the bough
Shall hear no more our parting vow;
And at this hour, so calm and soft,
Our evening hymn shall steal aloft,
And, carried onwards through the sky,
Shall mingle with the bless'd on high.
Thou know'st, amid a world of strife,
I've ever prized thee more than life;
Whether in danger or distress,
The thought of thee still made it less.
Whate'er of honour I have won,
Whate'er of profit has been mine,
'Twas thy bright spirit led me on,
I saw thee still before me shine.
In every shape death might arise,
And come between my soul and thee,
But still I'd combat for the prize,
To meet, to meet! those loving eyes,—
To lose them, what were life to me!

SUNNET.

ON SIR THOMAS LAURENCE'S PORTRAIT OF MRS PEEL.

By R. Shelton Mackenzie, Editor of the Carlisle Patriot.

A FACE of saddest beauty: pale as death,
Yet placid as the ocean, when the wind
Moves softly o'er its bosom,—when no breath
Ruffles its surface,—when the mighty deep
Is hush'd and stirless as an infant's sleep!
On that proud brow there is the stamp of mind,—
In those dark eyes lie lightnings that would blind,
If tamed not into meekness;—proudly fair
That swan-like neck, down which, rich, clustering hair,
Dark as the night, is floating.—Yet, even there,
Amid such loveliness, a cloud hath been;
Beneath that mournful smile I deem that care
(For shadows aye will dim the brightest scene)
Struggles to be still, and strives to look serene!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—The second volume of this valuable publication, consisting of Translations of the most celebrated Greek and Roman historians, poets, orators, &c. is just published. It comprises the conclusion of the editions of Diodorus, and the whole of Sallust, with two portraits. In this important undertaking, it is proposed to adopt those translations which have obtained the most general credit, and occasionally—where it may seem requisite—to present an entirely new version of an author from some pen of acknowledged excellence.

A new novel, from the pen of Mr Horace Smith, may be expected early in the ensuing month. It is a Tale of the Court of James II. Among the characters who have a prominent place in the work, besides the King himself, are Lord and Lady Sunderland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Sir Charles Sedley and his daughter, Count Grammont, the Prince of Orange, Dryden, Judge Jefferies, &c. &c.

Sir Edmund Temple's Travels in Peru are nearly ready for publication. They include a year's residence at Potosi, and are said to throw much light on the mining speculations in that country.

The third volume of the Correspondence of Dr Doddridge is in a state of forwardness. It includes, we understand, Letters of the most distinguished individuals of his time.

The lovers of music will be gratified to learn, that Mr Parke, the principal oboist at Covent Garden Theatre for forty years, has just completed a work, entitled Musical Memoirs, comprising an account of the state of Music in England, from the first commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey in 1784, to 1839, interspersed with numerous anecdotes of distinguished professors.

The correspondence and Diary of Ralph Thoresby, so long announced, are at length just ready for publication. The name of Thoresby has long been familiar to the public ear. In the antiquarian literature of the country he ranks deservedly high. His *Ducentus Leodiensis*, or Topography of Leeds, has always been a book prized and popular; and there is scarcely an antiquary, or a distinguished naturalist of his time, with whom he was not intimately acquainted, and, among others, with Nicolson, Gibson, the Gales, Smith, Hyckes, Strype, Hearne, and Baker. But, perhaps, he is best known as the possessor of a very extensive and curious museum, in which were deposited the rarest specimens of art and nature. This work may consequently be expected to contain a variety of original and curious notices of nearly all the literary and scientific characters who flourished at the close of the 17th and at the beginning of the 18th centuries.

A new work, by the authoress of Hungarian Tales, is about to make its appearance, under the title of *The Manners of the Day*.

The *Oxonians*, a novel, from the pen of the author of the *Roué*, is in the press.

Tales of the Colonies, from the pen of W. Howison, Esq., the author of *Sketches of Canada*, will appear immediately.

The second and concluding volume of the *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo* will speedily be published.

Julia Romano, an Epic Drama, in Six Books, by Charles Bucke, is on the eve of publication. In announcing this poem, the author expresses himself in these words:—"This drama will be respectfully submitted to the lovers of poetry, history, and romance, as a new species of dramatic poem; and as being, to the best knowledge the author has of his own mental associations, perfectly original in all its parts."

Sir Thomas Lawrence, during his visit, some years ago, to Italy and other parts of the Continent, kept a journal, in which he insert-

ed elaborate criticisms on such works of the old masters as came under his observation. These are now likely to be given to the world, as they have been placed by the family in the possession of Mr Campbell.

SCANDINAVIAN POETRY.—**DR BOWERING**.—We observe that Dr Bowering, the most indefatigable modern linguist living, has just published a volume of poetical translations illustrative of the literature of Hungary and Transylvania; and we have now before us the prospectus of another work of a similar kind which he is preparing, and which will be published under the title of *Songs of Scandinavia*. It will extend to two volumes, the first of which will contain about one hundred specimens of the ancient popular ballads of north-western Europe, arranged under the heads of Heroic, Supernatural, Historical, and Domestic Poems; while the second will contain many of the most remarkable lyrical productions of the modern school of Danish poetry. Dr Bowering deserves more than well of his country for his perseverance in this particular department of literature, the more especially as profit is not the object of his translations, which, from their possessing only a limited interest, are not calculated, as Dr Bowering well knows by experience, to bring any pecuniary reward to their author.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—The French Keepsake is a rival worthy of our English work bearing the same title. The engravings are all English. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and other writers of celebrity, are among the contributors.—M. Quatremère de Quincy has lately added to his already numerous productions on subjects connected with the fine arts, the History, Lives, and Works of the most celebrated Architects, from the eleventh to the close of the eighteenth century; illustrated with views of the most remarkable edifices erected by them.—Twenty cantos of the Divina Commedia have been translated into French verse by M. Antoni Deschamps, and published at Paris with some success.—The History of the Ancient Agriculture of the Greeks, from Homer to Theophrastus, with an appendix, relating to its present state in Greece, has appeared in Paris from the pen of Baron de la Bergerie.—M. Mermet the elder announces the recovery of a work hitherto unknown in Latin literature, the History of Vienne under the Twelve Cæsars, by Trebonius Rufinus, senator and demurvir of the city. Should it be really the case that a work of this writer has been preserved, whose existence is only known from the mention of his name by Pliny the younger, we shall be anxious for a sight of it.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S SECOND CONCERT.—This Concert was much better attended than the first, and went off with eclat. Weber's fine overture to the "Ruler of the Spirits," was encored. The siciliano and rondo on the clarinet by Kluisman, was a novelty which was favourably received; and the divertimento on the violin-cello by Hancox obtained well-merited applause. Miss E. Paton's song, "Deh! calma l'affanno," we consider the most successful vocal effort of the evening, and decidedly superior to Miss Inverarity's "Ah che forse." We say this because we think a too great lavishness of praise has been bestowed upon the latter young lady, who, although she certainly has a fine body of voice, and, considering her opportunities, has made very respectable progress, has not yet acquired the sweetness, flexibility, grace, and science of Miss E. Paton. Had Miss E. Paton just a little more energy and expression, we scarcely know a singer whom we should place before her. The trio from "Valley," by Finlay Dun, is a wild, original, and beautiful composition. The instrumental part, in particular, is highly imaginative and graceful, though perhaps a little too redundant in ornament. Miss Hartley, who sang one of the solo parts, distinguished herself greatly by the taste and feeling she infused into it. The trio was unanimously encored. In conclusion, we must not forget to mention the improvement which Mr Wilson has made since last winter. His voice is richer and more under scientific control, and his style altogether is far more refined. All that he now wants is a greater degree of energy and brilliancy, which, in the winding up of such a song as "Fra un istante," is essentially necessary.—In the ensuing Professional Concerts, several novelties will, we understand, be produced. Among others, there is to be a new Overture, by Mr G. F. Graham, one by the celebrated Young Mendelssohn, a Scene for Miss Inverarity, by Mr Murray, and a Concerted Piece by Mr John Thomson.

THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—The Exhibition at the Scottish Academy opens this day, and we have already seen the greater part of the pictures. We regret to learn that Etty has been too much engrossed by the duties falling upon him as Committee-man upon the death of the President, to finish his promised picture. To make amends, we feel ourselves justified in announcing, that, to judge from the specimens we have already seen, we believe the present will prove the finest exhibition of modern paintings we have yet had in Edinburgh. It will, at all events, be the richest in native talent. Ewbank is coming down upon us in force with his full complement of pictures. Duncan, who has made prodigious advances since last year, has a splendid "Last May a braw wooer came down the lang glen," and also a portrait of a gentleman of this city, which entitles him to rank high in that branch of art, besides other works of distinguished merit. Lees has, among other things, a "Milton dictating to his daughters," in which the dignified bearing of the blind old bard

is most happily conceived. Dyce has a rich and ripe Flora, a lovely moonlight, and a "Hercules strangling the Serpents," in which the power and passion of the demigod are beautifully blended with the unformed innocences of the child. D. O. Hill has a scene from the Gentle Shepherd, in which the rich fulness of the Peggy contrasts finely with the beautiful but somewhat snappish look of the Jenny; while Glaid listens to the pretended conjuror's display of power with a gasp—"hoo-the-dell-cam-ye-to-ken-that" sort of look. Lauder has three portraits and a Sentinel, of which we know that Willie has expressed himself in terms of high approbation. Fletcher has a most characteristic bust of Mrs Hemans, and a splendid one of the Duke of Argyll. These, with many others we could mention, will, we think, bear us out in our assertion. The hanging committee are, Messrs Colvin Smith, Kidd, and M'Leay. We can scarcely, however, congratulate these gentlemen on their promotion to that happy eminence, where the most favoured will give them no thanks, and nine out of ten will abuse them for their arrangements.

Theatrical Gossip.—The Oratorios have commenced in London.—There has been a Masquerade at Covent-Garden, under the direction of Charles Wright, which was crowded, but very promiscuously attended.—The veteran comedian, Quick, completed his eighty-third year last November, and has lately become very much debilitated, so that he is unable to take his accustomed walks. He, however, still enjoys good health, and excellent spirits, and his appearance is as good as when a young man; but to appear before the public again would be a task quite impossible.—Sontag is now performing at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the report that she is about to leave the stage has fallen asleep.—In the 3d No. of the *Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette*, recently established, we find the following specimen of American eloquence on the subject of the drama:—"Be the Drama—the legitimate and awful Drama—I do not mean the bastard issue of caricature and show, of barbarous pageantry and spectacle, is the generous high-hearted offspring either of strong strength, walking with a loud voice among the unvisited solitudes of the human heart, or of poetry and eloquence under a high state of cultivation—perhaps under the highest, wandering about the earth, like the animated statue of Olympian." This sentence a worthy pen of that French female, who having tumbled from the gallery into the pit, and broken her leg, only exclaimed,—"Mon Dieu! after I had got the very front seat!"—On his return from Aberdeen, Abraham is to give a Concert in Edinburgh, the first part of which will consist entirely of sacred, and the second of miscellaneous music.—Young is to visit us shortly; and we learn the Miss Fanny Kemble will positively be in Edinburgh in June.—The national play of "Waverley," and the melo-drama of "Mansfield, or the Dumb Girl of Portiel," are in preparation.—Matthews is now in Liverpool.—Fanny Ayton and Thorne are at Belfast.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Feb. 6.—12.

SAT.	<i>The Lord of the Manor, & the Waterman.</i>
MON.	<i>Coriolanus, & The Youthful Queen.</i>
TUES.	<i>Hamlet, He Lies like Truth, & Free and Easy.</i>
WED.	<i>Macbeth, & The Robber's Wife.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Iron Chest, & The Nymphs.</i>
FRI.	<i>Pizarro, & Gilderoy.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR readers will be able to form some idea of what is technically termed "the press of matter" under which we labour, when we state that we have this week alone upwards of thirty pages in types, though we can make room for only fourteen. It shall all be forthcoming however, in the course of time. The interesting article by the Author of "Anster Fair" in our next.

We shall endeavour to find room, ere long, for the remarks "On Sacred Poetry," though the sentiments are not altogether accordant with our own.—The extract from M. Villemain's opening Lesson will be inserted if possible.—Sketches from the Portfolio of a Traveller are in types, but are still unavoidably postponed.—To a query of "R. D." we answer, that the Author of Waverley's ball has been given more than once at public dinners in the presence of Sir Walter Scott, who joined in drinking the toast without acknowledging it as a personal compliment.—The paper entitled "A Night Scene," is imaginative; but somewhat flowery and unnatural. We are glad to hear from Laura again.—We think the opinion of "P." altogether apocryphal; his verses will not suit us; the Ancestral may be of use.

We shall be glad if "W." will favour us with a call early next week.—The "Lines to her who best can understand them," may have place by and by.—We are afraid we cannot make room for the "Son from Leith," the more especially as it has already appeared in print.—Neither the prose nor the poetry of "J. S." will suit us.—The following verses are inadmissible:—"The Grave of a Parent's Hope," "A Broken Heart," "Stanzas" by "J. C.," and "Forsaken Emma."

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Letter to Sir Henry Stuart, Bart., on the Improvement of the Quality of Timber, to be Effected by the High Cultivation and Quick Growth of Forest-Trees, in Reply to certain Passages in his "Planter's Guide."
By W. Withers, Esq. London. Messrs Longman, Rees, Orms, and Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 133.

We are about to direct the attention of our readers to a pamphlet, the title of which we have just copied, for two reasons; first, because the raising of the best Oak timber for Naval purposes is one of the most important subjects that can be brought under the consideration of a Briton; secondly, because, as Scotchmen, we consider it a duty to our countryman, Sir Henry Stuart, the ablest practicalist now living, to place on the clearest footing the justice of his views concerning the cultivation of Forest-Trees, as well as to expose the dangerous ignorance of those, and especially of Mr Withers, who have ventured to dispute the accuracy of his conclusions. It is allowed, we believe, on all hands, and is a fact of which Scotland is reason to be proud, that Sir Henry Stuart's "Planter's Guide" was the first attempt that was made, in any language, to apply the sciences of physiology and chemistry to general planting, and thereby to raise it from a mechanical and fortuitous, to the rank of a scientific art, thus imparting to it, when considered particularly in reference to the British navy, an importance, which can hardly be too much magnified. The natural consequence was, that the "Planter's Guide" attracted immediate notice in the very highest quarters. It was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*; and it was likewise reviewed, in a very masterly and scientific way, in the *Edinburgh Review*, by an English clergyman, resident in Scotland, whose name holds deservedly a prominent place among the phytologists of Europe. In many other publications, both scientific and literary, the work was spoken of with the highest approbation; and our readers may perhaps recollect, that in the tenth Number of the *Literary Journal*, we endeavoured, as far as in us lay, to do something like justice to its merits.

In this state of matters, Mr William Withers, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, has thought it incumbent upon him to come forward, to point out what he conceives to be certain errors in Sir Henry's book. In 1828, Mr Withers published a "Letter to Sir Walter Scott," in which he attempted to expose some "fundamental errors" in an essay on the Planting of Waste Lands, which Sir Walter had contributed to the 72d Number of the *Quarterly Review*. In this Letter, Mr Withers advanced doctrines, some of which Sir Henry Stuart could by no means approve; and accordingly, in the second edition of his "Planter's Guide," he dedicated several pages to their consideration, in the course of which he laid down six propositions concerning the Culture of trees, which appear to us, though not to Mr Withers, to be among the very best things ever written on planting, giving, as they do, a condensed view of many of the most important principles of the art. That our readers may be able to enter

completely into the merits of the present interesting controversy, we shall now lay these six Propositions before them:

"First, That all timber trees thrive best, and produce wood of the best quality, when growing in soils and climates most natural to the species. It should therefore be the anxious study of the planter, to ascertain and become well acquainted with these, and to raise trees, as much as possible, in such soils and climates.

"Secondly, That trees may be said to be in their natural state, when they have sprung up fortuitously, and propagated themselves without aid from man, whether it be in aboriginal forests, ancient woodlands, commons, or the like. That in such trees, whatever tends to increase the wood, in a greater degree than accords with the species when in its natural state, must injure the quality of the timber.

"Thirdly, That whatever tends to increase the growth of trees, tends to expand their vegetable fibre; that when that takes place, or when the annual circles of the wood are soft, and larger than the general annual increase of the tree should warrant, then this timber must be less hard and dense, and more liable to suffer from the action of the elements.

"Fourthly, That a certain slowness of growth is essentially necessary to the closeness of texture and durability of all timber, but especially of the oak; and that, wherever the growth of that wood is unduly accelerated by culture of the soil—such as by trenching and manuring—or by undue superiority of climate, it will be injured in quality in the precise ratio in which these agents have been employed.

"Fifthly, That, as it is extremely important for the success of trees, to possess a certain degree of vigour in the outset, or to be what is technically called 'well set off,' the aid of culture is not to be in every case precluded, by a consideration of the general rule. That if trees be in a soil and climate worse than those that are natural to them, then culture will be of some advantage; as the extra increase of wood will be of a quality not inferior to what in its natural state it would obtain; or, in other words, it will correspond with that degree of quality and quantity of timber, which the nature of the species admits of being obtained. But culture, in this case, must be applied with cautious discrimination, and a sound judgment. That, on the other hand, if trees be in a better soil and climate than are natural to them, and, at the same time, that the annual increase of wood be promoted by culture, (as already said,) it will be a decided disadvantage, and deteriorate the wood. In the same way, if trees be in their natural state, the annual increase of timber, obtained by culture, will injure its quality, in a degree corresponding with the increased quantity.

"Sixthly, That such appears to be a correct, though condensed view of the operation of those general laws respecting growth, which govern the whole vegetable kingdom, and especially their effects on woody plants; and of the salutary restraints which science dictates to be laid on arti-

* "Some trees, however, and herbaceous plants, may be said to be naturalized to certain situations, in which, without the aid of art, they never would have been found. 'Thus,' says Mr Loudon, 'we sometimes find mountain plants common in plains, and even in meadows, and alpine trees, which discriminate themselves in warmer and more level districts. But the botanist, by comparing the effects of these different situations on the vegetable, always knows how to select, as general nature, that which perfects all its parts, and where the soil and situation are best suited to the reproduction of the species, and the prolongation of individual life. These rules,' adds he, 'are founded in nature. For example: No person, judging from them, could mistake a warra English common, for the natural soil and situation of the Scotch fir, though it frequently is found growing there.'—*Form and Improv. of Country Resid.*

fical culture, of which pruning, as well as manuring, forms a constituent part, as has been explained above at so much length. That it is by a diligent study of the peculiar habits of trees, and the characters of soils, illustrated and regulated by facts drawn from general experience, that rash or ignorant systems of arboriculture are to be best corrected, and science brought most beneficially to bear on general practice."

In opposition to the conclusions contained in these propositions, the object of Mr Withers's present "Letter" is to prove two things; 1st, that Sir Henry Steuart's principles of arboriculture are inconsistent and contradictory, inasmuch as he recommends culture and manuring in the highest degree in the body of his work, and then reprobates and rejects them in his notes and illustrations; and 2d, that the cultivating and manuring of woodlands is necessarily beneficial in *all* cases, whatever may be said of the laws of nature, or the results of experience, to controvert the practice.

It will require very few words to make it evident to every one, that Mr Withers's first ground of complaint is captious and uncalled for. When Sir Henry Steuart undertook to draw up a Treatise on the best method of giving "Immediate Effect to Wood," he did not, of course, conceive himself bound to enter into a discussion or detail of the general principles, which are laid down in his six propositions. He took up, as his proximate object, a particular department of the art of Planting, and all he had to do was to make it appear, how trees could be raised within the shortest period, without taking into consideration, whether they contained the best possible timber or not; and if the system proposed should ensure to the possessors "sound and valuable wood," it was all they had a right to expect. For this purpose, it is obvious that, according to every principle of science, the highest degree of culture was requisite, that art or ingenuity could devise. But, at the same time, Sir Henry was careful to explain, that, as trenching and manuring can be advantageous only to particular portions of extensive woodlands, and under particular circumstances, in order to produce the best timber, so they cannot be applied to any woodland *indiscriminately*, "unless where either a speedy return of crop, and marketable timber, but *nothing more*, are expected."* There is, therefore, no inconsistency or contradiction whatever, in the arboricultural theories advanced in his work. The art of giving "immediate effect to wood," where artificial culture is essentially needful, is entirely distinct from that of *general planting*, the principles of which are contained in the six Propositions, together with a short view of the laws respecting growth, and of the salutary restraints which science dictates should be laid on artificial culture, of which trenching, manuring, and pruning, all form a part. Under this simple view of the subject, all Mr Withers's declamation evaporates in smoke, even although it is bolstered up with something like professional manœuvring and mystification; for, be it remembered that Mr Withers is an attorney.†

What Mr Withers undertakes to prove under his second head, is of far greater interest and importance—namely, that trenching and manuring may be safely used in tree culture under *any* circumstances, and that, in fact, the *richer* the ground be made by manure, the *better* will be the quality of the wood. Passing over the garbled view which our attorney gives of Sir Henry Steuart's

six Propositions, which he ought of course to have quoted *in limine*, and not to have misrepresented, before attempting to controvert them, we proceed at once to consider, upon its own merits; the weighty question—"How is the best Oak to be obtained?" and, in doing so, we are happy to state, that our opinions differ in no one particular from those of the author of the "Planter's Guide."

The first thing to be considered is, the peculiar character of the oak, with which every intelligent planter is well acquainted. It is in its habits the most accommodating of all trees, and will grow in almost all soils and climates; but it will fully *thrive* in those soils and climates only that are natural to it—that is, where it most readily reproduces and perfects its species, and attains the greatest length of individual life. The intelligent planter is further aware, that, for these purposes, this tree requires a strong, deep, loamy, or clayey soil, and a temperate climate. These form the conditions of its perfect existence. If, then, we are to enquire what will improve, or what will injure, the quality of the oak in general, or of different oak trees in different situations; or if we are to compare such trees with one another, for the sake of illustrating some principle of theory or practice, our enquiry must bear reference to the conditions of their existence, and to the extent to which those conditions may be supplied, if we wish the result to be correct or conclusive. For if we compare, for example, the qualities of slowly raised oaks on light land, or in a warm climate, with those of oaks quickly raised on heavy land, in a temperate climate, it is tantamount to the comparing of bad oaks with good, and of course there can be no doubt of the result of the comparison.

These premises being shortly stated, we come to the question at issue.—What is the effect that general culture produces on the oak?—culture, of course, including trenching and manuring, or amelioration of the soil or climate *beyond* the natural state. The answer is precisely what Sir Henry Steuart has set forth. It expands the vegetable fibre; it unduly promotes quickness of growth, and consequently deteriorates the quality of the wood; it being always understood, that the tree previously is in possession of the conditions already described. On the other hand, a certain slowness of growth improves the quality of the wood, by adding to its closeness of texture and durability. It follows, then—as is distinctly stated in Sir Henry's fourth proposition—that wherever growth is unduly accelerated by culture of the soil, such as by trenching and manuring, or by undue superiority of climate, the wood will be injured in quality. In the precise ratio in which those agents are employed. In like manner—as is mentioned in the fifth proposition—if trees be in a soil or climate *worse* than is natural to them, the culture will be of advantage, and will improve the quality of the wood. On the other hand, if trees be in a *better* soil or climate than is natural to them, and culture be applied, it will be a disadvantage, and deteriorate the wood. In the same way, if trees be in their natural state, culture will injure the quality of the timber, in a degree corresponding to the increased quantity produced. Hence it is plain, that, in certain cases, culture may be very properly applied for the amelioration of timber, but it should be done under the control of science, and of sound judgment.

This short account of the operation of those general laws respecting growth which govern the whole vegetable kingdom, is such as we should really have supposed could not have been easily misunderstood or misrepresented, had not Mr Withers come forward with his present attempt. Let us, however, look for a moment at the proofs of his position, that the highest degree of culture is in all cases the best. It were in vain to expect him to deduce his evidence *physiologically*, from the soil and climate, natural or unnatural to the oak, or from the style of its organization and peculiar habits. We have on the authority of Mr Withers himself that there are six

* Planter's Guide, p. 474.

† As a specimen of this mystification, which, perhaps, may succeed with some of the country gentlemen of England, it is worth while remarking, that Mr Withers asserts, that the application of trenching and manuring to tree culture is an "original discovery" of his own, although Sir Henry Steuart has shown it to be as old as the time of the Romans, and the practice of which has been familiar to every intelligent gardener in this country for the two last centuries. Sixty years ago, Mr Guthrie of Craigie, in the county of Angus, trenched and manured all his plantations at that place, and introduced the practice among his neighbours. Several gentlemen, in both Aberdeenshire and Northumberland, did the same thing soon after this period. We wonder that Mr Withers does not write a pamphlet to recommend the public use of rail-ways and steam-navigation, both of which might then come to be considered "as original discoveries."

men in England, who have ever planted a tree, so utterly ignorant of all arboricultural science. From his "Letter to Sir Walter Scott," published in 1828, we learn that he knows nothing of Scotland or Ireland, or of any other part of the world, except Norfolk, and that his observations on wood, and the modes of raising it, are wholly confined to that county, where, as we understand, he possesses a cabbage garden, and a small piece of nursery ground. From his pamphlet, we clearly perceive, that he is utterly ignorant of general planting, or its history and progress in Britain, in France, or any other continental country, and that vegetable physiology and the anatomy of plants have not come within the line of his studies. What a man, therefore, so admirably qualified to maintain a physiological argument, does not know himself, he naturally seeks to learn from others. With a peculiar obtuseness of intellect, however, Mr Withers, instead of propounding Sir Henry Stuart's six propositions, or any thing like them, to competent judges, puts the following notable query to about eighteen or nineteen different persons, who, being for the most part timber-merchants, are nearly as ignorant of raising the oak as himself:—"Whether have you found," says he, "that *fine fast-growing timber*, when arrived at maturity, was inferior in quality to timber of *slower growth*; and whether do you think that the application of manure to *poor land* at the time of planting, and the denuding of the land for a few years, can have any injurious effect on the quality of the wood, when it has attained its *full growth*?" Now, this has as much to do with the object of the six propositions, as if he had quoted the first proposition in Euclid. Respecting both divisions of the query, as put in the abstract, no one of the least knowledge of wood would ever hesitate to answer in the negative; and such an answer, so far from refuting, would rather strengthen the conclusions come to by Sir Henry Stuart.

Of the eighteen referees to whom Mr Withers applies, two are men of real science;—1st, The Editor of the Domestic Gardener's Manual; and 2d, Mr G. W. Johnson, the well-known writer on Horticultural Chemistry. To these may justly be added a very sensible landowner (No. 2), whose name is not given, but whose judicious opinions we formerly met with, in the "Letter to Sir Walter Scott." All these, as well as the referees Nos. 1, 7, 10, 13, and 16, unwittingly confirm, instead of converting, the propositions. And we find that there were several others, whose answers were so hostile to Mr Withers's opinions, that he does not publish them at all.

Calling in some corroborative circumstances to his aid, Mr Withers mentions (at page 115) that he got, from Mr Boone of Eppingham, (another timber-merchant,) two specimens of oak-wood, the one taken from a fast, the other from a slow growing tree. The former, as Mr Boone describes it, was raised in "a very strong, good soil," the latter on "a light soil, with a gravelly bottom;" and both specimens were forwarded, by Mr Withers, to Professor Barlow, of the Royal Academy at Woolwich, in order that he might try their respective strengths. This, as we conceive it, was equivalent to saying to the learned Professor,—"Here is a specimen of the very best oak that can be found, and here is also a specimen of the very worst; pray, which is the stronger of the two, as verified by experiment?" Had Professor Barlow been at all acquainted with arboriculture—which does not seem to be the case—he would have been much amused with the appeal thus made to him, and of which the consequences may be easily conjectured. The two specimens of timber were squared down to pieces of equal sizes, when the first mentioned was broken with a weight of 990 lbs., and the last with one of only 677 lbs., respectively laid upon them. Now, it is a fact well known to every planter of experience, although, from the folly of this proceeding, it does not seem to be known to Mr Withers, that all woody plants have their peculiar and favourite soils, on which they will grow luxuriantly; and these are many trees

that will decline, or altogether become stationary, if planted on any other soils. Some, however, show more, and some less, of this sort of physiological affinity. But the oak is, of all plants, the most accommodating, as has been already observed. It will grow in any sort of soil, from the dampest to the driest, from the most silicious to the most aluminous. But it loves only the last mentioned, and will truly thrive—that is, it will perfect its species—on one that is strong, deep, and loamy, or, in other words, a good, rich, heavy soil. Mr Withers either does, or does not, know this. If he does know it, he means, by a statement like the above—and there are many such to be found in his pamphlet—to impose upon his readers, whom he must consider as the most gullible of men. If he does not, then he is the most ignorant planter that ever pretended to write upon trees, or to give instruction to others.

But we have not yet got to the summit of Mr Withers's absurdity as a planter, which, in legitimate climax, rises to the last, and is to be found at page 115, *et seqq.*, near the close of the pamphlet. A Mr Farrow—still another timber-merchant—here comes forward to his assistance. This man modestly professes no knowledge of arboriculture, but he merely practises (as he says) the buying, selling, and "converting" of wood, by which, we suppose, he means the converting it into cash. Well, this Mr Farrow tells a strange story of two oak trees, that grew in the same field, the same soil, and the same climate. The first tree (No. 1), as it appears, had no aid but what was furnished by the soil itself, which was "good, with a bluish clay bottom;" whereas the other (No. 2) grew near the "rack-yard of the farm," and close to a ditch or drain, which conducted the moisture from the yard, and in fact the roots appear to have extended to the yard itself. Both, as Mr Farrow adds, grew well, but the one near the drain by far the more rapidly of the two; and it was the current opinion about the place, that they had been planted about the same period. On cutting down the trees and weighing the wood, No. 2 was found to be 1½ lbs. in 10 lbs. the heavier. Specimens of both were tried by Professor Barlow, as above, when No. 1 was fractured by a weight of 835 lbs. superinduced upon it, but No. 2 required 972 lbs. to fracture it. These facts, in the way they are stated, we cannot be brought to believe, as Mr Farrow, a very ignorant individual, is the only evidence brought forward to support them. We take them, as we should take the supposed facts and circumstances of a well-authenticated ghost story, and for this simple reason, that they contradict the laws of Nature, and the general results of experience; and, for the same reason, we reject any inference that can be drawn from them.

Last of all, comes Mr Withers's grand and sweeping conclusion, which at once announces his victory, and sums up his argument. "These experiments," says he, "throw new light upon the subject, and lead to the most important conclusions. They prove, not only that fast-growing oak timber is superior in quality to that of slower growth, but that by the constant application of manure to the roots of trees, planted even in a good soil, nearly double the quantity of timber may be obtained in the same period, while its strength, instead of being diminished, will be thereby increased." We certainly never thought that Mr Withers had much practical skill, even in the mechanical part of planting; we never believed that he possessed any smattering of science, beyond what he had picked up from reading the Planter's Guide;—but little as that is, we really think he might have seen to what consequences all this nonsense tended, even could country gentlemen be brought to swallow it. In the first place, it would go near to destroy our belief in what is denominated "physiological affinity" in woody plants, than which no arboricultural fact is better ascertained, or more generally credited. And, in the second place, it would give to gardeners this new and curious piece of information; that,

as the grand qualities of the oak, beyond all other trees, consist in its possessing the greatest strength, hardness, toughness, and durability united, so the best place for raising the tree in the greatest perfection is, *the highest-manned kitchen-garden, and still more, the richest hot-bed!!!* Bravo, Withers! Your theory has now got to its climax! *Vivat stercoratio, ruat calum!*—Muck and the Attorney for ever!

But, joking apart, the principles to be acted on in raising the best timber of every sort, and especially the best timber for naval purposes, is a subject of too serious and general an interest to be treated with ridicule, or to be suffered to sink into neglect, among the transient novelties or follies of the day. Great Britain is well known as the country, of which the soil and climate are capable of raising, and have hitherto raised, the *BEST OAK TIMBERS IN THE WORLD*; and it is deeply interesting and important to her that she should continue to raise it. Considering the low state of scientific arboriculture as yet among us, and the late stimulus which has been given to curiosity respecting it, by the writings of ingenious men, it may not be amiss, before concluding these strictures on a very shallow, but specious production, to endeavour to condense into a few sentences a sort of summary to our argument, for the use of such of our readers as may be *planters*, and to lay before them, as shortly as possible, what seems now to be the generally understood principle in this important business.

All trees have their peculiar soils and climates, in which they will thrive best, and most fully perfect their species. This is the law of nature, and what Sir Henry Stuart has called "phytological affinity." The soil most congenial to the oak, as already remarked, is a strong, deep, and loamy soil, often a reddish clay, together with a temperate climate. Such are the soil and climate in which the best and most durable oak has always been found, when planted by the hand of nature, and such, therefore, may be set down as most *natural* to the species. The best oak timber is certainly that which grows most vigorously under these circumstances; but the combined action of climate and soil may be such, as to cause it to *transcend* the measure of the most perfect wood. All cultivation or amelioration of a soil like this is injurious, because it expands the vegetable fibre, and renders the wood more porous and less dense, by unduly accelerating its growth. If the oak be planted on clayey land, and of a poor and thin quality, trenching and manuring will bring about a beneficial effect, by rendering such land deeper and richer; and by assimilating it to the soil most natural to the species. In the same way, if poor, silicious, or light soil be to be planted with the same trees, trenching and manuring will occasion a favourable effect, by deepening it, and rendering it more tenacious of moisture, and, by consequence, assimilating it, in some degree, to the natural soil; and if lime be added to consolidate such a soil, or clayey compost, made up with lime, it will be still more advantageous. These ingredients impart to thin and poor soils of every sort, before being planted, a certain portion of those essential requisites which nature has denied them. But the great regulator, or, if we may so speak, the unerring barometer of all soils, is *atmospheric temperature*,—that is, the measure of heat and cold, as modified on woody plants. The soil most congenial to the oak has been already described. Take that soil, for example, at the bottom of a deep valley, where the oak is found to grow in the highest luxuriance, and compare its produce with that of a similar soil, at a greater elevation, and in a greater exposure to the elements, in the same valley. Here the trees, with the very same advantages of soil, will be found to grow more slowly. Their vegetable fibre being more contracted or condensed, their whole organic structure will be modified to the *circumstances in which it is placed*, and stronger and more close-grained wood will consequently be produced. This, under proper circumstances, may probably be considered as

the best possible timber. The same thing is observable in the economy of all other trees, as well as that of the oak, as it is in accordance with the general law of nature which governs the whole vegetable kingdom in respect to growth, and is known to every well-informed planter. Whatever, therefore, is adverse to this general law, we once reject as the offspring of ignorance or inexperience. Fanciful theories and erroneous practices may live for a season, and flippant pamphlets in praise of them may be produced by such men as the present author; but they cannot permanently retard the progress of science, or lay impose on the good sense of the public. In the words of the greatest planter of the age, "It is only on an acquaintance with vegetable physiology, and the anatomy of plants with the habits they display, and the organs and properties they possess, that any sound foundation can be laid for an art, of which the practice should be *scientific*," though it has been hitherto treated as wholly mechanical."

Strictures on Sir Henry Stuart's Planter's Guide. By a Planter of Some Experience. (That is, Edward S. Nurseryman in Kirkcaldy.) Edinburgh. John Anderson, Jun. 1830. Pp. 40.

FRIEND SANG, we are perfectly aware that you know something of *mechanical* planting; and we are further aware that, with the assistance of a friend, you once came forward as the editor of a posthumous treatise of Wal Nicol's, another mechanical planter like yourself. I know it should enter your brain to attempt "Strictures on a *scientific* work, of which you cannot understand a single sentence, truly exceeds our comprehension. It is true, Sir Henry Stuart does not speak with much respect of the science of the Scottish nurserymen, and regret that he should have so much reason to do so; it is also true, that he speaks of yourself, in particular, much more highly than you deserve. It was, therefore, very ungrateful in you, and likewise very foolish, to pose yourself as you have done, by taking up the cudgel for either the gardeners, or the nurserymen of Scotland, neither of whom, as far as we can discover, Sir Henry has unfairly treated.

Neddy Sang, you seem to be fond of quoting Latin appears by your pamphlet; we will therefore say to you in the exhortatory way, and in that language, *Hoc est—*that is, mind your proper business and vocation; do well, and arrange your nursery-ground, and take a plain contract, when you can get it, from the Laird of Fife;—but, for God's sake, be advised by us; steer clear of science, and, above all things, of *scientific* arboriculture or the trade of *book-making*; as any attempt at either only make you ridiculous. We advise you as a friend, as an ancient painter advised an honest tradesman, and as foolish as yourself—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*—and that kindly monition we take our leave, hoping never to meet you again, in either the one department, or the other.

The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. Being No. X. of the Family Library. London. Murray. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 320.

This volume is fully equal in interest to its predecessor from the same pen. We do not, of course, look on the work as one which the artist will study with a view of obtaining additional information concerning principles of his art, nor as one to which the amateur appeal as competent authority in matters of disputed or as settling the estimation, in which various productions of the pencil ought to be held. This is not its object, and they who judge it by such a standard, judge erroneously. All that Mr Cunningham undertook was, to supply popular, entertaining, and impartial notices of those who have most distinguished themselves in

history of British art. This task he has now shown himself well capable of executing, having entirely succeeded in conveying a distinct, condensed, and spirited view of the personal and intellectual character of those of whom he has had occasion to speak. Nor is this all: his narrative, which is written in an easy, straight-forward, and unaffected style, is thickly interspersed with remarks indicative of a biographer who enters *con amore* into his subject, and abounding in much sound sense and correct feeling.

The present volume commences with the Life of West, —an amiable and upright man, deeply imbued with a pure and abstract love of his profession, which early disadvantages could not overcome, and which subsequent success could not taint. His misfortune was, that his ambition exceeded his powers, and only in one or two instances was he able to achieve what he so ardently wished to do. To the Life of West succeeds that of James Barry—a man of wild, wayward, and impassioned genius, characteristic of the country of his birth, and too often leading the sons of Erin to a series of misfortunes and misery which a cooler judgment could easily have avoided. Even in his best days, Barry lived in comparative poverty, and the following passage presents a melancholy picture of the privations which the unconquerable love of art has induced many of its ablest votaries willing to endure:

BARRY'S MODE OF LIFE.

"Barry's residence in Castle Street, though wearing a decent exterior when he took possession, soon corresponded to a look with the outward man of its master. The worst and worst rooms, in which the poet places the expiring Villiers, was equalled, if not surpassed, by that in which Barry slept, ate, and meditated in perfect satisfaction and security. His own character and whole system of in-door economy, were exhibited in a dinner he gave Mr Burke. No one was better acquainted with the singular manners of his very singular man than the great statesman; he wished, however, to have ocular demonstration how he managed in household concerns, in the absence of wife or servant, and requested to be asked to dinner. 'Sir,' said Barry, with much cheerfulness, 'you know I live alone—but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford.' The day and the hour came, and Burke arriving at No. 36, Castle Street, found Barry ready to receive him; he was conducted into the painting-room, which had undergone no change since it was a carpenter's shop. On one of the walls hung his large picture of Pandora, and round it were placed the studies of the Six Pictures of the Adelphe. There were likewise old straining frames—old sketches—a printing press, in which he printed his plates with his own hand—the labours, too, of the spider abundant, and rivalled, in extent and colour, pieces of old tapestry.

"Burke saw all this—yet wisely seemed to see it not. He observed, too, that most of the windows were broken or cracked,—that the roof, which had no ceiling, admitted the light through many crevices in the tiling, and that two old chairs and a deal table composed the whole of the furniture. The fire was burning brightly; the steaks were put on to broil, and Barry, having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hands of Burke, saying, 'Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter.' Burke did as he was desired: the painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, 'What a misfortune! the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street.' They sat down together—the steak was tender, and done to a moment—the artist was full of anecdote, and Burke often declared, that he never spent a happier evening in his life.

"Such is the story which has been often written and often repeated, and always with variations. Something like the scene thus disclosed to Mr Burke was exhibited, some time afterwards, to another eminent person, whose friendship has enabled me to enrich my narrative with the following graphic account:

"I wish," says Mr Southey, "I could tell you any thing which might be found useful in your succeeding volumes. I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon the Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize; but from which time had taken all the

green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me—No, he said; he could not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the Academicians would way-lay him, and murder him. In this solitary, sullen life, he continued, till he felt ill, very probably from want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after laying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down, with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr Carlyle (Sir Anthony), in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked.

"I should have told you, that a little before his illness, he had, with much persuasion, been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and one asked how he had rested, he said, remarkably well: he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing. He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him:—there was a frankness and animation about him which won good-will, as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect. There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester Square who did it. But this, he said, was false; for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them."

A passage which we meet with a few pages farther on, we consider too severe; and as it is the only instance of the kind to be met with in the volume, we quote it, with the view of expressing our dissent:

THE LATE EARL OF BUCHAN'S TREATMENT OF BARRY.

"It was at this time of distress that the late Earl of Buchan, among others, stood forward in Barry's behalf. This nobleman desired to be thought public director in all matters of poetry and painting in Scotland. He spent his long life in speaking kind words, writing encouraging letters, and dispensing patronising looks, to all who had visited the Vatican, or were found loitering about the nether regions of Parnassus. On this occasion, he stirred himself more than was his wont, and astonished many by publicly subscribing ten pounds; he also interceded with the Society of Arts, and applied to many who thought favourably of Barry's talents. I wish he had done no more. He praised the set of proof engravings which Barry sent in a present to Dryborough,—fell in love with others which were in London,—longed to possess an 'easel picture' as a memorial of friendship,—condescended to name the picture he particularly affected, The Interview of Milton with Elwood the Quaker,—and, finally, requested, in addition, a proof engraving from the Birth of Pandora. The painter, pleased with all this condescension, sent a sketch of his Milton to the noble speculator in subscriptions; and the 'easel picture' would have followed, but that that hand was soon to be laid upon Barry which has recently fallen on his disinterested patron."

That a degree of almost pardonable vanity and fondness for dispensing patronage were among the failings of the late Earl of Buchan, we are not disposed to deny; but that he was capable of the heartless meanness of preying upon the exigencies of an unfriended artist, we cannot believe. Though somewhat petulant in his personal habits, the Earl was a man of a warm heart, and frequently did generous things of which the world knew nothing.

To Barry succeeds Blake—a poet-painter, whose enthusiastic imagination taught him to believe that he held converse with the world of spirits, and who painted not so much from existing nature, as from the shapes which were continually presenting themselves to him in his day-dreams. He was nevertheless one of the happiest of his race; and, whether it be singular or not, this happiness is mainly to be attributed to his wife, concerning whom we have the following interesting particulars:

BLAKE'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

"When he was six-and-twenty years old, he married Katherine Boucher, a young woman of humble connexions,—the dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems. She lived near his father's house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naiads. As he was an original in all things, it would have been out of character to fall in love like an ordinary mortal. He was describing one evening in company the pains he had suffered from some capricious lady or another, when Katherine Boucher said, 'I pity you from my heart.—'Do you pity me?' said Blake; 'then I love you for that.'—'And I love you,' said the frank-hearted lass; and so the courtship began. He tried how well she looked in a drawing, then how her charms became verse; and finding, moreover, that she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived together long and happily.

"She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake: she believed him to be the finest genius on earth; she believed in his verse,—she believed in his designs; and to the wildest flight of his imagination she bowed the knee, and was a worshipper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became, as it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt to learn—to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant companies, and agreeable invitations. She found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this, and she whom Blake emphatically called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates,—she coloured them with a light and neat hand,—made drawings much in the spirit of her husband's compositions, and almost rivalled him in all things, save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any individual, living or dead, whenever he chose to see them."

This excellent woman—whose character partly reminds us of Klopstock's Meeta—was true to him to the last, and, after a long life of mutual affection, we find her soothing him on his death-bed:

BLAKE'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

"He had now reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. 'I glory,' he said, 'in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly in my own house, when I was not seen of men.' He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty.

"The Ancient of Days was such a favourite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours, and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it out at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, 'There! that will do! I cannot mend it.' He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works.—'Stay, Kate,' cried Blake, 'keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me.' She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.

"The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death, made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit these inspirations, as he called them, to paper. 'Kate,' he said, 'I am a changing man—I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose too, and sat beside me—this can be no longer.' He died on the 12th of August 1828, without any visible pain; his wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing."

"The affection and fortitude of Mrs Blake, entitle her to much respect. "She shared her husband's lot," says Mr Cunningham, "without a murmur,—set her heart solely upon his fame, and soothed him in those hours of misgiving

and despondency, which are not unknown to the strongest intellects. She still lives to lament the loss of Blake, and feel it."

Opie, the vivid painter of individual nature,—Morland, wonderful for his skill of hand, and power of extracting the picturesque from the most familiar scenes,—Bird, best known by his productions entitled "Good News," "The Choristers Rehearsing," and "The Will,"—and Fusell, the "noblest Roman of them all," who had reach of thought, and a poetic feeling, "a comprehension for all that is great, and an imagination for all that is lofty," beyond any other painter whom this country ever possessed,—fill up the remainder of the volume, which we heartily recommend to our readers, and for the great entertainment derived from which we feel ourselves debtors to Mr Cunningham.

Eldred of Erin. A Poem. By Charles Doyne Sillery. Author of "Vallery; or the Citadel of the Lake." Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 96.

This poem, which is in the Spenserian stanza, and of two Books, we have just read. We have not at present time to make any comments upon it, but shall present our readers with an extract or two as specimens of its work. The following is Eldred's address to his harp:

"Thou, too, my Harp!—my parent joy on earth!
When the cold world weighs heavy on my heart,
That ill can brook its melancholy mirth,
Thou my sweet solace, thou my comfort art;
And canst such secret happiness impart,
That I forget the cold world's scorn in thee;
Albeit my bosom keenly feels the smart—
There is a balm in thy wild melody,
Which may be rude to man, but, ah! is sweet to me!

"Yes, I have loved thee better than the world—
Such love brings sorrow even in her kiss—
The crowd, whose souls in grovelling dust are fur'd,
Have blamed me—blamed me, Oh! unkind, for this
For loving thee, my infant spring of bliss!
My treasured harp!—Oh! if mankind but knew
What love thou wakest in my soul's abyss
For him—for all; he then might be more true
To one whose pulse must throb, and cease to throb, with you!

"Thus, as he spoke with tear-brimm'd eyes, he rais'd
His treasured harp—the charmer of his youth;
That harp on which he fervently had rais'd
His dear Redeemer, with a heart, in sooth,
All love, all hope, all ecstasy, all ruth!
For aye he loved his Bible and his lyre;
That blessed book of poetry and truth;
That harp which fill'd his soul with heavenly fire—
But now in mournful strain he touch'd each tremulous wire;—

SONG.

"Where are the flowers of the wild-wood?—
Faded and wither'd away!
Where are the friends of my childhood?—
Gone to their sleep in the clay!
Ah! well may the sweet tear of sorrow
Flow forth from the depths of my heart;
I shall meet them no more on the morrow;
We lived and we loved, but to part
For ever!—Oh, Heaven! for ever!

"The pale moon may silver the fountain;
The birds may come back to the lea;
The sun still rise over the mountain;
But they shall return to me
Never!—Oh, never!
(Echo.)

Oh! never!"

We are pleased with the following stanzas:

"When silence slept upon the moonlit sea,
And nature's breath and ocean's pulse stood still
When our lone vessel floated, tranquilly,
On the glass'd mirror of the waters chill;

And not a tree, nor vale, nor house, nor hill,
All round the horizon met the straining view—
The blank and bleak monotony to fill—
Save the far fields of boundless ocean blue,
Paved with the stars of heaven, that tremblingly shone
through,—

"Then would fond Fancy wing her fairy flight
Away! away! far o'er the sleeping foam,
Over those crystal buried worlds of light,
Back to her native mountains and her home—
Ah me! thought I, how painful 'tis to roam
From all on earth we valued and held dear;
From the lov'd land where laughing eyes would come
To charm us with their virtue—then the tear
Gush'd from my labouring heart, and fell—as it falls here.

"Oh! it were bliss to be but in that land
Where they are sleeping in the cold, cold clay;
Where once I wander'd, gaily, hand in hand,
With those who lov'd me dearly many a day:—
The friend of this frail throbbing bosom—yes,
The more than friend,—the faithful and the fair;
The parent too—Oh! all—all snatch'd away;
Well may I weep—my earnest, only prayer,
Is that this heart were hush'd in slumber with them there."

A song, which we find near the conclusion, is simple
and poetical:

SONG.

"She died in beauty!—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem.
She died in beauty!—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty!—like the song
Of birds amid the brake.
She died in beauty!—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty!—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
She lives in glory!—like Night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory!—like the sun
Amid the blue of June!"

We shall probably offer a few remarks upon "Eldred
of Erin" ere long.

*A Letter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. &c.
On the Currency.* By James Taylor, of Bakewell.
London. John-Taylor. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 79.

THERE are two classes of men who are always most
forward in speaking their minds on the economical ar-
rangements of the nation; and between whom, on ac-
count of the mischief they do, by circulating partial and
incorrect views, it would be difficult to settle the point of
precedency. The first consists of men who are deep read-
ers in systematic works of political economy, but who have
no practical experience of life, and are continually expo-
sing the most just and philosophical principles to ridicule,
by insisting upon applying them to the regulation of cir-
cumstances with which they have not the most remote
connection. The second consists of men, who, acute
enough within the sphere of their own limited dealings,
derive their narrow experience sufficient to enable them
to teach how all the exigencies of a mighty nation should
be met. Of this latter class is Mr James Taylor. Those
who undertake to guide and enlighten public opinion may
find his pamphlet of use, as an indication of the wishes of
a considerable portion of the community, and as contain-
ing, in a tangible form, some of the most prevalent misap-
prehensions on the subjects it discusses. Beyond this, we
cannot well see what purpose its publication can serve.

*Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of the Most Illustrious
Personages of British History.* London. Harding
and Lepard. 1830.

We formerly took occasion to allude to this work in
terms of much commendation. It is now publishing in

the cheap and popular form of monthly numbers. The
portraits are all executed in the first style of art; and the
accompanying memoirs are judiciously condensed from the
best authorities. As a specimen, we have pleasure in
presenting our readers with the account that is given of
Drake, a name closely interwoven with many a feeling
that is dear to Englishmen:

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

"Drake, who, it is said, was born in Tavistock in 1545,
was a seaman from his cradle, and applied to his profession
talents which might have rendered him eminent in any cha-
racter, with such undeviating perseverance that we never
find him for an instant in any other. In his early man-
hood he became purser of a merchant ship trading to Spain,
and afterwards accompanied Sir John Hawkins to South
America, eminently distinguishing himself in the more glo-
rious than fortunate exploits of that expedition. Drake
lost in it the whole of that little which he had saved in his
more humble employments, but he returned with a reputa-
tion which presently attracted public attention, and with a
knowledge of the wealth, and an experience of the naval
warfare and resources of Spain in those parts, which ena-
bled him to form the most promising plans for his future
prosperity. In 1573 he sailed from Plymouth, in a ship
named the *Paescha*, accompanied by another in which he had
performed his two former voyages, called the *Swan*, in
which he placed one of his brothers, John Drake. On
board these vessels, which were of very moderate burden,
he had no more than seventy-three men and boys; yet with
this slender force he stormed the town of Nombre de Dios, in
the Isthmus of Darien, and soon after seized that of Venta
Cruz, where he obtained a considerable booty; but the most
important result of these acquisitions was the interception
of a convoy of plate, as it was the custom then to call it,
of such enormous bulk, that he abandoned the silver from
mere inability to convey it, and brought only the gold to his
ships. It is needless to say that he returned with immense
wealth, and enriched beyond all the occasions of even splen-
did domestic life. Drake, in his last American voyage, had
formed an imperfect outline of the enterprise which after-
wards immortalized his name. 'He had descried,' says
Camden, 'from some mountains, the South Sea. Hereupon
the man being inflamed with ambition of glory and hopes
of wealth, was so vehemently transported with desire to na-
vigate that sea, that, falling down upon his knees, he im-
plored the Divine assistance, that he might at some time or
other sail thither, and make a perfect discovery of the same;
and hereunto he bound himself with a vow. From that
time forward, his mind was pricked continually to perform
that vow.' He now besought and obtained the aid and
countenance of Queen Elizabeth to his project for a voyage
thither; an undertaking to which no Englishman had ever
yet aspired. In 1577 he sailed from Plymouth, carefully
concealing from his comrades of all ranks the course that he
intended to take, and entering the Straits of Magellan, where,
a terrible storm separating him from the other ships, he pro-
ceeded alone. On quitting the Straits, he sailed, still mo-
lest by tempest, to the coast of Chili and Peru, attacking
the Spanish settlements, which were wholly defenceless;
and, having obtained immense spoil, prepared to return to
England. Apprehensive, however, of the vengeance of the
Spaniards, among whom the alarm was now fully spread,
he determined to avoid the track by which he had entered
the Pacific Ocean; and, returning to England by the Cape
of Good Hope, landed at Plymouth, on the 3d of Novem-
ber, 1580, the first of his countrymen by whom the honour
of circumnavigating the whole of the known world had ever
been enjoyed. His arrival in London was hailed by the
multitude with the utmost extravagance of approbation, and
Queen Elizabeth visited him on board his ship at Deptford,
partook of a splendid banquet which he had provided, and
conferred on him the honour of knighthood, commanding,
among many other compliments of the most flattering na-
ture, that the vessel in which he had achieved the voyage
should be carefully preserved, as a precious memorial of his
merit, and of the glory of her realm. These testimonies of
approbation produced in Drake their usual effect on gene-
rous and active minds, an ardent desire to signalize himself
by further exploits. The rank, however, to which his fame
and his immense wealth had now raised him in society, for-
bade the further prosecution of that order of enterprise from
which he had derived them; and some years elapsed before
Elizabeth's determination to commence offensive hostilities
against Spain enabled her to call his powers into action in

her immediate service. At length, in the ever-memorable service which terminated in the destruction of the 'Invincible Armada,' Drake, whom Elizabeth had appointed vice-admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham, had the chief share. His sagacity, his activity, and his undaunted courage, were equally conspicuous in the series of mighty actions which composed it; and the terrible vengeance experienced by the dispersed and flying Armada was inflicted principally by his division of the fleet. Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral, by whom the enterprise had been planned, deemed it an honour to have surrendered to him, and was long entertained by him with a generous hospitality, which proved that Drake was as well versed in the chivalrous courtesies as in the essentials of war.

"In 1587, Drake undertook, at his own expense, to bring to the town of Plymouth, which he represented in Parliament, a supply of spring water, of which necessary article it suffered a great deficiency. This he accomplished, by means of a canal or aqueduct, above twenty miles in length. It has been erroneously asserted, that Sir Francis Drake died a bachelor. He married, probably in his middle age, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir George Sydenham, of Combe Sydenham, in Devonshire, who survived him, and re-married to William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, in the same county. He left, however, no issue; and his brother Thomas became his heir, and was succeeded by his eldest son Francis, who was created a baronet in 1622, and is at present represented by his lineal descendant, Sir Francis Henry Drake, of Buckland Monachorum, in the county of Devon."

We can conceive few more valuable additions either to public or private libraries than this truly excellent and national work.

The Drama brought to the Test of Scripture, and found Wanting. Edinburgh. William Oliphant. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 131.

IN spite of all the odium which bigots have attempted to cast upon it, the stage is, in every civilized country, a great moral engine. It has, indeed, its defects and its faults,—but ought the art of printing to be discouraged, because the press may occasionally disseminate falsehood and error?—ought the pulpit to be pulled down, because it is sometimes taken possession of by the hypocritical and the depraved? It is through the medium of our external senses that the mind is, in general, most powerfully affected; and hence the very "pompe and circumstance," the glitter and the show, of a theatre, are to the great majority of the audience a thousand times better concomitants to the lessons of fortitude, integrity, or patriotism, which the poet may inculcate, than the bare walls and uninterrupted solitude of one's own closet. It is upon this principle that the more sensible portion of the Roman Catholics countenance that multiplicity of ritual observances and empty ceremonies with which their religion is loaded. Abstract excellence—pure and unadorned virtue, is of too spiritual an essence to attract the regard, and fix the attention, of the multitude. The wholesome draught must be crowned with flowers and seasoned with sweets, else the goblet will be sent away untasted.

It is also worth observing, that the stage invariably follows, and never attempts to precede, public opinion. It does not, therefore, so much guide, as it is guided by, the moral character of the people at large. Before the Reformation, the theatre varied little from the cathedral for within the walls of each the rites and mysteries of Catholicism almost equally prevailed. In the dissolute and profane days of Charles the Second, the stage, carried away by the current, was obliged to admit the ascendancy of such men as Vanburgh and Congreve. In later times, as the national manners improved, the stage has assumed a purer and a higher tone, for the authors who write must invariably adapt themselves to the audiences who judge. This being the case, he who attempts to convict the stage of immorality, pronounces a libel against his fellow-countrymen.

The author of the book before us not only declares all

stage representations immoral, but is strangely inclined to believe, that every sober citizen whom one may see in the pit, or respectable mother of a family whom one may behold in the boxes, will be consigned to devouring flames through the whole course of eternity. As for the performers themselves, they are irretrievably damned; and the hackney-coachmen who convey parties to the theatre, have no more chance of salvation, than if they were, as many Beelzebubs. Dramatic critics have just as little hope; and a whole convocation of bishops could not keep writers of plays one hour out of the bottomless pit. With a person who entertains such sentiments, it is hopeless to argue. Wrapped up in the hairy mantle of self-righteousness, he looks, half in pity and half in scorn, at the rest of the world; and though he richly deserves an hour or two of the gridiron for his presumption, we think it better merely to acknowledge that we are aware of his existence, and then to pass him by with the calm superiority of silence.

The Glasgow Medical Journal. Conducted, by Andrew Buchanan, M. D., &c., and William Weir M. D., &c. February, 1830. Glasgow. R. Griffin and Co.

We are not particularly well acquainted with the history of this periodical. It is well known, that the physicians of our own city, proud of the well-merited reputation for medical sciences which Edinburgh has long enjoyed, affect to consider themselves a sort of professional aristocracy. In particular, they profess no great respect for the skill of their brethren in the Western metropolis; and this may be one reason why the Glasgow Medical Journal is so little known amongst us. Judging by what we have seen of it, however, we have no hesitation in saying that it deserves an extensive circulation. There is much useful information contained in the present Number. The best article is a very able paper by the Editor, Dr A. Buchanan, on "Erysipelas, and the Diseases resembling it," in which our eminent townsman, Dr John Thomson, is somewhat roughly handled; but though the essay is pretty highly spiced with *odium medicum*, it indicates a degree of talent and medical knowledge highly creditable to the author, and auguring well for the Journal, of which he has, we believe, only recently become the Editor.

The History of Dunbar, from the Earliest Records to the Present Period; with a Description of the Ancient Castles and Picturesque Scenery on the Borders of East Lothian. By James Miller, Author of "St Baford of the Bass." Dunbar. William Miller. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 292.

THOUGH, of course, more of local than of general interest, this is a work indicative of considerable research and ability. It is divided into four Parts. Part first contains the "Military Annals" of Dunbar, and its adjoining castle, including the history of the twelve Earls of Dunbar, and a brief summary of Scottish affairs, in as far as they had any reference to Dunbar, from the earliest down to the present times. This summary is well written, and appears to be accurate in all respects, except in the view it gives of the character of Queen Mary, which seems to us in the highest degree erroneous and unjust. Part second contains the Ecclesiastical Annals of Dunbar;—Part third, its civil and domestic history; and Part fourth, an account of its ancient castles and picturesque scenery. Works of this kind often furnish materials for the more general historian, and, at all events, have a tendency to give to certain portions of their native land an additional value in the eyes of the inhabitants. Mr Miller has executed his task in a manner that reflects credit upon himself, and which cannot fail to make his name respected and esteemed throughout all East Lothian.

A New Abridgment of Ainsworth's Dictionary, English and Latin, for the use of Grammar Schools. By John Dymock, LL.D. Glasgow. Richard Griffin and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 356 and 351. 2 vols. in one.

THE name of Dr Dymock, as editor of this work, is a sufficient guarantee for its merits. His object has been to prepare for the use of schools a new book, containing the crum and essence of Ainsworth's Dictionary, compressed into a much smaller form, and sold for little more than one half the usual price. At the same time, nothing is suppressed which could be of material service to the young scholar, while, in several instances, an evident improvement has been made on Ainsworth. That the inflections of verbs, for example, may be better understood, they are all fully conjugated; and the gentives, not only of nouns, but of all irregular adjectives, are given. The English and Latin comes first, and then the Latin and English. The whole is printed in a beautiful and distinct small type, and the form of the volume is unusually portable and convenient. We know of no Latin Dictionary of the same useful dimensions, or more deserving of coming into immediate and general use.

Manners of the Tower of London; comprising Historical and Descriptive Accounts of that National Fortress and Palace. By John Britton and E. M. Brayley, Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. Embellished with a series of Engravings on Wood, by Branston and Wright. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 374.

THIS is an elegant and instructive volume. There is no edifice in the kingdom whose antiquities are more deserving of attention than those of the Tower of London, and in the able hands of Messrs Britton and Brayley they are invested with a powerful historical interest. The woodcuts by Branston and Wright are of a very superior kind, and the work altogether is a valuable addition to our literature.

The Literary Blue Book; or, Calendar of Literature, Science, and Art, for 1830. London. Marsh and Miller. 12mo. Pp. 200.

THIS little volume, which is very handsomely got up, contains a number of lists connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts. Among these are lists of living authors, artists, musical composers and teachers, teachers of languages, public galleries of art, chronological list of eminent persons, periodical publications, principal performers at the theatres, lists of the universities, public schools, literary and scientific institutions, &c. So far as they go, these lists are interesting and accurate, but they are limited, for the most part, to London.

The Duty of considering the Example of departed Good Men: a Sermon, occasioned by the Death of the late Right Rev. Daniel Sandford, D.D., Bishop in the Scottish Episcopal Church. Preached in St John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, January 24, 1830. By the Rev. Edward B. Ramsay, B.A., &c. Edinburgh. Wagh and Innes. 1830.

THIS is a tribute offered to the memory of a late highly esteemed pastor, and truly excellent man. It is a memorial of affection which was due to him, and which is worthy of the classical pen and refined taste of the Rev. Mr Ramsay.

A Compendious German Grammar; with a Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes, Alphabetically Arranged: according to the Recent Investigations of J. Grimm, and other Distinguished Grammarians. By A. Bernays, Editor of the German Poetical Anthology. London. Trevellet and Co., &c. &c.; and all other Booksellers. 1830, Pp. 60.

HAS Mr Bernays ever read the works of Grimm?—for, if so, it does not appear. His Grammar is good enough, but old fashioned.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A TRAVELLER.

SOCIETY AT ALGIERS—THE STORY OF THE SISTER JEWS.

THE society at Algiers was, at the time I am writing of, a very pleasant one. We had the British, the Swedish, the Danish, the Spanish, and the French Consuls, all of whom had their families and followers with them, so that we could very well muster a party of sixty or seventy persons; and I envy not him who would pant for a more extended range. We lived together almost as one family, the younger branches of which called one another familiarly by their surnames; and all were united in harmony and good fellowship. But human nature is the same everywhere; and although none of the evil passions existed (or, at least, did not discover themselves) in our little community, there was certainly some little rivalry among the Consuls, and some little jealousy between their families; but this never extended far, or lasted long.

There was a Jewish family at Algiers in my day of the name of Bensumon, who, though they did not mingle in our society, were yet well known, and in whose house I have frequently been. This family consisted of a very venerable old man, who had acted at one time as British Vice-Consul with probity and honour, his wife, a son, and two daughters—Luna and Haneena. The father and the son had both been in England, spoke the language well, and dressed in the European fashion; the females spoke nothing but Arabic and Hebrew. Soon after my arrival, I was introduced to this family. I made my first visit in company with my cousin, Mrs E. Delville. When we entered, we found the poor-old man confined to a sick bed, from which he never afterwards rose. He made us very welcome, however, and ordered refreshments. They were brought in by his daughters, and two beings of such dazzling beauty I have never beheld. They were twins, and bore a strong resemblance to each other, their names signifying respectively the sun and the moon. Luna, however, had most of the sun in her disposition and temperament, and should have changed names with her sister. If I looked with breathless admiration upon them, they seemed to look upon me also—a stranger and a Christian—with no little interest. Their father, however, observing this, spoke a few words to them, which set both them and himself a-laughing, and they presently busied themselves in serving the refreshments. These consisted of the choicest fruits, preserves, and sweetmeats, with the richest liqueurs, all on gold and silver plate, which the old man had contrived still to retain, although he had frequently shared the common fate of his brethren, in being plundered by the government. During the repast, at which Luna was more active in her attendance than her sister, I had ample opportunity of admiring the contour of her exquisitely rich and voluptuous person, which her occupation and her dress fully disclosed.

It was not for some time that I could comprehend Luna's countenance, which was different in expression from any other I had before, or have ever since seen: it was beautiful, exquisitely beautiful—combining great sweetness with a soft and luxurious expression, which

conveyed a certain impression, of which Luna herself seemed not to be ignorant. She wore no trowsers, as the Turkish women do, her first visible garment being a caftan or mantle, closely fitted to the shape, and reaching a little below the middle of the leg, which was naked. On her little foot she wore a species of sandal, fastened over the ankle with a ruby clasp, which contrasted beautifully with the snowy whiteness of the leg and foot. The mantle was fastened round the waist by an embroidered girdle, closed with a diamond clasp; the bodice being left open in front, and coming low down on the back, leaving it and the shoulders entirely naked, and so formed on the bust, as to leave exposed the beautiful colour and symmetry of her neck, and the exquisite form of her throbbing bosom, which was only very partially shaded by the muslin screen of her under vestment. Over this caftan she wore a kind of jacket, of richly-wrought crimson cloth, without sleeves, but fastened over the shoulders by diamonds, or other precious stones. This was also made tight to the person, and worn in every respect like the bodice of the caftan, only that it came down over the loins, and formed the warmest part of her clothing. The arm was naked from the shoulder downwards, finely formed and rounded, and terminated by the prettiest little hand in the world. A little below the shoulder she wore a diamond armlet, and on the wrist a golden bracelet, which set off this part of her person to the greatest advantage. Her head-gear consisted of a tiara of golden filigree, which served to confine her otherwise unrestrained and luxuriant silky hair, of dark but glossy auburn, which was shaded over a most beautifully shaped forehead, and which, when I first saw her, fell in graceful tresses to its full length, without braid or artificial ornament of any kind, over the shoulders, of which it was the only covering. The form of her countenance was oval, the contour of the cheek and chin beautifully rounded, and the head most gracefully set on the shoulders. Her complexion, though dark, was of that rich and voluptuous tint, which harmonized so well with the general expression of the features. The nose was purely Grecian, the mouth small, the lips vermillion, the teeth as white and as lustrous as pearl; the eyes—but who can give any idea of those dark-blue, soft, and love-inspiring eyes, or of the tale they told from under the most beautiful lashes in the world? The general expression of the countenance was, as I have said, gentle sweetness, and amorous softness, as if her whole soul was wrapped in the warm and fond desires. In short, a painter could not have found a finer model from which to have painted the Goddess of Love.

Haneena was, in every respect, in the same costume with her sister—equally lovely—and, by some tastes, she might even have been deemed the lovelier of the two. They bore, as I have already said, a strong resemblance to each other; and, as they stood together, it would have been impossible to have conceived any thing more beautiful. There was this difference, however, between them: voluptuousness strongly glowed on Luna's countenance, and spoke in every gesture; Haneena wore a more chastened demeanour, and although the same expression was certainly in hers as in Luna's countenance, yet it was softened by a shade of deeper feeling.

It was evident that the sisters had expected our visit, for this was their gala dress, and it would not have been safe to have appeared in such splendour every day. That which they wore in ordinary was a much plainer caftan, with a chemise, having wide hanging sleeves down to the elbow; and their only ornaments were immense ear-rings, so weighty, that they pulled down the ear, and actually tore it. I sometimes made signs to ask if they pained them; to which they answered by laughing, and intimating that they did not.

They had the misfortune, soon after our visit, to lose their good old father. Their brother was then in England, and their mother (who was a very fine woman, by the

by, and from whom they derived the greatest share of their beauty) was the devil herself for temper, and led them a sad life. This, Haneena appeared to feel acutely, but nothing could break the laughter-loving spirit of Luna.

Both sisters were as elegant in their manners as they were lovely in their persons; every thing they did was done with the utmost ease and self-possession,—all was unstudied and natural. How much was it to be regretted that their minds alone were uncultivated! They were wholly uneducated; they knew, indeed, their religious creed,—they knew, also, that their moral duties were to love and obey their parents—to marry and bring forth, and suckle children—to attend to the domestic household concerns; but more than this they knew not,—and, although the poor old man was exceedingly proud, and fond of his daughters, to what good end would it have been to have taught them more—to have shown them what miserable and abject beings they were? They were the subjects of Algiers, and doomed to oppression; they were restricted from leaving the soil, and fated either to lead a single life, which their laws condemn, or to be married to ignorance. What purpose, then, would it have answered, situated as they were, had the old man in his fondness given them a superior education?

As it was, they had their occupations and enjoyments; and as they were employed either in preparing the corn, or in grinding it with their hand-mills, they whiled away the time by singing the wild Moorish melodies, or in relating to each other tales closely resembling those in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Besides, Luna and Haneena had their little contrivances for visiting and being visited. I have sometimes been at these parties, where I have seen many lovely faces, but none to compare to those of the Twin Sisters. In those parties the Moorish dance was a principal amusement. In this dance every Moorish female is more or less an adept—it is their only refined accomplishment; and, indeed, where well and gracefully executed, there is much to admire in it. It is a kind of minnet performed by two females, the one acting as the beau to the other, and tells a story of the whole course of courtship, accompanied by music, which, though extremely simple and monotonous, is yet made to rise and fall in an admirable manner, according to the passions expressed by the attitudes of the dancers. There is great skill and great delicacy required in the management of this dance, in order to avoid its falling into grossness and indecency,—for many of its attitudes and gestures are of a nature and meaning which, in the execution, should only be hinted at, and not left to pall upon the imagination.

In the hands of the Twin Sisters, I have never seen any thing on the stage half so exquisite as the performance of this dance. The expression they put into the whole progress of the story, to the last embrace of rapturous enjoyment, was given to the very life; and it is worthy of remark, that though the whole purpose of this performance is to express and excite desire, yet they went through it in the same matter-of-course way in which a fashionable belle would go through the waltz, and I doubt whether they would not look upon our waltz in the same light as we do on their dance.

I have often passed an idle hour in the company of these lovely sisters, charmed with their mutual kindness and affection; and I never left them without deep regret, that so much beauty, and so many natural virtues, should be doomed to such a fate—

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!”

Their brother, who was a very amiable lad, and exceedingly attached to them, as they were to him, felt in the same way; and I have sometimes seen the tear in his eye, and heard a long-drawn sigh, as he regarded them at their domestic drudgery, or heard their cheerful and con-

most voices, all unconscious of what thoughts were passing in his mind. He would often speak of them with the utmost tenderness and affection. "I am not," he would say, "so anxious about Luna, as about Haneema;—Luna is of a temper to make herself contented anywhere—perhaps she has the warmer feelings of the two, but she does not feel the deepest; any husband, provided he be but young enough, and good-looking enough, (for young Madam knows her own value, her mother has taken care to cram her well with that,) will do for Luna: Haneema, on the contrary, requires to love and to be beloved. She never would be happy otherwise; and, alas! there are but few in this country who are deserving of her. Ah, Delville, if those two girls were in your happy country, what might they not become? what might they not expect?"

Of all this family not one now remains, except perchance it be Luna—all the rest, some years after we had left Algiers, were swept off by the plague. The fate which befell Luna was such as perhaps might have been expected, and, short of actual violence, not much to be regretted. She was carried off to the Palace by the Dey, and afterwards, I understand, had the honour of a place in his Harem.

FINE ARTS.

THE FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

(First Notice.)

THERE are perhaps as many positively bad pictures in this Exhibition as usual; but there is, to counterbalance this, a greater quantity of good, solid painting, and of really high promise. There are decidedly two classes of painters among us. The one seems to think painting capable of nothing further than giving neatly-finished and prettily-arranged representations of external nature. The other entertains higher notions of art, and sees that the poetry which is diffused through all nature is as susceptible of being expressed by colours as by words, and that the grand and the beautiful which stir the soul, may be poured out upon the canvases as well as upon wire-wove paper. This latter class do not content themselves with picking up a stray sunburst, or a reflected light, or a picturesque tree or rock, but they endeavour to accumulate all their stores of beauty, and to form of them a more elevated nature;—they do not content themselves with merely imitating form and colour, they seek also to arrange them in such a manner that their beauty shall be heightened and their power increased. Whenever we see this acknowledgment of the true aim of art, we are sanguine that the mind gifted with the power to conceive it will set, with requisite industry, fail to attain it. The previous labour will be long and uncheered with sympathy,—for there are few who can distinguish, in the fermenting chaos of an intellect struggling to realize its overpowering conceptions of beauty, the *disjecta membra* which are gradually approximating and coalescing into harmony; but when the proud task has been accomplished, and when the dreams of boyhood have attained, after long days and nights of toil, a richer realization, the applause of those whose applause is worth having, and the consciousness of a worthy undertaking worthily achieved, will more than repay the toil that has been endured. The number of artists who have girded themselves for treading this arduous path is evidently increasing among us, and we watch their progress with deep interest.

Before proceeding to touch upon the individual merits of the different artists, there is a large mass of pictures which we wish to dispatch in a bunch,—we mean the portraits. We acknowledge that there are few things more interesting than a good portrait of any distinguished individual; and we have also some toleration for the portrait of a beautiful woman, or even—though in a low degree—of any person, however uninteresting, if

particularly well painted. But we abhor with our whole heart the immense array of middling portraits of Nobodies which crowd the walls of every exhibition. We are doubtful whether it be most wonderful that so many respectable, sensible, dull, ugly people, can bear the infliction of their *fac-similes* staring them in the face, or that the artist can be hero enough to look again at those lineaments whose dullness must from daily habitude have sat down like a nightmare upon his soul; and fool enough to think that pictures, whose subjects would countervail the powers of Michael Angelo himself, as an orphan's curse can drag down a seraph, will ever raise his reputation.

We do not mean to say that all the portraits in the Exhibition are stamped with mediocrity. Watson Gordon has four which would make the fortune of any other artist, though we are not quite sure that they are exactly what we were entitled to look for at his hands. The merits of this artist are so well known, that we need not here dwell upon them; and as to our objections to the pictures he this year exhibits, they are not meant to imply a falling off, so much as a standing still. He must not stop yet in the career of improvement; and, after all, we are not quite sure that he has ever painted any thing so excellent as his "Full-length Portrait of a Lady in a Fancy Dress," (No. 182.)—Colvin Smith has some good strong likenesses. His Jeffrey is the life—and Mr Smith may be proud that he has been able to stamp upon canvases that flickering expression. Sir Walter Scott is like in all the features, but we scarcely think the expression successfully given. Lord Alloway is a good, and Colonel Glass a masterly, portrait. It is, however, almost exclusively in his happy power of seizing a likeness, that this artist's talent lies. His style of painting is coarse to a degree; and, except in the portrait of Colonel Glass, we do not think that he has shown much feeling in the selection of attitudes, or in the general arrangement of his pictures.—Duncan has an excellent portrait of Alexander Ballantyne, Esquire, whether we consider it as a striking and characteristic likeness, or as a really fine piece of painting. This young and highly-promising artist has two other portraits in the Exhibition, but though well painted, their subjects are scarcely happy enough to rescue them from our ban and anathemas.—It does not strike us that there are any other portraits that challenge notice. The "Portrait of a Lady," (221,) by that clever lazy-boots, Lauder, is warmly and powerfully coloured; and a picture, with a similar designation, by Smellie Watson, (46,) is remarkably well arranged.

Having now got so many of the pictures thus easily and unceremoniously shoved off our hands, we proceed to go over the remainder, not picture by picture, but artist by artist. And, lest any umbrage should be taken on the score of precedency, we evoke these perturbed spirits one by one, as a Grand Sheriff selects a jury—by laying the Catalogue closed before us, then inserting the pen at random, and taking him first upon whom it lights.

DAVID SCOTT.—There is both power and feeling, in no ordinary degree, in the works of this artist. They are, however, as yet in a tolerably disjointed state—something like the bear-cub of fabling naturalists, which requires to be licked into shape after birth. The large picture of "Lot and his Daughters" is well arranged for picturesque effect, and some parts of it are well painted; but the reason why it pleases us most is, that it shows ambition and intrepid reliance on his own powers on the part of the artist. Its faults are of that class which strike every one, and we beg, therefore, to dispense with the task of pointing them out. There is much sentiment in his "Adam and Eve at their Morning Devotions." On the whole, we augur good things of Mr David Scott, if he continue to labour, and have an opportunity afforded him of forming his taste upon the best works of that high style he has chosen.

JOHN EWANK must have got sentimental of late, for he is strong in the moonlight line. This artist belongs most unequivocally to the first class we enumerated. He

never penetrates beyond "the outer show of sky and earth." There is a want of feeling in his pictures. Their beauty is material—not of the mind. But as far as his talent reaches, they are good—neatly executed, and not unfrequently correct as well as pleasing representations of nature. The light on the houses in the foreground of his moonlight view of the Rialto, is well managed; the view of Loch Katrine by moonlight is a pleasing picture, with its rippling line of light in the boat's wake, and the silvery gleam of the distant waterfall; but, in our estimation, his happiest effort is "Coast Scene, Effect after rain," (No. 47.) Before quitting Mr Ewbank, we wish to give him a friendly hint. He possesses a pleasing talent in his own limited sphere, but he has not yet cultivated that talent to the utmost. He has still much to see and learn in nature. It is therefore too soon for him to absolve himself from all further study of her phenomena, and shut himself up in his closet to compound natural scenes from recollection. It is a wide and matured experience alone, that can enable the landscape painter to proceed after this fashion; and when he does, it must be upon scientific principles; not by taking a print or the painting of another artist, and filling up the outline of the one with colours of his own, or representing the scene of the other with different accidents.

THE NASMYTH FAMILY.—There is such a decided family likeness runs through all the works of these ladies and gentlemen, that it would be impossible, without the aid of the catalogue, to say which is which. They have one common fault,—they want a body of colour. Their paintings are flat, and look like a coloured print. In most of their productions, too, there is a want of aerial perspective. The objects in the background diminish duly in size as they recede, but their outlines are as distinct, their colours as unsubdued, as in those of the foreground. The best work of this joint-stock-company is Patrick Nasmyth's "View of a Windmill, at Limes in Suffolk."

J. F. WILLIAMS.—"Ha! Old Trueman! art thou there?" "Largo Bay" (240) and "Fishermans Harbour" (229) are creditable pictures; the former, in particular, has a fine airy look. "The confluence of the Leven with the Clyde," is hardly equal to the "View on the Clyde," painted last year for the Institution; and the view of the Calton Hill seems scarcely finished, though there is some good bold work in the middle distance.

So much for this week.

FOURTH EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(Second Notice.—Italian Masters.)

THERE were many circumstances that co-operated to raise the art of painting to the very considerable elevation it had attained so early as the commencement of Raffaele's career. It had been cultivated for two centuries (reckoning from Cimabue) with increasing love and capacity. Its chief patrons were the wealthy regular clergy. Under their auspices painting had been practised in the quiet and retirement of the cloister, where, aloof from the cares and turmoils of the world, the artist could abandon himself entirely to that enthusiastic devotion to the study and production of the beautiful, which in the susceptible mind kindles, even under the most adverse circumstances, to a passion. He felt, likewise, that his art was devoted to the service of religion, and this gave it a character of sacredness in his eyes. His mechanical resources, too, improved as the country continued to advance in science; the chemical pursuits of the monks furnished him with finer colours; and the progress of geometrical and physical discovery did him good service. But forbearing to dwell longer on these general speculations, we are not without hopes that such as have it in their power to visit the Ancient Exhibition may, by viewing the few specimens it contains, in connexion with our remarks, form to them-

selves some notion of the character and progress of Italian art. We confine ourselves entirely to those masters of whom there are specimens in the rooms; and we shall best effect our purpose by going over them in a chronological order.

ANDREA MANTIGNA.—We begin with this artist, because, although not the oldest in the Exhibition in point of time, he is the oldest in point of style. He was born of low parents, in the Mantuan territory, in 1451; and died in Mantua in 1517. He is said to have studied much in his youth from ancient statues; so much indeed as to have, on one occasion, been taunted by a rival, that his pictures represented marble, not flesh. This anecdote impelled him to devote more attention to the attainment of a soft and natural colouring. No. 43, the only painting by this artist in the Exhibition, is by no means one of his best works, but it gives a tolerable notion of his characteristics. His colours are brilliant, pure, and well arranged. There is no attempt made to give the effect of cloth in the drapery, except in as far as regards the form and colour. There is some appearance in the figures of their having been studied from life; but their attitudes and the expression of countenance are harsh and exaggerated; and there is little knowledge displayed in the manner of grouping them. In the whole picture there is nothing ideal, no attempt even at a selection of beautiful nature in preference to the vulgar forms of every-day existence. And this is exactly what was to be expected from the artist and his time. Of all his works, he is said to have regarded with most pride one in which he expressed successfully the straining of a man endeavouring to pull off, by standing upon it with one leg, a stocking, which had stuck fast to the other. His sympathetic contemporaries willingly lavished their admiration upon the same masterpiece. The picture in which this figure occurs, is a St John baptising, and the hero of the stocking is stripping, in order to participate in the initiatory rite.

GIOVANNI and GENTILE BELLINI were the sons of Jacopo Bellini, a Venetian painter; and educated by him in the principles and practice of his art as far as they were then known. Gentile died, aged 80, in 1501; and Giovanni some few years after him in his 90th year. The two brothers were much esteemed in Venice for their portraits and other paintings, and not less for the strength and constancy of their fraternal affection. Though somewhat older than Mantegna, (who married their sister,) their style of painting, to judge by No. 100, the only specimen of their works in the Exhibition, and indeed the only one we have seen, was much more advanced. The subject of this picture is a woman with a cup of poison. The expression is that of a thorough Venetian. They have the start of their brother-in-law in the faithful representation of nature, but seem to have little more of the high feeling of art than he had. The chief interest attaching to these artists arises from their having been the teachers of Giorgione.

FRANCESCO FRANCESCA—a native of Bologna; born 1450—died 1518. He was by occupation a goldsmith, and highly distinguished in the ornamental department of his art. In the fortieth year of his age he was stimulated, by the reverence he saw paid on all hands to Mantegna, to attempt something in painting. In this he succeeded so well as to obtain immediate reputation and employment. No. 83 (a Holy Family) is by this artist. The arrangement of the picture is simple, and, after the ancient manner, is all upon a straight line. The colouring, however, is chaste and fine,—the countenances natural and beautiful, with an expression of deep, quiet feeling. There was something melancholy in the death of Francesca, who, by the account of Vasari, and indeed by the sentiment evident in all his works, was one of the most gentle and amiable of men. The rising fame of Raffaele had reached him in Bologna, and he conceived so strong an anxiety to see the works of this young prodigy, that nothing but the infirmities of age prevented him from repairing to

Rome for that sole purpose. By means of some common friends, the two artists entered into a correspondence. In 1518, Raffaele having finished a painting destined for a church in Bologna, committed it to the friendly care of Francia. But the beauty of the work was so exceeding, that the old man stood before it as one stupified; and, tormented incessantly by the new views of the capability of his art thus opened up to him, and the consciousness that he could never hope to realize them, he shortly afterwards pined to death.

We must now turn our eyes southward to Florence, where the art had already made greater progress than in the north of Italy. LEONARDO DA VINCI was born in the Florentine territory in 1445, and died in France in 1519. He was of noble family, and enjoyed an excellent education. He was endowed with one of those universal minds which find pleasure, and are successful, in all pursuits. He was engineer, architect, sculptor, anatomist, musician, and painter. Withal, there was a frankness and buoyancy in his disposition that conciliated the love of every one. His kindness extended itself even to the brute creation; for he not unfrequently purchased the birds brought by the peasantry in cages to the market, solely that he might enjoy the pleasure of setting them at liberty. He was the first artist who set himself in earnest to the study of anatomy with a view to the improvement of art. He left behind him a work containing many invaluable hints for the painter. In the practice of his art, he surpassed all his contemporaries in his management of the *chiaroscuro*; and was equalled by Buonarroti alone in his knowledge of form and intense power. Leonardo, however, like all who excel their predecessors in knowledge of mechanical details, was apt to overrate their importance; and, more brilliant in conception than persevering in execution, he left many of his finest works unfinished. Not unfrequently, too, we find him giving in to a childish taste for tricks of art, which had begun to display itself in his day. There are three works in the Exhibition attributed to this artist—No. 74, a Portrait of Conte Visconti; No. 81, Virgin and Child; and No. 102, a Saint. Of these, the portrait of Visconti bears the most undeniable marks of the master's hand. The colouring of the face is highly and anxiously finished; the hair is ineffectually disposed, but painted with an elaborate care which makes every separate hair appear, yet without causing any impression that undue attention has been paid to so subordinate a matter,—while a gentle melancholy reigns in the clear brown eyes.

Of Raffaele, Titian, and others, we shall speak next Saturday.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, 18th February.

Professor RUSSELL in the Chair.

Present.—The Earl of Strathmore; Lord Glamis; Sir William Hamilton; Professors Duncan and Wallace; Drs Menzies, Knox, Borthwick, J. Gregory; Mr Wood, President of the College of Surgeons; Thomas Allan, James Sims, — Gordon, John Reddie, Patrick Neill Esqrs.

Dr Knox read No. L of a series of papers, entitled, "Observations Illustrating the Laws which regulate Hermaphroditic Appearances in the Mammalia." A letter was afterwards read by the Secretary from the Chevalier Aldini, requesting the co-operation of the Society in promoting the extension of the knowledge of his late invention for the greater security of firemen. The Chevalier's exhibitions have engrossed of late too much both of the London and Parisian journals to render it necessary for us to enter upon the details of his prospectus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ALEENE.

Her cheek is red—her eye is bright,
And, 'mid the festal throng.
She looks and moves the Queen to-night,
Of gladness, grace, and song!—
Ah! little deem that crowd who sweep
In fashion's splendour by,
'Tis some one's fever from her cheek,
And fire so bright her eye!

How oft, 'mid radiant scenes like this,
In calm, but blissful mood,
With him the glory of her heart—
Her chosen—she has stood!
And felt, though thousands were around,
For her earth held but one;
Am ebb within whose light she dwelt,
As Cynthia in the sun.

And now—no marvel 'mid the throng
She moves with hushed pace;
He is not there—she is forgot,—
Mark well her varying face;—
Can present joy blot out one hour
The memories of the past?
Ah! Pride may, nerve the heart awhile,
But Love is lord at last.

Her cheek is red, her eye is bright,—
But, 'mid the festal throng.
Wild feelings through her bosom gush,
Of grief and bitter wrong!
'Her hands across the harp are flung,
Its tones to joy awaking,—
Hush!—there is fever in thy veins,—
Aleene! thy heart is breaking!

As oft the rainbow, ere the storm
Bursts gloomily on high,
Spans with its arch of glorious hues
The quickly darkening sky;
So, oft, a radiance o'er the face
Of fading bloom is shed,—
The soul's last mournful sunset smile,
Before its light has fled!

GERTRAUDE.

SONNET.

From the Sicilian Pastoral Poet, Giovanni Meli.

"Muntagnoli interrati da vaddati."

GREEN airy mountains, sloped by shelving plains,
Cliffs with hoar-moss and gadding thyme o'er-grown,
Clear falling waters, bright as silvery veins,
Mute stagnant marshes, rivers murmuring on,
Rocks where the Fauns lie hid in ambushades,
Smooth sliding currents, crown'd with vocal reeds,
Sweet flowers, fantastic trees, sequester'd shades,
Damp caves, wherein the oozing nitre breeds,
Night-warbling birds, that tune your labour'd song,
Echo, that hears, and then doth all disclose,
Vines interlacing the elm leaves among,
Intricate wild-wood of dark trees and boughs,—
O, blest retreats! far from the vulgar throng,
Receive the friend of peace and calm repose!

MY MOTHER.

Repose within my soul—my mother's smile!
For ever dwell among my holiest thoughts,
Ye seraph tones, which breathed around my couch,
As o'er her child's repose that mother hung.
Oh, may these sweet low strains of piety,

These Christian hymns, which on my morning dreams
Were shed like dew upon an opening flower,
With their rich harmony of heavenly love,
First greet my waking hour in Paradise!

LAURA.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We have been favoured with an early copy of Mr M'Diarmid's new work, entitled "Sketches from Nature." It is divided into two parts, the first of which contains Anecdotes illustrative of the Habits of various Animals; and the second, Fragments of Scottish Scenery and Manners. From Mr M'Diarmid's well-known and vivid powers of description, we anticipate much pleasure from a perusal of this work, with a particular account of which we shall present our readers in our next.

There is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the late Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, with Extracts from his Diary, Correspondence, and Sermons, by the Rev. John Sandford, A.M., Vicar of Chillingham.

The author of "The Morning and Evening Sacrifice," "The Last Supper," and "Farewell to Time," has announced another work as in the press, in three volumes, duodecimo, to be entitled "The Living Temple," in which man is considered in his true relation to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life.

The Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D., author of "A Connexion of Sacred and Profane History," &c. has in the press a small volume of "Discourses on the Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, the Assurance of Faith, and the Freedom of the Gospel," &c. &c.

A second edition, enlarged and improved, of "Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their Descendants, illustrative of their Past and Present State, with regard to Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction," by Christopher Anderson, is promised next month.

Mair's Introduction to Latin Syntax, with Additional Notes, Examples in Prose, and a copious Vocabulary, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Editor of an improved edition of Cornelius Nepos, &c. is reported to be nearly ready.

A second series of Stories from the History of Scotland, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, which is intended to complete the work, is preparing for publication.

Mr Charles Marsh has been for some time engaged in a complete General History of the East Indies, and has now made considerable progress in the work.

Perkin Warbeck, and the Court of James IV. of Scotland, is announced.

The Rev. Richard Warner has in the press a volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches.

The Pilgrim of the Hebrides, and other Poems, by the author of Three Days at Killarney, is announced.

There is preparing for publication a History of the Church, from the Creation to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century, in the form of Question and Answer; by the late Alexander Smith Paterson of Aberdeen, edited by the Rev. James Brewster, minister of Craig.

A new volume of Country Stories, by Miss Milford, author of "Our Village," is in the press.

The Picture of India—exhibiting in a brief, yet clear and graphic manner, the Geography, Topography, History, Natural History, Native Population, and Produce, of that most interesting portion of the Earth; with a particular Account of the European Settlements, with the present state of the British Territories, and an impartial View of the India Question, with references to the impending Discussion on the Renewal of the Charter—with many appropriate Illustrations from original designs, is announced.

An Annual for the year 1830, entitled The Penelope, has been published at Leipzig. It is edited by Theodore Hell—a very startling name for English ears.

The second volume of Moore's Life of Byron is expected to be ready in a few weeks. The first has had a very extensive sale.

The papers of the Earl of Marchmont, comprising a variety of original and unknown Documents, Diaries, &c., illustrative of the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., &c. are in the press.

ELOCUTION.—We observe that Mr Roberts is to deliver a rhetorical Lecture, illustrated with readings and recitations, next Saturday. Mr Roberts's entertainments of this kind are in general judiciously conducted, and calculated both to amuse and instruct.

GROZIO STREET READING ROOMS.—We understand that it is the intention of the Proprietor of this large and commodious establishment to add to it a billiard-room upon a suitably elegant scale. The idea seems to be a good one, and, if properly managed, may induce many gentlemen to avail themselves of this agreeable recreation, who have too great a regard for their characters to be seen in any of the common and less respectable billiard-rooms.

THE EXCLUSIVE.—The following curious revelation of the characters supposed to be represented in this work has just appeared in the *Court Journal*:—Lady Tilney—Lady Jersey. Duchess of Hamington—Princess Esterhazy. Princess Leinsch—Princess Lieva. Lady Ellersby—Lady Cowper. Lord Tonnerre—Lord Tullamore. Mr Leslie Whynay—Honourable H. de Roos. Frank Ombre—Frank Russel. Spencer Newcombe—Honourable Spencer Percival. Lord Glenmore—Lord Ellenborough. Lady Glenmore—Lady Ellenborough. Lord Albert d'Esterre—Lord G. L. Gower. Lady Dalmatras—Dowager Duchess of Leeds. Lady Tenderden—Lady Tankerville. Lady Marchmont—Lady Hopeton. Lord Arlingford—Lord Sefton. Duke of Mercomont—Duke of Wellington. Colonel Temple—Colonel Trench. Lady Feuillermere—Lady Salisbury. Lord Gascoigne—Lord Alvanley. Sir William Temple—Sir G. W. Warriner. Mr George Foley—Mr George Anson.

DARLEY; OR THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.—This production, from the pen of the author of "Richelieu," contains, among other ably delineated scenes—the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold—Description of White-Hall in the Reign of Henry VIII.—The Court Fete, Banquet, and Pageant—The Combat, and deliverance of Francis I.—Shipwreck of Lady Constance, &c. Among other historical personages, we may enumerate, besides the two monarchs of France and England: The Duke of Buckingham—Cardinal Wolsey—Lord Derby—Earl of Devonshire—Duke of Suffolk—Lady Constance De Grey—The Earl of Surrey—Lord T. Howard—Lord Abergynny—Lord Montague—Sir W. Cecil, &c. &c.

AMERICAN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—America possesses at present 877 periodical publications. In 1775 she had only 53; and in 1810, 358. Pennsylvania alone has now 185, and New York 161. It is also interesting to know that all the Indian tribes have now newspapers, and some more than one.

Theatrical Gossip.—The King's Theatre has been as yet but poorly attended. The principal novelties of the season are to be the continental *prima donna* Lalonde, and Lablache, who has been pronounced the finest bass singer in Europe.—Nothing new has been doing at Drury Lane. In the temporary absence of Kean,—Liston, Faren, and Vestris are the chief attractions.—At Covent Garden, Miss Paton, who plays on the alternate nights with Miss Kemble, has been drawing indifferent houses. She receives L.20 per night; and it is said to be the intention of Lord William Lennox to take his wife from the stage as soon as she has secured for him an annual income of L.1500.—this is very kind to Lord William. Fanny Kemble has written a song, which has been sung at the Harmonicon Society;—the words are pretty.—The French Company at the English Opera House are well attended.—A new piece, called "Van Demen's Land," has been successfully produced at the Surrey Theatre.—The tragedy of "Werner" has been repeated at Bristol with increased success. Matreedy and Miss Foote have also appeared there together in "Virginia" and "Matrimony."—Horne, Miss Smithson, and Miss Dyer, formerly of the Theatre here, are at present in Dublin.—Braham and Miss Clarke are in Aberdeen.—The novelties this week at our Theatre, have been the revival of "Waverley" and "Clari," and the production of a new drama, entitled, "William Shakespeare, or the Bard of Avon's Early Days." In the two first pieces Miss Jarman distinguished herself as *Fiona M'Fiver* and *Clari*; and in the last, which is an amusing enough production, and contains some pretty new scenery, Vandenhoff makes a very respectable representative of the Author of "Hamlet." Vandenhoff takes his benefit on Monday, but his engagement will of course be renewed, that he may perform along with Young.—We have been informed that Mr Wilson, of whose singing at the last Professional Concert here we spoke very favourably, is to make his debut upon the stage in the opera of "Mazzeio," now in preparation. If this be the case, we augur well of his success.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Feb. 13.—19.

SAT.	<i>The Wheel of Fortune, & A Roland for an Oliver.</i>
MON.	<i>Waverley, & The Bottle Imp.</i>
TUES.	<i>Pizarro, & The Maid or the Magpie.</i>
WED.	<i>William Shakespeare, The Youthful Queen, & Free and Easy.</i>
THURS.	<i>Do, He Lies like Truth, & Clari, the Maid of Milan.</i>
FRI.	<i>Pizarro, & Rob Roy.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We must still appeal to the patience of several of our Correspondents.—We are reluctantly obliged again to postpone the article by Mr Tennant till next week.

The versé, entitled "The Destruction of Sodom,"—"Sonnet to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus,"—"Sonnet" by "Veritaphistius,"—"The Star" and "Stanzas" by "P."—and the lines by "R. W." of Glasgow, will not suit us.—Who is "Euphrosine?"

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The History of Chivalry and the Crusades. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. In 2 vols. Constable's Miscellany, vols. 50, 51.

No better proof can exist of the union of sagacity and enterprise which distinguished the late Mr Constable than the fact, that the plan of this Miscellany, one of his latest speculations, has since been acted upon in all quarters with complete success. Nothing meets our eye but family Libraries—classical, historical, philosophical, geographical—"neat, trimly drest," in fascinating covers of crimson, brown, yellow, or pea-green. We have two reasons, however, for preferring the Miscellany to any of its brethren: First, That it has an undoubted claim to the rank of primogeniture, with its corresponding privileges;—and secondly, that it is truly a Miscellany—neither exclusively scientific, nor historical, nor classical—but blending all subjects—original writing and translation, travels, biography, history, "*quicquid agunt homines*," in short; and all arranged and combined, upon the whole, with singular good taste and judgment. Perhaps the selection of some of the earlier numbers might have been improved; but since the duty of Editor devolved on Mr Aitken, we should be at a loss to suggest any improvement in the principle of selection on which it is conducted. The public, indeed, have a guarantee for the good taste and judgment with which this task is likely to be executed, in the "Cabinet" of this gentleman—unquestionably the best collection of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse with which we are acquainted—and we space to see, from the list of forthcoming publications announced in the Miscellany, that the spirit and industry which the Editor has hitherto displayed is not on the decline. The "*Life of King James the First*," by Mr Chambers, will, we trust, prove as amusing and successful as the previous *Histories of the Rebellions*—works for which we have occasion to know the readers of the Miscellany are indebted to the suggestions and advice of Mr Aitken.*

The present volumes, we think, are likely to be popular, and deservedly so. They are not loaded with useless sentences, though they are obviously the result of no inconsiderable reading;—they are not absurdly eulogistic, or written in that villainously affected style, which disfigures Mill's *History of Chivalry*; but temperate and philosophical, yet not without a kindly glow of imagination, and a style which, though betraying marks of haste, is animated and graphical.

From the consideration of Chivalry itself, its use, promise, character, and influence, the transition is natural and easy to the *Crusades*, which were but the emanation

of the same spirit concentrated in one channel, and poured in the direction of the East, instead of being allowed to wander at will and dissipate itself among the scattered provinces of Europe. Accordingly, the greater part of Mr Stebbing's work is devoted to a sketch of these wars, the strangest, perhaps, in the history of the human mind; and though unquestionably by no means free from the admixture of baser motives, yet, on the whole, originating in, and supported more completely by, feeling and principle, than any other contests which history records.

Chivalry, in its modern meaning, is a term applied to a peculiar system of manners and opinions, which had its origin during the middle ages, and extended its influence over the greater part of Europe. It expresses the particular creed, with regard to morals and the relations of society, of which the order of knighthood, conferred by formal ceremonies, was the external sign. It is, therefore, to be considered as distinct from feudalism. It was a system, as it were, within the feudal system,—a code of moral equity, arising out of the peculiar consequences of the feudal government, coinciding with its spirit in its great leading outlines, while it controlled its operation upon society, and reconciling, though imperfectly, its habits of warfare with that security to property, and that protection from oppression, which seem essential to the existence of every community.

Perhaps no system has ever spread more widely, or exercised a stronger influence over human opinion, than Chivalry; and yet none has left fewer traces of its progress from infancy to maturity. The scattered elements from which its institutions were framed, are indeed occasionally to be found both in the early records of the Gothic tribes, and in the classic authors of Greece and Rome. The spirit of fraternity and claniship which connected the body of knighthood, finds a parallel in the Theban Legion of Xenophon as well as the Sagas of Scandinavia; the preparatory course of discipline and reverential obedience which it exacted, is shadowed out in the customs quoted by Athenæus,* in his treatise on the Manners of the Celts; the practice of admitting candidates into the Order of Knighthood at a certain period, and even the peculiar ceremonies on that occasion, correspond with the custom of the German tribes on the admission of their young men into the military profession;† the devotion and religious veneration with which it regarded women, was a distinguished feature in the character of the northern nations, even during the days of Tacitus;‡ the singular and sometimes ludicrous vows which it encouraged, are to be traced both in the Scriptures and in the historians of Greece and Rome; the principle of Knight Errantry appears in the labours of Hercules, of Theseus, and Perseus; the joust and tournament are but the games of antiquity, modelled to suit another climate and other manners; the system of judicial combat appears to have been known to the Germans in the days of Augustus,§ and forms part of the Burgundian code of the sixth century;|| in short, there is scarcely a feature

* We are not afraid that our character for impartiality will suffer from the praise given above to a work which issues from the house of a great publisher. We are as independent of Messrs Constable and Co. as we are of any Booksellers in the country; but as we have never rank from pointing out what we conceived to be the faults of their productions, so we shall not shrink from bestowing upon a work, so universally popular as the *Miscellany*, the commendations it deserves. Ed.

* Athenæus, lib. iv. c. 36.

† Tacit. Germ. c. 13.

‡ Tacit. Germ. a. 18, c. 19, Hist. lib. iv. c. 18.

§ Velleius Pater.

|| Leg. Gundobad. A.D. 501.

which has been considered distinctive of Chivalry of which traces are not to be found either among the classical or the northern nations. It was in their combination alone that Chivalry could be considered as an original institution. By the union of virtues of different kinds, each acquired a higher lustre; humility and obedience appeared more dignified when united to strength and valour; scrupulous honour, and undeviating veracity, were doubly honoured in those who were bound to performance by no stronger obligation than that of conscience and opinion; and valour itself, the point in which Chivalry may be said to have added least to the ages which preceded it, derived a nobler character from the objects to which it was now applied, and its union with the softer virtues of mildness, temperance, and chastity.

It is true, however, that this general theoretical outline of the chivalrous character, imposing as it appears, was disfigured by practical defects and absurdities inseparable from a period of limited knowledge and unbounded superstition; that the religion of the knight was seldom unmingled with bigotry, and always alloyed by degrading superstition; that the valour which in theory was to be applied only to the defence of his country, his sovereign, his lady, or his brother in arms, was too often dissipated in absurd and meaningless encounters; and that, even in the purest period of chivalry, no intelligible line of distinction appears ever to have been drawn between licentiousness and love.

We differ from Mr Stebbing in his supposition, that Chivalry acquired its peculiar devotional character so early as the reign of Charlemagne. On the contrary, however intimate may have been the relations which subsisted between the Emperor and the church, we do not see the least traces of this character in any of the ceremonials of Chivalry during his reign. The earliest notice, from which we can infer that the military character of the institution had become combined with the religious, is in the tenth century.

Ingulph* observes, that among the Anglo-Saxons at that time, it was customary for the candidate, who desired to be admitted among the *milites*, to confess his sins to the bishop, and to pass the night in the church in prayer and mortification, before his sword was blessed by the priest. The knight, after his admission, received the sacrament. In the eleventh century, the religious character of the institution was still more decidedly fixed, by an ecclesiastical decree of the Council of Clement, ordaining all persons of noble birth, on attaining the age of twelve, to take a solemn oath before the bishop of the diocese to defend the oppressed, the widow, and the orphan,—to protect the traveller, and to check oppression and tyranny. The candidate for knighthood was now taught to consider himself, in the first place, as the defender of the church; he watched his arms on hallowed ground; he assumed the white robes of the neophytes; vigils, fasts, and confessions, prepared him for the rite in which he was to participate; his godfathers became sponsors for him in knighthood, as they had done at his baptism; the weapons with which he was invested were blessed by the priest, and the knight bound himself, by the oath of Chivalry, to defend the rights of the holy church, to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the precepts of the Gospel.†

In our estimate of the influence of the religious character thus impressed on Chivalry, we are very much at one with Mr Stebbing. The religion thus connected with the spirit of Chivalry, exercised a strong, though not always an amiable, influence on the knightly character. If it animated his patriotism and self-devotion, it created a determined spirit of bigotry and intolerance, taught man to consider infidels and heretics as vessels of wrath, de-

voted to destruction, and paved the way for the extravagances of the Crusades. To slay an infidel was, in itself, a positive virtue, which, in the middle ages, was allowed to counterbalance a positive vice; and thus the knight was enabled to indulge in an extreme laxity in the moral duties of religion, by submitting to the gentle penance of destroying a few superannuated Jews, Turks, infidels, or heretics. Even the virtues inculcated on the knight, were allowed to be in abeyance in the case of an infidel. Generosity and courtesy, mercy, and even fair dealing, he had no right to expect. "If an infidel," says St Louis, a great authority, "impugn the doctrines of the Christian faith before a churchman, he should reply to him by argument; but a knight should render no other reason to the infidel, than six inches of his falchion thrust into his accursed bowels." Even the ladies ran some risk, if they laboured under the fatal stain of heresy. Sir Bevis of Hampton declines* the invitation of the Princess Josiane, whom he terms "an heathen hound," and absolutely refuses to hold any communication with her, till appeased by her offer,—

"My false gods I will forsake,
And Christendom, for thy love, take."

The religion of the knight, as it was generally founded, not on reasoning, but education and habit, was necessarily debased by superstition; and if the common occupations of life acquired a higher and more elevated character, from their connexion with religion, there is reason to believe that religion itself lost much of its spiritual and solemn impressions, by being perpetually blended with the affairs of common life. God and the saints held a divided empire with the eyes of the ladies, and the knight appealed to each, in turn, with the same confidence and devotion. The names of the saints formed the watchword of particular champions. St Michael, St George, and St James, all of whom tradition had invested with the order of knighthood, were in peculiar request. Tournaments were proclaimed in honour of the Virgin Mary, and, indeed, the knights never seem to have considered her in any light very different from that in which they viewed their mistresses. At a tournament held at Valladolid, in the year 1428, the King of Castile was accompanied by twelve knights, who personated the twelve Apostles.† Even the patriarchs and remarkable personages of Scripture were invested with the attributes of knighthood, by the same wide-spreading extravagance which placed Alexander the Great at the head of a court of Macedonian Paladins, similar to that of Charlemagne;‡ and represented Jason as distinguishing himself at a tournament, given in honour of the admission of Prince Hercules into the order of knighthood.§ In the Visions of Pierce Plowman, a passage occurs, which shows how completely Chivalry had become incorporated with the whole opinions and habits of thinking at that period; for the poet, describing the crucifixion, and speaking of the person who pierced our Saviour's side, calls him a *knight*, who came forth *spear in hand, and jousted with Jesus*; and afterwards, for the basest of wounding a dead body, he is pronounced a craven and recreant knight. When such revolting absurdities characterised the religious belief of the day, it is difficult to conceive that the subject of religion could exercise over the minds of its votaries that solemn and awful effect, which, in a purer form, it was calculated to produce, or to doubt that the union of the religious with the military character, however plausible in theory, had led to the most absurd and impious consequences in practice.

But leaving the feeling of devotion, we come now to another strong ingredient in the character of the knight—his devotion to the fair sex, and, in particular, to the lady whom he selected as the chief object of his affections

* P. 512.

† Du Cange & Miles, and 22 Dissertation sur Jourville. St Payer Mem. sur la Chev. Part II. Fabliau, l'Ordre de la Chevalerie. Barbazan, T. I. p. 59.

* Romance of Sir Bevis.

† Cronica del Conde D. Pero Nuno, p. 295.

‡ Poeme d'Alexandre, *passim*.

§ Livre du Preux et vaillant Jason et de la belle Medee.

The feeling of peculiar respect for women, was certainly only heightened, not created, by the institutions of Chivalry. The equality of the sexes, unknown among the Greeks and Romans, was recognised amidst the dreary wilds and forests of the Cimbri and the Teutones. There the women, instead of being the slaves of men, were their friends and their advisers. They were intrusted with calendas and governments; * they held their place in the council and the field; they mingled in battle with their husbands, their brothers, and their parents,† and preserved a noble independence of character, unknown to the female society of Athens or Rome. The strict rules of chastity, so early inculcated upon the youth of both sexes by the laws of the Gothic tribes;‡ the diffidence and respect, the patient assiduity and anxiety, with which the lover prosecuted his suit, where his mistress possesses the power of choice and rejection—these might be reduced to system and rule by the institutions of Chivalry, but they existed long before in the character of the Northern tribes. They were, undoubtedly, in harmony with the character of an institution so enthusiastic and romantic as that of Chivalry, and accordingly, in that system, a very marked and prominent place was assigned to them.

The defence and protection of the fair sex in general, formed, of course, part of the obligations of the knight in his vow of Chivalry. But this was not enough. The knight was obliged, in order to complete his qualifications, to select some individual fair one, to whom his more especial reverence and affection was to be devoted. Don Quixote, a great authority in these matters, was quite over that the choice of a mistress was as necessary a preliminary to his expedition, as his steed and his arms. She was to be the polar star, to which his thoughts were to be directed amidst all the chequered scenes of his knightly career. Even her caprices were to be held sacred. Her word was law; and whatever enterprise of difficulty she might impose upon the hapless knight, who was honoured with her favour, he was bound to perform. The dialogue between the Dame des belles Cousines and Jean de Saintré,§ quoted by Sir Walter Scott and Mr Mills, and which has every appearance of being a transcript from real life, proves that every knight was compelled to be in love in system; while it illustrates pretty fully, what we shall afterwards have occasion to advert to, the very accommodating principles of gallantry which regulated the conduct of the fair sex towards their lovers.

The love which was thus inculcated by rule, was, of course, not intended to be confined to the breast of the knight. It was not of that modest and retiring character which shuns the observation of strangers, and, to use the fine expression of an old Fablier, "resembles the sap which gives life and vigour to the tree, yet is seen by none."¶ It was intended to be proclaimed on the house-tops, and to be paraded in the glare and sunshine of tilts and tournaments. And hence, there is strong reason to suspect that it was in many cases a conventional and factitious feeling, exercising little real influence over the heart, and existing chiefly in the imagination. Certainly, if we may draw any inference with regard to the character of chivalrous affection from the love poetry of the Troubadours, we shall form as high an opinion of its reality; for in the Canzoes and Tenzoes of Provence, that country where Chivalry had its peculiar seat, where love, according to its approved rules, was taught in courts and parliaments, and its precepts embodied in legal judgments,§ nothing, in general, is more phalser, unreal, and unnatural, than the poetry of love.

But whatever might be the reality of the feeling, its external manifestations were sufficiently pompous and imposing. It was the especial duty of the knight to maintain against all the world the honour and surpassing

beauty of his lady, and to break a lance on such an occasion was a challenge not to be declined. Nor was it sufficient that he should be ready to act on the defensive; the champion of the middle ages was called upon to become the challenger, and to proclaim in the lists his readiness to maintain his mistress's quarrel against the world in arms. Nothing could exceed the pomp, the splendour, and solemnity, of these occasions. The knight was generally adorned with some device conferred by the hand of his mistress; a scarf, a ribbon, or glove, conspicuously displayed on some part of his helmet or his armour: all the magnificence of the age was lavished in the decoration of his person, the adornment of the lists, and the preparations for the reception of the noble company before whom his valour was to be displayed. The lady, in her turn, delivered the prizes of the tournament, and rewarded the bravery and devotion of her knight, by such approved public favours as were sanctioned by the custom of the age. These were such as might in modern times be considered sufficiently trifling. But the passion which is founded on imagination only, requires little to support it; a ribbon or a scarf, a smile or a ceremonious salute, are sufficient nourishment to such creatures of the fancy. Absurd and fantastic, however, as this compulsory gallantry appears, there is little reason to doubt that it exercised a considerable, and, on the whole, a favourable, influence upon the conduct of the knight. In reference to society, it matters little whether a man perform great and good actions from a sincere feeling of affection towards a particular object, or from mingled considerations of pride, ambition, jealousy, and inclination, which he is pleased to embody under the general term of love. And, on the whole, it seems undoubted that the gentleness and courtesy, the high sense of honour and generosity of feeling, which resulted from this feature of the knightly character, produced a favourable effect on society, whatever might be the reality of that devotion to which, nominally, they owed their origin.

But while these ideas on the subject of love, fantastic as they appear, must be admitted to have had their influence in softening and refining the warlike character of the times, the notions which prevailed in the best days of chivalry, and which were most unquestionably sanctioned by its practice, if not by its principles, with regard to the intercourse of lovers, were in the highest degree lax and accommodating. Though devotion to one mistress, and exclusive and unhesitating obedience to her wishes, were exacted from the knight by the customs of chivalry,—and although the lover, apparently contented with the slightest mark of favour, seemed to exist only for a pure and spiritualized affection, there is sufficient reason to believe, both from the chronicles of the times, and the romances, (which, as general pictures of manners, are good evidence in such cases,) that nature revenged herself for the force which was put upon her by these public exhibitions of stoicism, and that in the real life of chivalry—apart from the show and glitter of the tournament—amidst the stillness and ennui of baronial castles, less refined ideas on the subject of love regulated the conduct of these fair Platonists. Were these instances of licentiousness confined to a few individuals, it would be unjust to charge the institution itself with having either caused or encouraged such irregularities; but when we find that this laxity of principle was common even among those who were considered as the splendid ornaments of chivalry—that the romance writers, whose works reflect the feeling of the age, dilate with as much pleasure on the gallantries of Lancelot, of Tristan, of Arthur, and of Galour, as on the constancy of Amadis and Huon—we are at least entitled to conclude, that, in this particular at least, it had failed to effect any material improvement on the morals of the time. Still more striking proofs of the union of pretended sentiment with real sensuality, occur in the work already alluded to, "The Chronicle of Jean de Saintré," a work of which Tressan remarks, "That

* Strabo, Lib. iv. Pomponius Mela, Lib. iii. c. 6.

† Germ. Tacit.

‡ Germ. Tacit.

§ Histoire et plaisante Cronique du Petit Jean de Saintré. V.

c. 1, 2, 6.

¶ Loi du Conseil. Le Grand. Fab. v. 3.

§ Arresta amorum.

it gives a great deal of insight into the real life of Chivalry;"* and which is mentioned in similar terms by Warton. If further proofs of the inefficiency of chivalric theories to refine the manners or correct the irregularities of the age in matters of this nature were wanting, they are to be found in the character of the works of fiction which, we know, were then read and applauded by those fair ones, who, in the lists or at the banquet, were such models of delicacy and refined sentiment. Many of the romances of the Round Table, besides the uniformly objectionable moral which they inculcate, are such as no female would now peruse, far less listen to; and the later romances of chivalry, *Tirante the White* in particular, are scandalous beyond belief. The *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, much of the love poetry of the Troubadours, and almost all the fabliaux of the Trouvers, which we know were recited by these itinerants at the banqueting table of nobles, and in the society of honourable and accomplished ladies,† are no less objectionable. Such, also, are those tales which formed the favourite amusement of the brilliant courts of Italy, the Decameron of Boccaccio, and the Novels of Bandello; the latter of which are specially inscribed to the most distinguished ladies of the time. Thus in Bandello, the 46th novel of part 3d is said, in the introduction, to have been related by the Spanish ambassador Navagero, to the Duchess of Urbino and the Princess of Mantua; and yet it is the most obscene story in the whole circle of Italian novels. Facts, such as these, dissipate at once the theories of manly virtue and female purity, which we would wish to connect with the times of chivalry, and compel us to say with Gresset,—

"Ce n'est donc qu'une belle fable,
N'envions rien à nos aïeux ;
En sont temps l'homme fut coupable,
En sont temps fut il malheureux."

In these general views, we find we agree substantially with Mr Stebbing, whose estimate of the comparative importance and influence of Chivalry, we consider as a very fair and candid one.

To his *History of the Crusades*, we shall probably return on a future occasion.

Sketches from Nature. By John M'Diarmid. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd, 1830. 8vo. Pp. 388.

MR M'DIARMID informs us in his preface, that the object of his work is to "garner and reduce to a connected form, fragments of Scottish scenery and character, and along with these, anecdotes illustrative of the habits of animals, that appeared to be hurrying fast into oblivion." This, though a comparatively unambitious, is a pleasing task; and, as far as he has gone, Mr M'Diarmid has performed it skillfully and satisfactorily. He possesses a lively fancy, an unfailing good-nature, and a picturesque style, by which he is enabled to lay hold at once of the most prominent points in the subjects he discusses, and to attach a degree of interest even to insignificant matters. In the first part of the volume, which contains various sketches illustrative of different departments of natural history, we find a number of amusing and instructive anecdotes. These relate principally to the eagle, the gull, game, different kinds of fish, the fox, the elephant, the otter, the cat, bees, the monkey, the heron, and the crow or rook. Mr M'Diarmid's contributions to the science of natural history are written still more popularly, and not less graphically, than those of the celebrated Gilbert White himself. He who wishes to make himself acquainted with the habits of different animals, without any trouble, as boys learn the alphabet by eating gingerbread, cannot have

a better teacher than our worthy author. In the second part of his work, Mr M'Diarmid presents us with a number of miscellaneous papers, the greater part of which, however, have a reference to the scenery and localities of the south of Scotland, particularly Dumfriesshire and Galloway. Among these are excellent wet-day articles on Gretna-Green, Sculpture, Curling, Ballooning, the General Assembly, together with a number of biographical sketches of persons well known in their own district, and whose names have, to a certain extent, obtained a wider influence.

Mr M'Diarmid's besetting sin is, a tendency to attach too great an importance to trifles, and consequently a fondness for what, to the world at large, can appear little better than mere gossiping. In an idle dreamy mood, such a tendency is rather agreeable than otherwise; but when the mind is active, and its energies aroused, the food appears weak and vapid as the caudle that stands beside the sick-bed of an old woman. From the volume before us we could very easily select a good number of instances of the fault to which we allude; but one will suffice. Talking of some ducks kept in a pond at the villa of Terraughty, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, Mr M'Diarmid delivers himself in the following sonorous and well-arranged sentences:—"Curs and mongrels of every degree, whose courage was never doubted before, have recoiled under a flap of the drake's wing; and when the maidens, during washing days, innocently enough wish to turn the pond and its banks to the best account, the stock-gannets not only dispute their right, but take every opportunity of pecking at, and biting, their naked feet. Even the ladies of Terraughty are regarded as intruders in their own grounds, and more than once the venerable Mrs Maxwell and her relative, Miss Hialop, have been beset in their walks, and openly insulted, by the feathered tyrants of their silvan domain." The historical gravity of this passage strikes us as highly amusing; but that which immediately follows is yet more impressive:—"Still, where a bold front is shown, it is easy to keep the enemy at bay; and when the birds attempt to molest Mr Bogle, he offers them his foot or hand in sport, and merely laughs at their impotent malice." This is altogether a fine picture;—we have first the "venerable Mrs Maxwell and her relative, Miss Hialop," actually insulted and discomfited by the ducks; and then we have the heroic Mr Bogle calmly allowing them to peck at his foot, and laughing in scorn at their "impotent malice." Probably Mr M'Diarmid will now understand what we mean when we complain of his making too much out of nothing.

But we must not dismiss our readers with any disagreeable impression of this work, which, as we have already said, is full of entertainment. As a specimen of the lively style in which it is, for the most part, written, we shall make the following extract:

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

"The Twelfth of August! Are there four words in the English language that call up such a host of agreeable associations? The fair one's whisper must be particularly sweet when she first articulates the consenting Yes; yet I have known youths, and men of mature years too, who appeared to be in much higher spirits while putting every thing in order for the moors, than when about to depart on their marriage jaunts. And I do not wonder at all at the circumstance. To see the sun rising from the ocean at half past four in the morning,—ourselves stationed on a high hill top,—the congregated vapours curling and dispersing far below,—measureless tracts of heather around, glistening with dew, and tipped with pearls of new-born light, more radiant than its own purple bells,—to surprise the shrill skylark at his matins, and the hare as she steals upon her early fare; why, these are enjoyments that would be poorly exchanged for slothful slumbers on the softest couch that ever derived its elasticity from down filched from the elder-duck's breast. Add to this the high gratification of having your cheek fanned by the first breeze that is chased into action by the morning's breath; the independence im-

* Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. i, p. 354.

† Usage est en Normandie,
Que qui herbeais est, qu'il die
Fable ou chanson a l'oeil.

Fab. Sacrificain di cœur.

shiel by the possession of manly and vigorous powers; the admirable docility and tactics of animals which bring their instincts to bear upon their master's pleasures, and then, in place of enquiring *who would*, rather say, *who would not be a sportsman?* Toppers, we are told, drive at every fresh debauch, an additional nail into their coffin; but as every proposition has its converse, he who repairs annually to the moors, must draw, at least, one nail out; and there is more-over more reason for believing that there are many who would sink under the winter's toils, but for the seasonable and needful repair which their constitutions undergo during the autumn. As the viol strings are slackened by the friction of the bow, so a strictly sedentary life impairs and weakens the most elastic frame; but air and exercise are the pegs or knobs that screw us into *tune*—that restore the wanted harmony of the system, and give to all the springs that minister to health a higher tone and a freer play. And if these reasons fail to satisfy you, only think of the sportsman's evening comforts, for then you see him in all his glory. He who never trod the moors, knows nothing comparatively of the luxury of dining—not of picking like a bilious citizen, but of eating like a hale and healthy man. An individual, we shall say, who but a week before hung languidly over the breast of a chicken, now acquits himself so super-excellently as a trencher man, that you would not give a pin's fee for the reversion of his interest in a heaped platter of beef steak. While recounting with a friend the events of the day, he may perhaps take a cup extra, but his slumbers are refreshing notwithstanding. The very depth and breadth of his inspiration may convince you that he has acquired an accession of strength, and that you would find it rather difficult to awaken him, even were you to employ the town drummer to strike a march under his ear.

But there are persons who tell us that the sports of the field are cruel and barbarous, and even indite homilies against them. Was ever objection so idly made, or so easily answered? Barbarous and cruel! Is it cruel to poison rats and drown kittens,—to prevent the land from being overrun with vermin? Is it cruel to prevent such an increase of pheasants and partridges as would leave but little food for the use of man—the nobler animal undoubtedly of the three? Has the farmer, who tills and sows the ground, no better right to the crops it bears than the fowls of heaven, which neither do one nor the other—which respect not even ecclesiastical rights? The wood-pigeons of America are welcome to breed in millions in the back-settlements, so long as the land is uncultivated and uncleared; but when the empire of civilization extends so far, they must give way to a nobler class of citizens. But it would be idle to enlarge on such a topic. Lord Byron understood matters better, and was, doubtless, imbued with the feelings of a sportsman, when he wrote the following animated lines:

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men can leave the easy chair,
The long, long league and toilsome steep to trace,
O! there is freshness in the mountain air,
And health that bloated ease can never hope to share."

We regret that our space prevents us quoting farther; but we have no doubt that the volume will soon obtain an extensive and profitable circulation.

A Compendium of Modern Geography. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart. Second Edition. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 288.

Little argument would suffice to prove that school-books are really deserving of a far greater share of notice than many other volumes of more ambitious pretensions, though it somehow happens that they are very apt to be considered as in a great measure excluded from the pale of regular criticism. The first edition of the work which bears the title of this notice, we had heard highly spoken of; and the extending popularity which we know it has progressively acquired in the schools throughout Great Britain and Ireland, since the brief date of its first publication, was to us the surest test of its excellence. As to the second edition, we may be permitted to say, that our enquiries for some time past having led us into rather an intimate acquaintance with the manuals which are most commonly employed in modern tuition, on the subject to

which this elementary work is devoted, we are thereby enabled to form an opinion of this Compendium with more than ordinary confidence. As the result of this scrutiny, we have no hesitation in affirming, after subjecting it to the ordeal of a careful comparison with a variety of others, that the work before us is decidedly the most successful effort which has been hitherto made to impart geographical instruction to the youthful mind. The name, experience, and acknowledged ability of the author,—the success of whose labours, in the composition of elementary works, is now so well appreciated by the public,—was in some sort a guarantee for this result. One of our School Geographies, and that also a Scottish one, we are aware, has met with success so distinguished as to be now very generally adopted as a class-book on the other side of the Atlantic; but we shall be surprised indeed, if, ere long, the present work does not attain the same proud distinction. The labour bestowed on this edition has evidently been very great. The plan and framework, it is true, are the same with the former; but the additional matter now incorporated throughout is, in a high degree, both ample and valuable.

We have been particularly struck with the contrast this volume presents with the cumbrous and ill-assorted accumulation of materials given by one School Geography lately published in the South—defying and defeating every aim and purpose of effective tuition—and with the jejune and unsatisfactory catalogue of names, and really little more than names, given by others. Malte Brun's Universal Geography, as regards philosophical classification, labour and extent of research, and perspicuous vivacity and condensation of style, is perhaps the first work of the kind extant; and when we say that the work of Mr Stewart, making allowance for its necessarily contracted scale as a school-book, is a counterpart in miniature of that admirable work, we only state the truth; while, in consequence of the accuracy and freshness of its details, we are acquainted with no compilation which, as a manual of ready and familiar reference, will bear a moment's comparison with it. A very superficial examination, indeed, will serve to show with what vigilant care the most recent information has been collected; for in almost every page we find facts and discoveries noted and registered, which we have seen only as of yesterday in the works of our most distinguished travellers by land and by sea.

The pronunciation of the names, too, as far as we are able to judge, is unchallengeable. At first sight, we were inclined to think that some of the accentuations in the Descriptive Tables of England, and particularly in those of Ireland, were at least doubtful; but a little enquiry proved we were too hasty. There is only one objection which occurs to us in the plan of the volume, and that is the references between the different countries and their corresponding cities and towns being made by means of figures, which, as it so happens, often point to a subsequent page. We are aware that this arrangement is adopted in some similar works, but are quite at a loss to know the reason of it. Why not arrange them in opposite columns?—a juxtaposition which would certainly be far more agreeable to the eye, and consequently, as we imagine, much more accessible to the memory. We would strongly suggest that this should be remedied.

The Introductory Remarks, we ought to add, are written with singular discrimination and judgment,—the style, at the same time, being remarkable for vigour, conciseness, and vivid beauty of portraiture; while the Descriptive Tables, for luminous compression, and a felicitous exhibition of the leading features of the place described, are models of their kind.

In a word, we hesitate not to say, with the fullest confidence and most perfect sincerity, that in all those respects which can confer value on a work of the kind, the volume under consideration is the best and cheapest Compendium of Geography ever published in Europe.

History of the Public Proceedings on the Question of the East India Monopoly during the past Year. With an Outline of Mr Buckingham's Extempore Descriptions of the Oriental World. 8vo. Pp. 75. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

THE public proceedings of the past year on the question of the East India monopoly are novel and curious. Mr Buckingham set out from his own house in January 1829, and returned in September of the same year. During the whole of this period, (with one single interruption,) he delivered at least one lecture every day (Sundays alone excepted); sometimes two, and on one occasion three; and the average length of these lectures was from three to four hours. He, moreover, seized every opportunity of firing off a volunteer discourse, afforded by Masonic processions, Missionary meetings, balls, private parties, theatres, and puppet shows. Now, though we think Mr Buckingham a shrewd and active person, we are also beginning to think that there is not a little quackery in the means he is at present taking to trumpet his own praises. The newspaper of one town, he tells us, discovered that he was at the head of all extempore orators, because he repeated with great fluency what he had already delivered verbatim in thirty other places; and the equally sagacious journal of another town found out that he ought to have a seat in Parliament, because Glasgow, Birmingham, and Manchester, were not represented. At Scarborough, the Doncaster race-week proved more attractive than Mr Buckingham's eloquence. Only thirty persons attended the lecturer, and at the suggestion of some of them, the conclusion of the *Course* (query, the race-course, or the course of lectures?) was postponed for ten days. Mr Buckingham does not seem to have resumed his lectures at the end of that interval; and we have no means of determining whether the suggestors were instigated by a benevolent desire to share a pleasure with their absent friends, or a selfish wish to rid themselves of an annoyance. The erudite editor of the *York Courant* proved, most logically, that Mr Buckingham, having been bred a sailor, must inevitably know much more about the shipping interest than Mr Sadler, who had only been bred a merchant. But it would be in vain to attempt enumerating all the good things said by the provincial press *à propos*, and in praise of Mr Buckingham's itinerant eloquence, and recorded, with a most engaging modesty, by that gentleman, in his "History of the Public Proceedings on the Question of the East India Monopoly during the past Year;" to say nothing of the ingenious and happy imitations of their eulogistic strain which he inserts while narrating his feats in those districts which either possessed no newspaper, or none of sufficient taste duly to appreciate his merits. In that portion of the history which relates to his adventures in Edinburgh, Mr Buckingham quotes—the *Mercury* twice,—the *Courant* twice,—the *Observer* thrice,—the *Literary Journal* once,—and then adds, that these are "unsought eulogies from nine papers, of all shades in politics." Now, we are not quite certain whether to understand by this, that Mr Buckingham means to insinuate that our respected contemporaries change their shades of politics according to the days of the week, or whether he means to pay a just tribute to the *Literary Journal*, by reckoning it equivalent to six newspapers,—an interpretation which our innate modesty strongly tempts us to adopt. Of all Mr Buckingham's speeches recorded in this History, we have been most struck with his "Address to the ladies of Northumberland, on the burning of Hindoo widows, after a ball at Newcastle." There is, besides, one very important fact to be learned from this book, of which we believe our readers are not generally aware, namely, that Mr Buckingham is the East India Question. We prove it thus:—The book before us is entitled, "History of the Public Proceedings on the Question of the East India Monopoly during the past Year;" and it relates exclusively to the voyage and tra-

vels of Mr Buckingham during that period—what was said by and of him—what dinners he ate—what balls he danced at, and what sicknesses he suffered.

Life. A Dream. From the Spanish of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 106.

THIS little volume cannot have been published in the hope of obtaining popularity, for the ancient Spanish drama is so different in its construction from the drama of modern Europe, that little interest can now be taken in it save by the antiquary or the scholar. Nevertheless, the translator, Mr Cowan, has executed his task with spirit, and in the introduction which he has prefixed, he evinces an accurate and extensive acquaintance with the literature of Spain. Mr Cowan is a young man, but several specimens have already appeared in the *Literary Journal* of his talents as a poetical translator; and his present publication, among the few who can really judge of it, will serve to confirm the opinion which his friends entertain of his abilities in this respect. Every man has his favourite study, and we do not see why Mr Cowan should not do for the Spanish, what has already been done by several ingenious linguists for the German drama.

The Phrenologists. A Farce, in Two Acts. By Thomas Wade, Author of "Woman's Love," a Drama, &c. First performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, January 12, 1830. London. J. Onwhyn. 1830.

PEOPLE have turned Phrenology into all shapes—metaphysics, poetry, and farce; but it seems to succeed in none. Phrenological metaphysics are downright nonsense;—phrenological poetry is the dullest thing on the face of the earth; and phrenological farces are all plagiarisms, and consequently bad; for though phrenology be an excellent farce itself, unlike the wit of Falstaff, it is not the cause of excellent farces in others. Mr Thomas Wade is rather a clever young man, but his farce is rather a stupid affair. It is difficult to paint the lily, or gild refined gold; and in like manner, it is next to impossible to caricature phrenology, or make it appear more ludicrous on the stage than it is in real life. Keeley is not more mirth-provoking than Mr Combe, nor *Cranium* more absurd than Dr Spurzheim. Failing, therefore, to laugh at a farce about phrenology so much as we do at phrenology itself, we cannot help thinking the former scarcely more endurable than the latter.

The Literary and Scientific Class-Book: Adapted to the Use of Schools of both Sexes; with One Thousand Questions for Examination. By the Rev. John Platts. Second Edition. London. Whittaker, Tracher, and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 492.

WE are disposed to think highly of the work before us, and esteem it well worthy the attention of teachers. It is divided into three hundred and sixty-five reading lessons, that is, one for each day in the year, on a great variety of subjects; fifty-two of these are devoted to what the Editor calls "Sunday Readings," which are placed at the end of the volume, distinct from the others, and consist of selections from the best writers on sacred subjects, in poetry and prose. In this new edition, the whole text of the Class-Book has been revised with the greatest care; a few lessons, which did not appear in accordance with the general tenor of the book, have been exchanged, and others, more applicable, substituted; and those portions which include the arts and sciences have been brought down, so as to include the most recent discoveries. All this must confer additional value on the work; and, after

the care which has been taken in its preparation, we can safely recommend it to the heads of schools and families, and to all who are anxious for the intellectual and moral welfare of the young.

The Young Wanderer's Cave, and other Tales. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 316.

THIS small volume is a collection of four Tales, calculated to infuse proper sentiments into the minds of young people. "The Young Wanderer's Cave" is the first and longest of the four, and, we dare say, the best. "Prince Bastian" is a simple story, connected with Africa and her swarthy sons. "Fagging" is an exposure, in a small way, of the very pernicious and disgraceful custom which exists in too many schools on the other side of the Tweed. And "True Courage," the last and shortest of these Tales, inculcates a good moral.

A Concise System of Mathematics, in Theory and Practice, for the Use of Schools, Private Students, and Practical Men. The Second Edition, with many important additions and improvements. By Alexander Ingram, Author of "Elements of Euclid," &c. &c. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 448.

THE first edition of this work, published under the title of "A Concise System of Mensuration," met with very great success. A number of important additions have now been made, especially in the departments of Algebra, Land-surveying, Gauging, Mensuration of Architects' Works, the Limits of Ratios, Fluxions, and Fluxes, and Spherical Trigonometry. An accurate set of Logarithmic Tables has also been added, and the whole has undergone "a careful, vigorous, and minute revision." "As an additional recommendation," says the Preface, "the Publishers may venture to affirm, that while it is, in many respects, the most complete, it is unquestionably the cheapest, work of the kind ever published."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

REMARKS

ON THE SCOTTISH VERSION OF THE PSALMS,
WITH A VIEW TO ITS AMELIORATION.

By William Tennant, Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

ON the version of the Psalms at present used in our Scottish Church, the blemishes are nearly of the same venial character as those of Sternhold and Hopkins. They were occasioned to the versifier not so much, as it appears, by his insensibility to the solemn dignity of the subject, or his indexterity in the use of such rhymes and phraseology as were considered in his day, and in his own country, duly authorized and classical; but to the uncultivated state of our Scottish literature as compared with that of England, and to a want of familiarity with the models of good taste and elegant style which had already become acknowledged as standards in the capital, but which were either little read, or not at all known, in that provincial degradation to which Scotland was then reduced. The errors, therefore, of our version consist principally in such provincialisms; though, in a few places, in an obscure or imperfect translation may be detected. For instance, in Psalm lxxiv. 5, the poetry proceeds thus—

"Amidst thy congregations
Thine enemies do roar;
Their ensigns they set up for signs
Of triumph them before:
A man was famous, and was held
In estimation,
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon;"

where the latter four lines, as connected with the preceding, appear nearly unintelligible or absurd. The original, no doubt, is allowed to contain an obscure reference, though not incapable of some elucidation. It would be better, however, to overlook it altogether, as inexplicable, as do Messrs Tait and Brady, than to insert it in such a questionable shape. Old Sternhold makes of it not only good sense, but invests it with poetical beauty:

"And in thy congregation, all
Thine enemies roar, O God,
And set as signs on every wall
Their banners 'play'd abroad.
As men with axes hew the trees
That on the hills do grow,
So shine the bills and swords of those
Within thy temple now."

Indeed, the superiority of the latter four lines is so decided, as to make us wish that they were substituted for the objectionable part of the Scottish distich.

In several other passages, our version, though it cannot be impeached with incorrectness, yet adheres with such Calvinistic inflexibility to the naked Hebrew expression, as to make the application of such words seem, to our conceptions, ridiculous, rather than strong or solemn, as they were surely designed to be. Of that description is the verse in Psalm lxxviii.—

"God's wrath upon them came, and slew
The fattest of them all;"

where, as the adjective in the original signifies both a *fat* man and a *rich* man, (somewhat like the Latin word *optimus*), the versifier has, unfortunately, chosen the less solemn signification. Again, he might have been benefited by worthy Sternhold, who says, much better,—

"And slew the flower of all the youth,
And choice of Israel."

The same remark may be applied to Psalm xviii. 28—

"And by my God assisting me,
I overleap a wall;"

which, in the old version, is more happily expanded into—

"By thee I scale and overleap
The strength of any wall."

In Psalm xlv. 13, we have by far too meagerly and unintelligibly—

"Behold, the daughter of the Queen
All glorious is within;"

which has been beaten out by Father Sternhold into the golden and magnificent lines—

"Within her chamber she doth sit,
Deck'd up with broider'd gold."

And in Psalm xlix. 18, the Orientalism is too bold to be understood by our people, though the versifier has taken it literally from the prose translation:

"Although he his own soul did bless,
Whilst he on earth did live."*

But it is less in the important particular of translation that our version hallucinates; it is principally in the

* Although here somewhat perhaps out of place, we may be allowed to remark on the coincidence of the Hebrew and Arabic expression, "blessing his soul," making himself happy,—a phrase corresponding to the Latin *beare se*. Queen Elizabeth's version translates this expression according to its sense, "*he rejoiced himself*," putting the other in the margin. Our present Bible exhibits the literal translation of the Hebrew, *he blessed his soul*. Sir William Jones, in a note to his Persian Grammar, under the pronoun *khud*, seems to consider the idiom *khud*, used for *self*, as purely of Arabic origin and usage; whereas, from this, and perhaps other examples in the Hebrew Bible, it may be rather inferred that the Arabians have derived this, as well as many other idiomatic expressions of two or three thousand years standing, from Abraham, and the ancient inhabitants of Canaan.

pettier technicalities of language; in the proprieties, no less to be exacted, of rhyme, grammar, accentuation, prosody, and idiom.

Of rhymes, there are about *fifty-five or sixty*, of such rude and unseemly dissonance, as to be disavowed by all ears of even ordinary susceptibility, in this our well-tuned generation. They were tolerated, no doubt, by our worthy, unfastidious grandfathers and grandmothers, and are all of them such as good Zacharias Boyd would have been fain, in some of his desperate sinking moods, to up-buoy himself upon; but they are now-a-days too unharmonious to be found even in the pages of our slenderest pedlar-poetaster. For we have not only words of the antique pronunciation; such as, *high, thee,—due; bow,—me, eye,—lie, ay,—king, reign, &c.*; but such as never did, do not now, and never will, chime together; such as, *fram'd, ordain'd,—prove, hoof,—goes, rejoice,—says, eyes,—wish, is,—approv'n, own,—tempt'd, sent,—imperfect*; (monstrum horrendum!) *writ*; which are all, even for the eye to look at on paper, most hideously and repulsively jarring. Polysyllabic words, also, of the same monosyllabic termination, are employed so profusely and unhesitatingly, as to impress the reader (an impression which is inevitable) with the unskilfulness or poverty of means of the versifier. We have, for example, the whole multitudinous adverbial family of *-ly* (as in *subtily, deceitfully*); the verbal family of *-ed* (as in *opened, published*); the adjective family of *-ous* (as in *gracious, plentiful*); the abstract family of *-ness* (as in *righteousness, uprightness*); all which words are too near of kin to be married together in the bonds of rhyme. Such alliances are now, by the lawgivers of good metre, very justly proscribed. If they are used at all, the union must be with words at least not consanguineous. But besides these pseudo-rhymes, we have about *thirty-five or forty double rhymes*; as, *anointed, appointed,—abhor me, for me,—forsake me, overtake me, &c.*; all which are not only in the reading ungraceful, but in the chanting peculiarly indecorous, bespeaking a subject rather of levity than of solemnity. Such bellowing and repercussive rhymes are now, most judiciously, thrown out of all serious, and are admitted only into light or ludicrous poetry. In this respect, indeed, the version of Tait and Brady may be considered faultless, and ought to be set up as a model to us in the North. One double rhyme, or one vicious rhyme, it will be difficult to discover in it, from beginning to end.

As to grammar, the imperfections are nearly as obnoxious prominent as those in the rhyme. There occur, under that head, *upwards of twenty* glaring errors, that are obvious even to schoolboys. The perfect-participle, the 2d person singular present, and 2d person singular preterite of the indicative, suffer most execration under the hands of the versifier. For instance,—

- “Thou cities raz’d.”—Pa. ix. 6.
 “For from the horns of unicorns
 An ear to me thou gave.”—xxii. 21.
 “Thou wastest his beauty like a moth.”—xxxix. 11.
 “For thou them favour gave.”—xlv. 3.
 “On thou went.”—l. 18.
 “Thou their number took.”—lvi. 8.
 “And thou the dragon’s head, O Lord,
 Within the waters brake.”—lxiv. 23.
 “From heav’n thou judgment caus’d be heard.”
 —lxiv. 8.
 “Thou was a God that gave.”—xcix. 8.
 “For thou hast lift me up on high.”—cii. 10.
 “Remember, Lord, the gracious word
 Thou to thy servant spake.”—cxix. 49.
 “Thy judgment righteous, O Lord,
 Which thou of old forth gave.”—cxix. 52.
 “For thou well understands
 All my complaint and moan.”—cxlii. 6.
 “Thine hand thou openest liberally,
 And of thy bounty gives.”—cxlv. 10;

with others less striking, but equally peccant against the rules of Lindley Murray.

Amid the violations of grammar, however, I am unwilling to class the several imitations of the Hebrew idiom throughout our Psalms, which, though not acknowledged as correct syntax by the writers on English grammar, do nevertheless possess, particularly on sacred subjects, a certain peculiar air of emphatic and solemn enunciation. Such is the frequent use of what we may call the nominative absolute, a mode of speech which, though not altogether unpractised by the best Greek and Latin authors, may be deemed peculiarly Hebrew, from its very frequent use by the Jewish writers. In Tait and Brady’s paraphrase, I have not observed a single instance of this Judaism; in our version, we have a great many; and the sentiment, instead of being impaired by the apparent disjointedness of the words, is rendered certainly more solemn and impressive. As examples, there are,

- “The Lord he shall the people judge.”—Pa. vii. 8.
 “The tabernacles of thy grace,
 How pleasant, Lord, they be.”—lxxxiv. 1.
 “And even my chosen Israel,
 He would have none of me.”—lxxxi. 11.
 “Those that within the house of God
 Are planted by his grace,
 They shall grow up.”—xcii. 13.
 “Behold, he that keeps Israel,
 He slumbers not nor sleeps.”—cxli. 4.

The relative pronoun is also, according to the Hebrew idiom, often with grace omitted:

- “O who is he will bring me to
 The city fortify’d!”—Pa. ix. 9.
 —“His net he hid withal
 Himself let catch.”—xxxv. 8.
 “The testimonies he them taught
 And laws, they did not break.”—xcix. 7.

As to prosody, accentuation, and idiom, the two latter are sometimes of a growth purely Scottish; of a propensity to the use of which, the versifier, inured as his ear must have been to such sounds and phrases, could not well have divested himself. The falsely-accented words *mischief, mischievous*, (used repeatedly,) *therefore, comforters, envy, envious, refuge, &c.*, sound barbarously in the ears of a polite congregation. Such phrases, also, as the following, bespeak the northern soil from which they sprung:

- “Froward thou kyth’st
 Unto the froward wight.”—Pa. xviii. 23.
 “Why thrusts thou me thee fro’?”—xliii. 2.
 “Who seek my soul to spill
 Shall sink.”—xxxiii. 9.
 “Her riggs thou waterest plenteously,
 Her furrows settlest.”—xxxv. 10.
 “He dare make none abode.”—cxliii. 2.
 “The depths on trembling fell.”—lxxvii. 16.
 “They gins for me have set.”—cxl. 5.
 “Thou also most entirely art
 Acquaint with all my ways.”—cxxxix. 3.*

* On the head of idiom, I am not sure but a hypercritical Scotchman might object to the first line of the 23d Psalm—

“The Lord’s my shepherd, I’ll not want,”

where *I’ll*, contrary to the English idiom, which is *I will*, is, according to the vulgar usage of Scotland, used for *I shall*. Certainly the Psalmist means to express his assured conviction thus—“As the Lord is my shepherd, it cannot be that I shall want!” not his determined resolution to do any thing soever, commit wrong or violence, rather than submit to endure want, which is suggested by *I’ll*—*I will not want*—*I am resolved not to want*.

An orthodox or scrupulous divine may also object to the lines in Psalm cxlv. 20—

“The Lord preserves all, more and less,
 That hear to him a loving heart;”

where the words *more and less*, are generally understood as adverbs qualifying the verb *preserve*, which conveys a meaning that may be at least disputable; but it is probable that the compiler used them as adjectives in apposition with *all*, in the sense of *greater people, (majors)* and *less, high and low*—a meaning in which these words are repeatedly found, as well in the old English as in the old Scottish versions.

Equally irregular and unauthorised is the prosody; to such a degree, that our Scottish preceptor must needs have accurate poetical ears to determine the quantities and metrical feet of the lines they are directed to sing. So perplexing and misleading are these irregularities, that the audience are frequently chanting one syllable, when the preceptor has either anticipated them, or been anticipated by them with another. Indeed, the grammatical figures, called by the learned *Synæresis* and *Dieresis*, are of by far too frequent occurrence. They are met with, not only in separate lines, as,

"And over Zîôn, my holy hill."—Pa. ii.

"The nations of Canaan."—lxxxviii. 55.

"By him the spirits shall be cut off."—lxxxviii. 8.

"O Lord, be gracious unto us—

Unto us gracious be."—xxxii. 3.

"The idols of the nations,

Of silver are, and gold;

And by the hands of men is made

Their fashion and mould."—cxxxv. 15.

"And plentiful redemption."—cxxx. 7;

but they occur, side by side, in a short line of six syllables, as,

"Come, let us cut them off, said they,
From being a nation."—lxxxiii. 4.

And we have also too many instances of that audacious figure, *replect* epenthesis, (or the elongation of a word, *Procrustes-like*, for the sake of the verse,) in *commandment*, *handiwork*, *remembrance*; words which have no competent English authority, and ought therefore to be excised.

I do not know whether it be sufficiently ascertained that but one versifier turned all those of our psalms which are not borrowed from the older versions; but they seem of merit so unequal as to induce a suspicion that different hands have been at the work. Many of them are either, in whole or in part, excellently executed; and, considering the difficulty that attends the combination of rhyme with sublimity in that narrow species of complete to which they are restricted, they may be considered as the finest specimens we have in our language of *sublime rhyming-translation*. Milton himself, in the few psalms he has attempted to translate, has attained by no means their ease, and hardly their elevation. How elegantly and forcefully compressed into the following four-line couplet, is the sense of these two verses of Psalm xxxviii! "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree; but he passed away; and, lo! he was gone; I sought him, but he could not be found."

"I saw the wicked great in power,
Spread like a green bay-tree;
He pass'd; yea, was not; him I sought,
But found he could not be."

With what little alteration upon the words, and what emphatic simplicity, are the sublime third and fourth verses of Psalm xciii. moulded into—

"The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
Have lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise:
But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are!"

but—once more—how sweetly-solemn and tender are the verses,

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear;

For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows;
Fragile man! his days are like the grass,
Like flower in field he grows:
For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was,
It shall no more be known."—ciii. 13.

But it would be endless, as it is unnecessary, to quote all the fine passages; and of the bad, enough have been already quoted or referred to for the object in view: the good have been exhibited in connexion with the bad for the purpose of showing by juxtaposition the unseemliness of such an inharmonious union, and that an occasion might be taken of expressing regret that such deformed misproportions have been already so long allowed to afford so justifiable a pretext for disparaging our Scottish psalter. Many of the psalms—those that afford the best and most frequent subjects for church melody, and are, therefore, become most familiar to the minds and the lips of our most aged and worthy kirk-attending people, require the least emendation, so that *their* prejudices (and in that class principally would prejudice against a change exist) would be the more easily got over. And in the business of purification, should it, as is hoped, ere long take place, no verse should be touched that is not confessedly in some important respect faulty; moreover, the labours of the emendator might be, in a considerable degree, lightened and abridged by his resorting, as he ought to do, wherever it can well be done, to the ancient versions of Scotland and England, where many passages, having the stamp of energetic antiquity set bright upon them, might be selected and substituted for the objectionable ones to be displaced.* And where a *refacimento* is imperiously necessary, the language should be carefully studied and moulded so as to appear, if possible, of the same thread and colour with the more antique texture of the work, and combine as much Bible-sublimity and simplicity as is compatible with the cramping restrictions of the metre, so as to avoid, what is the great blemish of Messrs Tait and Brady's production, that paraphrastic and strengthless prolixity into which a versifier, from the present distorted state of the English language, is now most apt to fall.

Devon Grove, Clackmannanshire,
February 3, 1830.

FINE ARTS.

THE FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.)

We proceed to offer some remarks upon that class of our living artists, to whom we are willing to attribute a higher ambition, and more generous notions, respecting the capabilities of their art.†

MR ALLAN.—The merits and defects of this artist have been so frequently discussed, that it would only be wasting the reader's time to go over the ground again. His "Jonah" is a fine, though unequal painting. It is

* There is no apparent necessity for double versions of the same Psalm, even should both versions be good; but when one version is good and the other bad, or indifferent, the inferior one ought to be suppressed. Tait and Brady have no double versions; and in all our double-versioned Psalms, one of them is generally bad, and seldom or never sung. It might, therefore, be well spared. Of the 154th Psalm, the stanzas of the 2d version is very justly gone into disuse. It is an absurd one, which our versifier has taken from Sternhold; he has borrowed Sternhold's first stanza, which accents *truly* on the second syllable; he has endeavoured to remould the other stanzas for himself, but has forgotten, or not at all known, the order of rhymes to which the first stanza necessarily subjected him.

† Accidents will happen in the best regulated families; and this is the only reason we can give for passing over in silence, last Saturday, when talking of the portraits, the very pleasing and ladylike portraits of Mr Francis Grant. The truth is, we do not much like the display of marching round the room with a catalogue in one hand and a pencil in the other, jotting down our luminous conceptions as they arise; and as we therefore write from memory alone, we may occasionally pass by in silence what we should wish to notice.

scarcely such a subject as suits Allan's peculiar powers. But who has forgotten the "Circassian Slaves," or the "Death of the Regent Murray?" and remembering them, who but must acknowledge their author to be a painter of great talent, and yet greater knowledge?

MR GRAHAM.—This gentleman has studied at Rome, and with no inconsiderable success. He has a good notion of the beauties of form and colour, and considerable skill in the management of light and shade. His manipulation is that of a man who knows what he is about; and the characteristic of his paintings is probably sweetness, rather than power. They who know any thing of the art will be aware, that though we do not use any hyperbolical language, we thus rate Mr Graham's abilities and acquirements high; and we bear him this testimony with pleasure. But we regret to be obliged to add, that we do not think he has of late been turning his talents to that purpose he might do. He seems originally to have formed his style of colouring too servilely upon that of the old Italian masters; and when he was necessitated, in painting portraits, to approach nearer to the colour of our northern nature, there was at first a chalkiness and rawness in his carnations—as in his Sir Walter Scott exhibited last year. In this respect he now succeeds better;—his portrait of Mrs Boyle is very pleasing. But we think he is still deficient in seizing the character of his sitters; as in his portrait of Mrs Maxwell of Terraughty. Sometimes, too, his conceptions seem (what we should not have expected from him) rather vulgar; as, for example, in his portrait of a Lady in a Grecian costume. It is but fair, however, to notice, that he has two portraits of Children in this Exhibition, (Nos. 66 and 271,) done in a style peculiar to himself, and extremely pleasing. It is his fancy pieces that we feel most inclined to challenge. His "Lady and Butterfly," and his "Lady looking at a Drawing," are mere repetitions of his "Love-Letter," and its companion, which he exhibited last year. We dislike this style of painting;—it is essentially hollow and meretricious—calculated to catch the eye by the effect of exaggerated lights and transparent shadows. A man of Mr Graham's talents should trust to solid good painting—to form, expression, and arrangement. If he compare the two pictures we are speaking of with their prototypes of last year, his own good sense will tell him that he is wasting his time with unsubstantial trickery, and depraving his taste by the practice. We know that he has hit the town between wind and water by these means, but a popularity so earned cannot last—and though it could, it is an ambition unworthy of him.

MR DYCE is another of our Romans. He has formed his style still more decidedly upon the old Italian masters than Mr Graham—too decidedly, in our opinion; but Mr Dyce, we know, acts upon principle and reflection, and where a man does this, his opinions are always deserving of respect. Mr Dyce's view of the subject (as far as we can infer it from his own works) seems to be, that all attempts to imitate accurately the effects of light upon the surface of external bodies, ought to be sacrificed, in a great measure, to the object of bringing together masses of local colour, placed in decided contrast. The whites, he thinks, and carnations, ought to be always very much toned down; and in selecting his colours, he does not guide himself so much by the effect the objects he intends to represent produce upon his own eye, as by what experiment persuades him they ought to produce. These seem to be the ground principles of Mr Dyce's theory of colouring. Now, we are aware that the practice of some of the greatest Italian masters seems to countenance this. We are farther aware, that there is a simplicity and severity about this style of colouring which harmonizes admirably with grand subjects. But we think it is misplaced in such subjects as Mr Dyce has hitherto been painting; and we know that many of the early painters adopted it, not from preference, but because they knew of no other. We would, besides, espe-

cially inculcate on Mr Dyce, that a painter should form his theory of colour upon his own feelings—not upon abstract doctrines respecting the nature of light inferred from experiments. He is liable, no doubt, to be misled from any peculiar conformation of his own eye, but this liability he can never counteract from another's teaching. All experiments, moreover, are fallacious; they give us not free and living nature, but a body stretched upon the rack. We have entered into this expostulation with Mr Dyce because we know that he labours hard and conscientiously in his vocation. We might have cut the matter short by telling him that his style was not likely to be popular, but this is an argument which we believe him to be above listening to. Besides, his pictures are possessed of beauties which even those least accustomed to his style may appreciate. The fine carnation in the Young Hercules, the gorgeous colouring of the snake, and the expression of forcibly tearing them asunder, must be felt by all. The breathing slumberous look in his "Golden Age," and the fine piece of landscape in the distance, are in like manner obvious excellencies. Neither can the strength and richness in the colouring of his "Flora" escape observation. What we chiefly desiderate in this artist's works, is passion.

We take Mr LEES next to Dyce and Graham, as having studied in the same school. We are not sure but he is superior to both in native feeling, and in conception, although he is still behind them in the power of expression. There is a great deal of impressive dignity in the bearing of his Milton. The daughter, with her face towards the spectator, seemingly rapt in the "numerous verse" flowing with majestic harmony from the lips of the blind old bard, is likewise very fine. And there is something in the rich yet quiet tone of the landscape behind, which harmonizes admirably with the subject. Mr Lees' other works are all respectable, but we do not think that he has come up in any of them to the excellence of the picture we have just mentioned. His "Music" (281) is too much like some of Graham's works, and, what is worse, too much like some which are not exactly Graham's happiest efforts.

MR LAUDER.—We regret that there is no work by this artist in the Exhibition calculated to give a correct estimate of his powers. His "Portrait of a Lady" (221) shows him to possess a fine eye for colours, and a just conception of the manner of heightening their effect by judicious arrangement. His "Sentinels" (157) show his mastery in light and shade; and, for its style of execution, indicating in the painter a complete practical knowledge of his art, we do not hesitate to write down this picture the best in the Exhibition. But still he has no work which proves with what care he has cultivated his taste for the high and classical style of art. Mr Lauder has sought to mature natural talents of the very highest order, by a really scientific study of his profession; and we have no doubt, that when Italy has once laid open her rich stores to a mind so capable of feeling their ennobling influence, he will justify us in the eyes of those who, not knowing him, may think us rash in designating him, upon the strength of what he has already done, the artist of most promise among us. We rated him last week for laziness; and when we consider that he has only two pictures in the Exhibition, (the catalogue says four, but, though we might allow another artist to reckon the two we have passed over, we cannot allow him,) we shall not say that we repent of what we have done. He will tell us, in all probability, that it does not follow he has been idle because we see no results; and we know that he is too much enamoured of his art not to be constantly occupied with it; but this is not enough. He works for the public, and the public have a right to see that he does work.

We suspect our friend DUNCAN will be not a little surprised at finding us class him along with these theorists. We know that he believes himself to be a rank naturalist,

and laughs at the notion of ideal beauty and scientific painting. But, from what we know of Mr Duncan's studies, and from what we see in his paintings, we shrewdly suspect that he is working under the influence of principles, which are not yet sufficiently developed within him to have become subject to his consciousness. The ideal forms of antique sculpture which he has been so assiduously studying, have imparted a feeling of the beautiful in his fancy, which he has unconsciously communicated to the creatures of his own pencil. We cannot better illustrate what we mean, than by instituting a comparison between Duncan's "Braw Wooer," and Harvey's highly meritorious picture, "The Cameronians." This last-mentioned work is evidently the fruit of severe and continued study. There is much variety and power in the expressions of the different countenances, and great energy in the whole picture; but there is a want of knowledge of the human figure, and a want of harmony—the rugged aspect of nature being unsoftened by the feeling of art. The subject of Duncan's picture is neither so elevating, nor does it admit of such varied interest—and yet the effect it produces is infinitely higher, and more lasting. To what is this to be attributed?—to Duncan's preliminary studies, which have at once taught him more correct drawing, and cultivated his feeling of the beautiful. Duncan's greatest merit at present lies in his colouring. His carnations are occasionally too pinky or chalky (as witness the face of his Wooer); but all his other colours are good. There is a pleasure in looking at his "Portrait of a Lady," were it but for the colour alone. There is a great deal of richness in his "Jeanie Deans;" and in exquisite beauty in the look of the child's eyes in No. 114, glancing out from the shadow of its ringlets. Where Mr D. most requires improvement, is in his carnations and chiaroscuro.

We have to regret that the absence of any works of Thomson of Duddingstone, and of WILLIAM SIMPSON, renders it impossible for us to show how their department is susceptible of being cultivated in an elevated spirit. The former stands high, from his solid and scientific painting, his poetry, and his power of impressing a moral feeling into his landscapes. The latter is unrivalled for his skill in representing the beautiful, and managing picturesque effects. Wanting them, the landscape department is this year comparatively poor.

We have now gone over those of our artists whom we regard from the insight they have attained into their profession, and from their practical skill, as men to whom it has been intrusted to raise yet higher the state of art among us. There are many meritorious artists,—many, perhaps, whom we may ere long be entitled to class along with those we have just mentioned, although, from their restricting themselves to a subordinate style of art, we must as yet hold them as belonging to a lower rank. We shall always be ready to do justice to their merits; but we must look to the gentlemen we have enumerated as those who are to fix the character of the Edinburgh school of painting. We conceive them all, though differing in their styles and opinions, capable of working in conformity to the same high principles.

Our Third Notice of the Ancient Paintings is unavoidably postponed. In the last Notice, for "*Manitigna*," read *Manitigna*, page 128.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

THE WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

Saturday, 20th February.

DAVID FALCONER, Esq. in the Chair.

Professors Jameson, Ritchie, Graham; Drs Scott, Greville, Gillies; Walker Arnot, James Wilson, — Bald, — Deuchar, — Torrie, Patrick Neill, Esq.

A COMMUNICATION from James Wilson, Esq. was read, containing an account of several new species of Grouse, dis-

covered by Mr David Douglas among the Rocky Mountains. The specimens were exhibited on the table. Mr Wilson observed in general, that birds of this genus are of a hardy constitution, and patient of extreme cold. They only occur in northern or temperate countries, and have not yet been discovered in Africa, in the eastern parts of Asia, or in South America. The special localities which they affect vary according to the different kinds; and even the haunts of the same species admit of variation according to circumstances. The Wood Grouse—such as the Capercaille (*Tetrao Urogallus*)—prefers forests of pine; the Red Grouse (*T. Scoticus*) restricts itself to the sides of sloping mountains and moors, careless of more shelter than is afforded by the heath, or other alpine plants of yet more lowly growth, or even by the natural roughness of the ground. The habits of the Black-cock are intermediate between those of the species just alluded to. Ptarmigans seem to prefer comparatively temperate climates. The restriction of the common Grouse (*T. Scoticus*) to the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, is a familiar though a singular fact in the geographical distribution of birds. The first and most remarkable of the specimens to which it was Mr Wilson's more immediate object to direct the attention of the Society, was the *Tetrao Urophasianus*, or Pheasant-tailed Grouse, the largest of the American species of this genus, and, excepting the Capercaille, the largest to be met with in any country. This bird seems to have been first observed by Lewis and Clarke, by whom it is mentioned under the name of Cock of the Plains; and a notice of it was published, some time ago, in the Zoological Journal, by Chas. Lucien Bonaparte, who obtained an imperfect specimen of the male in London. The length of this bird (when full grown) is 52 inches; its girth, 22; its weight from 6 to 8 lbs. The female is considerably less than the male. Her plumage closely resembles his, except that she wants the lengthened filamentous feathers on each side of the neck, and differs slightly in the colour of chin, cheeks, throat, and breast. The flight of these birds is slow and unsteady. Their wings are feeble and proportionally small; their progress through the air is effected by a fluttering motion, rather than a direct continuous flight. When raised, their voice resembles that of the common pheasant. They build on the ground, beneath the shade of *Purshia* and *Artemisia*, or near streams among *Phalaris Arundinacea*. The nest is carelessly constructed of grass and twigs; the eggs (from 13 to 17 in number) are about the size of those of a common fowl, of a wood-brown colour, irregularly blotched with chocolate-brown at the larger end. The period of incubation is about three weeks, and the young leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. In the summer and autumn months, these birds are to be found in small troops; in spring and winter, in flocks of several hundreds. They never perch; indeed, within their range, not a bush larger than a broom or common whin is to be found. Their food consists chiefly of the buds, leaves, and fruit of *Purshia tridentata*, *Artemisia*, the seeds of *Cactus*, brown and black ants, and sand-bugs. Their flesh is dark-coloured, and not particularly well flavoured. They are plentiful throughout the plains of the Columbia River, and in the interior of North Carolina; but have never been seen east of the Rocky Mountains.—The next species, in size and importance, is Richardson's Grouse (*T. Richardsonii*), so called in honour of the distinguished traveller of that name. There is a remarkable difference, in this species, between the plumage of the male and female. The weight of these birds varies from 2½ to 3 lbs. Their voice is a continuation of distinct hollow sounds, like the cooing of a dove. They build their nests of small twigs, leaves, or grass, amid coppices of birch or hazel, in the vicinity of springs or mountain rills. They lay from 13 to 19 eggs, nearly as large as those of the domestic fowl, marked with red specks. Their flight is swift, steady, and peculiarly graceful. When startled, they drop from the branches of the pine-trees, their usual roosting-place, to within a few feet of the ground, before they commence flying—a circumstance which often deceives the hunter. This trait seems peculiar to the species. In spring, they are seen in great numbers, basking in the sun, on the southern declivities of low hills; and in winter, in flocks of sixty or eighty, in the vicinity of springs, lakes, or large streams. They are easily destroyed, continuing to sit with apparent tranquillity after several shots have been fired. Their flesh is white and excellent. They feed on the buds of the pine, the catkins of birch, alder, and hazel, and the fruit of the *Fragaria* and *Vaccinium*. They are very abundant in the sub-alpine regions of the Rocky Mountains, in lat. 52 deg. N., long. 115 deg. W., and still more numerous in the

rocky districts of the Columbia, in lat. 48 deg. N., long. 118 deg. W. They are rare on the mountains of the N. W. coast.—The third species exhibited was named the smaller Pheasant-tailed Grouse (*T. Urophasianellus*.) The sexes resemble each other closely in colour, but the male is rather larger than the female, and his tail more fully developed. Their prevailing colour is pale brown, richly blotched and barred with black. The wing coverts, and the outer webs of the primary wing feathers, are marked with many rounded or oblong spots of a pale colour. Their flight is swift, noiseless, and steady. They are shy, and not easily approached by the sportsman. They are found in the same range of country with the larger species first described, with which they associate, and which they resemble much in their habits. The number of their eggs varies from 12 to 15, in size not much exceeding those of a pigeon, and in colour, of a light ash.—The fourth species has been named, in honour of Mr Sabine, *Tetrao Sabini*. The plumage is rich and varied, and presents those singular appendages or shoulder knots, so conspicuous in the wood-partridge of the United States and Canada (*Tetrao Umbellus*.) The colours in the plumage of the female are greyer, and less richly toned—in other respects, the sexes do not much differ. The weight of an individual bird is two pounds. Their voice is a continuation of measured sounds, not unlike the ticking of a large clock. Their flight is rapid, and consists of a quick clapping of the wings, and then of a sudden shooting forwards, without any perceptible motion of the individual parts. They feed on the buds of *Pinus*, *Fragaria*, *Rubus*, *Corylus*, *Ainus*, and the berries of *Vaccinium*. They pair in March, and build upon the ground, in coppices of *Corylus*, *Amelanchier*, and *Pteris*, and on the outskirts of Pine forests. Their nests are composed of the slender fronds of *Pteris*, dry leaves, and grass. Their eggs are of a dingy white, with red spots, and vary in number from 9 to 11. They are remarkable for attachment to their young. The *Tetrao Sabini* is a rare bird. During spring, it is found in small flocks, rarely exceeding eight or twelve; at other seasons, it seldom happens that more than three or four are seen together. Like the *Tetrao Umbellus*, which it resembles in the prevailing character of its plumage, it is in the habit of perching upon the stumps of decayed trees, in the darkest parts of the forests, and there performing the singular operation called *drumming*; which is effected by giving two or three loud distinct claps with its wings, followed by many others, which become quicker and quicker, until the noise appears to die away in the distance, like the sound of a muffled drum. This beautiful species was discovered by Mr Douglas, in the woody parts of the N. W. coast of America, between the parallels of lat. 40 deg. and 49 deg.—The fifth and last species exhibited, is called, in honour of the distinguished commander of the over-land Arctic Expedition, *Tetrao Franklinii*. Mr Wilson has as yet seen only the male. The general plumage is dark and glossy, composed of alternate bars of black and greyish brown. The head, neck, and breast, are almost black; the tail is entirely black. The upper and under tail coverts are black, terminated by a large white spot; and the lateral parts of the abdomen are likewise spotted with white. It runs with great speed over shattered rocks and among brushwood, and only uses its wings as a last effort to escape. When raised, its flight is similar to that of the last-mentioned species. Its alarm note is composed of two or three hollow sounds, ending in a disagreeable grating noise, like the latter part of the cry of the Guinea fowl. Like other birds of the same genus, it builds on the ground, not unfrequently at the foot of decayed stumps, or by the side of fallen timber, in the mountain woods. Its nest is composed of dead leaves and grass, and contains from five to seven eggs, of a dingy white colour, not larger than those of our wood pigeon. It is said to be one of the most common birds in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, from lat. 50 deg. to 54 deg. N., near the sources of the Columbia. It probably inhabits still higher latitudes.—Mr Wilson remarked, in conclusion: "I have little doubt that some of these birds might be imported into this country, of which the soil, climate, and natural productions, are not so dissimilar to those of their native regions, as to preclude the hope of a successful issue to an experiment of a very interesting nature, which the wealth and zeal for field sports, inherited by many of our aristocracy, would render easy, and which might eventually prove of more permanent and substantial advantage. Their importation would certainly form a fine addition to the feathered game of Great Britain."

A communication, "On the Mustard Plant mentioned

in the Gospels," was next read by the Rev. Dr Scot; and afterwards a letter from Dr John Scouler, of the Andersonian Institution in Glasgow, containing an "Account of some Fossil Remains found near Kilmarnock."

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Monday, 22d February.

Professor RUSSELL in the Chair.

Present.—Drs Hibbert, MacLagan, Carson; James Skew Donald Gregory, — Gordon, &c. &c. Esqrs.

A number of donations were exhibited, after which there was read "An Essay on the Remarkable Coincidences between the Traditions of the Ancient Britons and certain Passages in the Hebrew Prophets; also a subsequent letter on the same subject, addressed to the Curator, by the Rev W. J. D. Waddelove of Bacon Grange." No remarks were offered on this communication by any member, and the Society adjourned.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

By Thomas Tod Stoddart.

I LOVE thee, ladye, as the wind
Loves whispering to the sea;
As the bright earth loves her sister-moon,
So, ladye, I love thee!

A holier light than gathers o'er
The solitary shrine,
When rise the golden stars, is on
That snowy brow of thine.

And there are images of love
Under those eyelids met,
Like the dew-drops that are sparkling in
A summer violet.

I know full well the twin of mirth
Is melancholy ever;
That joy will blend with sorrow, like
A river with a river!

And I have seen when, dream-like, came
Over a blaze of gladness,
Into those beautiful bright eyes,
A solitary sadness!

But flowers, they look the fairer, in
The pearly dew-drop steeping;
And the purest of our smiles are bathed
Under a shower of weeping.

Than all the smiles and flattery
Of the adoring knee,
A welcome from thy loveliness
Is dearer far to me.

Yet breathe not what thou know'st alone,—
The deep love that is cast
On the altar of this heart, which will
Be faithful to the last.

Even as the solitary wind
Loves whispering to the sea,
As the bright earth loves her sister-moon,
So, ladye, I love thee!

INSCRIPTION FOR A TOMB.

By *W. Ainslie, M.D.*

"Sub hoc marmore."

BENEATH this humble stone he lies,
 Who now nor sees the tears which flow,
 Nor hears nor heeds those rending cries,
 Nor can relieve thy widow'd woe.
 Cold is the hand, you vainly thought,
 While lock'd in thine, could never die;
 And blank those orbs, which fondly sought
 New life and light from Mary's eye.
 Mate, too, the trembling tongue, which sigh'd
 A last farewell in Mary's ear;
 Like autumn's whispering breeze, that hied
 And left us to the gelid year.
 Forever still that wayward heart,
 Whose chief delight was love of thee,
 Whose latest pang was grief to part,
 Whose hope was immortality!
 No!—not forever cold the hand,
 Nor mute the tongue, nor blank the ray;
 Again, at Heaven's supreme command,
 He'll wake to everlasting day!
 When purified from earthly ill,
 Sustain'd by a Redeemer's care,
 He'll live, where time no more can kill,
 And love, where love knows no despair!

THE DARK KNIGHT.—A BALLAD.

By *Henry G. Bell.*

Thus came a dark knight from a far countrie,
 And no one ever saw his face, for he
 Wore his black vizor down continually.

He came to a gay bridal, where the bride
 Stood, in rich robes, her destined lord beside,
 Who gazed upon her with a joyful pride.

And there was music in the sunny sky,
 And mirthful voices made a glad reply,—
 And there was music in the young bride's eye.

Yet ever and anon her look would fall
 On the dark knight who stood apart from all,—
 Dark as his shadow, moveless on the wall.

The words were spoken, and the bridal o'er,
 And now the mirth grew louder than before;
 Why stands the dark knight silent at the door?

The hour grows late, and one by one depart
 The guests, with bounding step and merry heart,—
 Methought I saw that new-wed ladie start.

Now in her father's hall are left but she
 And her young bridegroom, who, as none may see,
 Back twined his arm around her lovinglie.

Yet—there is still a third—the vizor'd knight,—
 Mark you the glancing of his corset bright,
 Mark you his eye that glares with such strange light?

He moves on slowly through the lofty room,
 And as he moves there falls a deeper gloom,—
 That heavy tread, why sounds it of the tomb?

And through the castle there was stillness deep,
 A drearier stillness than the calm of sleep,—
 Quiet, in silent awe, the lovers creep.

—A shriek was heard at midnight, such as broke
 On every ear, like the first pealing stroke
 Of the alarm bell, and the sleepers woke!

In the old hall where fitful moonlight shone,
 There lay the bridegroom and the bride alone,
 Pale, dead, and cold as monumental stone,—
 A vizor'd helm was near, but the dark knight was gone.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

In a late number we announced that a work was in progress among the students at Glasgow, to be called the *Athenæum*; and we are now informed that, early in April, a rival publication will appear, edited by students of the same University, to be entitled, *The College Album* for 1850.

We learn that there will shortly appear in Glasgow, a work entitled *Memoirs of the Rev. William Wilson, A.M.* Minister of the Gospel at Perth, one of the four brethren, the founders of the Secession Church, and Professor of Theology to the Associate Presbytery, with *Brief Sketches of the State of Religion in Scotland for fifty years immediately posterior to the Revolution*, including a circumstantial account of the origin of the Secession. The work is from the pen of a Divine in the west country.

We understand that the forthcoming Number of the *New Monthly Magazine* will contain, amongst other articles, an interesting and graphic narrative of an attack, by banditti, on Messrs Dickson and Neville, on the Plains of Puebla, in November, 1828, when the latter gentleman was killed. Though Mr Dickson received no fewer than nineteen wounds, he has survived to write the account of his extraordinary escape.

It has been stated in the newspapers, that Captain Dillon, whose recent voyage threw light on the fate of *La Pérouse*, has been engaged by the French Government to make another voyage of discovery, connected with the same event. This is not the case, the object of the intended voyage being of quite a different nature.

At a trade sale, a few days ago, in London, Lord Byron's executors sold the copyright of sixty-five of his Lordship's minor poems. A keen competition took place between Mr Murray and Mr Colburn, but the lot was at last knocked down to the former at the enormous sum of 3700 guineas. The copyright of *Don Juan* was next sold, and was bought by the executors of Lord Byron at the very moderate price of 310 guineas—not, we hope, with any view of suppression.

The Lives of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, from the earliest to the present period, by the Rev. S. Hyde Cassan, are announced.

The First Book of the *Iliad*, containing the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the description of the Shield of Achilles, being a specimen of a new translation of Homer, in heroic verse, by William Sotheby, is in the press.

Derwentwater, or the fate of Ratcliffe, a Tale of 1715, will shortly be published.

A work, entitled an *Enquiry into the Production and Consumption of the precious metals*, and on the influence of their augmentation or diminution on the commerce of the world, by Mr Jacob, is announced.

Mr Thomas Moore is preparing a Life of Petrarch, for Dr Lardner's *Cyclopædia*. It is not unlikely that the analogies pointed out in the Life of Byron between that poet and Petrarch suggested the present work.

Miss A. M. Porter, the well-known novelist, has in the press the *Barony, a Romance*.

Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St Petersburg and Odessa, in the years 1827, 8, and 9, by Edward Morton, M.B., are preparing. Moore's *Loves of the Angels* have been translated into French versé by M. Eugene Ernoux, and are much relished by *la grande nation*.

The genuine *Memoirs of Sanson*, the public executioner, are shortly to appear, in four octavo volumes, at Paris. Sanson was an extraordinary individual; he possessed a magnificent library, was much attached to study and the sciences, and regularly attended the courses of natural history at the *Jardin des Plantes*. He states the following among other reasons for retaining his situation as executioner during the Reign of Terror: "A wretch chosen in my place by the tyrants would have added to their outrages. I was sure to preserve the respect which was due, and not to add insults to the anguish of mortal throes."—This is the march of intellect with a vengeance! The literature and philosophy of a hangman!

GORTON'S *TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY*.—In the first number of this new work, which the southern critics have been praising at a great rate for accuracy and all other excellences, we meet with the

following piece of information:—"Achary Loch, a small lake in Scotland, formed by the river Taith." We have heard of *Loch Achray*, and the river *Taith*, but of the *Loch* and *River* mentioned by Mr Gorton we are entirely ignorant.

NEW MUSIC.—We have been favoured with a copy of a new Song, —the music composed by Mrs Orme, and the words by Mr Robert Chambers, from the *Literary Journal*.—"O, maid, unloving but beloved." The melody is exceedingly spirited and beautiful, and finely adapted to the words. Mrs Orme is likewise about to publish another song, the words also taken from the *Literary Journal*.—"I've loved thee, Mary Jamieson"—of which we are in like manner able to speak highly. We conceive that this lady's musical talents have only to be known in order to be appreciated.

ELOCUTION.—MR ROBERTS.—We think it right again to remind our readers that this gentleman, who labours hard to diffuse a taste for a branch of education too much neglected among us, is to deliver, to-day, his rhetorical Lecture and Readings. We understand that Mr Roberts, having found it impossible to obtain, as a mere teacher of elocution, that independence for himself and family which is the great object of all honourable industry, proposes returning to the stage, though, of course, he will still continue his classes. We are not aware that he has as yet entered into any engagement with Mr Murray; but we certainly think that he would form a useful and respectable addition to the company; and, considering the footing he has acquired in Edinburgh, we should be sorry to see him obliged to join any other establishment than the Theatre Royal.

HINTS FOR THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF FAMILIARITY.—Never accept a pinch of snuff, nor the share of an umbrella, from a stranger. Never allow a look-on to hold your partner's shawl, scarf, or fan, while you are dancing a quadrille. Never, on any account, permit one you do not know to save you from drowning when you are sinking in deep water for the third and last time. If you are knocked down at night by a brace of blackguards, never acknowledge the officiousness of a passer-by who interferes in your behalf. Should your house take fire, and any one, at great personal hazard, rescue your wife and child, inform him that such freedoms will not be permitted in future.

NEWS FROM GLASGOW.—Alexander's Theatre is thriving, and the manager is supposed to be clearing about a hundred pound weekly. During Mathew's visit, he must have made much more. His company, however, still continues indifferent; but Vandenhoff and Miss Jarman are to visit him in a few weeks. It is a pity that Seymour's rival house, which is now much improved in appearance, is not in a more central situation. Seymour has a pretty fair company, of which the chief attraction at present is Fanny Ayton, who is at once an accomplished singer, a clever actress, and a young lady of engaging manners. By the way, if Murray is about to bring out Masaniello, would he not find her of service? The *Poet's* question between the two Glasgow Theatres is still open.—There was a good Concert a few evenings ago, at which the native talent of Miss Thomson and Mr Nicol was aided by Miss Invernity and Mr Murray.—The Glasgow artists are glad to see that their Brown, Gibson, Henderson, and, above all, Graham, who, though resident in Edinburgh, belongs to Glasgow, make so respectable a figure in the Edinburgh Exhibition. As miniature painters, Pailou, Robertson, and McNe, are also fast rising to celebrity. The Exhibition in Glasgow, next summer, promises to be excellent.—The Dilettanti Society, now under the zealous and able presidency of Mr Smith of Jordanhill, is increasing in efficiency every day, and is preparing to establish a Life Academy and School of Drawing in Glasgow. A collection of casts from the antique, &c., is likewise about to be made.—Mr Smith, who is in the direction of the Andersonian University, has also organized a series of meetings, or *soirees*, to be held weekly, within the walls of that Institution, on the same plan as those which take place in the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. Tea and coffee will follow the reading of a paper or delivery of a lecture; and most of the Glasgow literati have promised their support.—The literary society of the town has made a valuable acquisition in the person of Mr Motherwell, now editor of the *Courier*, formerly of the *Paisley Advertiser*.—Another alteration has taken place in the newspapers:—the *Scott Times* appears twice a week, without any diminution of the spirit and talent it exhibited in its single hebdomadal appearance.—Mr Bennet of the *Free Press* is about to publish a goodly post octavo in three volumes.—Besides the newspapers, there are no less than three weekly journals, the *Thistle*, the *Camera Obscura*, and the *Opera Glass*. In the latter, there has been some clever writing.

Theatrical Gossip.—The destruction of the English Opera House by fire, has, for the last ten days, been the principal topic of conversation in the theatrical circles of the metropolis. "At half-past twelve on Monday night," says the *Court Journal* of Saturday last, "we were witnessing the close of Potier's delightful performance, *Le Benfictore*, and *Le Cuisinier de Bayona*, in presence of a brilliant audience, consisting of the *élite* of fashionable life; and two hours afterwards, we were witnessing the whole scene in question a volume of fire, blazing up to the clouds, and speedily level with the ground!" The loss to Mr Arnold, the proprietor, is estimated at £40,000. The Managers of the

French Company have also sustained some heavy losses. M. Cloup's wardrobe, valued at £1,800, has been totally consumed. The Theatre was uninsured, owing to the high premium demanded for buildings of this description. Neither Covent Garden nor Drury Lane are insured. A free benefit is to be given at the Italian Opera House to the unfortunate French actors. The English Opera House will be rebuilt with all convenient speed, and the site of it partly changed, it having been for some time wished to open a new street where it formerly stood.—A new place, called "The Heart of London, or the Sharper's Progress," has been brought out with success at the Adelphi. It contains a number of disgusting scenes of the lowest life in London.—Donnell and Blais are, as yet, the only attractions at the King's Theatre, which continues to be poorly attended.—Makbrun has become the mania in Paris.—Downton, Horae, Calcraft, Miss Smithgo, and Miss Byfield, are the principal attractions in Dublin at present.—Mademoiselle Rozier, "from the Royal Academy of music and dancing," (!) is at present performing in Ducrow's Amphitheatre at Liverpool.—Vandenhoff had a well-attended benefit here on Monday last; but the performance, which consisted principally of acts from different plays, were rather hotish-patchy. On Tuesday evening, Miss Jarman made her first appearance in the part of *Jeannette*, which she played with fine effect and great truth to nature. On Wednesday, Young commenced an engagement of twelve nights in the character of *Iago*, which is one of his best, and to which he never did more justice. OLD CARABRAS informs us that he will have something to say concerning Young next Saturday. Miss Milford's new Tragedy of "Rienzi" is in rehearsal. Mr Murray is making extensive preparations for the production of *Masaniello*, which will be brought out on the termination of Mr Young's engagement. New scenery and dresses are getting ready, and the assistance of a *corps de ballet* will probably be obtained. Mr Wilson is to play *Masaniello*.—We observe that Braham gives a morning concert here on Tuesday, at which Miss Eliza Paton, Miss Phillips, and Mr Wilson, are to sing. Mr Braham proceeds afterwards to Liverpool, where he is to sing at the subscription concerts along with Mr and Madame Stockhausen. He gave a concert upon Tuesday last at Aberdeen, on the conclusion of his theatrical engagement there, which was well attended.—Talking of Aberdeen, we observe it is announced in the newspapers of that city, that on the 4th of March "the Theatre will be honoured with the patronage of the gentlemen composing the *Little Club*." Who the "gentlemen composing the *Little Club*" are, we are sorry we do not know. Is it Thomas Little, or Little in contradistinction to Six Feet?—We understand that Miss Isabella Paton will probably appear on the stage here for a few nights, about the end of April or beginning of May.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Feb. 20.—26.

SAT.	<i>As You Like It</i> , & <i>William Shakespeare</i> .
MON.	<i>A Shakespearian Olio</i> , & <i>William Shakespeare</i> .
TUE.	<i>Waverley</i> , & <i>The Heart of Mid-Lothian</i> .
WED.	<i>Othello</i> , & <i>Free and Easy</i> .
THURS.	<i>Venue Preserved</i> , <i>He Lies like Truth</i> , & <i>Charles Edward Stuart</i> .
FRI.	<i>Julius Caesar</i> , & <i>The Heart of Mid-Lothian</i> .

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall positively have to publish half a dozen additional Numbers one of these Saturdays, else our extra matter will lock up all the types of the Ballantyne Press.

Reviews of Sir Thomas Munro's Memoirs, and of several interesting works, though in types, are unavoidably postponed.—We have been obliged to curtail the Letter from Glasgow, which we were more willing to do than to allow it to stand over till its contents became stale.—Our Dublin Correspondent writes to us that the Theatre there is quite neglected, and no exhibitions are yet open.—"P." is mistaken in supposing that we are "ill pleased at his long letter."

The "Sonnet" by Thomas Brydson shall have a place.—We cannot conscientiously say that we greatly admire the long Poem with which "B." has favoured us.—The Verses "To my Sister Ellen" are in types.—Norah O'Connor, and the Stanzas "To Orynthia," do not strike us as their clever author's most successful efforts.—The "Lines inscribed to Alexander MacLaggan," by "M." of Arbroath, are good, and shall be forwarded to him.—"The Elder's Grave" does not quite come up to our standard.—The "Ode to Music," and the "Lines on seeing an Infant at Play," will not suit us.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K. C. B. late Governor of Madras. With Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. In two volumes, 8vo. Pp. 520 and 454. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO was one of the few great men whose history we peruse without once feeling our pride in belonging to a class of beings capable of such excellence, dashed by the contemplation of weaknesses, the more depressing from the startling contrast they offer to the virtues with which they are allied. He was prompt and decided in action, yet mindful of the feelings and interests of others; he possessed a clear judgment, a warm heart, and no inconsiderable degree of imagination. His turn of mind was essentially practical, and averse to all empty show, yet far removed from being either prosaic or commonplace. But his best eulogium will be the able and judicious biography of Mr Gleig.

Sir Thomas Munro was born at Glasgow on the 27th May, 1761. He was remarkable, while at school, for a peacable and unoffending disposition, but likewise for the most undaunted courage, and for a strength and activity of frame which enabled him to become an adept in every manly exercise. He kept a high station in his classes, though this was more owing to quickness of apprehension than laborious study. Yet, however ardently attached to active sports, he was by no means deficient in mental industry; for, at an early age, he devoured, with indiscriminate and intense interest, Plutarch, the History of England, Shakspeare and Spencer, Smith's Wealth of Nations, and Don Quixote, in the original Spanish—of which language he had made himself master by his own unaided exertions. His father seems to have spared no pains in cultivating a temper and talents so promising.

His parents were anxious that he should pursue the mercantile profession in his native city, but the total embarrassment caused in the affairs of his father, who was a Virginia merchant, by the American war of independence, sent his son into another line of life. A cadetship in the East India Company's service was procured for him; and in January, 1780, he reached Madras, in the nineteenth year of his age, to fight his way, unaided, through the world. He had little time allowed him for the undisturbed study of the native languages, or of the theory of his own profession, to both of which, however, he devoted himself, for a few months, till the war with Hyder Ali broke out. Munro then commenced a career of active service, which was destined to terminate only with his life. But, notwithstanding his constant employment, he found time to make himself master of a great proportion of the languages spoken in the south of India. From the commencement of hostilities by Hyder in 1780, till the cession of Barramahli by Tippoo in 1792, he was almost constantly in the field. His regular promotion went on as slowly as is usually the case in the Indian army, for, at the end of twelve years, we find him

still lieutenant; but, nevertheless, his talents and gallantry must have been appreciated by his superiors, for he was employed on many services of delicate import. Even during his maiden campaign he lived upon his pay, and all his extra allowances were regularly transmitted to Scotland. His letters to his family breathe a spirit of deep attachment, though generally expressed in a sportive, half-jesting manner—a characteristic of all truly nervous and manly minds, who are uniformly averse to nursing their feelings, and allowing an undue power to sentiment. His letters to his father are generally occupied with details of the military and political events that were taking place around him, and display a reach of comprehension and sagacity of inference far beyond his years and experience. The happy balance of his mind is admirably shown in his power of expatiating with rapture on the beauties of nature, conjoined with a delicate tact for the discovery of spurious enthusiasm.

The cession of the Barramahli to the British by Tippoo Sahib in 1792 induced, for a time, a considerable change in the avocations of young Munro. There was at that period a great deficiency of information among the civil servants of the Company in regard to the state of India and its inhabitants. The slovenly manner in which the territorial government had been managed was a matter of comparative insignificance, as long as the Company's domains comprehended only a comparatively narrow district, in which long use had reconciled the natives to the British supremacy. But the settlement of a newly acquired territory demanded men of nervous character and extensive practical knowledge of the country. Aware of this necessity, Lord Cornwallis placed Capt. Read at the head of the Revenue department in the Barramahli, and that gentleman, being well acquainted with Munro's talents and acquirements, selected him for his assistant. He continued to discharge the duties of this new office till the year 1799. During this period, he was employed in keeping extensive and intricate revenue accounts, corresponding with the board, and travelling from place to place, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the people, and the capabilities and produce of the soil. Amid all this multiplicity of business, he found time to maintain an extensive epistolary intercourse with his friends at home. His letters to his father are, as formerly, chiefly devoted to political and statistical details. Those addressed to his mother, sister, and brothers, discuss, in a cheerful and shrewd manner, questions of all kinds, from family concerns up to the most abstract questions of morals. The most striking feature of his mind, as displayed in these documents, is a spirit of manly independence, united with a rare power of cheerful acquiescence in the situation assigned him.

In 1799, Read, who had now attained the grade of colonel, gave in his resignation, and Munro entertained a hope of being appointed to succeed him; nor, when we consider how instrumental he had been in settling the province, can this be regarded as an unreasonable expectation. The government at Madras were, however, by this time too well aware of his talents to admit of his wish being attended to. The province of Canara, on the west

coast of India, between Malabar and Goa, a wild and rugged district, had fallen to the share of the Company, on the division of Tippoo's dominions. The unenviable distinction of being esteemed the only man in the service competent to the task of its settlement fell to the lot of Munro. It was with reluctance that he undertook the charge,—a reluctance, which, with characteristic openness, he did not hesitate to express, but which he never allowed to interfere with the discharge of his duty. During fourteen months that he remained upon this station, he devoted from twelve to sixteen hours of every day to public business; and he left a province which he found wild and disorderly, filled with banditti, and over-run with refractory chiefs, in a state of high cultivation, with an improving revenue, and a firmly established administration of justice.

Of his domestic habits at this period, Mr Gleig gives a pleasing and graphic account:

"As often as the calls of duty permitted him to remain stationary at his head-quarters, Major Munro, who was economical of his time, rose every morning at day-break, no matter how late the business of the preceding night might have kept him up, from a bed which consisted simply of a carpet and pillow spread upon a rattan couch. On quitting his chamber, he walked about bare-headed in the open air, conversing with the natives, who, on various pretexts and at all seasons, beset him, till seven o'clock, at which time breakfast was served up for himself and his assistants. Of this he partook heartily, more especially of the tea, which he considered a wholesome beverage; whilst of sugar he was so singularly fond, as frequently to request an additional allowance, for the pleasure of eating the lump that was left undissolved at the bottom of the cup.

"Breakfast ended—and the meal never lasted longer than half an hour—the assistant received his instructions, and withdrew to the office of his moonshae and English writers; upon which, Major Munro first dispatched his private and official letters, and then adjourned to his hall of audience. There he remained during the rest of the forenoon, surrounded by his public servants and the inhabitants, carrying on the current duties of the province, investigating claims upon disputed property, or obtaining such information as could afterwards be acted upon only by the aid of notes and calculations.

"In this manner he employed himself till about half-past four in the afternoon, when he broke up his court, and retired to his apartment to dress. Whilst the latter operation was going on, his assistant usually read to him either public and private letters, should such be received; or, in default of these, a portion of *Hudibras*, or some other amusing work. At five o'clock he sat down to dinner, from which hour till eight, he laid aside the cares of office, that he might delight those who were so fortunate as to enjoy his society, with his wit, humour, and remarkable powers of conversation; but punctually as the hour of eight returned, his habits of business were resumed. His night-outchery then opened, which, like that of the day, was always crowded with suitors; and though he professed then to attend only to matters of minor moment, midnight rarely found him relieved from his arduous duties.

"Whilst he thus regulated his conduct by the standard of usefulness only, he gradually acquired, both in his costume and manners, a considerable degree of eccentricity. Remote from all intercourse with polished society, he attended very little to the niceties of dress; so that whilst in his person he was always remarkable for cleanliness, his attire gave few indications of time wasted at the toilette. His garments, likewise, set all changes of art and fashion at defiance: they continued to hold the form which they had originally assumed in the days of Sir Eyre Coote; whilst his queue was not unfrequently tied up with a piece of red tape, in the absence of a wrapper of more appropriate colour and texture. In like manner, his conversation would, at times, assume a character indicative of any thing rather than an excess of refinement. The idea of love he treated with unsparring ridicule, declaring that idle men only fell into so gross an extravagance; and when informed by Mr Read of the marriage of their mutual friend Mr Ravenshaw, his only observation was,—'I would not advise you to increase the difficulties of your situation, by taking a young wife for an assistant.'

"Major Munro was at all times particularly humane towards the inferior animals. He possessed an old white

horse, which he had purchased in the camp before Cuddalore, and which he had ridden ever since, as long as it was capable of carrying him; and now that its strength failed, he caused it to be tended and fed with the utmost care and regularity. Nay, his attachment to the animal was such, that, finding it unable to bear the fatigue of removal, he literally pensioned it off when he himself quitted the district; and his grief was unfeigned when he heard, that his servants having withdrawn it by mistake, it died upon the road. So it was with a flock of goats which he kept in Canara, to supply his family with milk, and in watching whose gambols he took great delight. On no account whatever would he permit the peons to drive them away during the storm, from beneath the verandas, asserting that the goats had as much right to shelter as any person about his catchery, and that none should presume to deprive them of it.

"One more specimen of the habits of this extraordinary man may be given, ere I close the present chapter. Besides his favourite amusements, swimming, billiards, quoits and fives, he possessed a curious predilection for throwing stones, of which Mr Read has furnished us with the following whimsical illustration:—'Having got completely wet on one occasion,' says he, in his MS. journal, 'during a morning ride, I wrote him a note, requesting that he would wait breakfast. He returned for answer,—'I will wait ten minutes, which, in my opinion, is enough for any man to put on his clothes.' When I joined him, I perceived a stone in his hand, and enquired what he meant to do with it. 'I am just waiting,' answered he, 'till all the Brahmins go away, that I may have one good throw at that dog upon the wall;' and added, 'whenever I wanted to play myself, in this or any other manner in the Barramahli, I used to go either into Macleod's or Graham's division.'

Soon after the fall of Tippoo, the British Government in India obtained from their ally, the Nizam, a cession of the territory he had acquired by the treaty of Mysore, south of the Kistnah Toombudra rivers. The whole inhabitants of this district had become, during a long succession of intestine convulsions, habituated to the use of arms. The collection of the revenue had been intrusted, under the inefficient government of the Nizam, to a host of delegates, who at once defrauded the sovereign, and oppressed and plundered the inhabitants. It has been computed that the ceded districts contained, in 1800, about thirty thousand armed peons, the whole of whom subsisted by rapine. The ardent mind of Munro aspired to the honour of restoring order to this distracted country, and solicited as a favour, a task from which most men would have shrunk in despair. His request was granted. He assumed the government of the ceded districts in 1800, and retained it till 1807, when he departed for England. For the four first years of his residence among these semi-barbarians, he never dwelt in a house. His home was in his tent; and with a generous confidence, which the result justified, he travelled through the country without a guard. He had studied attentively the character of the natives, and he knew that amongst the rudest of them there was a deep and abiding reverence for the constituted authorities. He knew, too, that by mixing among them without parade, he would obtain more information, and better conciliate their affections. In the course of a year, he introduced, by the most unremitting exertions, something like security into the country. But it was not against the turbulent passions of men alone that he had to contend. In the fearful droughts of 1803 and 1804, he alleviated the distress of the district under his charge, and saved it from the horrors of famine; whilst he continued to secure for the Company a revenue which none but himself could have collected. And amid all these labours, he afforded the most prompt and efficient support to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was then beginning to develop the talents, which he has since so gloriously manifested in more tremendous conflicts.

When Munro revisited England, his stay extended to a period of six years, at the close of which he returned to India, having been placed at the head of a Commission appointed to enquire into, and ameliorate, the defects of our judicial system in the East. Into his conduct in this situation, we regret that our limits forbid us to enter.

We can only remark, that it was fully equal to what his previous life led every one to expect. His legislative labours were interrupted in 1817, by the breaking out of the Mahratta war, in the course of which he proved himself as great a general as a statesman. Placed at the head of a very inadequate force, he boldly transferred the scene of hostilities to the enemy's territories, and to supply his deficiency in troops, he conceived the daring idea of arming the enemy's own subjects, and availing himself of their assistance. The consequence was, that in less than three months from the date of his appointment to the command, he was in possession of all the Mahratta territory south of the Malpurha, with the exception of two small forts; and by the 11th of May, he terminated his campaign by a blow which tended not a little to bring about the negotiation by which the Peishwah shortly after surrendered to Sir John Malcolm.

At the close of the war, he prepared to return to England with his family; he had married, shortly before his departure for India, in 1814. He arrived in the Downs towards the end of June, with the firm resolution of spending the remainder of his life in this country. Before the close of the year, however, he was again on his way to India, with the rank of Governor of Madras. His conduct in this high and arduous situation was that of a real patriot, of a just and upright man. He was alike attentive to the interests of the natives, and to the dignity and respectability of his employers. He was equally ready to exert all his energies in the service, whether he himself was to reap the honour of what he performed, or whether, as in the case of the Burmese war, the laurels due to him were, in all human likelihood, destined to wreath other brows.

In 1836, Lady Munro was obliged, by the illness of their infant child, to embark for England; and the specimens given by Mr Gleig of Sir Thomas's letters to her, after their separation, show his character in a most engaging light. As, for example:—

"I took, as usual, a long walk on Sunday morning; there had been so much rain, that the garden looked more fresh and beautiful than I ever saw it; but I found nobody there excepting a boy guarding the mangoes and figs from the squirrels—not even the old French gardener. It was a great change from the time I was always sure of finding Karam (his eldest son) and you there. It is melancholy to think that you are never again to be in a place in which you took so much pleasure. This idea comes across me still very strongly, when I enter the house and pass from my own room to the drawing-room, along the passage, now so silent and deserted, and formerly so noisy with your son and you, and his followers. It always makes me sad when I visit the place; but I shall be woe when I leave it, like you, for the last time."

Previous to his leaving India, Sir Thomas resolved to pay a farewell visit to his old friends in the ceded districts. During this excursion, he was attacked by the *dolera morbus*; and at Pallecondah, the 6th of July, 1827, this country lost one of her best and most faithful servants.

On looking over this very inadequate attempt to convey to our readers some notion of the character of Sir Thomas Munro, we feel strongly tempted to toss it into the fire; and nothing withholds us, but the consciousness, that to give any thing like a fair account of him, within the narrow limits, is utterly hopeless. He arrived in India at a period when the Presidency to which he was elected seemed threatened with instant annihilation; he was undisturbed mistress of the Peninsula from sea to sea, and from Cape Comorin to the Kistnah. His personal appearance is thus described:

"In stature he was tall; of a spare but bony make; very light and soldier-like in his carriage, and possessed of great muscular strength. There was an expression of decision in the lines of his face, which a stranger might readily mistake for sternness; but his eye was bright and penetrating, and when he began to relax, good-humour and benevolence were remarkably displayed in his countenance.

When he spoke, the voice appeared to issue rather from the side of his mouth, and the looker-on might easily detect when a playful or ludicrous idea struck him, by a peculiar curl in his upper, and a projection in his lower lip. Upon the whole, it may with truth be asserted, that his countenance was decidedly pleasing, whilst there was an indescribable something about his air, manner, and expression, which no one could behold without respect."

With this extract, we close a book which will afford rich lessons to the warrior and the statesman, and which we would recommend as the manual of every talented and high-spirited youth, on his entrance upon the duties of active life.

Poetry of the Magyars, preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania.
By John Bowring, LL.D. &c. &c. London. Robert Heward. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 312.

As a translator of modern verse from almost every modern language, Dr Bowring stands alone and unrivalled. Already has he given to the public of this country a Russian, a Spanish, a Batavian, a Servian, and a Polish anthology, accompanied in every case with a history of the poetical literature of the nation from which his selections are taken. And now we are presented with a handsome and interesting volume, embodying all that is most valuable in Hungarian poetry. This gift will be considered still more acceptable when we reflect that the Magyar language stands afar off and alone, and that it is at once difficult of acquisition, and moulded in a form essentially its own. "There are some, I know," says Dr Bowring, "who look upon the occupations of a translator as ignoble, and unworthy of literary ambition. I am well content to stand at respectful distance from those great intellects whose works are borne on the wings of an all-pervading fame to every country where the ear of civilisation is listening. Yet I cannot believe that my humble labours are useless; nor have I ever wanted, and I hope I never shall want while health is vouchsafed to me, both encouragement and enthusiasm to pursue them. My mission, at all events, is one of benevolence. I have never left the ark of my country but with the wish to return to it, bearing fresh olive branches of peace and fresh garlands of poetry."

We confess that, for our own part, we feel inclined to except Dr Bowring from the alight which we might, perhaps, be disposed to put upon the mere translator. Dr Bowring's enthusiasm elevates him into a poet. There is poetry in his travelling over so many lands, and overcoming the difficulties of so many languages, for the sole purpose of culling the sweet thoughts and high inspirations of each. We are glad to say that Dr Bowring's exertions have been acknowledged in most of the leading journals of Europe; and that six hundred copies of the volume before us were subscribed for previous to its appearance. After an interesting introduction on the language and literature of Hungary and Transylvania, our author proceeds to arrange the different poets chronologically, giving specimens from the earliest period down to the present day. Of course, some of these are duller than others, and there are a few which do not appear sufficiently important to entitle them to have been translated at all; but on the whole, we find a number of beautiful and interesting *morceaux*, which are in general rendered with so much freedom and spirit, that we can hardly regret our want of knowledge of the original. There is, besides, a freshness and newness about the greater part of the contents, which, in these days of insipidity, and commonplace, and threadbare rhyming, is worth a great deal. Take, as an example, the following admirable little ode from an Hungarian poet, who died in 1779:

THE GAY-PLUMED BIRD.

"Thou gay-plumed bird, whose never-bridled flight
O'er field, o'er forest, is one long delight;

Were I a gay-plumed bird, how blest 'twould be,
Thy songs to sing, to fly, to rest with thee,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, thou canst no longer sing!
Thou art imprison'd by the fowler's spring;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not go
Sporting with such delusive treacheries. No!
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, though liberty is gone,
Yet kindness waits thy every want upon;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I still should long
For the free heaven and the wild woodland song,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, thy golden chain to me,
Were but a decorated misery!
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not fill
Thy gaudy prison, were it gaudier still,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, they bring thee sugar'd meat,
Use flattering words, caressing while they cheat;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, that sweeten'd waste,
Were worse than very poison to my taste,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou luckless bird! alas! and thou hast lost
That plumage, once thy brightness and thy boast!
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not dwell
A prisoner in thy solitary cell,
Thou gay-plumed bird!"

There is something, perhaps, still more original in the following, from another pen:

WATER, WIND, REPUTATION.

"I was a boy, and heard this pretty story:
That Wind and Water play'd with Reputation
At hide-and-seek together.

"The Water rush'd adown the mountain passes,
But was discover'd, after long pursuing,
In the deep valleys.

"The Wind flew upwards;
But it was followed to the mountain summits,
And soon entrapp'd there.

"Then Reputation was to be imprison'd,
And Reputation whisper'd.
In sonorous voice to her companions:
'Know, if you lose me—know, if once I hide me,
I'm lost for ever.'

"And so it was—she hid her; all enquiry
Was wasted in the seeking;
Nothing can renovate that perish'd treasure,
If thou hast lost it—thou hast lost all with it."

We have been also much pleased with the annexed sonnet, which is probably not more than half a century old:

SONNET.

"My little bark of life is gently speeding
Adown the stream, 'midst rocks, and sands, and eddies,
And gathering storms, and darkening clouds—unheeding,
Its quiet course through waves and wind it steadies.
My love is with me—and my babes, whose kisses
Sweep sorrow's trace from off my brow as fast;
As gathering care—and hung upon the mast
Our harp and myrtle flowers that shed their bilases
On the sweet air. Is darkness on my path?
Then beams bright radiance from a star that hath
Its temple in the heaven. As firm as youth
I urge my onward way—there is no fear
For honest spirits. Even the fates reverse
And recompense—love, minstrelsy, and truth."

We can find room for nothing more but the following lines, which we recommend to the serious attention of all worshippers of the Muse, as they contain much sense in little bulk:

RULES AND NATURE.

"Many a rule have I read of this way of writing and t'other,
Chilling and harassing dogmas that dry up the sources of
thought.

Give me the burst of the heart, the spirit's emphatic outpourings;

They can awaken my soul, and bid the tear gush from mine eye.

Read and enquire—'tis wise to learn the commandments—then open

The sluice of thy soul, and its streams shall flow forth in their glory and power."

It is perhaps worth mentioning, that we observe Dr Bowring translates, as if from the original of Francis Kazinczi, a small epigram, entitled "Cupid on a Lion," which Kazinczi must have himself translated from the Greek. Dr Bowring will find the true original in the *Anthologia Græca*, vol. i. p. 110. Edit. De Bosch.—To the specimens of the different poets, are added upwards of sixty Hungarian popular songs, the leading character of which is simplicity, patriotism, and warm-heartedness. Altogether, we have no hesitation in strongly recommending this work to the attention of our readers, nor in expressing our conviction that it will add a new leaf to the laurel-wreath already twining itself round Dr Bowring's brows.

Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa. By Richard Lander, his faithful Attendant, and the only surviving Member of the Expedition. With the subsequent Adventures of the Author. In two volumes 8vo. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830. Pp. 310 and 293.

We are informed, in the Introduction to this book, that its author is under obligations to a younger brother, for modelling and re-touching his narrative. We should have much preferred his own plain story. There is an attempt at fine writing in the work, and a swagger of vulgar independence, smelling strongly of a Cockney linen-draper, who, devoid of a liberal education, has picked up his notions of clever writing from a careful perusal of certain portions of the Sunday Newspaper press. Nevertheless, with all its faults, this is an interesting book, and would be more so, if we could place implicit reliance on all its details of the author's own adventures. One thing it proves,—the utter want of precaution on the part of every member of the expedition, although in a new and proverbially unhealthy climate. We sincerely trust that future travellers, by taking warning from their fate, may have better fortune. The suggestions it contains respecting the identity of the Falatahs and the Red Caffres, and the proposed journey overland from the Cape to the House country, are worthy of serious attention. There are also scattered throughout the work many interesting traits, which serve to fill up the picture of the domestic habits of the natives of Interior Africa. Of all the characters whom Lander encountered, our greatest favourite is his fat friend Ebo:

"The King (of Katunga) visited us every day, and never came without an acceptable present of provisions; while his caboceros behaved with a still nobler generosity, inasmuch, that if it had not been for the mal-practices of a sly, lubberly, fat, monstrous eunuch, named Ebo, to whose care was intrusted our provisions, and whose ravenous appetite was proverbial in the city, we should have been literally crammed with every delicacy, both of the country and season. That old gourmand had a paunch of a most awful size, which he contrived to keep in excellent condition, by partaking largely of the good things intended for our use, which he purloined in a daring and impudent manner, and devoured when alone and at leisure. Not content with secreting the choicest articles, he made so serious impression even on the bare necessities of life, that we were not unfrequently kept on bare allowance. On one occasion, we detected him in the very act of concealing some ducks, eggs, and honey, which we knew beforehand had been sent him for our consumption; and we taxed him with the robbery to his face. Ebo, however, disclaimed the imputation with earnestness, and maintained his innocence with considerable volubility. On our entrance, he held a bottle of rum in one hand, to which he had been evidently paying his de-

vations, whilst the other was occupied in shuffling something under a mat. It was, no doubt, his intention to take another draught of the inspiring liquid, whilst thus employed, but, mistaking the hand in which it was held, he snatched the other from under the mat, and had actually the head of our duck in his mouth, instead of the bottle, before the error was discovered. He was not the least disconcerted; and although we discovered the honey and eggs also concealed in another part of his house, he roundly asserted he had purchased them at the market the day before. Complaints were made to the King of his conduct, but without producing any effect upon the gormandizing Ebo, who continued to feed on our provisions, while his paunch maintained its usual enviable state of rotundity and bulk, at the expense of our empty stomachs."

On his return, Lander found his old friend advanced to a station of trust, and anxious to impress him with the truth of the old adage, "honour changes manners:"

"Ebo, the noted eunuch, who has so often been spoken of, and whose mal-practices produced great uneasiness to us on our proceeding towards Kano, had been taken into favour by his sovereign, during my absence from Katunga, and promoted to the highest offices of state. He came to me, paunch and all, on the Sunday after my arrival at Katunga, and, laughing heartily at his former frolics, told me he had no need to make such shifts now, in order to procure any delicacy he might want, for he had only to hint his wishes, when a bowl of dog's or ass's flesh, a dish of fried caterpillars, or a sauceman of ants and locusts, was smoking before him in a moment! I congratulated him on his good fortune, and the amplitude of his body, which he took very good-humouredly; and, during my stay, Ebo, the fat gourmand, was my best friend."

Ebo had his point of honour too, as well as his neighbours:

"He showed me, one day, a small apartment in his house, filled with cowries, (being worth about fifty dollars English money,) and asked, with an exulting air, if the King of my country was half so rich as himself. 'Half so rich as yourself!' I rather indiscreetly replied; 'why, my sovereign could purchase you, your monarch, and the whole of Yariha, and not miss the money the purchase of it would require.'—'Indeed,' rejoined Ebo, angrily, 'thou liest;' and, without further ceremony, was about to fling me into the yard; when, hastily retracting my expression, I assured the irascible prime minister that I spoke only in jest, to try his temper; which apology somewhat appeased the gigantic black, who, laughingly accusing himself of being rather too quick when his own honour and that of his country were concerned, invited me to partake with him of a dozen of stewed rats, and a calabash of *pitto*."

Nearly equal to Ebo are the old, corpulent, amorous, thieving scoundrel Pasko, Captain Clapperton's servant, and the fat widow Zuma, in love with the abstract idea of a white man. The story of this gentle lady would, however, have been much improved, by being less ambitiously told. On the whole, we can recommend these volumes to our readers, as containing a considerable fund of amusement.

The Edinburgh Review. No. C. January. 1830. London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: Adam Black.

This is a good average number, and contains much that is instructive and amusing. The first article settles, in a judicious and satisfactory manner, the claims of those writers who have of late been pointing out the designs of Providence in the current of history, with a flippancy and self-conceit equally alien to reason and piety. The second is an amusing appreciation of the merits of that school of political economists, of whom Mr Sadler is the type and Ceryphaeus. We do not think that the third article throws much light on the geography or social projects of South America; but as the reviewer has stuck close to the work he was reviewing, this is probably not his fault. Article fourth, on Etruscan Antiquities, is sensible, and may be read with advantage by such as wish to obtain a general notion of the results of the latest investigations in that interesting field. The review of the Life and Times of Defoe is nearly as good as our own notice of

the same book, which is highly creditable to the *Edinburgh Review*. The sixth article, on the Sugar Duties, is no doubt prodigiously learned, but it bristles with figures at such a rate, that we pass it over. The next article—on the Ottoman Empire—is a most judicious performance, but would have been essentially improved by being condensed into a third of its present longitude. We have the same remark to make on the article anent the Spirit Duties, which we made on its twin-brother anent the Sugar Duties. In the article on Sir Rufane Donkin's Theory regarding the Course of the Nile, the reviewer's politeness and his conscience seem sorely at odds. He compliments the learned knight at every turn for his talents and research, and ends by demonstrating, most reluctantly, that he has gone illogically and unreflectingly to work. The truth is, that the *Quarterly* dispersed the knight's dreams to the four winds of heaven some six months ago. The tenth article contains an excellent popular view of the Homiöpathic system of medicine, now so much in vogue in Germany. Finally, the number closes with a clear-headed review of Southey's Sir Thomas More.

Memoirs of Madame Du Barri. Translated from the French. In three volumes. Vol. First. Being the twenty-ninth volume of "Autobiography." London. Whittaker & Co. 1830.

"It was a happy idea which led to the incorporation of all the most interesting Lives, by the subjects themselves, in one uniform series of volumes," said a critic, when the "Autobiography" was first commenced. And so it was; but only so long as the conductors kept to such Lives as those of Hume, Cibber, Marmontel, Drury, Kotzebue, Gibbon, Gifford, and others no less respectable and important, whether political or literary. But when they departed from this track, to give the world the Memoirs of French and English blackguards, male and female, we say the idea is not happy, and not calculated to do any good. The Memoirs of Du Barri—the mistress of Louis XV. and who was beheaded during the French Revolution—are translated by the same person who has done into English the Memoirs of that arch rascal Vidocq; and we conceive that the gentleman, whoever he is, must be a perfect connoisseur in licentiousness, ribaldry, and intrigue, else he would never have dared to palm such abominations on the people of this country.

The work we are now noticing is, like "Vidocq," calculated expressly for the meridian of the Parisian Palais Royale and the London Seven Dials. In better society it should never be seen; and we shall be much mistaken if the publishing such "Memoirs" does not materially hurt the "Autobiography" in general. Autobiography and Biography are two of the most fascinating kinds of reading; but when they are prostituted to detailing vice in all its forms, and blackguardism in all its disgusting shapes, they should be scouted with the contempt they deserve, or left to sink in the oblivion of their own abominations. Some persons may pretend that it is necessary to publish these "Memoirs" on purpose to get at certain political facts and intrigues which would otherwise be imperfectly known; but if, in the search for these facts, we are obliged to wade through such a tissue of depravity as that before us, we would far rather go without them. The good which the knowledge of these facts may do, will be far more than counterbalanced by the evil which their concomitants are certain to diffuse.

We must add, that we are sorry and surprised to see the respectable name of Messrs Whittaker figuring as the publishers of these volumes. We thought that they had been the property of the less scrupulous house of Messrs Hunt and Clarke.—We wonder much that it has never occurred to the editors of this work to print the highly interesting and instructive Memoirs of Cumberland,

Theatre versus Conventicle; or, the Drama Attacked and Defended: Containing Mr Calvert's Letters, in Defence of the Stage, to the Rev. T. Best of Sheffield, with the subsequent Controversy in the Leeds Independent of 1824. Hull: Wilson. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1826. Pp. 112.

THE pamphlet, whose title we have just copied, is, as will be perceived, not a new publication; but it has never, we believe, been much known in this quarter, though certainly deserving the attention of all who interest themselves, favourably or not, in the question of which it treats. The author is Mr F. B. Calvert, formerly well known as a leading performer in the theatres of the North of England, and latterly also as a lecturer on elocution and literature in Cambridge and elsewhere. We have been induced to notice the work, from the circumstance of a few copies reaching Edinburgh from the North, where the author now is.

The first part of the pamphlet, *A Defence of the Acted Drama*, was originally published separately, in answer to the attacks of a clergyman in Sheffield; and is the Essay of which, as some of our readers may recollect, a part was read by Mr Fawcett at one of the London Theatrical Fund Dinners, at which the Duke of Sussex presided. Of the estimation in which the actors held their champion, a proof was given by a subscription for a piece of plate, which, on the proposal of Mr Dowton, was set on foot among the performers of Drury Lane; and we believe other similar presents, from individuals of the profession more immediately connected with Mr Calvert, have testified their sense of the services which their defender has rendered them. Mr Calvert's Defence will, we conceive, be read with pleasure by all who think as he does on the subject; and of his arguments, there are not a few which it would puzzle the enemies of the drama fairly to answer. In the general view which he takes of theatrical representation, we cordially agree with him, though the anxiety which every man feels to exalt his own pursuits, aided by the excitement of argumentative writing, have led him occasionally into something like exaggeration. Well acquainted, as he appears to be, with ancient literature, and evidently familiar with the finest branches of our own, he wishes to consider the scenic art as strictly belonging to the same class with poetry, painting, and sculpture, and confidently claims a place for it side by side with those glorious embodyings of human thought and energy, against which the more moderate, at least, of the assailants of the theatre, would blush to utter an insinuation. He views dramatic personation as merely a beautiful extension of those silent expressions of the mind, conveyed by poetry and the arts of design, and as inseparably connected with the existence of literature and mental refinement. The latter part of the brochure contains a Newspaper controversy, subsequently engaged in by Mr Calvert at Leeds; and the letters on both sides are given as first published.

On the whole, we think the pamphlet fully justifies the claim advanced for it in the Preface—"of exhibiting the widest and most strongly-contrasted view of the question which has hitherto appeared." And with regard to the literary merits of the production, we may safely assert, that if one-twentieth of the votaries of the sock and buskin possessed half the literary acquirements and ability of this gentleman, actors and acting would be regarded with much more respect than they at present receive, and would approach much more nearly to the footing on which our author aims at establishing them.

The Paisley Magazine. 1828-9. David Dick, Paisley. 8vo. Pp. 692.

The Elgin Literary Magazine. Nos. 1--8, 1829-30. J. Grant, Elgin. 12mo.

WE notice the Paisley Magazine, at present, for two reasons; 1st, Because we have only recently seen it in

the shape of a complete volume, and a goodly thick volume it is; and 2d, Because its chief contributors were two men of genius—William Kennedy and William Motherwell—many of whose lucubrations were worthy of a higher sphere than a Paisley periodical,—with all reverence be it spoken. It appears now to be sufficiently established, that no provincial Magazine in Scotland can succeed. The attempt has been made at Glasgow, at Dumfries, at Perth, and at Paisley; and, if we are not mistaken, at Aberdeen and Dundee also. But after existing for a few months, more or less, they all "died, and made no sign." Sooth to say, there is, in general, a good deal of trash in such works. The Editors are often clever enough, but then they must study local feelings and prejudices, and must be content with what sort of contributors Providence chooses to send them. Hence, their own merits are commonly choked up by a mass of dulness, which never could have possessed any interest for mortal man residing at the distance of seven miles from the *habitat* of the publishing office. We have no intention of speaking very voluminously in praise of the Paisley Magazine, even although Kennedy and Motherwell wrote for it. It is not what they would have made it had it issued, like the *Literary Journal*, from the Ballantyne press, and blushed into existence at No. 19, Waterloo Place. It was the voice of two persons in the wilderness; and it is not therefore matter of surprise, that the sand occasionally blew into their mouths, and choked up the melody of their utterance. Nevertheless, this Magazine contains many things which the discerning eye will at once set down as the emanations of a higher order of mind. On the whole, the prose is not so good as the poetry, although the story of "The Doomed Nine, or the Langbein Ritters," is one of the most beautiful imaginative sketches we have read for a long while, and is evidently from the pen of Mr Motherwell. In the poetical department, we find many pieces which have subsequently appeared in the *Annals*, and have been much admired in these flower-gardens. There are, *inter alia*, Motherwell's exceedingly spirited and original translations and imitations from the Icelandic,—also, "The Water, the Water!" "Wearie's Well," and other pieces; and there are Kennedy's "Elegy on the Departed Year, by a Bard who owes it nothing," "Three Fanciful Supposes," and "Thirty Years." There are, besides, two poems, which we have not happened to see anywhere else, and both of which we look upon as gems. The first, we think, is by Kennedy, and the second by Motherwell. We have much pleasure in transferring them to our pages. The first is entitled

THE BOLD LOVER.

"For years have I loved thee,
But hope there was none,
That e'er thy proud father
Would call me his son.
If my hand sent me token,
My lip gave me sign,
To picture my passion—
The fault was not mine.

"I have watch'd thee unwearied,
In greenwood and hall,
Unseen by thy kindred,
Thy woe, and all.
Though men cried 'a marvel!
I worshipp'd thee where
The knees of the holy
Were bending in prayer.

"I have look'd to thy window
On many a night,
And sigh'd for the wings of
The happy moonlight.
It stole to thy chamber
And slept on thy brow,
Entranced by thy beauty,
As I, sweet, am now!

"Long, long have I wish'd for
A moment like this,
To know if my portion
Be torture or bliss.
O! speak but one word, and
Our meeting is o'er;
O! speak but one word, and
We part never more!

"To win thy grey father
I've no patch of earth;
To mate with thy brothers
I've no honour'd birth.
Let the rich call me beggar,
The titled a churl;
My blade is as bright as
The sword of an earl.

"Thou shalt not want honour—
Thou shalt not want land—
While there's wit in this head,
Or strength in this hand.
And better than riches,
Or proud pedigrees,
Sole queen of a true heart
Enthroned thou shalt be.

"I hear my black charger,
He paws at the gate,
He speaks of bright moments
That fly as we wait;
He seeks for his master,
Who lingers in pain,
O! let him not plead for
Thy lover in vain."

The other poems, in a different strain, but not less beautiful, are as follows:

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS!

"They come! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song,
and Flowers!
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness
to bowers.
Up! up! my heart and walk abroad, fling care and care
aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Soothe through its leaves the cloudless sky, in rapt tranqui-
lity.

"The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,
And like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and
bland;

The daisy and the butter-cup are nodding courteously,
In sign their blood with kindest love to bless and welcome
these:

And mark how with thine own thin looks—they now are
silvery grey—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering—'Be
gay.'

"There is no cloud that smiles along the coast of yon sky,
But hath its own wing'd mariners to give it melody.
Then see at their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like
red gold,

And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course
they hold.

God bless them all! these little ones, who far above this
earth,

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

"But soft! mine ear up-caught a sound, from yonder wood
it came,
The spirit of the dim green glade, did breathe his own glad
name.

Yes, it is he, the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,
Sings spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again, his notes are void of art,
But simplest strains do sweetest sound the deep founts of the
heart!

"Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight
like me,
To smell again these summer-flowers beneath this summer
tree!

To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright sum-
mer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant
boy
Wander'd through greenwoods all day long—a mighty heart
of joy!

"I'm sadder now, I have had cause, but oh! I'm proud to
think
That each pure joy-fount lov'd of yore, I still delight to drink.
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded
sky,
Still mingle music in my dreams, as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and
cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath wax'd
old!"

It was not likely that persons who could write thus,
should long continue to write in the Paisley Magazine.

The Elgin Literary Magazine is a little periodical,
which goes on very modestly and unpretendingly, and,
we have no doubt, adds to the amusement of that portion
of the inhabitants of this country who have taken up
their residence along the shores of the Murray Frith.
The papers, entitled "Half Hours," are cleverly written;
and it ranks among its poetical contributors the celebra-
ted Mrs Richardson of Dumfries.

*Thoughts on the Salvation of Infants, occasioned by some
Passages in the Memoir of the late Isabella Campbell of
Farnicarry, Roseneath, in a Letter to the Rev. Robert
Burns, D.D., &c. By John Thomson, jun. Esq.
Glasgow. 1830.*

THIS is a sensible brochure, and lashes with becoming
severity the gross heresies of Mr Story of Roseneath, a
clergyman, who presents the anomaly of belonging to the
established church, though certainly not to the established
faith. It appears that this same Mr Story, like a ridi-
culous goose as he is, has found out, among other things,
that all little children are as full of guilt, and as worthy
objects of wrath, as the most hoary-headed votaries of de-
pravity. To waste words in answering such doctrines
as these, is a mere loss of time. They are the indications
of a hard heart, and an empty head.

*History of France and Normandy, from the Accession of
Clovis to the Battle of Waterloo. By W. C. Taylor,
A.B. London. Whittaker and Co. 1830. Pp. 404.*

MR. TAYLOR is the author of a work lately published,
entitled "The Historical Miscellany," which met with a
considerable degree of approbation. He now presents us
with a concise, lucid, and correct History of France, which,
in our opinion, is well adapted for the use of schools.
The eventful days of Napoleon, although a hackneyed
enough subject, are run over with considerable tact and
skill, and afford a clear and distinct view of those stir-
ring times. This work is likewise rendered more useful,
by a Genealogical Table of the French Kings, a Chrono-
logical Index, and a neat Map of France, engraved by that
prince of modern map-engravers, Sidney Hall.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A CHAPTER ON CHIMNEYS, WITH A FEW REMARKS ON CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

By the Author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh."

CHIMNEYS have characters! I am convinced of that.
They are a people, and have minds, dispositions, tem-
peraments, and passions, like other folks. They have also
diseases, like the human species, and do not want for their
"doctors!" They are affected by east winds, moreover;

just as much as any of us, and have their own inexplicable fits of the sullen, and are fully as testy, when contradicted, as ourselves.

There is a set of people who pretend to "cure" chimneys. But who ever heard of a chimney being cured? Nobody! The truth is, a chimney's disorders generally proceed from its original physical constitution, and one might just as well talk of expelling a hereditary disease from a human being, as one of this sort from a *smoking* one. The only way is to destroy the chimney altogether, and create it anew. A "doctor" will speak to you of "old wives," and of "cans," one-mouthed, two-mouthed, and poly-mouthed; but put no faith in smoke-doctors. You might just as well expect a human doctor to cure you, when on your death-bed, by ordering you a new nightcap.

But the maladies which affect chimneys often proceed from their situation in life. Circumstances govern us all, and chimneys too. A chimney of my acquaintance once testified this in a remarkable manner. It was a very young chimney, in the New Town, and belonged to a house three stories in height. Now this chimney was as well-behaved and well-regulated a chimney, as one could have seen in a summer's day; and had a juvenile vivacity, which could not be repressed by the east wind itself. At last, however, it became, all of a sudden, very irregular in its conduct, and seemed to have lost all its former health and spirits. Doctors were called in, who examined the patient, and prescribed cans, old wives, &c., which were speedily got. All would not do, however; instead of recovering, it became worse, and seemed, by the increased vehemence with which it repelled the advances of its friend the smoke, to indicate that the doctors did not understand the nature of its trouble. Alas! it was not the body, but the mind of the chimney, that was diseased! It might have addressed its officious physicians in the words of Macbeth:

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?" &c.
"Then throw physic to the dogs,
I'll none on't!"

My sensitive young friend was affronted at the very idea of these fellows attempting to cure its grievances by commonplace applications. A full convocation of all the smoke-doctors in town (including the Canongate) being at length called, and their deliberations being assisted by some experienced builders, it was discovered that the cause of all its woes was the tall and over-topping gable of a contiguous house, whose chimneys carried their heads at least twenty feet higher than that of the afflicted chimney in question; so that envy—sheer envy alone, was the occasion of all its ailments. This was proved to my full satisfaction, by what happened afterwards; for the patient being, as it were, continued into the tall gable, and allowed to carry as high a head as its neighbours, never gave its masters any more trouble; and when I last went to see how it did, I thought the smoke which issued so freely and complacently from its mouth seemed to say, "You see I have at length gained my point, and am content!"

Though I allow that chimneys may be jealous of each others' heights, and sometimes look with an evil can at the honour or prosperity of their neighbours, I do not think that they are in general a democratic people. Many a chimney do I know of very humble height, and even unadorned with cans, and yet very decent, quiet chimneys too. There is a spirit of meekness in some chimneys, which seems to fit them best for the lower walks of life, where they are content to exercise their vocations, perhaps, under the baronial protection of some neighbouring stack of chimneys, without fretting their souls with absurd ideas of liberty and equality. I know some chimneys of this amiable sort in the Pleassance.

Chimneys necessarily cannot be a democratic people;

for there are kings among them. There is the tall, red, regal chimney of the Coal Gas Work at the Back of the Canongate, which, on state occasions, wears a splendid crown of gas light, and stands pre-eminent over all the chimneys in the Old Town, like Saul among the people. No one can doubt that this is the King of Chimneys, whether for the importance of its vocations, or the grandeur of its appearance. The tall chimneys at Portobello and Pinkie are two solitary monarchs without subjects. The shorter, but sturdier and equally royal, chimney of the Waverley Gas Work in the New Town, is as yet in the same condition, but will soon, I hope, be at the head of an extensive and numerous population of chimneys.

That chimneys are sentient beings, nobody can dispute. Le Sage, an author of no little discernment, says that they can speak. I must confess I never heard them pronounce articulate words, or carry on conversations; but there is one thing of which I am certain,—they can howl! I have heard them howl in a high wind, in a very sensible style—almost like speaking—only the sentences not connected. In these cases, however, I consider them to be only expostulating or quarrelling with their enemy, the wind.

I remember that my father's house at —, had two chimneys, one at each end of the house. Upon these my childish fancy often speculated. I thought I could discern a sort of appearance of comradeship or companionship between them. They inclined in towards each other, in a friendly way, as it were; and it seemed to me as if one resembled Mr Kerr, the other Doctor Brydon, two of our neighbours who often dined together. I am sure these vents were intimate acquaintances. It so happened that one of them was at length honoured with a can. The other was not envious, but seemed still to maintain the same kindly inclination towards his preferred companion as ever—perhaps considering, with justice, that he really required what he had got, on account of his greater exposure to their common foe, the east wind.

Some of the chimneys at — were very strange-looking figures, especially those upon thatched houses. There were some thatched houses near the school, with chimneys of this sort. My heart is smitten when I remember how cruel we were to these grotesque but inoffensive chimneys. There was one belonging to the cottage of a poor old widow woman, at which our scorn and our stones were particularly directed. It was constructed of turf, upon a frame-work of upright sticks—the whole so dilapidated, that there was scarcely any thing but the sticks left. Most unfortunately for the chimney, it was not altogether of an upright character, but inclined a little to one side, and seemed to look down upon us school-boys with open mouth, inviting our attacks. We assuredly did not spare it; for every day, we employed the whole quarter of an hour previous to the opening of the school in throwing missiles of any sort we could lay our hands on, at and down its gaping crater; and not a day passed without old Luckie — coming into the school-room, complaining of our wickedness, and exhibiting the melancholy fragments of black cutty pipes and little black tea-pots, which, she said, had suffered from our stones, while lying innocently by her fire-side. As to the immense quantities of soot which we shook down upon her kail-pot, as it simmered above her little fire, no account was ever taken of that; for the poor old mumbling body had fortunately lost the taste of her mouth, and never discovered the plenteous accession of ingredients which we made to her spare and simple diet.

Some of the cottage chimneys were very curious in their internal as well as external structure. As viewed from the fire-place below, they looked like the vast cone of a glass-house, or like an amphitheatre, peopled with spectator hams, and a huge black beam, from which depended by iron rods, chains, and hooks, various culinary vessels. These chimneys never required sweeping; though

I remember hearing a traditionary account of one being cleared of its venerable soot by the goodman, who had accomplished his singular task by going head foremost into a sack, and ascending by a ladder to the rannle-tree, where he stood and rubbed the sides of the chimney all round with his shoulders! This custom might be practised with effect in the cure of *lum-bag-o*!

Speaking of chimney-sweeping, we come to chimney-sweeps, who, by the by, are a very noticeable set of men. A friend of mine, in guarding against contact with them on the streets, calls them angels of darkness, in contradistinction to bakers, whom he denominates angels of light, though I consider the one tribe to be fully as great annoyances as the other. When I pass a chimney-sweep on the street, I myself wearing light-coloured clothes at the time, I may say, "*Conjuro te, Diabole!*" and avoid being rude to his person; but in my heart I envy and admire him. Chimney-sweeps see and explore a part of the world which nobody else can see and explore. They surpass the prodigal son in the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," who saw the outside of the best houses in Amsterdam, for any body may see that; but to chimney-sweeps alone is it reserved to see the *roofs* of the best houses. They walk in glorious pre-eminence over the heads of the rest of mankind; and cast their eyes over the surface of an *upper world*, which none of us children of the ground shall ever see. I have heard them tell strange and wild stories of the dangers they have passed, and the roofs of the *lands* they have seen, like sailors returned from distant voyages; and, what is very strange, there is scarcely a chimney in the town, of which they do not know the whole nature and character, as well as the owner of the house himself. Nay, I have often been surprised, on calling a chimney-sweep to administer unto a moody or diseased vent, to observe how familiar he was with its history and peculiarities. How they acquire this wonderful knowledge, it is impossible to conceive. I suspect that they talk to each other of nothing but the various chimneys which have come under their hands, and so, each communicating to his neighbour the results of his experience, the whole become, as it were, universally acquainted. I remember once calling an old chimney-sweep to a very strange chimney in my premises, which, before ascending the gable, went across the ceiling of an adjoining shop, and, indeed, was all at right angles. Before commencing operations upon this *outré* specimen of the crooked tribe of chimneys, he frightened me into the offer of a double fee, by some dreadful traditionary recollections of boys being smothered in it forty years ago, when he was a climbing-boy himself, and of plummet-balls in later times being dispatched down its unimaginable angularities, in order to discover the bottom, and being never more heard of by their disconsolate owners, whose damages were of course made good by the then proprietor.

In short, the subject which I have thus imperfectly handled, is one well worthy the attention of the truly philosophical; and I hope, ere long, to see a separate volume allotted to it in Dr Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, or in the *Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*.

ELOCUTION—MR ROBERTS'S RHETORICAL LECTURE AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have long been of opinion that elocution, or the art of giving musical and attractive intonations to language, is a branch of education too much neglected in Scotland. It is rarely, indeed, that, either in the pulpit or at the bar, or among any of our public or private speakers in this country, we hear common justice done to our mother tongue. A sort of old John Knox presbyterian contempt is by far too common among us for the graces of correct speaking and reading. It is true, we are a thinking people, but it does not therefore follow, that thoughts are a very thing, and language nothing. Correct enunciation

makes even a commonplace thought pleasing, and gives to a spirited and original sentiment tenfold energy and effect. This is almost too self-evident a truth to be stated; yet we have only to look around us to perceive that it is everywhere neglected. "I have no desire that my son should either read or speak like a teacher of elocution," says some gentleman of the old school; and all the other gentlemen of the old school, pushing round the portwine with a most emphatic jerk, chime in with the observation, and the point is settled. Now, there are two fallacies implied in this same observation. The first is, that all teachers of elocution are pompous pedants; whereas only those are such who do not understand their profession. The second is, that it is not advisable that a young man should read or speak as if he were master of elocution; which is equivalent to saying, that it is not advisable he should be able to put to the very best possible use his organs of speech. From not attending to the proper mode of distributing the emphasis upon words, the simplest sentences are rendered not only ambiguous and unmeaning, but often monotonous, unnatural, and dissonant.

One or two of our largest towns afford a dubious encouragement to one or two teachers of elocution; but in general, both at our public schools, our private academies, and in ordinary life, the matter is entirely neglected. In Edinburgh, Messrs Jones and Roberts seem to take the lead in this department; but we believe the former has been longer established and more successful than the latter. We attended, however, with pleasure, Mr Roberts's Lecture and Readings on Saturday last; and having been since favoured with a perusal of the remarks he then delivered on the study of elocution, we present our readers with the following extract, the sentiments contained in which entirely coincide with our own:

A knowledge of elocution is of incalculable advantage; for a person who is ignorant of its laws, is almost sure to overlook some of the excellencies, and even the most striking beauties, of literary productions. Their merits, so far as the composition is concerned, he may indeed estimate, according to any assignable standard of taste; but great part of their soul or spirit will infallibly be lost to his perceptions, in the attempt to give it utterance. I am sorry to say that elocution, at the present day, is not sought after with that avidity which its great and united powers so justly deserve. This comparative inattention is to be accounted for, either by the fact of its merits being but partially known, or by a scepticism as to the possibility of acquiring a knowledge of the art through the medium of set rules. This last obstacle I could remove, by a reference to those numerous individuals who have actually experienced the advantages of systematic instruction, and now give public evidence of its efficacy. Many, although fully aware of the beauties, and although they have been made feelingly to acknowledge the powers, of such a systematic application,—many have rejected its adoption, because they thought it too theatrical, and because they could not reconcile it to their minds to assume tones indicative of what they did not really feel. To such, we may with great justice reply, that, to pronounce a pathetic subject in the same unfeeling and careless manner we would read the account of a horse-race, or to deliver the nervous harangue of some famed hero to his soldiers on the eve of battle, in the soft, plaintive strain we would do an elegy, because we did not feel the one, nor were identically the other, would be as preposterous as to chant a funeral dirge in the time and manner of a country jig,—or to sing a lively air in the drawing tone of an old penitential psalm, because we happened, on the former occasion, to be in a merry humour, or, on the latter, to be in a melancholy one. In short, to read or pronounce any subject uncharacteristically, would be as absurd as to array the inmate of an almshouse in scarlet and fine linen, or to clothe the king on the throne in linsey-woolsey and tatters.

Mr Roberts himself we know to be a meritorious and useful teacher of elocution; and, from the specimens he gave us upon Saturday, we are satisfied that he reads distinctly, judiciously, and well.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF
EDINBURGH.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, 1st March.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. in the Chair.

Present, — Sir William Hamilton; Professors Russell, Hope, Branton, Christian; Drs Wishart, MacLagan, Knox, Gregory, Russell; John Robison, James Skene, Thomas Allan, David Falconer, Walker Arnot, John Reddie, Esqrs., &c. &c. &c.

Dr KNOX read No. II. of his series of papers, "Illustrating the Laws which Regulate Hermaphroditical Appearances in the Mammalia."

FINE ARTS.

FOURTH EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(Third Notice.)

RAFAELLE—the effect of the name would be only weakened by the addition of epithets, however well deserved—was born at Urbino in 1483, and died at Rome in 1520. In his earliest paintings he has so completely appropriated to himself the style of his master, Perrugino, that it is often difficult to determine the paternity of their works. He no sooner, however, saw the productions of Da Vinci and Buonarroti, than his delicate tact acknowledged their superiority; and from that period we recognise greater correctness in his forms, and a fuller and richer pencil in every thing he did. It was reserved, however, for his residence in Rome to draw forth his full genius. Some have attributed the high ideal character of his latter works to a surreptitious view he obtained of Michel Agnolo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel; others, to his study of the fresco paintings in the baths of Titus. Both, there is little doubt, must have had a strong effect upon him; but only upon a mind of the native power and susceptibility of Raffaele, and equally conversant with the beauties of nature, could that effect have been produced. These splendid creations of art exercised merely a suggestive influence upon him. His style is his own, if ever man's was,—uniting a super-human dignity with an overflowing expression of love. No painting in this Exhibition, and certainly not the copy from his Transfiguration which was exhibited here some time ago, can give the faintest idea of the living poetry of Raffaele's works. It is now six years since we saw his Madonna del Sisto, and yet every lineament of that work is present to us as if it had been but yesterday. The Virgin stands upon a portion of a sphere emerging from an ocean of clouds, and appears to glide gracefully onwards, with a look which pervades space and eternity. The boy—the conscious God—nestles in her breast. On one side, kneels a venerable and majestic Pope,—on the other, a gentle St Barbara,—while, beneath, two rosy and gorgeously-winged cherubs look upwards at the group with all the grave earnestness of childhood. There is nothing discrepant in this mixture of human and divine forms,—of the ideal of the Virgin mother with the earthly garments of the priest. The genius of the painter has given them unity, and fused them with its glow into a mythology of his own, over which he has poured all the loveliness and grandeur of his own scarcely human nature. The works attributed to this master in the Exhibition are three;—the St John (161) is most probably authentic; the Holy Families (92 and 109) most probably copies, though good ones. They are chiefly valuable as showing the effect of that simple and bold style of painting the drapery, which, stimulating the eye without seducing it to rest on minor beauties, accords so well with the grand in painting. The head of the Virgin, in 109, has something of the sweetness of Raffaele, and there is a great deal of vigour in the eager gaze of the St Joseph.

We return again to Venice. We mentioned in our Second Notice that the Bellini were the first instructors of Giorgione. This artist was born in 1478, and died 1511. A picture of Leonardo da Vinci happening to fall into his hands, in which a very strong effect of light as shade was introduced, he was so much pleased, that he set himself to imitate it, and, by his frequent repetition of similar effects, made it in some measure the characteristic of his style. He was deficient in drawing, but full of truth and beauty of colouring. We notice him here on as the contemporary of Sebastian dal Piombo and Titian and as the artist from whom they took their first lesson in colouring.

SEBASTIAN DAL PIOMBO, by birth a Venetian, died Rome, in 1547, in the sixty-second year of his age. I received his first instructions in art from Giovanni Bellini, but when Giorgione introduced a more glowing and better blended style of colouring, he deserted his old master. He imitated so successfully the style of Giorgione that his works have not unfrequently been taken for those of that artist. He painted slowly, and took, moreover, greater delight in social intercourse, than in the exercise of his art. No. 1, in the Exhibition, is attributed to him and called (we do not see for what reason) a Sibyl. It is apparently a portrait. There is an expression of strong good sense in the countenance, which is, on the whole, extremely pleasing. The hands are ill drawn. It is good solid picture.

TITIAN was born at Friuli in 1480, and died in 1576. He was originally a scholar of Giambattista, but was one of the first to adopt the new style of Giorgione. He died much from the life, and by that means attained truth and delicacy in his flesh colour, that has perhaps never been equalled. In drawing and in dignity of expression, he is inferior to the Roman school. His portraits were in great request during his time, there being scarcely a distinguished statesman, warrior, or author, who was not ambitious of being painted by Titian. He was the first Italian who so decidedly cultivated landscape, to make it the principal subject of several of his paintings. His earlier works are characterised by an almost faultless care and fineness in their execution; in his later productions his lines are bolder, and his colours spread so as to tell at a distance. The Magdalene, (No. 7) attributed to him, answers exactly the description given by Vasari of one of his pictures, which he repeated several times; but if his, it must have been a very good work. The portrait of Doria (67) is highly characteristic. The landscape (122) is a fine painting, but unlike a work of Mola than of Titian.

TINTORETTO we place here as belonging to the Venetian school. The works of this artist in the Exhibition are the portrait of a Doge, (57,) and two sketches (161 and 35.) The former is strongly marked by that preponderance of mezzotint and shadow, and the small proportion of strong light, which characterises the works of the Venetian painters. The latter are remarkable for felicitous grouping, to which the doubling of the lines gives a special effect, for the beauty and spirit of several of the figures and for the bold disposition of the lights.

CORREGGIO was born at Parma in 1490, and died in the sixtieth year of his age. We find it impossible to connect the history of this gentle and modest genius with the any other of his time. He formed his style for himself and died without leaving his principles or manner to others. His beauties, too, are as peculiar as his life. Isolated. In the large works of his matured genius, there is a quiet beauty and a perfection of art to be found in those of no other painter. The three specimens in the Exhibition are fine pieces of painting, but give no idea of the full development of Correggio's genius. The last (9) has much of his sweetness, but belongs to an earlier period of his life. The Virgin and Child has a fine position of light and shade, and well managed colour but is defective in drawing,—and the expression of

Madonna is a failure. The Magdalene (119) is so hung that we cannot tell what it is.

These notes, we are quite aware, are extremely defective. But the most detailed and ratiocinative criticism would be to no purpose without an actual inspection of the works themselves. It is in pictures, not in books, that we must study painting. The chief characteristic of the great Italian school was the union in its productions of the richest and most daring poetical feeling, with the most painful study of the mechanical details of the art.

[Our Third Notice of the Scottish Academy is postponed till next Saturday.]

THE DRAMA.

"AROUSE thee! arouse thee! my brave Swiss boy!"—to give the public a small jog. They are beginning to fall asleep over the old legitimate drama, and the glory of their presence is departing out of the Theatre Royal. Certes, for the last month the Management has not been much in pocket. Sages have been consulting the stars to find out the causes, but they lie nearer home. *Firstly*, in the early part of the season the theatre was patronised to a more than ordinary degree, and there is now a slight reaction;—*secondly*, Vandenhoff is not quite so great a favourite here as he once was, which is partly his own fault;—*thirdly*, Young is liked and admired, but, being too well known, he lacks variety;—*fourthly*, the number of evening parties at this present writing is altogether overwhelming;—*February* has actually groined under them,—nobody has been in bed o' nights, and March does not promise to be a much more sedate month;—*fifthly*, and to conclude, it is a melancholy fact, that tragedy is not popular in Edinburgh. Black bugles and velvet inexpressibles appear to have no charms for us modern Athenians; we take little interest in white cambric pocket-handkerchiefs; and, if the truth must be told, the "Oh!" of a gentleman or lady dying in the presence of the lamps, does not appear to awaken those sensations which it ought to produce upon well-regulated minds. All these things are to us and our excellent friend, the Manager, matter of deep regret: but to attempt to better the affair by talking of it, would argue a weakness of intellect, totally inconsistent with our naturally shrewd and penetrating character. All we shall do in the meantime is, to give the public a hint, that as soon as they have enjoyed themselves as much as they possibly can out of the theatre, its doors are open, and something or other to amuse them is always going on within. Let them enter or not, just as they please,—it is quite "hoptional,"—only if they stay away it is their own loss. We are humbly convinced that this is the best mode of dealing with the public. They are a capricious set,—try to force them into a thing, and they won't budge; appear independent of them, and they will flock to you in crowds.

It is difficult to say any thing new of Young. All the world knows that he is a fine polished actor, with a sound judgment, a cultivated taste, and a most melodious voice. All he does is the result of careful thinking, and of correct, though not impassioned feeling. Hence we do not pick out of the *genius* of Young;—he is a man of talent, but asking more. In parts which do not require the exercise of any violent passion, he is, perhaps, without a rival. In *Jago*, a cool, deliberate, calculating villain, is the very man—his *Brutus*, a patriot upon principle, rather than an impulse, is collected and impressive,—his *Lord Bertram*, a man of high honour, and steady but subdued dignity, is a representation which it must do all husbands but to see. Young, in short, in what we may call the difficult developments of mind, is always at home. His chief faults are, that beyond a certain point he cannot bend that we may always calculate, with the most unerring certainty, on the manner in which he will perform a given part. Those sudden bursts of applause that shake a theatre to its foundation, indicating that the deep

waters of the human heart have been troubled, and that the unseen emotions which lay far down have been raised to the surface, seldom wait on Young. He is a calm and cloudless moonlight,—not a sudden sunbeam. We like him much; yet there are times when we feel a craving for "sterner stuff," for the flashing lightnings of that splendid little man, Keen, whom Lord Byron said "was a soul;" or for the kindred genius of that prince of living vocalists, Braham, to carry us away to the shipwrecked vessel settling heavily amidst the solitudes of the Bay of Biscay, yet not lost, for lo! "A sail! a sail! a sail!"—Nevertheless, let it not be forgotten that as, in an ancient Grecian temple, the effect does not so much depend upon the beauty of any individual part, as upon the harmonious arrangement of the whole, so there is a completeness about Young's personifications, a never-flagging accuracy and refinement—not the less likely to be long remembered or worthy of being highly appreciated, that they do not take your feelings captive at once, but gradually win over your approval and admiration.

Of Vandenhoff, we shall not at present speak. We think he has benefited somewhat by our hints, but not yet to the extent we could wish. His *Edgar*, in "King Lear," was, in many respects, a spirited performance; but why that piece of most unnecessary declamation, as he leads *Cordeha* into the hut for shelter? Vandenhoff is too fond of saying ordinary things as if they were not ordinary, and of always going off the stage with a flourish.—The part in which Miss Jarman has most distinguished herself, during Young's visit, is that of *Beatrice*, in "Much Ado about Nothing." We know of no actress who could have so completely identified herself with this character, infusing into it a degree of animation, and an exuberance of comic talent, which carried every thing before it, and kept the audience in a perpetual state of delightful excitation. Were we not an old, hackneyed, and crabbed critic, "for lady's love unfit," we should ourselves indite a sonnet, or some similar vanity, to Miss Jarman; but we must leave this to younger and gayer men.

OLD CERBERUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

By the Eltrick Shepherd.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo,
Down by the stream sae glassy, yet:
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet,
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gauzy yet,
But just a jinking,
Bonny, blinking,
Hilly-akilly lassie yet:
But, O, her artless smile's mair sweet
Than hinney or than marmelade;
And, right or wrang,
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she treads,—
Though wae for aye that misses her:

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in the glen sae grassy yet,
For all I see
Are nought to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

TO TWO SISTERS.

By *Lawrence Macdonald*.

YOUNG Peris of the North ! 'tis bliss to be
Within the influence of these gladdening eyes !
More lovely than the loveliest stars to me,
And fair as is the light of Eastern skies—
When darkness leaves the world, and daybreak lies
Like cradled slumber on wide ocean's face !—
When morning hymns, address'd to Heaven, arise
With rising day, that now begins his race
On fair Aurora's steeds, all matchless in their pace.

Ye are the loveliest of the virgin train,
That lead the mazy dance, that tread the green ;
Many's the heart those eyes of yours have slain,
Yet all unconscious of their power ye seem !
There's not a spot on earth where I have been,
Can boast of beauties that more purely shine !
Ev'n that famed Paradise of old, I ween,
Held nought, in shape of woman, more divine :
'Tis well for me, the world hath steel'd this breast of mine !

And loveliness like this, 'neath northern skies,
Such matchless grace, in forms so passing fair,—
Brings more delight into the wondering eyes
Than found in climes where the unchilling air
Ruffles not nature, nor her children there,
Freezes not life, that fills the living vein,
Nor presses on the brow that wears no care,
But makes more pure the blood that flows again
Back to the heart, as streams and rivers seek the main.

Thy imaged likeness in my soul I'll bear
Where lead my steps ; and if, in after time,
The fame of sculptured groups should meet thine ear,
Whose pliant arms around each other twine,
Link'd in undying love ! this group divine
Will be the *Fairy Sisters* of my lay ;
And should they cast one thought on me or mine,
'Twill tend to lengthen out my waning day,
And lend a brighter gleam to life's last struggling ray.

Edinburgh, March 2, 1830.

TO VIVIAN.

Do I haunt thy nightly dreams,
Love ! as thou dost mine—
When the stars o'er slumbering worlds
Pure and gentle shine ?
In the fairy land of sleep
Aye thy form I see ;
Ah ! does mine e'er gild thy rest ?
Dream'st thou e'er of me ?

Do I haunt thy waking thoughts,
Love ! as thou dost mine—
'Mid the light and joy of morn,
Or eve's hush divine ?
With the song of birds and streams
Back thou com'st to me,—
Do I e'er mingle with the past
In bright memory ?

Do I haunt thy holy hours,
Love ! as thou dost mine—
Blending still with sacred thoughts
That sadden, but refine ?

Heaven oft hears me name thy name
In my secret prayer,—
When thou' pour'st thy orisons,
Do I mingle there ?

Do I live within thy heart,
Love ! as thou in mine ?
Even of my life thou art a part,—
Love ! am I of thine ?
Dreams, thoughts, and prayers, whate'er my
In this dark world, are thine ;
My heavenly home is far away,
Thou art my earthly shrine !

GERTRUDE

SONNET.

THINK not, though never from my lips flow'd free
The assurance of affection tried and true,
That time could blot the past from Memory's view
Or change one feeling of my soul to thee !
Oft, when I long to tell thee all my heart,
My tongue seems chain'd by some enchantment dead
And when thou'rt gone, I ponder and I weep,
To think I could not say how dear thou art !
The shallow rills rush down the mountain side,
And prattle idly to the dancing flowers,
While calm—unseen—amid the greenwood bower
The deeper streams in noiseless current glide.
Oh ! souls that feel the most, can least express
Their golden weight of silent tenderness !

GERTRUDE

TO MY SISTER ELLEN.

RETURN, sweet sister Ellen ! come
Where loving looks will greet thee,
And kind hearts smile thy welcome home,
And open arms will meet thee !

Beloved one, we have mourn'd thee long,
And, 'mid our tears and sadness,
Oft call to mind thy trancing song,
And guileless looks of gladness.

And, when the evening shadows fall,
We want thy blue eye's brightness ;
And sigh to miss, within the hall,
Thy small foot's fairy lightness.

We've wreathed thy lattice round with flowers,
And deck'd thy fav'rite chamber,
And made the spoils of greenwood bowers
Around its casement clamber.

We've watch'd for thee from morn till eve,
In silence and in sorrow,
And when night came to undeceive,
We said, " She'll come to-morrow."

And wilt thou not come, sister dear,
Among our woods to wander—
The music of our streams to hear,
And trace their wild meander ?

Oh, come, my own beloved one, come !
Here loving looks will greet thee,
And kind hearts smile thy welcome home,
And open arms will meet thee. W.

SONNET.—THE EARTHQUAKE.

By Thomas Brydson.

Her parents and her lover waved adieu
 From out the vine-clad cottage, and away
 The maiden pass'd, like sunbeam from the day,
 Into the ancient forest, to renew
 Her wonted task of gath'ring lonely flowers
 For the far city:—Innocent and young
 No wander'd, singing to the birds, that sung
 Amid the balmy foliage of the bowers.
 Ere fell at length—and to the well-known steep,
 That gave again her native vale to view,
 The maiden came.—Earth shook—and, bursting thro',
 She sees an ocean o'er that valley sweep.—
 Ah, me!—she has, 'neath heaven's all-circling dome,
 No parent—and no lover—and no home!
 Oen, February, 1830.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that an additional volume is about to be added to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. It will consist principally, we believe, of dramas, among which will be included two that have not yet been published, namely, "The Ayrshire Tragedy," and "The Doom of Devorgoil." These, along with "Ghosts of Berinsay," "Haldon Hill," "Macduff's Cross," and "The House of Aspen," complete the list of Sir Walter's dramatic efforts.

The fourth and last volume of Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, with Life and Notes, and a complete Index, by the Rev. Robert Burns, D.D., F.A.S.E., forming the first series of the series of Scottish Ecclesiastical Historians, is nearly ready. The first part of Knox's History of the Reformation, with Notes by William McGavin, Esq., will be published in March; and Calderwood, with a Continuation to the time of Wodrow, will follow.

A Glasgow publisher announces an Anatomical Synopsis, or Table of Anatomy, from the pen of Mr Rattray, author of an anonymous sheet of the same kind, which appeared last summer, on Anatomy. It is expected that it will be found a useful assistant to the student while attending the dissecting room.

There is preparing for publication, by the Rev. Dr Hill of Dalry, a Manual of the Forms of Process in the Church Courts of Scotland. Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels are about to appear, which, in contradistinction to the numerous Historical Illustrations already published, are intended to convey an idea of the scenery rendered so interesting by the descriptions of the distinguished Author. A number of eminent artists have been engaged in the work, and there is every chance of its being found well entitled to public patronage.

The Honourable Mrs Norton, the daughter of Mrs Thomas Sheridan, is about to publish a poem on a sacred subject, to be called the Gipsy Ode.

A new work may be expected in the course of a few weeks, from the pen of Mr Theodore Hook, entitled Maxwell, a Tale of the Middle Ages.

The author of the Naval Sketch Book has nearly ready for publication, Tales of a Tar.

There have been laid on our table this week three works of a religious character, which have just issued from the Edinburgh press.—Discourses on Natural and Revealed Religion, by the Reverend Dr Hender, —Sermons on the Doctrine of Universal Pardon, by Dr Henry Thomson, —and Sermons on the Seven Churches in Asia, by Dr William Muir. Each of these works we shall review at our earliest convenience.

Mr W. Howitt has in the press, The Book of the Seasons—a work intended to form a complete companion for the lover of the country: it contains, in original articles on each month, characteristics of the season,—poetical and picturesque descriptions, rural occupations,—list and accurate tables of the migrations of birds,—floral, entomological and botanical calendars; with Lays of the Seasons, by Mary Howitt, and graphic embellishments by various eminent artists.

A valuable Treatise on Life Assurances and Annuities, comprising a Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of a Science, and of Life Assurance Offices, together with Observations on the Duration of Human Life, and on various objects of interest connected with the subject, by Robert Rankin, Secretary to the Royal London Fire and Life Insurance Company, is announced.

A new quarterly publication is about to appear, under the title of "Scripta Historica, or Illustrations of English History." It will consist of original papers, hitherto unpublished, chiefly from the best of original repositories; accompanied with such observations as

may be necessary for the purpose of elucidation, and is expected to present to the future historian a store of rich and valuable materials, which will enable him to take juster views, and to draw more correct conclusions, than his predecessors.

The History of an Enthusiast, the History of an Enervé and the History of a Misanthrope, by Maria Jane Jewsbury, will shortly be published.

An Essay on Superstition, being an Inquiry into the Effects of Physical Influence on the Mind, in the production of Dreams, Visions, Ghosts, and other Supernatural Appearances, by W. Newnham, Esq. will shortly appear.

A collection of the English Essays which have obtained prizes at the University of Oxford, is in the press. Among the authors' names we observe the Earl of Eldon, Grattan, Lord Sidmouth, Reginald Heber, Whateley, Milman, Sandford, and others.

We observe that the Gentleman's Magazine has now reached the hundredth year of its existence. It was commenced so far back as the year 1731, by Mr Cave, with the assistance of Dr Johnson, and has, ever since, held on the even tenor of its way. It has seen many changes in men and things, but it is itself little changed; and its old-fashioned appearance and contents still carry the reader into Bolt Court.

Among the works most recently announced by Messrs Colburn and Bentley, we observe Tales of the Colonies, by Mr Howison,—Personal Narrative of an Officer in the English Army of Occupation in France,—Sir Ralph Esher, or Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.,—Letters from Nova Scotia, or Sketches of a Young Country, by Captain William Moorson,—and Travels in Kamtschatka, Siberia, and China, by Peter Dobell, Esq.

We are sorry to find it stated in the German journals, that M. Niebuhr's house at Bonn has been consumed by fire, and that, in common with his library, the MS. copy of his third volume of Roman History, which he had just finished for the press, has been destroyed. This heavy loss, it is added, has thrown the unfortunate author into a state of great despondency.

Mr Campbell's Life of his friend Sir Thomas Lawrence, will be illustrated by two portraits of the deceased Chevalier. One of these portraits was finished a few days before the death of the artist; and the other is said to be an interesting and faithful resemblance of the Chevalier at an early period of life. Mr Campbell is at present so hard at work upon this Life, that he has given public notice to his correspondents that he will not be able for some time to answer any letters, except on business.

The following books will speedily issue from the Dublin Press:—O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, in six cantos, by Miss Bourke; Letters from France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Hungary, &c. &c., by George Downes, Esq. A.B. 2 vols. 1. A Second Series of the Irish Pulpit; The Vale of Tempe, and other Poems, by W. Newton.

A new specimen of a newspaper has appeared in London, with the title, attractive to certain persons, of *Pari Ppy*. We may safely adjudicate the character from the title.—We would recommend a motto to a certain class of publications, of which we shall take care not to say that this is one: *vide hoc!—Dogberry loquitur*—"Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondly, they are slanderers; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves."

A monthly series of reprints of the best English Translations of the Latin and Greek classics was commenced in London, in January last, under the title of "Jones's Family Classical Library." The object of the publication is to lay open, at a cheap rate, the rich stores of ancient literature to all ranks, whether classically educated or not. The typography is beautifully executed, and the price very moderate. Three monthly parts, containing the works of Tacitus and Herodotus, have appeared.

A sheet has recently been published, containing all the books and prints, good, bad, and indifferent, that have been issued by the various London publishers, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1823. It is a curious and amusing document; in looking over it, one is astonished that so many works could ever have found readers, much less purchasers. We confess, however, that we have been thus introduced to a considerable portion of them for the first time, and recommend the brochure to the attention of the curious.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—The 9th volume of the new edition of this work contains the Black Dwarf, and the first part of Old Mortality. The frontispiece is a clever family scene, by Wilkie, spoiled in the engraving by Graves. The vignette is pretty and spirited. The 10th volume contains the continuation of Old Mortality, an excellent frontispiece by Cooper, well engraved by Charles Roeb, a mediocre vignette by Wilkie, and some new notes and illustrations.

EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF NATURAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE.—This work continues to improve. No. VI. for March contains much important and useful information.

PATENT SUSPENSION RAILWAY.—We visited Mr Dick's model on Thursday, and were much gratified, both by the ingenuity of the invention, and the acuteness of the inventor. Mr Dick (a native, we believe, of Ayrshire) proposes a railway raised to an average height

of fifteen feet; the carriages that move along it are to be suspended from the axletrees, instead of resting upon them; they are to be set in motion by stationary engines, placed at intervals of five miles along the railway, and operating upon the carriage by a cord, upon a principle similar to that which gives motion to the spinning-wheel. Mr Dick has tried, under the auspices of the Earl of Eglinton, the experiment upon a limited scale of two miles, and with a very imperfect apparatus, when he was able to drag a carriage of sixteen pounds weight upon wheels two feet in diameter, at the rate of thirty miles an hour; but he has no doubt that, with a complete apparatus, he will be able to double the velocity. He calculates that two men to each engine, will be sufficient to set in motion considerable weights. The original outlay he estimates at £1000 per mile. He thinks it might be useful in conveying passengers, or the mail. The time has been when such a project would have been laughed at as a dream; but we are now pretty well accustomed to the miracles of mechanics. We are not competent to sit in judgment on Mr Dick's plan; but we can see that it has that simplicity to recommend it, which is always a test of practicability; and we hope he may have a fair trial. If such an amazing velocity of transportation could be accomplished—though but for conveying our letters—what a new impulse would be given to the commerce and the whole social arrangements of the country! Among others well qualified to judge of these matters, Dr Chalmers, and Mr Jardine, engineer, were in the rooms on Thursday, and we were much pleased with the intelligent manner in which Mr Dick answered their enquiries, and met their objections.

BRAMH'S CONCERT.—We never saw the Assembly Rooms more crowded than on Tuesday last. The attraction was Bramh's Morning Concert. Part I. consisted of sacred, and Part II. of miscellaneous music. In the former, Bramh sang the "Battle of the Angels," "Jephtha's rash vow," and "Martin Luther's Hymn." Of these, the last produced the most effect, and was encored. In the second act, Bramh sang, "There was once a golden time," and "John Anderson, my Joe," and took a part in two duets. He was assisted by the Misses Paton and Miss Tunstall. Miss E. Paton sang "Angels ever bright and fair" very beautifully. On the whole, the concert appeared to give general satisfaction.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr Knowles is to be in Edinburgh about the 30th of March, for the sake of delivering a course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature. We know of no man more likely to do justice to this interesting subject. Besides being the author of two of the most successful of our modern plays, he possesses a most enthusiastic and well-cultivated mind, and elocutionary powers seldom equalled off the stage, and not often surpassed on it. These he will, of course, bring to bear in full force upon the illustrations which will accompany his lectures. Having already seen a syllabus of the course, we are happy to mention that it embraces a great variety of the most interesting and important subjects connected with the Drama; and that we anticipate from the Lectures themselves, an intellectual treat of a novel and striking kind.

Theatrical Gossip.—A motion highly important to the interests of the drama has been made by the Hon. G. Lamb, in the House of Commons. He has obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the amendment of the laws relative to dramatic literary property; and there is at length some chance of dramatic writers being remunerated in proportion to the merit, or at least according to the success, of their pieces.—A new drama, adapted from the French by Mr Poole, and entitled "Past and Present, or the Hidden Treasure," has been produced with success at Drury Lane. In this piece Farren is said particularly to distinguish himself.—Miss Fanny Kemble has appeared in her fourth character,—*Mrs Beverly*, in the "Gamster." The audience liked her as well in this as in her former parts, and shouted for her in the same fashion, after the curtain fell. Charles Kemble played *Beverly*, and thus for the first time appeared as his daughter's lover, or, to speak by the card, her husband.—The French Company, lately burnt out at the English Opera House, have had a crowded benefit at the King's Theatre;—the attractions were *Kean*, *Potier*, and the *Elephant*. The French Company are henceforth to perform at the Haymarket, until the English Opera House be rebuilt, which will probably be in the course of a few months.—The "Twelfth Night" is getting up at Drury Lane, with *Vestris* as *Viola*, and *Liston*, *Farren*, and *Jones*, as *Malvolio*, *Sir Toby*, and *Sir Andrew*.—Great preparations are making for the due celebration of the Triennial Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, on the 23d of April, the birth-day of the Poet.—A splendid new Easter piece is preparing both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.—On the whole, theatricals in London are rather gay than usual, but neither of the proprietors of the great theatres can boast of large profits. At Covent Garden the nightly receipts did not average one-third of the expenditure, except on Miss Kemble's nights, until Miss Paton was engaged. Now they are much improved, but it is still doubtful whether they do more than cover the expenses. At Drury Lane the average receipts are quite as good as at Covent Garden, but the salaries are much larger. Fortunately, most of the new pieces have been more or less successful.—Lord Glenall is writing another comedy.—Miss Stephens is in treaty with the manager of Drury Lane.—In Paris, a new drama by Victor Hugo, entitled "Hernani," is now in rehearsal

at the Theatre Francaise. The representation of this play is looked forward to as an event which is to decide the great literary question so long pending between the classical and romantic schools.—Paganini, the celebrated violinist, is now in Paris, where he is about to give a series of concerts.—Macready and T. P. Cooke have been playing with success at Dublin, where Dowton has terminated his engagement.—We observe, by the *Opera Glass*—a weekly periodical containing smart criticisms on the performances of the Glasgow stage—that our old friend, Thorne, has been engaged by Seymour to sing with Fanny Ayton. It is a pity that he is not here instead of Mr Larkin. Seymour has also announced to the legs of Glasgow, that he is to have visits from Mrs Wylett, Fanny Kemble, T. P. Cooke, Miss Stephens, Young, and others.—In Alexander's company, the best performers are Mr and Miss Mason, formerly of the Edinburgh company, (they should be so still,) and Miss Palmer, a nice pretty girl. Benefits do not seem to be always very desirable things in Glasgow:—"On Monday, we drop in," says the *Opera Glass*, "to see what sort of benefit Miss Cassidy was like to have:—it was eight o'clock, and still the performance had not commenced; we waited a full half hour, and still nothing but the green curtain and the stage lamps met our view; we put our opera-glass to our eye, counted the house, and found the audience to consist of two in the boxes, four in the pit, and eighteen in the gallery; we then left the house." Poor Miss Cassidy!—"Mammaello" will be produced at our theatre probably next week; and we understand we are to have Liston in about three weeks. He is to be succeeded by T. P. Cooke. Young played *Ricci* last night, but too late for our criticism. He takes his benefit on Wednesday.—Bass opens the Caledonian Theatre on Monday. He promises a good ballet company, though, we are sorry to say, Vody is not among them.—We hear it whispered that a new and interesting drama is in preparation at the Theatre-Royal, from the able pen of the lady who has distinguished herself as the authoress of "*Aloya*." We shall be able to say more about it next week.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Feb. 27—March 5.

SAT.	<i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> , & <i>The Bee Hive</i> .
MON.	<i>Othello</i> , & <i>The Bottle Imp</i> .
TUES.	<i>King Lear</i> , & <i>The Forty Thieves</i> .
WED.	<i>Julius Caesar</i> , & <i>The Youthful Queen</i> .
THURS.	<i>Cymbeline</i> , & <i>The Forty Thieves</i> .
FRI.	<i>Ricci</i> , <i>William Thompson</i> , & <i>Free and Easy</i> .

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THS plethora under which we labour still continues; but we shall get rid of it next week, by giving a double Number, in which shall be many articles of great price.

Our Review of the Marquis of Londonderry's new work, though in types, is unavoidably postponed till our next,—in which we shall also present our readers with some curious traditional notices of Sir William Wallace, illustrated by a wood-cut;—also a communication by the Ettrick Shepherd;—a Letter from Italy;—and many other matters.—"The Abbey Garden" will appear at our earliest convenience: we intend writing to the author in a few days.—The Translator of "Sophia M——, a Tale of the French Revolution," has our thanks; we hope to find room for his communication ere long.—We have received a letter from Mr Sang of Kirkcaldy, which we would have printed had it been less personal upon Sir Henry Stewart, nor contained an implied compliment to ourselves at his expense.—We defer noticing the "East Lothian Mutual Assurance Society," until we hear again from our Correspondent concerning that and other Societies in the East Country.—We have an article in preparation upon the Bannatyne Club and its literary labours.—We have this week received two communications upon the subject of the Scottish Academy Exhibition;—both are well written, and, though we cannot insert either, we shall keep them in view in our future remarks.—"Medicus" is surprised at what is to us no less matter of astonishment, that an advertisement of Day and Martin's Blacking should have found its way into the *Literary Journal*;—these are strange times!—"Proteus" has our thanks: his "Parody," perhaps, in our next STEPPERS;—we shall see about his other communication next Saturday.—We are sorry we can be of no use to "Jonathan M. M'Robie," whose distresses, however, do not seem of a very hopeless kind.

"The Overwhelmed Isle" shall be inserted, but the author must exert a little patience; we are not indifferent to his success.—"The Little World Within," shall have a place; also the "Address to Imagination," if we can find room.—We are afraid we cannot say so much for the verses "To Mary,"—"The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots,"—"The Mysterious Knight,"—and "Mrs —, a Mystery."

THE
EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;
OR,
WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 70.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1830.

PRICE 6d.

NOTICE.—To OUR READERS.—In addition to the usual extensive circulation of the *Literary Journal*, a thousand extra copies will be added to the impression of the present Number, which contains half a sheet of additional matter, and which will be delivered in every town of any consequence in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Narrative of the War in Germany and France, in 1813 and 1814. By Lieut.-General Charles William Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars. 4to. Pp. 420. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

THIS is a valuable contribution to the history of the campaigns in France and Germany of 1813 and 1814. The noble author was the accredited agent of Great Britain with the Kuthen Powers of Germany, during the continuance of that struggle which ended in the dethronement of Napoleon. He tells a plain, straight-forward, soldier-like story, of what came under his own observation; and although we cannot compliment him either upon the profundity or comprehensiveness of his political and tactical knowledge, upon his freedom from bias, or acuteness in penetrating into men's characters, yet his book contains many valuable facts, which nobody in his situation could have avoided seeing, but which few besides himself have been in a situation to see. Among the most valuable parts of the work, we reckon the passages which serve to throw light on the personal characters and projects of the Emperor Alexander, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and Prince Metternich; together with those which bear testimony to the peculiar dangers threatening civilized Europe from the unscrupulous and unprincipled Russian empire. We have been most annoyed by his Lordship's shallow misconceptions as to the real power which struck down Napoleon; by his rating about insignificant squabbles concerning etiquette at dinner-tables, when we want to hear of the important transactions everywhere carrying on; and above all, by his continually leaving his story half told, with "I might say further, but the confidential character I was invested with at that period, forbids me to speak out." This last is a paltry and egregious piece of affectation. Either his knowledge respecting the intrigues of that time may be uttered, or it may not. If he former, let him tell a plain tale, like a plain man; if he latter, let him hold his tongue, and not tease us with his half confidences; to say nothing of the unfairness of asking us pay for a half-told tale—a trick very nearly approaching to what practical jokers call "selling a bargain," which consists in beginning a story with a grave air, and when the hearer's expectations are raised, breaking off with a sneer at his credulity, for believing you had any thing to tell him.

The narrative of the noble Marquis commences with his leading in Germany towards the end of April, 1813, it comes down to the abdication of Napoleon, in April, 1814. There is a supplementary chapter relating to the negotiations at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, for the portion of which, in the present work, we can see no very good cause, inasmuch as the Marquis declines entering upon the history of that meeting at present. Before considering the contents of the body of the work, and in order to convey to our readers a full impression of its importance, we beg leave to cast a glance backwards,

at the period immediately preceding the opening of the narrative.

The quarrel betwixt the sovereigns of Germany and the French Republic was, like all international quarrels, begun on a point of principle, which was gradually lost sight of in the progress of hostilities; and the war ended with a sincere struggle on either side to get out of the scrape with the least possible loss to itself, and the greatest possible detriment to the enemy. This struggle lay between competitors by no means matched in strength. In France, the convulsions of the Revolution had swept away all the old forms and etiquettes which accumulate during centuries, retarding the transactions of business which they are meant to accelerate; while the hostile attitude assumed by surrounding nations had infused a spirit of unanimity and nationality into the people, which the disorganising principles of the innovators had not been able to destroy. In the wildest of her frenzies, France was a united nation, and the stronger (for the time at least) because of her fever-fit. The rapid succession of different constitutions, and their final merging into despotism, noways affected this; for from the first moment of hostilities, the theoretical vagaries of French politicians were dispersed to the four winds of heaven, and the war became, as in the old time, a war for national ascendancy. Germany, on the contrary, retained all the forms of a regularly constituted government, though the life had long fled, and the *visus* which should unite it into an energetic whole, no longer existed. The princes of the empire, in reality independent sovereigns, embraced the selfish policy of each caring for himself alone, and adopted the mistaken idea of hoping to delay the fatal hour by holding themselves neutral, instead of uniting to repel the common enemy. They were further weakened by the extensive diffusion of revolutionary principles among their subjects,—principles which continued to be the war-cry of the French, long after they had ceased to influence their actions. This opposition, therefore, of a nation untrammelled by any old-established dogmas, but well disciplined and united within itself, to a nation clothed in an empty show of organization, like David, encumbered, not defended, by the armour of Saul, admitted, under any circumstances, of only one issue of the contest; although, undoubtedly, the unrivalled military genius of the French leader added aim and impulse to the preponderancy of his arms.

It is not here the place to enter into the details of the contest; the result may be shortly stated. On the 12th of July, 1806, sixteen German princes subscribed at Paris the Confederation of the Rhine. They renounced by this act all connexion with the German empire; contracted a perpetual offensive and defensive alliance with France, the Emperor of which nation was appointed Protector of the Confederation, with the privilege of naming the president, (*Fürst Primas*.) On the 6th of August immediately ensuing, Francis of Austria formally resigned the crown and supremacy of the Holy Roman Empire. On the 18th of August, 1807, an Imperial Decree united such of the western Prussian provinces as had not been incorporated with Holland,—Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, and the southern districts of Hanover,—into a new kingdom, to

which the name of Westphalia was given. A French constitution was conferred on this new state, which was declared an integrant member of the Confederation of the Rhine, and bestowed upon Jerome Bonaparte. In 1809, Austria was amerced in some more of its states, which were bestowed upon Bavaria. In 1810, when Napoleon annexed Holland to France, he incorporated along with it from the German territory the Grand Duchy of Berg, a portion of the kingdom of Westphalia, and the Hanseatic towns. So early as 1806, the King of Saxony had received from Napoleon, on his accession to the Rhenish Confederation, the investiture of the Duchy of Warsaw.

This, then, was the situation of Germany in the year 1812, when Napoleon advanced into Russia. The whole country westward of the Elbe, from the Alps to the Baltic, was either in the immediate possession of France, or of small states which stood under its protection. The fidelity of these allies was secured by their being hemmed in on either flank by territories occupied and possessed by France. French princes sat on more than one throne, and in all the states, laws and institutions on the French model had been introduced. Prussia and Austria had been exhausted and disheartened by repeated defeats; and the Duchy of Warsaw, in the rear of the former state, was in the hands of a creature of Napoleon's.

Nevertheless, this subjection was greater in outward show than in substance. In Austria, the subtle spirit of Metternich had devoted all its energies to restore the fallen state of his country. In Prussia, the genius of Frederick the Great was not yet extinct;—the nation yet remembered its old ascendancy in arms; and the minister, Von Stein, knew how to keep alive, and turn to account, the recollection. But perhaps the deepest and bitterest hatred of French ascendancy, was cherished in that part of Germany where the French power seemed most firmly rooted. The French institutions had been forced upon these territories contrary to the inclinations of the people;—a number of French adventurers, as better acquainted with the new arrangements, had been promoted to places of trust; and the restless spirits who had originally supported innovation, with a view to their own advancement, were thus, in many instances, added to the ranks of the disaffected. Neither were the new institutions found to work any better than the old, for they were alien to the feelings and wants of the people. The daring projects of Napoleon—projects in which the mass of the community could take no interest—called for constant supplies of troops and money, at the very moment that the closing ports of the Continent spread bankruptcy and beggary on all hands. The disaffection engendered by all these circumstances was heightened by recollections of the ancient union and independence of Germany, and by that superciliousness with which, amid all their amiable qualities, the French can never help treating other nations. Oil was poured upon this smouldering flame by the eloquent and energetic writings of Arnott; and the enthusiastic ardour of Germany was only heightened by the system of *espionage* which Napoleon, alarmed by the symptoms of popular feeling, introduced as a kind of preventive police.

This was the country that Bonaparte left behind him when he advanced into Russia; and perhaps the contingent of troops from the Confederation of the Rhine which he carried along with him, were no less useful as hostages than as soldiers. His shattered retreat was the signal for a more unequivocal declaration of the sentiments of Prussia. In February, 1813, an alliance was concluded between Russia and Prussia, for the purpose of restoring the latter state to her ancient limits, and removing the influence of France from the north of Germany. The summons of Prussia was responded to by the unanimous voice of Germany. It was the banner of Prussia that was reared,—it was her generals who were intrusted with the command; but it was from every corner of Germany that the soldiers flocked who filled up her ranks. They came from the workshop and the pa-

lace, from the lecturer's desk and from the student's hall,—nay, the very school-boy refused to stay behind. No length of way, no intervening foes, could detain them. The cry of "God, king, and country!" had gone forth over the land. The cause was the re-integration and independence of their native country, and a holier cause never inspired a warrior's zeal. Many of the princes stood cowardly or selfishly aloof, but the people rose to a man.

When Sir Charles Stewart landed at Cuxhaven, he found every thing in motion. The French were possessed of the principal fortresses on the Elbe, but they were threatened on all hands. Blücher was at Zwickau, with 30,000 men; Winzingerode, with 15,000, between Merseburg and Altenburg; Wittgenstein and D'Yorck, having crossed the Elbe, threatened Wittenberg with 40,000; Bulow, with 10,000, was observing Magdeburg; Tatenborn, a Russian partisan, had pushed on to the neighbourhood of Bremen with 4000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, most of them Cossacks; 7000 Swedes occupied Stralsund, and Bernadotte, with 10,000 more, was daily expected. In addition to these regular forces, the land swarmed with free corps, and the peasantry were calling for arms. On the part of the French, Davoust and Beauharnois had a force of 40,000 men in the north of Germany, chiefly distributed in garrisons; while the mass of their forces, amounting to 70 or 80,000, were concentrated under Ney, between Frankfurt and Würzburg. The former body, harassed by the active partisan warfare of the allies, was preparing to retreat upon the main body; while their antagonists, inspired by revenge, were eager to advance.

But the scene was altered when Napoleon took the field in person. Concentrating all the forces scattered throughout Germany, and adding to them conscripts from France, and drafts from Spain and Italy, he organized, in an incredibly short space, an army of 150,000 men. On the 29th of April, he was at Naumburg, superintending and directing in person the operations of this immense force. The reputed numerical strength of the allies somewhat outnumbered him; but part were raw levies, and large drafts had besides been made for the purpose of watching the French garrisons. Austria, moreover, continued to refuse an explicit declaration of what part she intended to take in the struggle. Under these circumstances, the allied leaders rashly and prematurely crossed the Elbe. The result was what might have been anticipated. Napoleon soon taught them, that, although at the head of braver and more spirited armies than they had ever previously commanded, they were still opposed to their master,—to him who had beat all of them singly, and was now ready to beat them collectively. They came to blows at Lützen, on the 2d of May; and after a well-disputed battle, in which the soldiers on both sides displayed a most obstinate valour, the allies were forced to give way, and, shortly afterwards, to recross the Rhine.

Napoleon now advanced, and fixed himself upon the Elbe, taking the country round Dresden for the centre of his operations. One part of his forces was detached in the direction of Berlin, another pursued Blücher and the Silesian army. Nothing decisive, however, was effected by the French commanders, whilst, on the other hand, they received several severe repulses from Blücher, the only surviving and worthy pupil of the great Frederick. On the 11th of August, Austria acceded to the allies, and declared war against France. Headquarters were shortly afterwards transferred to Prague; and the three great powers being now united, it was resolved that something decisive should be attempted. It appeared from Bonaparte's motions, that he contemplated a concentration of his force in the neighbourhood either of Leipzig or Dresden; and orders were issued for drawing the allied troops to a head in that neighbourhood. Upon their advance, Napoleon threw himself into Dresden.

The complaint of the Austrian general, Prince Schwartzberg, that it was impossible to carry on the war properly with so many kings and emperors in the army, was justified by the result of the attack upon Dresden. The great army was obliged to retreat, over scarcely practicable roads, into Bohemia, hotly pursued by the French. It was, however, to the mismanagement of the leaders alone, and neither to deficiency in numbers, discipline, nor spirit, on the part of the soldiers, that the defeat was owing. The forces detached by Napoleon under Vandamme against the grand army, and those under Lauriston against the army of Silesia, were both repulsed. Napoleon, advancing in person to direct the operations in Bohemia, discovered the impossibility of making head against such masses as were now combined against him. Every nerve was therefore strained to concentrate the French forces in the neighbourhood of Leipzig; and thither also the march of the allies was directed, but with a degree of foresight taught them by their late experience. With much exertion, and not a little downright scolding on the part of Sir Charles Stewart, the Crown Prince of Sweden was brought upon the field. By these means, the French army was fairly humbled in by its foes; and, to add to its disasters, a large body of Saxons, who had long been murmuring at the necessity of fighting against their countrymen, went over to the allies as soon as they had taken their station. On the 18th of October, the "Battle of the Nations" was stricken on the fields of Leipzig, and the great fortune of Napoleon was beaten down, never more to arise.

The Emperor of the French led off his troops in hot haste over the bleak mountains of Thuringia, with the impetuous and implacable Blücher close upon his rear. To add to their discomfiture, it was now ascertained that Prussia and Wirtemberg had joined the good cause. There was reason to fear that the Bavarian forces, under Wrede, would throw themselves between the fugitives and France; and, notwithstanding the eulogiums heaped by the Marquis upon that general's promptitude, there is little doubt that it was owing to his dilatoriness alone, that this measure was not effected. We have been told that Napoleon drew a long breath when he reached the heights above Hanau, and saw the Bavarians still upon the left bank of the Main. There was a sharp cannonading at the bridge of Frankfort, but the prize escaped.

In a very short time, the European armies had driven the French forces beyond the Rhine, and rested themselves upon its left bank. Napoleon was busied with gigantic preparations for their reception should they cross the river. But the victorious army of Wellington had already, in another quarter, passed the southern borders of France. The allied leaders, who seem never to have contemplated such success, were puzzled what measures to adopt. It was the rising of Europe *en masse* that had palsied the arm of Napoleon, and not the individual talents of those opposed to him. The wishes of the British government, true to its early declaration, that it would never recognise a *saule peace* with Napoleon,—the personal hatred of Bernadotte towards that leader,—and the vindictive feelings of Prussia, carried over the more undecided, and the determination of the usurper was resolved on. The war, which now became one of aggression on the part of the allies, lost much of its moral interest. We refer our readers to the pages of the Marquis of Londonderry for its history.

The Doctrine of Universal Pardon Considered and Refuted, in a Series of Sermons; with Notes, Critical and Expository. By Andrew Thomson, D.D., Minister of St George's Church, Edinburgh. Edinburgh. W. Whyte and Co. Pp. 500.

This volume is, as might be expected from the high name of the author, the most important work that has been published on the subject of the New Heresy;—we also hope

sincerely that it is to be the last. Our opinion remains unchanged, that the silly notions of Mr Erskine and his clerical friend have attracted more notice than they deserve; but since they have become the subject of "Letters," "Sermons," and "Pamphlets" innumerable, we are not sorry that a man of real talent like Dr Thomson should take the matter in hand, and put an end at once to this petty warfare. To say that these Sermons contain a satisfactory refutation of the doctrine of *universal pardon*, is saying very little; one-third of the texts adduced, and one-tenth part of the reasoning, would have been sufficient for this purpose: what we principally admire in them is the clearness, unhampered with verbiage and unnecessary ornament, with which the author pursues his argument. But while we readily admit that few men surpass Dr Thomson in *hunting down* a petty heresy, and also admit that, in the present instance, he is not unsuccessful, we regret that he should have published his work in the shape of sermons. We hold sacred a minister's right of choosing his subject, and adapting his pulpit discourses to the character and wants of his congregation; we shall therefore not enquire whether it was judicious in the Reverend Doctor to bring this controversy into the pulpit at all; but we have a right to enquire whether, in bringing the subject before the literary public, he has not done injury to his argument by adopting this particular form, and whether he has not, at the same time, given us a very bad model of sermon writing? We humbly conceive that he has done both. The flippancy that might amuse us, and the acrimony of sarcasm that we might consider as pardonable, in a controversial pamphlet, disgust us in a sermon. We do not accuse Dr Thomson of inexcusable harshness either of sentiment or expression; we have met with nothing of this kind in a pretty careful perusal of his book; but we meet with a great deal in *his peculiar vein*, which we should be much more delighted to listen to at the Assembly Rooms, or to read in that occasionally amusing periodical, the *Christian Instructor*, than to stumble upon in a volume of sermons. Dr Thomson may say that this is a foolish prejudice on our part, and that what is not improper in the one case, is not improper in the other. We think differently: we have no objection, for instance, to see Dr Thomson bound for a fishing excursion in a pepper-and-salt surtout, and a pair of smart white inexpressibles, but we suspect it would be generally looked upon as some small breach of decorum were he to appear in the same innocent habiliments in his own pulpit. But our great objection to this form of publication is, that it does not permit the author to condense his arguments sufficiently. We can follow a close train of reasoning much more easily and satisfactorily in the closet, than a popular audience can be supposed to do in church; and with regard to controversy in particular, our attention is distracted, and our idea of the argument confused, by those practical applications which are necessary to make a pulpit discourse edifying. We think, therefore, that Dr Thomson ought in justice to the public, and to his own reputation, to have taken the trouble of digesting the substance of his twelve discourses and bulky appendix into a regular treatise, in which case we feel convinced that his work would be more extensively read, and more generally admired.

As we have no desire to enter into the discussion to which the doctrine of *universal pardon* has given rise, and as we have no room for extracts, we must refer those of our readers who feel much interest in the controversy to Dr Thomson's volume, which contains all that can, or at least need, be said on the subject.

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society. London. John Murray. 1830. Pp. 281.

We have read this work with much pleasure. It is a posthumous publication, and consequently imperfect, but

it nevertheless contains a great deal of interesting and instructive matter. The Preface, which was written by Sir Humphry Davy at Rome, in February, 1829, is in these words:—"Salmonia was written during the time of a partial recovery from a long and dangerous illness. The present work was composed immediately after, under the same unfavourable and painful circumstances, and at a period when the constitution of the author suffered from new attacks. He has derived some pleasure and some consolation, when most other sources of consolation and pleasure were closed to him, from this exercise of his mind; and, he ventures to hope, that these hours of sickness may be not altogether unprofitable to persons in perfect health." The volume is divided into six Dialogues, in which the author, under the name of *Philalethes*, and several of his friends, also under assumed names, converse concerning many important subjects in physical and moral science. Occasionally, the dialogue is superseded by narrative, in which a few incidents are introduced, though kept entirely subservient to the sentiments and doctrines of the different speakers. What we chiefly like in the work, is the vein of liberal and philosophical thought which runs through it, and the total absence of all the affectation and flippancy of the modern style of writing. We are not prepared to say that it contains any one train of reasoning that is very profound or very new, but it contains many passages of that solid and profitable kind, which it exercises the mind to read, and which it still more exercises the mind to ponder over, and to consider in their various bearings. The planetary system, the probability of a future state of existence, the comparative merits of different religious creeds, the materiality or immateriality of the soul, the benefits to be derived from science, and more particularly from chemical science, the necessary effects of time, and the enquiry, whether death and change are convertible terms; these, and many other topics of a like nature, are discussed in an enlightened spirit, and it is certainly interesting to be presented with the views of such a man as Sir Humphry Davy concerning them.

In looking for an extract, we have found it quite impossible to hit upon any detached passage which will convey the slightest notion of the general contents of the volume; we have, therefore, taken the following curious incident, which will do little more than afford the reader some idea of the author's style:—

ADVENTURE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

"The fall of the Traun is a cataract, which, when the river is full, may be almost compared to that of Schaffhausen for magnitude, and possesses the same peculiar characters of grandeur in the precipitous rush of its awful and overpowering waters, and of beauty in the tints of its streams and foam, and in the forms of the rocks over which it falls, and the cliffs and woods by which it is overhung. In this spot an accident, which had nearly been fatal to me, occasioned the renewal of my acquaintance in an extraordinary manner with the mysterious unknown stranger. Eubates, who was very fond of fly-fishing, was amusing himself by catching graylings for our dinner in the stream above the fall. I took one of the boats, which are used for descending the canal or lock artificially cut in the rock by the side of the fall, on which salt and wood are usually transported from Upper Austria to the Danube; and I desired two of the peasants to assist my servant in permitting the boat to descend by a rope to the level of the river below; my intention was to amuse myself by this rapid species of locomotion along the descending sluice. For some moments the boat glided gently along the smooth current, and I enjoyed the beauty of the moving scene around me, and had my eye fixed upon the bright rainbow seen upon the spray of the cataract above my head, when I was suddenly roused by a shout of alarm from my servant, and looking round, I saw that the piece of wood to which the rope had been attached had given way, and the boat was floating down the river at the mercy of the stream. I was not at first alarmed, for I saw that my assistants were procuring long poles with which it appeared easy to arrest the boat before it entered the rapidly descending water of the sluice, and I called out to them to use their united force to reach the longest pole across

the water that I might be able to catch the end of it in my hand, and at this moment I felt perfect security; but a breeze of wind suddenly came down the valley and blew from the nearest bank, the boat was turned by it out of the side current, and thrown nearer the middle of the river, and I soon saw that I was likely to be precipitated over the cataract. My servant and the boatmen rushed into the water, but it was too deep to enable them to reach the boat; I was soon in the white water of the descending stream, and my danger was inevitable. I had presence of mind enough to consider, whether my chance of safety would be greater by throwing myself out of the boat, or by remaining in it, and I preferred the latter expedient. I looked from the rainbow upon the bright sun above my head, as if taking leave for ever of that glorious luminary; I raised one pious aspiration to the Divine Source of light and life; I was immediately stunned by the thunder of the fall, and my eyes were closed in darkness. How long I remained insensible I know not; my first recollections after this accident were of a bright light shining above me, of warmth and pressure in different parts of my body, and of the noise of the rushing cataract sounding in my ears. I seemed awakened by the light from a sound sleep, and endeavoured to recall my scattered thoughts, but in vain; I soon fell again into slumber. From this second sleep, I was awakened by a voice which seemed altogether unknown to me, and looking upwards, I saw the bright eye and noble countenance of the Unknown Stranger whom I had met at Pestum. I faintly articulated, 'I am in another world.' 'No,' said the stranger, 'you are not in this; you are a little bruised by your fall, but you will soon be well; be tranquil, and compose yourself.' The next day I learnt from the Unknown the history of my escape, which seemed almost miraculous to me. He said that he was fishing, the day that my accident happened, below the fall of the Traun, for that peculiar species of the large salmon of the Danube, which, fortunately for me, is only to be caught by very strong tackle. He saw, to his very great astonishment and alarm, the boat and my body precipitated by the fall, and was so fortunate as to entangle his hook in a part of my dress when I had been scarcely more than a minute under water, and by the assistance of his servant, who was armed with the gaff or curved hook for landing large fish, I was safely conveyed to the shore, undressed, put into a warm bed, and by the modes of restoring suspended animation, which were familiar to him, I soon recovered my sensibility and consciousness."

To all those who like to speculate upon lofty subjects and with whom a desire to discover truth predominates over every other motive, we recommend this little volume in the full confidence that its contents will not disappoint them.

Laetie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods. By John Galt, Esq. author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. In three volumes. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

MR GALT has an observant, but not a comprehensive mind. Had he turned his attention to natural history, he would have excelled as an entomologist. He would have been very great upon the subject of beetles, silkworms, spiders, and ants. He would have known all about their *bronchie* and *spiracles*. Upon their stomach and digestive organs, including their lower intestines, he would have been quite at home, as also upon their biliary vessels. The viscera of all creeping things he would most microscopically have examined; and a *tipula*, a long-legged fly, would have afforded him a theme for a month's writing. The learning he would have poured forth upon the cock-chaffer, the mantis, or the caterpillar-moth, exceeds computation; whilst all the ephemeræ, larvæ, and tadpoles, would have blessed him as their historian and friend.

We are enabled to speak thus positively from having attentively examined the character of Mr Galt's mind. He is great on little things; all the smaller, and what are generally considered the meaner and less important parts of nature, he observes with a nice and curious accuracy. His hero is sure to be some piddling, pawky, provoking creature, who wriggles, and twists, and worms himself about, till at length the reader almost comes to take

an interest in him, and says to himself—"Well, I suppose there are many such persons in the world." And as we fancy there are; but where Mr Galt happened to meet with them, is more than we know. One would think he had spent his life among a collection of old women who keep stalls, small *leirds* with smaller understandings, the bailies of country villages, the deacons of country towns, dealers in tea and sugar, master-masons, *gilt Jocks*, maiden aunts, who eat *carries* on their bread and butter at tea, tailors, *howdie-wives*, and other personages of a similar description. It no doubt argues a certain degree of ability to describe the habits and propensities of this portion of society with vivacity; but when an author never attempts to do any thing else, he surely cannot expect to be placed very high among those who cultivate the *belles lettres*.

Mr Galt's present work, "Lawrie Todd," does not materially differ in its leading features from its predecessors. It contains the history of a man who began the world in the humble capacity of a nailer, and who having at an early period emigrated to America, and made a little money in New York, afterwards went into the woods and joined some other settlers, all of whom gradually rose to prosperity. The whole story is told with a degree of minuteness which at first is amusing, but which, when protracted through three volumes, appears to us to become extremely tedious. It is no doubt all true to nature; but a thousand things may be true to nature which grow tiresome in the detail. The higher sort of novelist presents us with nature under a thousand different aspects; and instead of dwelling unceasingly on the petty career and operations of some mean and inferior specimen of humanity like Lawrie Todd, he delights in making us acquainted with nobler spirits, whose higher faculties are called into action by high occasions. To these the *profanum vulgus* serve but as foils; and are kept, as in the actual business of civilized life, in their proper place—the back-ground of the picture. This is not Mr Galt's mode of going to work. He not only rejoices in making his hero a nailer, but he writes as if he were himself a nailer. He no doubt draws his scenes in consequence more vividly, but then it is a vividness much more calculated to please nailers than gentlemen and scholars. That "Lawrie Todd" contains many useful hints for the poor emigrant, and that, moreover, there is a great deal of correct painting of low life in it, we do not deny; but this is only a moderate species of praise. We look upon "Lawrie Todd," as well as upon most of Mr Galt's other works, as we do upon a picture of the Dutch school;—it is clever and ingenious, and amuses us for the moment,—but we turn to a landscape by an Italian master, and the Dutch artist sinks at once into his native vulgarity and inferiority.

Jackie; a Tale of the Druids. And other Poems. By Sandford Earle, Esq. Edinburgh. James Robertson and Co. 1830. 18mo. Pp. 383.

THIS is a new candidate for poetical laurels, who has taken unto himself the assumed name of Sandford Earle. There is a good deal of gentle poetical feeling in the book, and though the contents are of very unequal merit, yet they are, on the whole, calculated to reflect credit on the author. The first poem, which is in three cantos, is rather too much protracted for the incidents it contains. It is the story of Eanthe, a British maiden of noble birth, who having been converted from the Druidical to the Christian faith, wishes also to convert her lover; which she has scarcely succeeded in doing when her apostasy is discovered, and she is condemned to a painful death. This poem is decidedly of a sacred character. The following pretty lines, however, from the first canto, might have been written by Moore himself:

"The cheek that was so pale but now,
Glow'd with a sudden glow,

That came so quick, and went so fast,
Ye scarce could notice when it past.
The light cloud on the mountain's side,—
Its shadow on the silvery tide,—
The restless sea-bird on the wing,—
The swiftest and most fleeting thing
That comes and goes in the short-lived space
Of a moment's thought, and leaves no trace
Behind to tell where it hath been,
Is not so passing, and may be seen
For a longer space than that blush upon
Eanthe's cheek; 'twas there,—'twas gone,—
Like some bright star from the firmament cast
To the earth below, so quick it past;
But the calm quiet smile of her tearful eye,
Like the gleams of light that come stealing through
The shadowy mist of a watery sky,
Dispelling the clouds that would shade its blue,
Remain'd to tell, what the blush that was gone
Could never have told, that to look upon
Her Athro there, and to know him near,
Was the wish, the hope, to her heart most dear.
This—this is the beauty of trusting love,
When the heart in its fondness can repose
On a being on earth, as on one above,
And, in its confiding purity, knows
That the heart it loved to rest upon
Beats with a faith as true as its own.
Had the innocent one known earth's alarms,
They would all have been hush'd in her Athro's arms."

The miscellaneous poems are too numerous. They are like a bed of young turnips, and might have been thinned to great advantage. A few of them are decidedly above par; as, for example,

THE LAST SCENE OF ALOYSÉ.

["When Philip of Anjou was travelling, as an officer, towards Spain, he remained for some days at a forester's cottage, in which he had taken shelter from a storm. Aloyse, the forester's daughter, was beautiful as the morning—the young prince was graceful, elegant, and fascinating. He became attached to her, and she, in a far more strong degree, to him. In the meantime, the King of Spain died,—Philip was proclaimed his successor,—and the Spanish ambassadors, on their way to Paris with the crown of Spain, were benighted at the forester's cottage. The rank of the young prince was then discovered, and poor Aloyse felt that every hope was at once crushed within her heart. She uttered no complaint—no murmur; the crown was presented to Philip—he gazed on it—on the splendour by which she was surrounded—on Philip for one moment, and exclaiming, 'I have seen his sun in the meridian of its glory, but mine has set for ever,' fell dead at the feet of her lover, and rested side by side with that crown, which he then could scarcely prize. This little tale has been beautifully dramatised by a talented young authoress of the present day."]

"Together, side by side, they lay—a maiden dead,
And a most kingly crown. Life had but fled
That face and form of beauty, and as yet
Its bright blue eye seem'd scarcely to forget
All it had gazed upon.
And one bent o'er her of a princely form,
And all was hush'd and still, as if the storm
Had pass'd away, and left no other trace
Of its existence, save that pallid face.
Oh, Death! thy withering frown fell lightly there,—
Those lips still smiled,—those features still were fair,—
Those eyes still pure as every dazzling gem
Of that bright crown,—but cold—yea, cold as them.—
Yes, as he gazed, he seem'd to think that eye,
With glance for glance, would still to his reply—
Those lips still speak—still bless—still smile as they
Once spoke—and bless'd—and smiled in happier day.
She was not dead—he could not gaze, and deem
That she was so—it seem'd so like a dream.
Hark to the trumpet's shout!—he hears it not—
His new-gain'd throne—his crown—are both forgot;
The peasant girl was dead—her tempest-tost
And broken heart at rest; and he had lost
More than a crown could give."

We are also pleased with the following stanzas, which remind us of some of Mrs Hemans's minor pieces:

THE BURIED DEAD.

"Bright stars, bright stars, from your home on high
Do ye gaze on the thousands that bur'ed lie?

The true and the brave—yet shed no tear
To moisten the earth of their honour'd bier?

"Do ye gaze with looks so lovely and bright—
They smile and laugh in their own sweet light—
Nor dream ye that sorrow, or pain, or woe,
Can live or be in this world below?

"Ye shine, ye shine, and ye drop no tear,
And ye cannot look upon sorrow here;
For the calm and beautiful light that ye shed
Ever gilds the grave of the buried dead.

"And oh! bright stars, if ever ye weep,
Ye shroud in a veil of clouds so deep,
That your sorrow is hid from mortal view,
And but known by the tear-drops falling through."

We can make room for only one other extract, which we should call a sonnet, were it not that it contains fifteen instead of fourteen lines:

FANCY'S DREAM.

"I sometimes fancy, as I gaze upon
The soft still beauty of a summer's sky
At evening's placid hour, that I can see
A sweet blue eye gaze calmly down on me,—
Gaze calmly down from its bright home, amidst
Those glorious amber clouds that rest upon
The sky's pure breast, and silently implore
The weary traveller in this world below,
To quit its time-worn path—to leave its toil,
And make his home with it. Oh! had I wings,
How gladly would I then, with that kind wish—
That speaking look, comply—how gladly soar
From this dark world, to dwell for ever more
Amidst those amber clouds of peace and rest,
So all replendent in that glorious west!"

These specimens will be sufficient to convince our readers that Mr Sandford Earle is blest with a poetical temperament. His chief faults seem to be, that he at times writes too carelessly and hastily, and that in his blank verse he has a tendency to imitate Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

The History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. II. (the fourth volume of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.) Pp. 438. London. Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1830.

THIS volume contains the reigns of James V., Mary, and James VI., bringing down the history of Scotland from the field of Flodden, till the union of the crowns of Scotland and England, in the person of James, which event, in the estimation of the author, closes the history of Scotland, as an independent nation. We think we could easily, were we inclined, combat this opinion. Down to the period of the incorporating Union, Scotland, though closely connected with England, was to all intents an independent kingdom. Her laws, her constitution, her church, differed from that of England, and so much of the old heaven remained, that the belief of any measure being likely to be acceptable to the English nation, was almost sufficient to secure the adoption of an opposite line of policy by the Scots. If Sir Walter means to say, that the portion of our history intervening between the union of the crowns, and the incorporating union of the kingdoms, throws little light on our present political circumstances, and therefore refrains from writing it, he might on the same grounds have refrained from writing the history of Scotland at all. But if he means to say, that with the accession of James to the English throne, that period of the uninfluenced development of Scotland's civil institutions closed, which stamped our character as a people, he appears to us to be wrong, for it was subsequent to that event that the Presbyterian spirit (the most influential of all) developed itself in that distinct and modified character which triumphed at the Revolution; and if a political moral be sought for

to point and adorn a history, we know no period more rife in fearful lessons than the period we allude to. But the truth of the matter is, Sir Walter's history was to be comprised in two volumes; and finding that he had already rather overfilled his space by the time he arrived at the death of Elizabeth, he availed himself of this opinion as an apology for abruptly breaking off there.

That part of our history contained in the volume now before us, is not one so well calculated for the display of Sir Walter's peculiar talent, as the earlier scenes of our Scottish story. He seizes and represents most graphically the picturesque outside of life, but he is at a loss when called upon to portray the conflict of intellects under the influence of passion and principle. Yet it is from this conflict that the stormy period of the Reformation in Scotland derives what interest it may possess. There are battles enough, but they do not depend, as formerly, upon individual prowess; tactics (although yet in their infancy) have made some progress, and Sir Walter is not sufficiently master of the art of war, to give variety and character to the different encounters; nor perhaps do their rude manœuvres admit of it. Another defect in his history is this, the body of the people have now become more powerful, and obtained in some sort a voice potential, yet we have not one hint from which we can infer their economical or moral condition—not one sentence of statistical detail, or one reference to the progress of learning in the country. The style of the work is equable and pleasing, but garrulous and diffuse. There is also visible throughout the whole book, an *extreme anxiety on the part of the author to avoid committing himself by the expression of a decided opinion.* He balances and seesaws, goes half-way, and retreats again. Witness, in particular, his account of Queen Mary. In short, the more narrowly we look into the work, the more convinced we become of two things. The first is, that Sir Walter, great though his genius be, is not qualified for a historian in the high sense of the word—he wants penetration and the power of condensing. The second is, that his history, such as it is, has been got up rather slovenly, and is left unfinished.

Although we have thus given vent to our disappointment in plain language, we are quite ready to admit, what all will be ready to believe, that there is much good writing scattered through the work.

The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. X. February, 1830. London: Truxtton and Co. Edinburgh: Cadell and Co.

ON the whole, this number is calculated to support the character of the Review. The first article, which contains a pretty full statistical account of the kingdom of the Netherlands, is valuable, although it scarcely bears the same strong internal marks of authenticity, and the rough acquaintance with the subject, that we found in the article on Spanish Statistics in the preceding number. The second article, on the mystical meaning of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, is learned and sensible, although on a subject not much to our taste. The value of Dante's works consists in their lofty and severe tone, in their bold imagery, and, in short, in what they contain of imaginative or poetical. To leave the obvious and valuable beauties of his poetry, and search after the *ignis fatuus* of a recondite and mystical theory, is, like the dog in the fable, to leave the substance and snap at the reflection. The third article contains some interesting notices respecting the kingdom of Brazil. The fourth is an attempt to prove that the Medici family were a parcel of weak rascals. The authority upon which the argument is based, an historical romance, is insufficient; and the opinions supported are erroneous and invidious. Article fifth is an interesting account of the labours of the Catholic Missionaries in China. Article sixth is a review of the popular French novelist, Paul de Kock, written in a spirit eminently Cockney. The seventh article, on the cha-

meter and writings of the Spanish patriot, Jovellanos, is judicious, but has been anticipated. Articles eight, on the history of the Gnostic heresy—nine, on the English Court of Chancery—ten, on the Crusades—and eleven, on Jacotot's system of tuition, are all respectable. The twelfth article, on the final settlement of Greece, is full of information, and written in a good spirit; only it is a little disfigured by an unseemly boasting of the effects of its precursor in No. IX. The critical sketches, literary notices, and list of new Continental publications, at the end of the number, are complete and interesting. The Foreign Quarterly must, however, struggle vigorously against a tendency to become too exclusively political.

The Lost Hair, and the Prediction. In 3 vols. London. Edward Bull. 1830.

THE first of these tales is the best. It is told with considerable art. There is a mystery around its opening, which gradually dispenses,—but it is only at intervals, and partially, that the light is let in upon us; so that while we see the truth is coming out, enough of uncertainty remains to excite our curiosity and carry us on. The author's chief object seems to have been to make his novel a compendium of all the different kinds of style at present in vogue. He rolls into one—the fashionable novel, whose scene is London or Paris,—the Irish novel, whose scene is Ireland or Paris,—and the American novel, whose scene is a Yankee town or forest. The hero and heroine, with all their friends, are of the Hiberno-Gallie race; the villain who does all the mischief, and is killed in the end, is a Bond-Street loungeur. The tale opens with a scalping scene in America, and is afterwards transferred to France, where we are treated to a full-sized panoramic view of the Battle. The second tale is a bloody bad one. If we reflect right—for, having supped full of its horrors, we are loath to open up the book again—only two of the dramatic persons are left alive. The work is from the pen of Mr Power, the Irish comedian, and, we believe, has not well.

A Dictionary of General Knowledge; or an Explanation of Words and Things connected with all the Arts and Sciences. Illustrated with numerous Wood-cuts. By George Crabb, A.M., Author of "English Synonymes," &c. &c. London. Thomas Tegg. 1830. Post 8vo. Pp. 364.

THIS work combines elegance and utility in no ordinary degree. It is beautifully printed in double columns, and many of its definitions and explanations are illustrated by means of neatly executed engravings—mechanical, architectural, zoological, botanical, and miscellaneous. For the juvenile and less informed reader, the book teems with information; while even the scholar and man of liberal acquirements cannot fail to derive benefit from it as a work of occasional reference. It has been drawn up with due regard to brevity; but, at the same time, such explanations have been added to almost every definition, as serve to convey something more than the bare meaning of the word. Another recommendation is, that it contains a vast number of words and phrases which are not to be met with in any other Dictionary, but with which it is scarcely less necessary to be acquainted than with those used in ordinary discourse. We have been so much pleased with this work, that, both with the view of enabling our readers more completely to understand its nature, and of transferring to our pages some of the information it contains, we have selected a few definitions, which will give a general idea how the rest are handled:

ALPHABET.—"A series of the several letters in the language, which vary in number in different languages. The Hebrew contains 22 letters, as also the Chaldean, Samaritan, Syriac, Persian, Ethiopic, Saracen, &c.; but the Irish, which is the same as the Phlegian, or Scythian, still retains only 17; the Greek alphabet, which was brought by Cadmus into Greece from Phœnicia, and was also Pelas-

gian in its original, consisted of 16 or 17, to which were afterwards added 7 or 8 more, to make up 24. The ancient Arabic alphabet consisted of 24, to which 4 more letters have since been added; the Coptic alphabet consists of 28; the Turkish of 33; the Georgian of 36; the Russian of 39; the Spanish of 27; the Italian of 30; the Latin of 23; the French of 23; and the English of 26. See more on this subject under the head of Writing. The Chinese have no proper alphabet, unless we reckon as such their keys to classes of words, distinguished by the number of strokes combined in each, of which they have 214 in number. As to the written character of these alphabets, see Writing."

AMENDE HONORABLE.—"An infamous kind of punishment formerly inflicted in France on traitors, parricides, or sacrilegious persons, who were to go naked to the shirt, with a torch in their hand, and a rope about their neck, into a church or a court, to beg pardon of God, the court, and the injured party."

ARCHERY.—"The art of shooting with a bow; formerly a favourite diversion among the English, who were also much skilled in it as a military exercise. The practice of archery was much encouraged by our kings. It was followed both as a recreation and a service; and Edward III. prohibited all useless games that interfered with the practice of it on holidays and other intervals of leisure. By an act of Edward IV. every man was to have a bow of his own height, to be made of yew, hazel, or ash, &c.; and mounds of earth were to be made in every township for the use of the inhabitants. There were two kinds of bows in use among the English; namely, the long-bow, and the cross-bow; those who used the long-bow were called archers, in distinction from the cross-bowmen. The English archers were the most skilful in Europe, and were employed in the army long after fire-arms were introduced. The Artillery Company of London is an ancient fraternity of archers and bowmen, besides which, there are several companies of archers in England, as the Woodmen of Arden."

AUTOMATON.—"A self-moving engine, more particularly the figure of any animal, having the principle of motion within itself by means of wheels, springs, and weights; those in the figure of a man are called Androids, as the mechanical chess-player, &c.; those of animals are properly called Automata. It is said that Archytas of Tarentum, 400 years before Christ, made a wooden pigeon, that could fly; and that Archimedes made similar Automata. Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle, that flew forth from the city, met the emperor, saluted him, and returned; also an iron fly, which flew out of his hand at a feast, and returned again, after flying about the room. Dr Hooke made the model of a flying chariot, capable of supporting itself in the air. M. Vaucanson made a figure that played on the flute; also a duck, capable of eating, drinking, and imitating exactly the voice of a natural one; and, what is still more surprising, the food it swallowed was evacuated in a digested state; also the wings, viscera, and bones, were formed so as strongly to resemble those of a living duck. M. le Dros, of La Chaux de Fonds, presented a clock to the King of Spain, which had, among other curiosities, a sheep that made a bleating noise, and a dog watching a basket, that snarled and barked when any one offered to take it away."

BANNS OF MATRIMONY.—"The publishing of marriage-contracts in the church before the performance of the marriage ceremony. By the ordinances of the church, when persons are to be married, the banns of matrimony shall be published in the church where they dwell three several Sundays or holidays, in the time of divine service; and if, at the day appointed for their marriage, any man do allege any impediment or pre-contract, consanguinity or affinity, want of parents' consent, infancy, &c., why they should not be married, (and become bound with sureties to prove this allegation,) then the solemnization must be deferred until the truth is tried."

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.—"A privilege in law, at first peculiar to the clergy, but in after times made common to the laity. When any one was convicted of certain crimes, he had a book given him to read, and if the ordinary or his deputy pronounced these words, 'Legit ut clericus,' he reads like a clergyman or scholar, he was only burnt in the hand, and set free for the first offence, otherwise he was to suffer death."

BILBOES.—"A term at sea, for the long bars of iron with which the feet of offenders are confined, the irons being more or less heavy, according to the nature of the offence."

BLAZONRY, OR BLAZONING.—"That branch of the art of Heraldry which consists in expressing, in proper terms, all that belongs to coats of arms. The word comes from

the German bläsen, to blow; because a trumpet used to be blown at jousts, &c., previously to the heralds recording the achievements of the knights."

CARDS.—"Pieces of pasteboard, of an oblong figure and different sizes, made into packs of 52 in number, and used, by way of amusement, in different games. They are painted with various figures, namely, hearts, spades, diamonds, clubs, and kings and queens. They are said to have been introduced in the fourteenth century, to divert Charles VI., King of France, who had fallen into a state of melancholy. By the hearts, coeurs, were meant the gens de coeur, choir-men, or ecclesiastics, instead of which the Spaniards use chalcas. The spades, in Spanish, espadas, swords, were intended to represent the nobility, who wore swords or pikes. The diamonds, or carreaux, designated the order of citizens or merchants. The trefle, trefol leaf, or clover grass, was an emblem of the husbandman; this is called clubs with us, because the Spaniards have bastos, clubs, on their cards. The knaves represent the servants of the knights. The four kings were intended for David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne, who established the four great monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. The four queens were supposed to represent Argine, i. e. regina, the queen by descent, Esther, Judith, and Pallas. The moulds or blocks used for making cards, were exactly like those which were shortly afterwards used in the making of books."

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.—"A hilly district of Buckinghamshire, which has belonged to the crown from time immemorial, having the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds attached to it. By the acceptance of this office, any Member of Parliament is enabled to vacate his seat, and is obliged to do it in this manner; that is, in the usual phrase, 'accept the Chiltern Hundreds.'"

CINQUE PORTS.—"The five ancient ports on the east coast of England, opposite to France; namely, Dover, Hastings, Hith, Romney, and Sandwich; to which are added, as appendages, Rye and Winchelsea. They have particular privileges, and are within the jurisdiction of the Constable of Dover Castle, who, by his office, is called Warden of the Cinque Ports."

COPYRIGHT (in Law).—"The exclusive right of printing and publishing copies of any literary performance, which is now confirmed by statute, to authors or their publishers, for a certain number of years, that is to say, for twenty-eight years in all cases, whether the author survive that period or not; and to the end of the author's life, if he live beyond that period; besides, as an action lies to recover damages for pirating the new corrections and additions to an old work, publishers may acquire almost a perpetual interest in a work, by republishing it with additions and annotations."

ECHO.—"A sound reflected or reverberated from some body, and thence returned or repeated to the ear. Echoing bodies may be so contrived as to repeat the echo several times. At Milan, there is said to be an echo, which reiterates the report of a pistol 56 times; and if the report be exceedingly loud, the reiteration will exceed that number. The celebrated echo at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, repeats the same sound fifty times. But the most singular echo hitherto spoken of is that near Roseneath, a few miles from Glasgow. If a person, placed at a proper distance from this echo, plays eight or ten notes of a tune with a trumpet, they are correctly repeated by the echo, but a third lower; after a short pause, another repetition is heard in a lower tone; and then, after another interval, a third repetition follows, in a still lower tone."

HABEAS CORPUS.—"A writ which may be made use of by the Courts at Westminster for removing prisoners to answer any cause, as a Habeas Corpus ad respondendum, ad satisfaciendum, &c.; but the most celebrated writ of this kind is that of Habeas Corpus ad subjiciendum, which a man who is, or supposes himself to be, aggrieved by an unlawful imprisonment, may have out of the King's Bench, directed to the person detaining him, and commanding him to produce the body of the prisoner; to submit to, or receive, whatever the court shall consider in that behalf. This writ was founded on the common law, and secured by many statutes, particularly that of the 31st Charles II. which is, by distinction, called the Habeas Corpus Act."

We do not say that all the definitions and explanations are equally interesting with those quoted above, and we could point out several particulars where we think there is room for improvement in a second edition; but, on the whole, we are satisfied that Mr Crabb, the ingenious editor of this work, has hit upon a very happy idea, and ex-

ecuted it with great ability. We may mention in conclusion, that not only are definitions given of the different sciences, but short historical essays, very distinctly written, are added, which serve to show the progress of arts and science from the earliest periods to the present time.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. London. Fisher, Son, and Co., &c. 11 Numbers. 1890.

SINCE we last noticed this excellent popular work, which appears regularly in monthly numbers, the editorship has been transferred from Mr Stebbing, whose other avocations obliged him to resign it, to Mr Jerdan of the *London Literary Gazette*. The engravings continue to be beautifully executed, (with the exception, by the by, of Dugald Stewart in No. 11.) and the memoirs are written in a distinct and agreeable style. In reference to this work, we avail ourselves of the following remarks from our ingenious contemporary, the *Dublin Literary Gazette*:—"We cannot conceive a more pleasing occasional hour's occupation, than in turning over the leaves of a volume of this kind, and making ourselves intimate with the most characteristic of all autographs of eminent men—the unerring index which mind has given of itself in the countenance. An examination of this sort, if we have ourselves a physiognomical perception, will satisfy us that there is truth in Lavater; for, however weak and undecided the physiognomical expression of character may be in the case of minds of little eminence, those of great vigour and power are invariably strongly marked and historical. If the reader doubts the fact, let him turn to the portraits of Benjamin West, the painter, Sir Humphry Davy, Doctor Woolaston, Bishop Heber, and some others in this volume, and then look at those of the Duke of B. and others of the nobility. He will at once perceive the difference to which we allude. The latter look extremely well for Lords, but their heads would not do at all for great philosophers, painters, or poets. These form a class of nobility, holding their titles by a patent higher yet than even majesty itself. 'Of seven peasants,' said Henry of the-six-wives, 'I could make seven lords, but of seven lords I could not make one Holbein'—nor of seven kings either, he might have added—and yet Holbein was hardly a first-rate painter."

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade in the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands, from 1809 to 1816. By Captain J. Kincaid. 8vo. Pp. 351. London. T. and W. Boone. 1890.

THIS is an excellent and amusing book; and although it neither gives, nor pretends to give, lessons in strategy, or a true history of the great operations of our armies, we hold it to be a very instructive work. Napier, it is true, continues to be our text-book in the art of war; but even in his work there is something wanting, something which a due attention to historical etiquette prevents his conveying to us. He shows most satisfactorily the talents of our generals, and the morale of our army; but there is an insight into its composition which he cannot give us, and which, indeed, nothing can give but a wide personal acquaintance with military men, and lots of volumes like the present.

The rifle brigade was among the bravest regiments in an army where all were brave. And well it might be so, if custom have any effect in confirming dispositions naturally valiant; for from 1809 to 1815 it was scarcely ever out of hearing of musket-shot; and during the whole of the Peninsular war it was constantly in advance of the army, "feeling for the enemy,"—by no means the most pleasing kind of groping in the dark. A competent judge has said of this regiment—"I never saw such skirmishers

to the ninety-fifth, now the rifle brigade. They could do the work much better, and with infinitely less loss, than any other of our best light troops. They possessed an individual boldness, a mutual understanding, and a quickness of eye, in taking advantage of the ground, which, taken altogether, I never saw equalled. They were, in fact, as much superior to the French *voltigeurs*, as the latter were to our skirmishers in general. As our regiment was often employed in support of them, I think I am fairly qualified to speak of their merits."

Yet this very regiment, when it landed in Portugal, consisted almost entirely of boyish recruits. "Lord Wellington's retreat upon the lines of Torres Vedras," says our author, "was a measure that ultimately saved the country, though ruinous and distressing to those concerned, and on no class of individuals did it bear harder than on our own little detachment, a company of rosy-cheeked, chubby youths, who, after three months' feeding on ship's stumplings, were thus thrust, at a moment of extreme activity, in the face of an advancing foe, supported by a pond of raw beef, drawn every day fresh from the bullock, and a mouldy biscuit." It is really wonderful what a couple of campaigns and such training made out of these fellows. Speaking of a review in May, 1813, as the army was about to break up from winter quarters, "It did me a very heart good," says our author again, "to look at my battalion that day, seeing each company standing a hundred strong, and the intelligence of several campaigns stamped on each daring, bronzed countenance, which looked you boldly in the face, in the fulness of vigour and confidence, as if it cared neither for man nor devil."

Captain Kincaid starts upon the following principle:

"Every man may write a book for himself, if he likes, but this is mine; and as I borrow no man's story, neither will I give any man a particle of credit for his deeds, as I have got so little for my own that I have none to spare. Neither will I mention any regiment but my own, if I can possibly avoid it. With regard to regiments, however, I try to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates, the forty-third and fifty-second, as a part of ourselves; for they bore their share in every thing, and I love them as I hope to do my better half, (when I come to be divided.) Wherever we were, they were; and although the nature of our arms generally gave us more employment in the way of skirmishing, yet, whenever it came to a pinch, independent of a suitable mixture of them among us, we had only to look behind to see a line in which we might place a degree of confidence, almost equal to our hopes in heaven; and we were ever disappointed."

The consequence of this doughty resolution not to go beyond his own *last* is, that, before we finish the book, we get as well acquainted with Captain Kincaid, and all round about him, as if we had made the campaign along with them. We think the Captain worthy of his regiment, and are at a loss whether we should admire him not dancing the Highland fling in a cool morning, to turn himself after a bivouac, or kissing nuns, or criticising generals, or hunting pigs, or fighting, or making philosophical remarks, or lying down in a field covered with eight inches water, when the word is given "to make themselves comfortable for the night." If, however, his picture is to be prefixed to the second edition of his work, we recommend the following passage to the author's attention, as affording a good hint for a striking situation:

"Be it known, then, that I was one of a crowd of skirmishers who were enabling the French to carry the news of their own defeat through a thick wood, at an infantry canton, when I found myself all at once within a few yards of one of their regiments in line, which opened such a fire that had I not, rifleman like, taken instant advantage of the cover of a good fir-tree, my name would have, unquestionably, been transferred to posterity by that night's practice. And, however opposed it may be to the usual system of drill, I will maintain, from that day's experience, that the cleverest method of teaching a recruit to stand at attention, is to place him behind a tree and fire balls at him:

as, had our late worthy disciplinarian, Sir David Dundas, himself been looking on, I think that even he would have admitted that he never saw any one stand so fiercely upright as I did behind mine, while the balls were rapping into it as fast as if a fellow had been hammering a nail on the opposite side, not to mention the numbers that were whistling past, within the eighth of an inch of every part of my body, both before and behind, particularly in the vicinity of my nose, for which the upper part of the tree could barely afford protection."

The Captain must be a sensible man, for his opinion of the Duke of Wellington exactly coincides with our own:

"From the moment I joined the army, so intense was my desire to get a look at this illustrious chief, that I never could have forgiven the Frenchman that had killed me before I had effected it. My curiosity did not remain long ungratified; for, as our post was next the enemy, I found, when any thing was to be done, it was his also. He was just such a man as I had figured in my mind's eye; and I thought that the stranger would betray a grievous want of penetration who could not select the Duke of Wellington from amid five hundred in the same uniform." Again he says, "We anxiously longed for the return of Lord Wellington, as we would rather see his long nose in the fight than a reinforcement of ten men any day."

The following is a specimen, which occurred at Victoria, of the Duke's omnipresence in the fight, and the effect of his slightest word:

"One of their shells burst immediately under my nose, part of it struck my boot and stirrup-iron, and the rest of it kicked up such a dust about me, that my charger refused to obey orders; and while I was spurring, and he was capering, I heard a voice behind me, which I knew to be Lord Wellington's, calling out, in a tone of reproof, 'Look to keeping your men together, sir;' and though, God knows, I had not the remotest idea he was within a mile of me at the time, yet so sensible was I that circumstances warranted his thinking that I was a young officer cutting a caper, by way of bravado, before him, that words would not have tempted me to look round at the moment."

After crossing the Garonne, a party of Spaniards were beaten back in attempting to storm the heights, and retreated farther than military etiquette admits of. "The only remark Lord Wellington is said to have made on their conduct, after waiting to see whether they would stand after they got out of reach of the enemy's shot, was, 'Well, d—n me if ever I saw ten thousand men run a race before.'" One story more, and we have done: "I was told that while Lord Wellington was riding along the line under a fire of artillery, and accompanied by a numerous staff, a brace of greyhounds, in pursuit of a hare, passed close by him. He was at the moment in earnest conversation with General Carstairs; but the instant he observed them he gave the view hallo, and went after them at full speed, to the utter astonishment of his foreign accompaniments." All this is in excellent keeping with the Duke standing with his back to the stove in the House of Lords, his coat-tails tucked up under his arms, telling some noble lord to speak up. He would be as great a man without "this way of his own," but not half so much to our taste. We heartily recommend Captain Kincaid's book.

Sermons on the Seven Churches in Asia, &c. By the Rev. Dr. Muir, Minister of St Stephen's Church. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. Pp. 288.

"ONE design," says Dr Muir, in his advertisement, "in publishing this volume, will be answered, if the perusal of it shall strengthen this conviction in the minds of any, that the Book of Revelation, instead of being employed for the purpose of exercising curiosity and fanciful conjecture, may be read exclusively for a religious and moral use." Agreeing as we do with Dr Muir, that this latter is the most important use which we can make of the Apocalypse, we take the present opportunity of saying a word or two about a class of expositors, whose writings on this difficult portion of Scripture we are inclined

to consider as singularly injudicious and unprofitable. We allude to those prophets, of whom the Rev. Edward Irving is the modern representative, who, seeking to be wise above what is permitted, have devoted much time, and no inconsiderable talents, to a vain attempt at unveiling futurity by fanciful glosses on the mysterious visions of the inspired apostle. We say a *vain* attempt, because we consider the legitimate use of prophecy to be this,—to prepare us in a general way for the future manifestations of God's providence,—to sustain the constancy of saints by shadowing out to them the general features, the trials, the prosperity, and the final triumph of the church,—and to furnish, as soon as the prefigured events shall have actually come to pass, incontrovertible proof of His authority by whom they were revealed, and of the truth of that revelation with which they are inseparably connected. If we look to the Old Testament prophecies concerning our Saviour, we shall find that they were calculated to serve this very purpose; to us, these prophecies are clear as noon-day, and even a child can trace their pointed application to our Saviour's character, and their striking accomplishment in the circumstances of his life, and death, and resurrection: and yet to the Jewish doctors these very prophecies were so difficult, as to give rise to theories as unsound, and as absurd, as the speculations of the Millennium doctors of our own day. But we not only hold that the prophecies of the Apocalypse were not meant to be *fully* understood before they were accomplished, and therefore, that it is idle to speculate about particular time, and place, and circumstance, and special character, in regard to them; but we maintain farther, that even if we were able to ascertain all these points satisfactorily, still it would be wasting our time unprofitably, and using the Revelation of God unworthily, to occupy ourselves in the idlest of all human employments, prying into a future which does not concern us, while we necessarily sacrifice to this silly curiosity some of our valuable opportunities of progressing in actual holiness. What is it to us whether or not Mr Edward Irving is to lead the saints at the battle of Armageddon? We speak seriously when we say, that we think it quite as legitimate a subject of curiosity to speculate on the probability of his wearing, upon that occasion, the outrageous costume in which he made his appearance last year at the General Assembly. Scripture has been given for a much nobler purpose than gratifying the impertinent curiosity of idle dreamers; and we do not think that a Christian minister employs his own time, or the time of his congregation, profitably or properly, in broaching theories, however ingenious, upon a subject which has been designedly wrapped up in mystery, and with regard to which he *must* be as ignorant as the least learned of his hearers.

From the speculations of such prophets, we willingly turn our attention to the modest and practical volume before us. Dr Muir was already known to us by his public reputation as a judicious and very popular preacher; and these Sermons on the Seven Churches prove, that his popularity rests upon a better foundation than the unintelligible flights and dangerous mysticism by which some of our modern pulpit orators have acquired a high reputation. We do not mean to say, however, that these Sermons are distinguished either by much novelty or depth of thought;—this is not their character; but we conceive that we bestow on them much higher, as well as juster, praise, when we say that, in pure evangelical doctrine we think them unexceptionable, and that they point out our duty so clearly, and enforce it with so much justice of reasoning and felicity of illustration, that we can safely recommend them to the public as practical and useful. Dr Muir dwells at no great length on the history and circumstances of the Asiatic Churches, which were the immediate objects of the Apostle's address; his principal design is, to consider the characters given of the Seven Churches, as belonging to individuals or classes of professing Christians in our own day; and to illustrate, by

experience and from analogy, the causes which contribute to the formation of such particular character, and the proper means for establishing a good, confirming an uncertain, and shaking off a drowsy and ungodly, habit of mind. We forbear making any extracts from a volume, which is less remarkable for containing brilliant passages than for its general good sense; but we heartily commend the volume itself to the perusal of all whose taste has not been so much vitiated as to make them reject the plain, wholesome doctrines of religion, as applicable to the common business of life, and the formation of the Christian character.

Nevertheless, we have somewhat against Dr Muir. It is this,—that, although his style is, in general, correct, and his composition elegant, his book is sometimes disfigured with affected prettinesses of expression, and an ambition of language, which displeases because it is unnecessary, and is obviously a straining at effect. We are the less disposed to tolerate these violations of good taste in the present instance, because we understand that, to the virtues of an amiable and pious mind, Dr Muir unites, in an eminent degree, the accomplishments of the distinguished scholar.

On Financial Reform. By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P. London. John Murray. 1830.

It is really ludicrous to observe the desponding apprehensions avowed by certain individuals regarding the present state of the country. Ignorant of historical facts, and of the true maxims of economic science, they mistake temporary interruptions for confirmed symptoms of decline; and, of course, whenever the country emerges from its difficulties,—which must eventually happen,—they will ascribe those consequences to supernatural agency, which can be accounted for on the most ordinary principles of supply and demand. To such persons we recommend the perusal of Sir Henry Parnell's work, in which they will find not only a satisfactory solution of their doubts, but an able exposition of some of the most intricate questions connected with Financial Reform. Yet, gratified as we have been with the *general* character of the present work, there is one part of it to which we cannot altogether assent.

Our author frequently overlooks the distinction between the primary or apparent, and the real or ultimate, incidence of taxes. Judging from Sir Henry's statements, we might be apt to conclude, that the tax on a commodity fell, not on the consumer, but the producer. This is, however, erroneous. No doubt the producer ostensibly pays the tax, and by him it is conveyed into the treasury. But so truly does it emanate from the consumer, that whenever his wealth no longer permits, or his inclination no longer prompts him to purchase the commodity, the trade ceases, and the tax remains unpaid. Suppose, therefore, that the producer be possessed of a certain capital, a fourth part of which he has to advance for the tax, of course a fourth less of the commodity will be produced. Still, however, the replacing power, which originally met the whole, now meeting the remaining three-fourths, the price is increased just in proportion to the whole amount of the deficiency, or, in other words, by the whole amount of the tax. So long, therefore, as the producer determines to maintain the same standard of enjoyments *after*, as previous to, the imposition of the tax, we contend that, while the supply of the commodity may diminish, the price must increase, and the tax be levied from the consumer.

With these very hasty remarks, we recommend Sir Henry Parnell's work to the attentive perusal of our readers. One great merit of the book is, that, in general, its conclusions proceed, not on mere vague speculation, but on that sound practical analysis which ought ever to regulate our investigations of financial reform.

A Dictionary of the English Language; with an Introductory Dissertation. By N. Webster, LL.D. In 2 volumes, 4to. Publishing in Parts. Part I. London: Black, Young, and Young. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark. 1830.

THIS is a work which is held in great estimation in America, where it originally appeared, under the superintendence of Dr Webster; and a new edition of it now is about to be published in this country. Three of its leading objects are to exhibit,—1st, The origin and affinities of every English word, as far as they have been ascertained, with its primary signification as now generally established;—2d, The orthography and the pronunciation of words, as sanctioned by reputable usage, and, where this usage is divided, as determinable by a reference to the principle of analogy;—and 3d, Accurate and discriminating definitions of technical and scientific terms, with numerous authorities and illustrations. We can easily conceive that a prejudice may exist in this country against an English Dictionary emanating from America; but we have every reason to believe that Dr Webster is well qualified for the task he has undertaken. His Introductory Dissertation on the origin, history, and connexion of the languages of Western Asia and of Europe, proves him to be a scholar of no mean attainments; whilst we are aware from other sources that he is an acute thinker, and a most laborious investigator. We do not doubt that the work, now in course of publication, will be found an important addition to philology.

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. (Abridged by the same.) Being the Family Library, No. XI. London. John Murray. 1830.

MR MURRAY could not have made a more acceptable addition to his Family Library than his present work, which is purely and classically written, and is replete with interest. As the larger edition of the Life of Columbus has been before the public for some time, and has already taken its ground, it would be a work of supererogation to enter into any detailed criticism of the contents.

An Account of the Ship Life Boat. By James Mather, Esq. Second Edition. Edinburgh. Adam Black. 1830.

ON the various plans for the important object of saving human life in cases of shipwreck, we regard the one proposed in the ingenious pamphlet before us, as the most simple, cheap, and efficacious. The expedient it suggests, is merely that every ship should carry on board a boat so constructed as to combine the qualities of a life boat and an ordinary long boat. In this case the crew would not be left to the chance of assistance from the shore, as they are by the inventions of Captains Manby, Greathead, and Woulham. Besides, it is evident, that when vessels are driven ashore, the wind and sea must frequently be insurmountable obstacles in attempting to put out to their relief; while, on the contrary, they must be in an inverse ratio favourable to boats from the wreck. In order too that the Life Boat may more easily get clear of the ship in a stormy sea, a simple and ingenious launching apparatus is proposed to accompany it; and of this, as well as of the boat itself, a drawing and description are given by Mr Mather. The expense of both frame and boat, it seems, does not amount to L.10, the cost of an ordinary long boat. When it is considered that last year there were not less than 408 British vessels lost, 54 of which are supposed to have foundered at sea, and their crews to have perished, it becomes of importance to give the most serious attention to any plan which has for its object the prevention of such calamities.

Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe. From Original Paintings. By Lieut.-Colonel Batty, F.R.S. London. Moon, Boys, & Graves. Part I. January, 1830.—Oporto. Imperial 4to.

THIS is one of the most splendid works of art in the landscape department which has yet appeared in this country. The first Part, now before us, contains six different views of the town of Oporto and the surrounding scenery, engraved in the most rich, clear, and elaborate style, from paintings which, though we have not seen the originals, evidently entitle Colonel Batty to be ranked along with our Turners and Thomson. The views are all taken from the most advantageous situations, and include a great variety of remarkable and interesting points. To identify the views in the recollection of those to whom the places and scenes may be familiar, and, as far as practicable, to convey a similar pleasing familiarity to those who have not visited them, the Colonel has given, in addition, slight etchings of each view, in which the different objects are numbered, corresponding with marginal references, and which thus serve as keys to the finished engravings. This is an excellent plan, and gives to the different scenes, independent of the beauty of their execution, quite a panoramic interest. Among the different engravers employed for this splendid work, we are glad to see the name of Mr William Miller of this city, who ranks second to none of his profession. Views of Gibraltar, two of which we have seen, and which are equally brilliant as those of Oporto, will form the subject of the second Part.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals. Drawn from the Life, and engraved by Thomas Landseer. London. Moon, Boys, & Graves. Parts I. and II. 1830. Royal 4to.

THIS work consists of engravings executed by Mr Thomas Landseer, from his own drawings, of rare or beautiful animals, now existing in the principal collections of France and England. It is appropriately dedicated to the Zoological Society of London. The name of Landseer is in itself a tower of strength, and insures the accuracy, distinctness, and vigour of the different Sketches. Neither the natural historian nor the amateur could place his favourite subject in better hands; and when, in addition, we consider the well-written letter-press descriptions which accompany the different engravings, it would be most unfair not to acknowledge that this is a work of great utility and value.

FINE ARTS—NEW ENGRAVINGS.—*The Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette after the Battle of Waterloo.*

The Scottish Wedding.

Alexander Innes, Esq. Provost of Elgin. 1828.

WE have at this moment before us the only etching yet in Scotland of an engraving, now in progress, of Wilkie's celebrated painting of the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette." Although by no means in a finished state, enough has been done to convince us that the engraver, Mr J. Burnet, has been most successful in catching the spirit of the original, and in preserving that rich individuality of character which distinguishes the different persons introduced, and makes Wilkie the *facile princeps* of this department of painting. The print is of a large size, admitting of minute and distinct detail, and there can be no doubt that it will obtain a very wide circulation as soon as published.—The engraving of the Scottish Wedding, an admirable production, which was exhibited here at the last Exhibition in the Royal Institution, is not less successful. It has been intrusted to Mr Stuart, of this city, who was selected for the task by Mr Wilkie himself, and is evidently determined to show that the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced. It is im-

possible to judge of the full effect of engravings from the state in which these two specimens at present are, but we can safely say, we never saw any works of the kind which promised better.

From Elgin, a copy has reached us of a mezzotint engraving of Alexander Innes, Esq. Provost of that town, and a gentleman held in universal respect and esteem by those who know him. The print is executed by Henry Dawe of London, from a painting by D. Alexander, and reflects much credit upon both artists.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A LETTER FROM YARROW.

THE SCOTTISH PSALMODY DEFENDED.

To the Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

["Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" In common, we doubt not, with many of our readers, we have perused Mr Tennant's acute and able criticisms on the different versions of the Psalms with the highest pleasure. But if Mr Tennant be entitled to espouse one side of this question, the Ettrick Shepherd is no less entitled to take up the other; and, as our pages are at all times open to free and fair discussion, we cannot say that we regret to see two such worthy champions riding a friendly tilt against each other. The subject-matter is of importance; and there are no two men living more able to do justice to it in all its bearings.—ED.]

DEAR SIR—What the devil does the amiable and ingenious Mr Tennant mean by trying to turn our ancient Scottish psalmody into ridicule, and, in particular, by daring, for his soul, once to compare it with, far less estimate it below, the cold, miserable, correct feeling of Tait and Brady? Tait and Brady, forsooth! Lord help the man! Has he so lost all taste for the ancient ardour and simplicity of the primitive fathers of the Scottish Church, as to degrade their touching and sublime strains with those of any modern sacred lyrist, far less with the most commonplace of them all? It is certainly the strongest dereliction from good taste that I ever lamented over in a man whom I have always esteemed as one of true genuine feeling. Indeed, in such estimation do I hold our ancient Scottish psalmody, that Mr Tennant's lacubrations have rung in my ears as blasphemy. For my part, I never read any poetry in my life that affected my heart half so much as those sublime strains of Zion, sung in what I conceived to be the pure spirit of their ancient simplicity; and the antiquated rhymes and Scotticisms at which Mr Tennant jeers so much, are to me quite endearing qualities. Does he really suppose that the Scottish language, as spoken or written in the days of James the Sixth, should be conformable to the rules of Lindley Murray? Fie, fie, Mr Tennant! And, moreover, many of the rhymes which he picks out to turn to ridicule are legitimate rhymes to this day—*vide* Sir Walter Scott. And does he make no allowances for the great difference in the pronunciation of two centuries? If he take the old readings, he will find that the very worst rhymes he quotes are quite correct. Does he not know that, even within these fifty years, the word *imperfect* was always sounded *imper-fite*; and he will hear every old countryman use it, in his common discourse, to this day. Where, then, lay the *monstrum horrendum* of this rhyme?—High was always pronounced *hee*; bow, *boo*; eye, *ee*; reign, *ring*; so that all the rhymes are strictly correct. You had better take care, Mr Tennant. Touch not, taste not, handle not. What would Sir Walter Scott or Mr Surtees say of a fellow who would pull down an ancient and beautiful structure, because some of the shapes of the panes of glass were gone out of fashion? I can tell you what they would say—That the fellow ought to be hanged. Perhaps you are engaged in correcting our ancient psalmody; but again I say, *take care*. These Psalms have an old watchman

guarding over them here, who has had them all by heart since he was ten years of age; and what he wants in erudition and ability, he has in zeal to keep every innovator in due subordination.

It is true, and no person will attempt to deny, that some of the verses are antiquated and plain. But that is one of their chief beauties; because these verses only occur where the original is equally unpoetical; and to have attempted to have made such verses grand, would only have been a caricature. But wherever the original is capable of it, how beautifully simple and sublime they are! Now, as I never opened the Psalms of Tait and Brady save to despise them, and have our old version all by heart, I shall just open the former by random, and compare notes.

Very well. Here is the 65th Psalm, from the beginning:

"For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits thy chosen seat,
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
O thou who to my humble prayer
Didst always lend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear."

There's for you, Mr Tennant! There's a correct draw! for you, of which you seem so much enamoured! Listen to the thunder of the old Calvinist:

"Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord,
To thee vows paid shall be;
O thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to thee."

I declare my old hand shakes as I write this, though it was merely by random that I opened the book. Where is the preponderance there, Mr Tennant? On which side is the pith, the beauty, and the sublimity? Why, the one is just like a cold winter sky, and the other a rainbow; and such is the model you would introduce into our church! No, no, Mr Tennant! Believe me, the simplicity and energy of our primitive psalms suit exactly our worship, for which they were framed. They are models of one another, even to their blemishes; and sorry would my heart be to see them corrected out of your elegant Tait and Brady! I might well then sing the old song,

"Scotlande pe a' turn'd England now."

Suppose, for a further experiment, without turning the leaf, we try another first verse:

"Lord, thee my God I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for thee.
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
Wherein no waters be."

"O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'r shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want."

How do you like this for a change, Mr Tennant? Why, notwithstanding that wee antiquated word *be*, which you carp so beautifully at, the one verse is worth fifty of the other. Why should any man take a forehammer to break an egg with, when he can do it with a penknife?

Suppose we now turn to a single verse, a particular one, which is generally sung at a death-bed in Scotland:

"Into thine hands I do commit
My soul, for thou art he,
And thou, JEHOVAH, God of truth,
That hast redeemed me."

Many a time have I seen the souls of both old and young sighed away with those sweet words quivering but on the lips. Now, really, I have not the face to quote the Tait and Brady lines against these, but they are well enough known to Mr Tennant, for often has he presented them two lines at a time, and sung them with the dying voice about Dollar; and I am sure, if he liked to tell the truth, he would confess that they gave every one of them the hiccup.

But turn to any thing pathetic, beautiful, or sublime in the whole psalmody, I care not where it be,—nay, let any person do it, however prejudiced, and say candidly, which is the most simply beautiful, and closest to the original. Remember there is a great deal lies in that; for is it not a glorious idea that we should be worshipping the same God, in the very same strains that were hymned to him by his chosen servants in the Tabernacle 3000 years ago? But in the modern English version I will defy any man to trace the same strain of thought that runs through the prose translation. In ours, they are literally the same. Therefore, the less that Messrs Brady and Tait—(by the by, I do not know if that is the English way of spelling the latter gentleman's name—Is it, Mr Tennant? I know it is spelled that way in the song of "Jack Tait;")—I say, I think the seldomer they measure vapours "wi auld Geordie Buchanan, young man," the better for them. Or if there is to be a modification, let the ancient and original spirit of ours be installed into theirs, which would be an incalculable advantage. As I said, read any truly poetical part of the psalms in both versions. Read the 8th, the 23d, the 84th, the 116th;* and in thus turning over my borrowed psalmody, I cannot help comparing the opening lines of each version of the latter sweet psalm:

"My soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possessd,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.
Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair,
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r."

That is very respectable, is it not, Mr Tennant? Is it really esteemed as a literal and energetic opening this at the Dollar Academy? Alas! hear how our antiquated reformer has it:

"I love the Lord, because my voice
And prayers he did hear;
I while I live will call on him,
Who bow'd to me his ear."

Now turn to the prose translation. The Scottish version is literal; it is the same, verbatim: the other is quite the reverse. Observe, Messrs Tait and Brady do not love the Lord because he has heard their prayer. But they have some *grateful thoughts* of loving him some time for doing it—nay, their souls are *entirely possessed* by this laudable resolve. There is no such idea expressed by the *Great Psalmist*, in "I love the Lord." And in the second verse, they say they are determined never more to despair, now that the Lord has once inclined his ear to them. Where did they pick up that sentiment about despair? Not from the words of the son of Jesse. And note farther. They are only going to address their prayers to him in the *straits of life*! no other time. Now, that is hardly fair in Dr Brady and Mr Tait, and quite abstract from the sentiments of gratitude expressed by David. But it is ever thus. The English versifier is constantly going about the bush, and, like a preacher who has very few ideas, wants to blow up the few he has with as many large swelling words as he can press into the sentence. In the same spirit every one must read

the two openings of the 137th; the whole of the 139th;—and, by the by, I wish you would read the 13th verse of this psalm over again, and tell me what the fellows mean by the *threads in the loom* there mentioned. What threads in what loom? Or where did they pick up the idea, far less the expression?

But enough of this carping and foolery, from which I have been unable to refrain; for my veneration of our ancient psalmody is such, that to see an innovation in it would almost break my heart. The venerable Principal Baird sent me a special invitation to his house one evening, many years ago, and in his own name, and those of his brethren, presented a request to me to new versify a part of the Psalms. I answered, that he might as well propose to me to burn my Bible, or renounce my religion. The reverend father looked astonished, and asked an explanation. I said, "it was because these verses, modelled as they were now, had long, long been the penates of Scotland. Every peasant in Scotland had them by heart, and could repeat any part by day or by night, as suited his or her family's circumstances. The shepherd recites them to his son on the lonely hill, the mother to the child in her bosom. They are the first springs of religion in the peasant's soul, mingled with all his thoughts and acts of devotion through life, and hymned on the cradle of death; and to make any innovation there, would be with a reckless hand to puddle and freeze up the pure springs of religion in the hearts of the most virtuous and most devout part of our community. No, no, Dr Baird; for the love of God and your fellow-men, have no hand in such an experiment! Our country communities would be less shocked, and their religious rites less degenerated, by the introduction of the liturgy at once, than by a new psalmody. I will versify as much of the other parts of Scripture as you want or desire, but never shall I alter, or consent to the alteration of, a single verse of our old psalmody, for they are hallowed round the shepherd's hearth."

So say I to Mr Tennant. I respect him, nay, I love him as a brother; but, for the household gods of the Scottish peasant,

"As long as I can wield a sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

And if there is really to be an edition of the Psalms from Dollar, if you, my dear Editor, will grant me the first reviewing of them, they shall be an edition of *decolour* to somebody. I am, dear sir, yours ever,

JAMES HOGG.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AND THE TORWOOD OAK.

We are always anxious to rescue from oblivion any circumstances connected with the ancient days and former glories of our native land. We are, therefore, happy to avail ourselves of some documents which have lately been placed in our hands, with the view of throwing light upon the history of that old and famous tree, which, not less entitled to our admiration than the Royal oak of Sherwood Forest, afforded shelter and protection to the good Sir William Wallace.

Trees are at all times objects of interest, and none more so than the majestic oak, which sees the growth and the decay of surrounding woods, and which is still flourishing and strong when the castle it beheld built in former centuries is now a mouldering ruin. Of all the oaks which Scotland has produced, not one ever attracted more attention than that which grew in Torwood, formerly an extensive forest in the parish of Dunipace, in Stirling-shire. This forest was a favourite haunt of Sir William Wallace when but a young man, and in his wanderings through it he formed an intimacy, if we may so speak, with one tree in particular, with which subsequent events indissolubly linked his name. This was an oak of a very venerable and striking character, the trunk of which,

* Read also Psalm 75d, from the 24th verse.

even in its last days, measured in one place, forty-two feet in circumference, and in another was about twelve feet in diameter. There was in this oak an immense cavity, in which not only Wallace himself, but occasionally some of his friends, sought and found refuge from the pursuit of their enemies in the dangerous and troublous times in which they lived. That the openings in this tree were all hollow as far back as the twelfth century, proves it to have been of great age even then, and it was, indeed, generally believed to be a Druidical tree, and that it had been consecrated at a very remote period to religious purposes. This is rendered more probable by the fact, that some vestiges of stone-work were discernible, which surrounded it in a circular form. It stood upon a slight elevation, but upon swampy ground, and rude causeways were afterwards formed leading to it in different directions; for, associated as it was with the names of Wallace and of Freedom, it was visited in later times almost as a holy shrine, at which the Scottish peasant might re-animate his patriotism.

We regret to state, that although a part of the trunk of this venerable tree existed till about the end of the last century, no traces of it now remain. In the words of the Rev. Mr Stirling, in his edition of Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire, "this august vegetable is now invisible." Its destruction was much precipitated by the pilgrims who resorted to it, all of whom were anxious to carry off pieces of the wood, which were afterwards converted into various memorials of Wallace. The oak, however, long survived all its less hardy brethren. "In this ancient Torwood," says Dr John Walker, in his Essays on Natural History, "it stands in a manner alone; for there are no trees, nor any ruin of a tree, to be seen, that is nearly coeval. Compared to it, even the oldest of them is of a very modern date." Even after it had fallen into almost total decay, a peculiar sort of renovation, which sometimes occurs in an old tree, happened to this. In several places, a young bark shot upwards from the root, and formed one or two fresh branches towards the top of the old trunk. As late as the year 1789, the trunk was twenty-four feet in height, and was still in vegetation. The following vignette, which is from a drawing made in that year by the late Mr A. Kincaid, and which we know to be entirely authentic, conveys an accurate idea of the shape and appearance it then had :—



It will be observed, in the above cut, that the tree has separated in the middle, and that the one-half has mouldered almost entirely away. Yet, even in this condition, the wood was so hard as to admit of a high polish. To us, there is something more than commonly interesting in its antique and worn-out appearance, as if it still clung to its natal *solum* with a feeling of pride, and with a consciousness that it had been instrumental in protecting the liberties, and adding to the glories, of old Scotland. We believe it was blown down some years after this, for we cannot bring ourselves to suppose that any proprietor would voluntarily remove it. We are glad, also, to know, that although this patriarchal tree no longer exists, there

has grown up on the same spot a young oak, which is now about a foot in diameter, and, as if conscious of its hereditary honours, is already the tallest in the wood. We cannot, however, state that it grew out of the old stock; for such is the kingly nature of the oak, that one plant never assumes the ground that has been previously occupied by another, until every part is consumed and displaced by the proper vegetable mould. Yet it is to be hoped that the new oak will not disgrace the reputation of its predecessor; and though it may never shelter a hero like Wallace, it may perhaps come to perform lesser feats as its prototype did not disdain to do. It is, for example, a tradition of Stirlingshire, that nine queys having on one occasion gone amissing, all search proved fruitless, until they were at length accidentally discovered pleasantly pent up in the interior of the far-famed tree!

It is a curious circumstance, and deserving of notice that in the year 1788, the iron head of an ancient Scottish spear was found in the Torwood, about a foot below the surface, and about thirty feet west from Wallace's Tree. It was presented, in the same year, to the Society of Antiquaries, in whose possession it now is, by Mr Alexander Kincaid, stationer. We have seen this relic of former days, and it is impossible to look at it, without allowing the imagination to form many fanciful conjectures as to its probable history and possessor. This is indeed, the chief advantage enjoyed by the antiquarian that pegs are continually presenting themselves to him upon which to hang a thousand conjectures. The spot upon which stood the Tree of Wallace, must for ever be sacred ground; and every thing that tends to throw light upon its localities, must be interesting in the eyes of a Scotchman.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—My excellent friend, Robert Anderson, M.D. died on the 20th of February, at a quarter before four o'clock in the afternoon, having attained to the venerable age of eighty years. Few men will be more regretted among us. His amiable and gentlemanlike manners, his prodigious store of information, and the heartfelt willingness with which he imparted it, will ever be remembered by those who knew his worth, and enjoyed the pleasure of his conversation. He has been long known to the world as an author. His judgment and taste are happily displayed in his edition of the British Poets, a work which has now become scarce. He was more or less connected with various other publications; and among others I may mention the *Bee*, concerning which, and its excellent editor, the amiable Dr Blacklock thus speaks, in a poetical epistle addressed to Burns :

"Anon to my business I wish to proceed,
Dr Anderson guides, and provokes me to speed,
A man of integrity, genius, and worth,
Who soon a performance intends to set forth;
A work, miscellaneous, extensive, and free,
Which will weekly appear by the name of the *Bee* :
Of this from himself I enclose you a plan,
And hope you will give what assistance you can."

Literature owes to Dr Anderson much more than his own actual labours. His acute understanding first discovered and encouraged the genius of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Mr Campbell, with great propriety, inscribed that splendid production to his friend. The ingenious and erudite author of "Anster Fair" likewise enjoyed the pleasure of his correspondence, previous to a personal acquaintance. In short, many of the most eminent men of our country were his friends. I may, in particular, mention, in reference to Burns, about whom much has been said of late, that the Edinburgh pub-

* We are indebted for this cut to the Proprietors of *Constable's Miscellany*, who procured it for their forthcoming *Life of Wallace*, which is likely to contain much curious and interesting information.

were first made acquainted with his poems through Dr Anderson. I owe it to the memory of my excellent friend to state what passed between us on that subject only a few days previous to his death, and to claim for him that priority of the notice of Burns's poetry, which Mr Lockhart has assigned to Mr Mackenzie. The Doctor did not write the article I am about to allude to, but to him is due the praise of first pointing out the merits of the Ayrshire ploughman, and causing them to be more extensively known. The circumstances are as follows:—

On a journey to Alnwick, Dr Anderson had, for a fellow traveller in the coach, a Mr Cummings, an Ayrshire gentleman. They had much conversation together, and, among many other things, Mr Cummings enquired if the Doctor had seen Burns's Poems, the Kilmarnock edition of which had just been published about that time. The Doctor replied he had not, nor had he ever heard of the name; and did not feel inclined to pursue the enquiry, receiving that the volume was probably the production of some common-place rhymester. Mr Cummings, however, reverted again and again to the subject with great enthusiasm, which so far excited the Doctor's curiosity as to induce him to request Mr Cummings to repeat any of the verses he could recollect. Mr Cummings complied, and Doctor Anderson then heard for the first time the Stanzas to a Mouse. This riveted his attention, and he eagerly enquired where he could procure a sight of the volume. Mr Cummings referred him to Mr Brown, a jeweller in Edinburgh, who had a copy of the work; and, as soon as the Doctor reached home, he got it, and perused it, as may readily be conceived, with the greatest delight. He instantly set off to Mr Sibbald, to show him the treasure he had got; and his partner, Mr Stewart, wrote that article, with extracts from the poems, which appeared in the number of the *Edinburgh Magazine, or Literary Miscellany*, for October, 1786, and added farther extracts in the November number. In the December number, Mr Mackenzie's elegant article from the *Lounger* is inserted, and thus prefaced:—"In the Magazine for October and November, our readers (many of them, we believe, for the first time) were made acquainted with the name of the poet Burns; and, by the specimens which we then took the liberty to insert, were enabled, in some degree, to form an opinion of his extraordinary talents. His fame is spreading rapidly, and the merit of his works is acknowledged by all who have had an opportunity of seeing them. We hope, however, that few will be displeased with us for giving a place to the following elegant critical Essay, in which our Scottish Bard is introduced to the readers of the *Lounger*; more especially as the paper has received some corrections since its first publication on the 9th December."

Burns was made known first through these very specimens to Mr Miller of Dalswinton, his worthy landlord, who was so delighted with them, that, thinking the poet was some needy ploughman, he sent the sum of five pounds to Mr Sibbald to be given to the bard. This circumstance is slightly hinted at in Dr Currie's Life, page 191, G. B.'s edition.

In conclusion, I may add, that the portrait, an engraving from which is about to be published by Messrs Constable and Co., Doctor Anderson thought very highly of indeed. At first, however, he was not much inclined to rest upon the likeness as being favourable, having his mind prepossessed, or rather pre-occupied, with Beugo's print; but, upon farther examination, as memory brought back the living likeness, he allowed that there was more of the immortal original in this painting than in any thing he had ever seen. A specimen, which was sent to him, of Mr Horsburgh's engraving, highly pleased him, and he deemed it fortunate that the portrait had fallen into such able hands.

Thus, sir, have I to mourn the loss of one for whom I

had the most perfect respect, and to deplore that my acquaintance with him only existed for a few short years of the latter part of his life. His friendship for me and mine I shall cherish among the most valuable records of my heart. I regret exceedingly that I am so little qualified to do any thing like adequate justice to his memory and worth; nevertheless, I trust,

"Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise."

I am, Sir, &c.

P. MAXWELL.

5, Archibald Place, Edinburgh,
9th March, 1830.

LETTER FROM PISA.

THE FINE ARTS—PROFESSOR ROSINI—AN ENGLISH LITERARY JOURNAL—LITERARY PROPERTY IN ITALY—THE NUN OF MONZA.

Pisa, February 6, 1830.

I took up the pen to give you some account of the present state of the arts at Pisa, but it would be as dull and uninteresting to yourself as to your readers, were I to enumerate a few obscure painters and sculptors whose fame has not yet, and never is likely to extend beyond the Alps. Suffice it to say, that though the Pisans had the glory of reviving the fine arts after their long slumber during the dark ages, and of first diffusing a taste for them in their ancient Grecian simplicity and beauty, there is now no city in the Peninsula where they are less cultivated, or, more properly speaking, absolutely neglected, than this in the present day.

The renowned Campo Santo is no longer a public cemetery, being now converted into one for the ashes of the illustrious dead only, and a repository of Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman antiquities. It may be termed a museum in itself, as its walls are covered with frescoes by the old masters, and lined with urns, bas-reliefs, and sarcophagi, to which have been recently added a few splendid pieces of modern sculpture, such as those that ornament the tombs of Pignotti, by Ricci—a distinguished scholar of Canova—and of Vacca, the friend of Byron, by Thorwaldsen.

There is no public gallery, and only two private collections of pictures here worth looking at—those of Count Agostino, containing 300 or 400 pictures, three or four of which are certainly originals of good masters; and the splendid little collection of cabinet pictures belonging to Signor Rosini, Professor of Belles Lettres at this University, who has displayed his well-known taste and judgment in their selection. This highly-gifted person, who, in literature, may be termed the Magnus Apollo of Tuscany, in conjunction with some of his brother professors, conducts a literary journal, published monthly, in the vernacular tongue; not satisfied with which, an English periodical, called the *Ausonian*, has just appeared. Do not imagine from this circumstance, that the English who reside at Pisa are men of such literary taste or attainments as either to require or encourage a monthly paper for their amusement; by no means—they comprise very few intellectual persons; for it may be said that the animal predominates among them. There are, however, some honourable exceptions, at the head of whom stands pre-eminent our gallant countryman Lord Lynedoch, the distinguished veteran whose valiant deeds in the field have shed a lustre on old Scotland.

To give you a slight idea of the new literary journal, I prefer analyzing its contents, rather than sending it to you, for I daresay you would not thank me for putting you to the expense of postage, which it is really not worth. The editor is a German, I believe, who is well acquainted with English and Italian, which he speaks and writes pretty correctly. I have before me the prospectus, dated so far back as September, 1828, in which he professes to treat the public with original essays, relating chiefly to

the literature of this classic land,—critical reviews of the most important Italian works, as soon as they are published,—and general intelligence, scientific and literary, from Rome, Florence, Naples, &c. After sixteen months' gestation, having, in the meantime, obtained about thirty subscribers, at a guinea each,—“parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus,”—the long threatened performance was at length published a few days ago. It is about the size of the *Literary Gazette*, containing twelve pages of letter-press; but, from the large type and mode of printing, not more than half the quantity of matter either in that periodical or in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. The price of each number is 5 pails, or 2s. 3d., though I question if it would sell for 3d. in England. There are only two original articles, which occupy nine or ten pages; the first is a spirited, well-written paper on the defective regulations relating to literary property in Italy, and the subject is treated with much ability by H. G. B.,* who resides at Pisa under a cloud, for this is not only a resort for English invalids, but also a *refugium peccatorum*. There is so great a similitude between Italy and Germany—both divided into a number of different states, the same language being common to all—that it would appear natural, as far as literature is concerned, to consider them as one family, which might easily be done were the Italian princes to enter into an arrangement in order to prevent the introduction of surreptitious editions of the works of native authors into their respective states, similar to the agreement made by the consent of the German sovereigns at the Diet. The great disadvantage in Tuscany, for instance, is, that an author not only enjoys no copyright of his own works—it may be granted as a matter of favour by the Grand Duke for a limited time—but at Turin, Milan, Venice, or any other city, his work may be reprinted by any bookseller who chooses to run the risk, thus depriving the unfortunate author of nearly all the profits of his labours, which every enterprising publisher may pocket. The remedy proposed by the writer is one which might easily be adopted, viz. that all the universities in Italy should make common cause, and petition their respective governments to effect a change so much required for the benefit of authors, and for the extension of literature in general.

The second article, by the editor himself, is a criticism on the review which appeared in a late number of the *Foreign Quarterly* of Rosini's interesting romance, “*La Monaca di Monza*.” Some curious particulars are given, relating to the origin of this work, which is the production of the learned professor's leisure hours; but the tenor of the whole is too much in the style of a puff, totally uncalled for, in favour of a novel which passed through twelve editions in Pisa, Florence, and Turin, in the course of a few months. Our critic speaks of it in what he is pleased to term “his present discourse,” as “above all condemnation.”

To these two articles are added reviews of five new works—none of them of the slightest general interest, even in Italy—huddled into less than a couple of pages, without giving a single extract from any of them, except one stanza, I believe, of “*Alcune rime di F. Sacchetto*.” Finally, the twelfth and last page of this periodical contains half-a-dozen advertisements of pictures and books for sale, and furnished lodgings to let, &c. &c. I doubt not you are heartily tired of this sorry attempt at an English literary journal abroad, and I shall be rather surprised if it proves more successful than the similar one started in Pisa some years ago by Leigh Hunt, called the “*Liberal*,” which dropped after the third number, though he reckoned amongst his contributors Lord Byron and the unfortunate Shelley. Were this paper in good hands, it would be very gratifying to see it prosper; but if it gains no strength as it proceeds, the sooner so miserable a cari-

cature on English criticism ceases the better; however, it is never likely to prove a public nuisance, for its readers will not probably extend much beyond its thirty subscribers, in the number of whom, I need not add, after what I have said, will never be comprised,—Your sincere friend,

J. D. SINCLAIR.*

FINE ARTS.

THE FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY. (Concluding Notice.)

WE propose to say a word or two this week of the most deserving artists among those whom we consider, either from their pursuing a false bent, or from their being yet too young in art, inadmissible into that class, upon the labours of whose members we rest our hopes of the success of painting in Scotland.

D. O. HILL. It was with considerable reluctance, and after careful reflection, that we excluded this artist from the highest class. He has evidently been working hard, and not without effect. His landscapes are among the best in the Exhibition. His “*Sir William Worthy telling Patie's fortune*,” has much good matter in it. There is a rich, ladylike expression about Peggy, and her look towards the pretended fortune-teller is as of one whose deep love struggles to make her believe what her better sense rejects. Jenny's air of *espèglerie* contrasts finely with the deeper feeling of her lovely companion. The other figures are all respectable. Of Mr Hill's landscapes the best is No. 140—“*The Musselcraig of the Antiquary*.” This artist is most to seek in the matter of true and simple colouring.

JAMES STARK has some pretty landscapes in his peculiar style. He seems to have been trained in the same school with the Nasmyths, but he has better and more massive foregrounds, a stronger body of colour, his trees are less *dotty*, and his distance more aerial.

MR SELBY has two clever pictures in his department. We have long known this gentleman's talents as an accurate illustrator of zoological works, but this year he has gone beyond himself. There is the true feeling of an artist in “*Hopes Destroyed*.” The malicious cock of the magpie's tail, and the gusto with which he slubbers up the egg, are highly characteristic. The impotent rage of the male bird, who puts his whole soul into his attack on the plunderer, and the helpless wailing of the mother, which we almost hear, are beautifully conceived and expressed. If Mr S. would give more truth to the colouring of his accessories, and choose more artist-like backgrounds, he would leave us nothing to wish in his little pieces.

ALEXANDER FRASER is scarcely himself this year. He has no such nice compact piece of painting as his “*Tinker*,” exhibited last season. There is not one of his productions in which we could not point out something that is good, but there is not one that produces any effect as a whole. His drawing is execrable, as witness the *Fisherman*, in No. 117, and his *Girl at the Pump*, in No. 99.

ROBERTS has only one picture—and it proves nothing but a great deal of wasted time and talent. What has set him a-copying Martin? He can paint, and Martin cannot. On the other hand, there is a passionate frenzied power about Martin, that gives an interest even to his worst productions,—and of this Roberts has not a tittle. Back! back! within the lawful boundaries of art!

DANIEL MACNEE has a prettily drawn and coloured picture of a *Girl*, No. 297.

BOWAR has some nice little things; but he had as good, if not better, last year.

ROBERT GRIS is a promising artist; but he must take care, for he is giving in to a meretricious style of colouring.

* This is, of course, not the H. G. B. of the *Literary Journal*, but, we believe, Mr H. Gray Bennet. The coincidence is curious.

* Author of the entertaining volume of *Constable's Miscellany*, entitled “*An Autumn in Italy*.”

WILLIAM KIDD has a very clever illustration of the Gentle Shepherd, showing

"how the tawse
Were handled by revengeful Mause."

It is a very well painted picture, and enters, moreover, completely into the humour of Ramsay.

We are seriously angry with J. B. KIDD. Last year he promised something, but this year he has scarcely a picture that is worth any thing. There is neither a body of colour, truth to nature, or beauty of any kind, in his paintings. That he should be so utterly unconscious of his deficiencies as to expose to public view that glaring daub, No. 260, argues ill of his future progress. The foreground is shadowy and unsubstantial; the green of the trees cold and unnatural, and most absurdly placed upon an equally cold blue; the hills are hard, and the whole scene, though called morning, might, with equal justice, be called evening. The View of Abbotsford is, if possible, worse, with its long, harsh, unnatural lines of light, and its deer from a toy-shop. The only tolerable picture by this artist in the Exhibition, is a "View of Loch Calliach, on Loch Lomond," (No. 15.)

WILLIAM SMELLIE WATSON has two fancy pieces—"La Vierge de la Charité" (155) and "The Correspondent" (163.) They are too much mere pieces of trickery—attempts to catch the eye by transparency and strong reflection.

Nearly the same sentence may be passed on the PARNETT'S "Female Ornithologist" (1.) and his "Study," (234.)

FREDERICK GRANT'S "Trooper of the Ninth Lancers," (161,) is a spirited performance, in the manner of Velasquez; and his "Portrait of Lord Gray on a favourite Pony," is a fine bold piece of painting.

The painter of "An Old Cottager" (199) need not fear to lay aside his "Anonymous"—he has the right stuff in him.

It really does not occur to us that there is another picture in the Exhibition worth noticing, either for praise or blame.

There is no great display of Sculpture this year—nothing but busts. The best are Mrs Hemans (332) and the Duke of Argyll, (330,) by Fletcher; "a Gentleman," (329,) by J. Steell; and the Reverend Dr Peddie, (331,) by Joseph.

We are given to understand that the duty of selecting the pictures fit to be exhibited, and that of hanging them when selected, devolved this year upon two different bodies. We really cannot determine which has shown least judgment in the discharge of its office. For the benefit of those upon whom the task may devolve next year, we would suggest, in the first place, that good critics are apt to judge of an exhibition by the quality, not by the quantity, of the pictures it contains; and, in the second place, that the situation of a picture should be determined by its intrinsic merit, and by the light best adapted to it, not solely by its fitness to fill up some vacancy.

scribed by Humboldt. His Indian guides led him to a great variety, all of which, however, had more or less of an acid and deleterious principle mixed with the lactescent quality. At last, on an excursion up the river Demerara, he was told by the native inhabitants of a settlement just below the first rapids, of a tree, called by the Indians Hya-hya, the milk of which was both drinkable and nutritious. The specimen of this plant, seen by Mr Smith, had a trunk from 16 to 18 inches in diameter; and was from 30 to 40 feet high, branching from the top. The bark was greyish, slightly scabrous, and about a quarter of an inch thick; and the milk seemed to be secreted between it and the wood. The leaves were elliptic, acuminate, smooth, and oppositely pinnate. The flower was monopetalous; the calyx single, contiguous to the flower, and four-parted; the peduncle axillary, bearing four flowers, and sometimes five. The flower was sufficiently developed to enable Mr Smith to ascertain that it belonged to the class *Pentandria*, and the order *Monogynia*. The tree had been felled before Mr Smith saw it, and having fallen across a small rivulet, the water was completely whitened by its juice. The milk-like fluid was richer and thicker than cow's milk, and quite destitute of all acrimony, leaving only a slight feeling of clamminess on the lips. This viscosity it lost when drunk in warm coffee, with which it mixed freely, and appeared incapable of being distinguished from animal milk. A portion of the juice, preserved in a bottle, did not begin to curdle till the seventh day after it was taken from the tree; and on the twelfth day, some of it was used by Mr Smith in tea, without its being discovered from animal milk by those who drank it. The Hya-hya is said to be by no means uncommon in the woods of Demerara; and there is reason to hope that its fruit may soon be procured. A dried specimen of the Hya-hya, and a small bottle of the milk, were transmitted by Mr Smith to Professor Jameson, along with his letter. The latter is now undergoing a chemical investigation; the former was exhibited to the meeting, accompanied by descriptive notes from the pen of Mr Walker Arnott. This gentleman referred the Hya-hya to the natural order of *Apocynæ*, and the genus *Taberna-montana*—under the name of *T. utilis*. "The usual properties of the milk of the *Apocynæ*," continued Mr Arnott, "are deleterious, and it is rather remarkable to find an instance to the contrary in this tribe; and I do not think there is any other on record. Future observations may however, perhaps, ascertain similar mild qualities in other species of *Taberna-montana*, especially in their young branches, or when the sap is on the ascent, and before it be elaborated. Among the *Asclepiadæ* of Brown, which have similar baneful properties, and which many botanists, indeed, consider a mere section of *Apocynæ*, an instance is also known of the milk being wholesome; I allude to a plant found in Ceylon, which the natives call Kiriaghana, from Kiri (milk), and employ its milky juice when the milk of animals cannot be procured; its leaves are even boiled by them as a substitute in such dishes as require to be dressed with milk—it is the *Gymnema lactiferum* of Brown. The young shoots of several species of plants belonging both to the *Asclepiadæ* and *Apocynæ* are used as food."

Dr Scott read an essay "On the question—whether domestic poultry were bred among the ancient Jews?"

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Monday, 8th March.

Professor RUSSELL in the Chair.

Present,—Dr Moncreiff; Donald Gregory, Gabriel Sur-rene, T. Repp, Esqrs. &c. &c.

There was exhibited, by permission of John Gregory, Esq. advocate,—Commission by the Rector, Principals, Doctors, and Professors of the University of St Andrews, dated 10th June, 1673, to Mr James Gregory, Professor of Mathematics in the University, to go to London to purchase instruments necessary for the proper teaching of Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, and Astronomy, in the said University; and to obtain the most approved plan for an Observatory to be erected at St Andrews.

There was then read,—An enquiry into the origin, use, and disuse, of the instrument called "the Maiden," and into the Laws and Customs in virtue of which Criminals were decollated by the said instrument,—by Monsieur G. Sur-rene, F.S.A., Scotland, and Corresponding Member of the Grammatical Society of Paris.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

Saturday, 6th March.

HENRY WITHAM, Esq. in the Chair.

Present,—Professors Graham and Brunton; Drs Greville and Scott; Walker Arnott, James Wilson, James Hogg, Patrick Neill, Esqrs. &c. &c.

There was read a letter from James Smith, Esq. to Professor Jameson, containing an account of the Hya-hya, or Milk-tree of Demerara. It appeared from this communication that the writer, during his travels in South America, was constant in his enquiries after trees yielding milky juice, similar to the Palo de Vaca (or Cow-tree) de-

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LETTER TO MY COUSIN.

'Tis thus that time flies on, sweet coz,
One month after another;
And every month is like the past,
As a brother is to a brother.

O! very little variety, coz,
Is strew'd upon manhood's path;
Truth flings its pebble at Fancy, coz,
And she falls like Goliath of Gath.

The skies wore the purple of summer, coz,
And the days were bright and long,
And the streams ran prattling, merry things,
And the groves were alive with song,—
When last I heard the music, coz,
Of that golden voice of thine,
Awaking feelings in my heart,
Which died, and made no sign.

And now we have nothing but winter, coz,
With its wind, and mud, and sleet;
And people with noses as blue as plums,
And chilblains, and damp feet;
And hazy gas-lamps glimmering, coz,
And dinners at half-past six,
And hackney-coaches rattling, coz,
Through a forest of stones and bricks.

And then there are evening parties, coz,
Where girls with curly hair
Dance in a style that would make you smile,
If it did not make you stare;
And very polite young gentlemen,
In coats that are nicely cut,
Simper a heartless compliment,
And through the apartment strut.

And, of course, there are ices and negus, coz,
And tongues and chickens to boot,
And jellies and creams innumerable,
And cheese-cakes and dried fruit;
And if you are very pressing, coz,
And have an engaging way,
Perchance some damsel will kindly squall
The ballad of "Alice Grey."

Good Lord! is this society, coz?
Are these the delights of life?
I wish from my heart I was buried, coz,
Or married to some old wife,—
And living away on a far hill side,
With a garden, a cow, and a pig,
And I only a simple cottar, coz,
With a Bible and Sunday wig.

O! better by far to have tranquil thoughts,
And wishes of narrow range,
Better to look on your own green glen,
And never to wish for change,—
Than to feel the poverty of wealth,
The littleness of state,
And to turn with a smile of bitter scorn
From the nothings of which men prate.

Alas! there is many an hour, dear coz,
When my heart grows sick and faint,
And I gaze on the haggard face of life,
And view it without its paint;
And deeply I feel how lonely it is
To have no one to feel with me;
For they see me mingling with the rest,
And they judge but as they see.

Yet there is joy in memory, coz,
If fancy hallows it;
And *thou* shin'st in my memory, coz,
Like the cross on some old minaret,
Which glitters first in the morning sun,
And last in the evening light,
And holy and calm ever rises up,
Like a dream in the dead of night.

With thee there is link'd for ever, coz,
The gladness my spring time knew,
When the very mists look brighter, coz,
Than the heavens themselves now do;
Yet, though darker at length be my path, dear coz,
Still let my sand-glass run;
From thee my heart catches a summer glow,
Like a cloud in the wake of the sun.

H. G. B.

OH! THE LITTLE WORLD WITHIN!

By Charles Doyno Silvery.

Oh! the little world within us! Oh! the little world within!

What is it, but a chaos wild of sorrow, care, and sin?
I'm lost—within myself I'm lost—like water in the linn—
And the more I think, the more I sigh—Oh! the little world within!

To-day I love most tenderly—love even to perfect madness,—

To-morrow hate all human kind, and brood in selfish sadness;—

This hour I'm lost in rapture, but the next hour I begin
To grow as cool and calm as Death—Oh! the little world within!

At times I dare not strike the chords—at others I'm all song;—

Sometimes I deem that wrong is right—sometimes that right is wrong;—

I meditate so deeply, oft my brain begins to spin,
And my very soul is sick with thought—Oh! the little world within!

Now burning tears in torrents flow, yea, flow in perfect rivers,—

Soon after, I could dash this world, with all its worms, to shivers:

This moment, like a hare, I'm seized in pleasure's wily gin,—

But the next my heart is pure and free—Oh! the little world within!

Oh! the little world within us! Oh! the little world within!

What is it, but a chaos wild of sorrow, care, and sin?
I'm lost—within myself I'm lost—like water in the linn—
And the more I think, the more I sigh—Oh! the little world within!

My Birth-day, 2d March, 1830.

SONG.

Oh! blessing on her starlike een,
Wh' their glance o' love divine!
And blessing on the red, red lip,
Was press'd yestreen to mine!

Her braided locks, that waved as light,
As she danced through the lofty ha',
Were like the cluds on the brow o' night,
Or the wing o' the hoodie craw.

Oh, mony a jimp an' gentle dame
In jewel'd pomp was there;
But she was first among them a',
In peerless beauty rare!

Her bosom is a holy shrine,
Unstain'd by mortal sin,
An' spotless as the snaw-white foam
On the breast o' the siller linn.

Her voice—has ye heard the goudspink's note
By bowery glen or brake?
Or listen'd ye e'er to the mermaid's lay,
By sea or mountain lake?

Has ye dreamt ye heard i' the bowers o' heaven
The angels' melodie?
Or fancied ye listen'd the sang o' the spheres,
As they swung on their path on hie?

Far sweeter to me was her lay o' love
At the gloamin' hour yestreen;
An' oh! were I king o' the warld wide,
I would mak' that maiden my queen.

W. W.

TO A PRIMROSE.

FLOWER! thou art not the same to me
That thou wert long ago;
The hue has faded from thy face,
Or from my heart the glow,—
The glow of young romantic thoughts,
When all the world was new,
And many a blossom round my path
Its sweet fresh fragrance threw;
Thou art not what I thought thee then,
Ner ever wilt thou be again.

It was a thing of wild delight,
To find thee on the bank,
Where all the day thy opening leaves
The golden sunlight drank,—
To see thee in the sister group
That clustering grew together,
And seem'd too delicate for aught
Save summer's brightest weather,
Or for the gaze of Leila's eyes—
Thou happiest primrose 'neath the skies!

I know not what it was that made
My heart to love thee so;
For, though all gentle things to me
Were dear long—long ago,
There was no bird upon the bough,
No wildflower on the lea,
No twinkling star, no running brook,
I loved so much as thee;
I watch'd thy coming every spring,
And hail'd thee as a living thing.

And yet I look upon thee now
Without one joyful thrill;
The spirit of the past is dead,
My heart is calm and still;
A leveler flower than even thou art
Has faded from my sight,
And the same chill that stole her bloom
Brought unto me a blight,—
Th' setting thou shouldst sadder seem,
Since Leila perish'd like a dream!

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that James Ferguson, Esq. P.C.S. is at present busy with a work on the Law of Entail, in which he has taken many new and excellent views of the subject. Besides making his book a complete treatise of the law of entail, as it now stands, Mr Ferguson intends to add a full index of all the registered entails of Scotland. This he proposes to follow up by periodical reports of all the entails that shall be in future registered. A work of this kind will be a great acquisition, for we have at present no index even of the already registered entails, except the very imperfect one of Shaw. The importance of publicity being given to every entail is known to all men of business, and has been increased by the discussions respecting the necessity of a change in the entail laws.

There is in preparation a new edition, with additions, of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Henry G. Bell. Upwards of six thousand copies of this work have already been sold.

Two remaining volumes of Burekhardt's Travels, which, in addition to the three already published, will complete his works, are about to appear. The one will contain the result of his residence among those extraordinary people the Bedouins and Wahabys of Arabia;—the other an account of the remarkable customs, manners, and opinions of the modern Egyptians, derived from their own proverbial sayings current at Cairo, where the author died.

Frederick von Schlegel's Philosophy of History, with an historical and critical notice of the author, and of German literature generally, by Francis Shulte, is in the press.

Partings and Meetings, a Tale, founded on facts, is announced.

Letters on the Physical History of the Earth, addressed to Professor Blumenbach, by the late J. A. de Luc, F.R.S. Professor of Philosophy and Geology at Gottingen, translated from the French, with a vindication of the author's claims to original views in regard to some fundamental points in Geology, by the Rev. Henry de la Fite, M.A., is in the press.

It appears that the new President of the Royal Academy, Mr Shée, is not only a poet and a painter, but also a novelist, and one who, although hitherto anonymously, has taken a respectable rank among that class of writers. The production we allude to is a novel called *Oldcourt*; which has excited some attention for the last few months in literary circles.

Nothing but "Memoirs," whether forged or real, will at present sell in Paris. In addition to the quantity of trash of this description lately published in that city, there has just been announced, *Memoirs* relating to the Emperor Napoleon, from the notes of M. Constant, his first *valet de chambre* (!), who was absent only for a space of eight days during sixteen years' personal attendance. M. de Bourrienne has portrayed the Emperor at the council-board and in the field;—M. Constant will introduce him in his night-gown and slippers, and will doubtless afford us an opportunity of judging whether the old adage is true, that "no one is a hero to his *valet de chambre*."

It is somewhat singular that the Netherlands should possess but one publication—and that one edited at uncertain periods—which is devoted to the fine arts and sciences. It is called the *Messenger de Gand*, conducted by De Baet and the members of the Society of Arts at Ghent. What is become of taste and *veritas* at Brussels, the capital?

ORIENTAL PAINTING.—Our fair readers need not be told that this is a pleasing and elegant accomplishment, and has of late been finding much favour in their eyes. We have this week had an opportunity of examining a variety of birds, fruits, flowers, and butterflies, executed in this style by Miss Hepple, who has recently visited Edinburgh, and we are not aware that we ever saw the art carried to higher perfection than in the works of this lady. They are spoken of by an artist of some experience in the following terms:—"They are altogether unlike any thing I have seen done in this way, and I certainly had not before an idea that the art could be carried to such perfection; they are most beautiful." We hope Miss Hepple will meet with the encouragement she deserves.

JAMES SHERIDAN KOWLES.—We would direct the attention of our readers to an advertisement in another page, intimating Mr Kowles's intention of speedily delivering a Course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature in this city. We feel confident they will attract that notice which the talents of the Lecturer so well entitle him to expect.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received from Glasgow two new Songs of much merit:—"Ye're my ain," the words by J. S. Kowles, Esq. from the *Literary Journal*, arranged with symphonies and accompaniments by J.T. May,—and "Anna, where art thou, my love?" the words by Thomas Atkinson, adapted with symphonies and accompaniments to an Irish Melody by R. Webster. This song is to form a portion of "The Shamrock," a collection of Irish Songs, and words to Irish Melodies, edited by Mr Weekes of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which will speedily appear.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S WILL.—Sir Thomas Lawrence states in his will, that his collection of drawings by the Old Masters are,

confidently believes, the finest in Europe, and worth twenty thousand pounds; but he directs them to be offered to "his most gracious Majesty for eighteen thousand pounds." In case of his declining to take them, they are to be offered to the British Museum, Mr Peel, and Lord Dudley, in succession; and if not purchased by either of those parties, are to be advertised in "all the capitals and principal cities in Europe, for twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards sold by public auction."

A FLOURISHING CONCERN.—A subscriber to a journal once remonstrated with the editor on the lateness of the hour at which his paper was sent to him. "Sir," said the latter, "you are the only subscriber who complains."—"Indeed!"—"Yes, sir—you are the only subscriber we have!"

SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF THE DESTITUTE SICK.—There is no benevolent Institution in this city more entitled to public support than this. Its "Report" for the year 1829 has just been published, by which it appears that its expenditure has amounted to £1513, 3s. 11½d., whilst its receipts have only been £1156, 6s. 4½d. There is every reason, therefore, especially during the prevalence of the present distress, to call upon its friends for the exercise of an increased liberality, else the resources of the Society will be more than exhausted.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—It is reported that Miss Landon is writing a novel. This young lady is rather under the middle size; her figure is slight, and her complexion very delicate. Though her features are not regular, they are expressive and pleasing. She has a fine brow, and quick sparkling eyes. She is fond of dancing, and excels in that accomplishment.—The second number of Fraser's new Magazine is considered superior to the first.—Excellent Dioramas, Cosmorama, and Panoramas, are now open, all of which are well attended.—Tam O'Shanter and the Souter still continue to attract numerous visitors.—The Concerts and Oratorios have now commenced, at which Miss Paton and Donnell seem to take the lead.—A Masquerade was lately perpetrated in the Opera-House, which, though the papers say it went off with "prodigious eclat," was neither more nor less than a scene of riot and licentiousness.—Haydon has recently finished two large paintings, both of which he is now exhibiting. The first is from a subject suggested by Plutarch, who says that a certain Athenian, called Euclides, rushing from the battle of Marathon, as soon as the victory was decided, ran, wounded and exhausted as he was, to the city, and shouting, "Hail! we triumph!" dropped instantly dead. The other is a comic piece, illustrating the peculiarities of "Punch and Judy," and their motley group of spectators.—Mr Westmacott is delivering a course of Lectures on Sculpture, at the Royal Academy, which are received with much satisfaction.—The London University is at present in the very worst possible condition. The only classes which have at all succeeded are the Medical, while the rest, including those for Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Greek, and Latin, are almost at a stand. The general opinion is, that the funds have not been properly economised; but have been too prematurely squandered on an expensive building, and in costly salaries.—A Monsieur Dupont is delivering a course of French Dramatic Readings, which are favourably received.—Mr Buchanan has recently opened a small Gallery of Paintings in Regent Street, many of which are from the celebrated collection of Danoot at Brussels. Among other artists, the collection contains works by Rubens, Teniers, Rembrandt, Titian, Wouvermans, Vanduyck, Albert Cuyp, and Richard Wilson.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—China was full of books before there was a man in Europe who could either read or write.—One of Mahomet's rules for securing happiness in the married state was this:—"Wives, behave to your husbands in the same manner that your husbands behave to you."—Some of the bridges of London are built, and some of the streets paved, with Scotch stone; there are excellent freestone quarries near Bath, but the expense of conveyance to London by land is greater than from Scotland by sea.—The Athenians allowed no unmarried men to hold any public office.—The custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head, when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who, as an emblem of future plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom.—The Greeks shaved their heads when they wished to show respect to the memory of a great man.—A fluent speaker will pronounce 7200 words in an hour, 150 in a minute, and two in a moment.

Theatrical Gossip.—The substance of Mr Lamb's bill for the amelioration of the laws regarding dramatic property is as follows:—"That the author of any dramatic writing shall have the sole right of representing it. That he shall preserve that right in any such production which shall be printed and published, or his assignees, for 28 years, or, should the author survive that period, for the residue of his natural life. Persons offending against these provisions to pay L.10 for each representation, with costs of suit. An action to be com-

menced within twelve months after the offence has been committed." It is evident that upon the passing of this bill, the dramatic writer will be able to turn his labours to much better account than has hitherto been the case.—The King's Theatre, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, continue in *statu quo*—nothing new has taken place at any of these houses. The affairs of Drury Lane are believed to be in any thing but a flourishing condition; and it is generally reported that Mr Price, the present lessee, will retire at the end of the season.—Miss Kemble's *Mrs Beverly* continues to attract overflowing audiences to Covent Garden. When is this young lady to visit the provinces? we are anxious to judge her for ourselves, apart from all the ridiculous humbug which has hitherto attended her career.—Ellistown, who has made and spent several fortunes, is now doing well at the Surrey Theatre.—Kean has been seriously ill, but is now better; had it not been for him, Drury Lane would have, ere now, been at a very low pass.—Miss Smithson's benefit in Dublin, a few evenings ago, was very thinly attended. She is to return immediately to Paris. Macready and T. P. Cooke, are still there.—At Paris, Victor Hugo's tragedy, called "Hernani," upon the Shakspearian, not the classical model, has been rapturously received.—Madame Catalani is at present giving concerts at Chalons.—Young took his benefit here on Wednesday last. The entertainments were, "Cymbeline," "Blue Devils," and "Catherine and Petruchio." The house was well attended. On Thursday, a benefit was given in behalf of the unemployed poor. To-night, Vandenhoff appears for the last time this season. On Monday, we are to have Miss Fanny Aytton for three nights. She has not yet appeared in English opera in this city, and, being a clever actress and a good singer, ought to attract; but who are the male creatures who are to sing with her? Is Larkins one of them? The new romantic drama, by the authoress of "Aloys," will be brought out soon after the termination of Miss Aytton's engagement. Miss Jarman is to play the heroine; and there are effective parts, we believe, for most of the other members of the company. The scene, we understand, is laid in Russia, and the incidents are of a novel and picturesque description. There is, we think, every reason to believe, that, considering the decided success which attended the first dramatic effort of this authoress, her second will be still superior; and we do not see why she should not ultimately redeem the Edinburgh stage from the charge of having no original writers of its own.—The Caledonian Theatre opened on Monday. The house has been repainted, and looks neat and comfortable. The acting, however, though the company has been strengthened, appears, on the whole, mediocre enough; and the dancing indifferent. But there are one or two good singers, especially a Mr Horncastle, and a little fellow of the name of Edmunds, who sings "Black-eyed Susan" better than we ever heard it sung before. The orchestra is also much improved. First impressions are frequently erroneous, but we confess ourselves a good deal surprised at the very strong terms of commendation in which this establishment is spoken of by a respectable contemporary of Wednesday last, to the evident detriment of the Theatre-Royal. We request the attention of OLD CASSIUS to this subject next Saturday.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 6—12.

SAT.	<i>The Jealous Wife, He Has Like Truth, & The Invincibles.</i>
MON.	<i>King Lear, & The Legend of Montrose.</i>
TUES.	<i>Othello, & The Wood Demon.</i>
WED.	<i>Cymbeline, Blue Devils, & Catherine and Petruchio.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Honey Moon, & The Youthful Queen.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Revenge, The Day After the Wedding, & The Devil's Elbow, or the Shadowless Man.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received, but have not yet had time to read, the packet from "A. L. M." of Aberdeen.—The same notices must do for the author of "Reminiscences of School-days," till next Saturday.—An article, of which we have not availed ourselves, lies for "Proteus" at the Publishers.—"W. T." will observe the poem, a copy of which he sent us, in to-day's *Journal*—we are acquainted with the author's name, but are not at liberty to mention it.—We cannot give a place to the communication of "Observer," upon anonymous authority.—Our angry friend at Belfast will cool, we hope, by and by.

"Andrew the Packman," by the Ettrick Shepherd, in our next.—The following poems will not suit us:—"Spring,"—"The Desert Isle,"—"Lines addressed to my Heart,"—and Verses by "P. R. S."

* A paragraph with this title will in future appear regularly among the "Varieties."

Notwithstanding the crowded state of our advertising columns, we are unavoidably obliged to postpone, till next week, the favours of several of our friends.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

Materials of George Bannatyne. 1545-1608. Printed at Edinburgh, 1829. Printed for private distribution among the members of the Club exclusively.

THE objects of the institution whose title we have placed at the head of this article are, as expressed in the second article of their laws, "the printing and publication of Works illustrative of the History, Literature, and Antiquities of Scotland." It was founded in 1823, by Sir Walter Scott. The number of members, which is limited to one hundred, is already full, and the list consists of some of the most distinguished names, both for rank and literature, in Scotland and England. On the last vacancy that occurred, the honour of admission was sought with an earnestness only to be equalled by the anxiety with which our aristocracy move heaven and earth to obtain an *entrée* into the Caledonian Hunt. The Bannatyne Club is, indeed, a sort of Secret Society, which holds forth peculiar attractions—an assemblage of the noble and learned of the land, affiliated for the avowed purpose of furthering the great object of publishing in private—if the phrase be not an *Ironism*. We think our readers will feel interested in any information we can give them concerning this new sect, associated for a purpose rarely entertained at any period of the world's history, but most rarely in our own,—that of hiding their light under a bushel.

The Bannatyne Club, founded and constituted as already mentioned, derives its name from a worthy and pains-taking collector of old manuscript poems, "of whom more anon." The fund requisite for defraying the expense of works printed under the authority of the Club, is obtained by an annual contribution of five guineas from each member. The works to be published are determined on by a Committee, consisting of the office-bearers, and six members, two of whom go out annually by rotation. The Committee also regulates the number of copies to be printed. Of these each member receives one copy, free of all charge, and the remainder are disposed of as donations to such libraries and private individuals as are approved of by the Committee. It is further provided, that when works of such importance or magnitude are printed, as to render it expedient to extend their circulation beyond the Club, it shall be in the discretion of the Committee to direct an extra impression to be thrown off, for sale, on a paper differing in size and quality from the members' copies. It is also enacted, that if any member of the Club shall undertake to have printed, at his own expense, particular works or tracts, relative to Scottish affairs, the printer shall be furnished with the necessary supply of paper, made for the publications of the Club; it being understood that each member shall receive one copy of every work or tract so printed. Lastly, there is a library attached to the Club, for which there is retained a copy of every work printed for the Club, whether out of the general fund, or at the expense of individual members.

From this pretty full abstract of the regulations of the Club, the reader will easily perceive that it has had its

rise in that mixed spirit of jest and earnest, which is the source of half the pleasures of cultivated minds. It is peculiarly the characteristic of Britons to transact grave affairs in a jesting manner, and to deliberate with a grave brow over trifles. On the field of battle a jest is quickly felt, and eagerly responded to, by our soldiery; in St Stephens, the house rings again at some sorry pun, even when conflicting factions are lowering on each other in the utmost heat of angry excitement. While, on the other hand, the fashions of dress, the affairs of the table, the regulations of our festive meetings, are canvassed with the gravity of Roman Censors. To us there is something excessively *piquant* in the idea of setting about our amusements with all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance," of the most serious affairs of life; and we are delighted when we see so grave a man as Sir Walter Scott, or, graver still, Mr Thomas Thomson, anxiously canvassing which has the better claim to priority of publication, "Robene and Makyne," or "The Buke of the Howlat," or "The Palice of Honour."

Let us not, however, deny for a moment that an essential benefit is deducible from this species of intellectual recreation. There are an immense number of books, which, though interesting in the eye of the professed antiquary, simply because they are old, are valuable in the estimation of the philosophical enquirer, because of the strong light they reflect upon the character of the age in which they were composed. Many of these works are too alien from our age's tastes and habits of thought, to make it worth while to re-publish them, even were there the most distant prospect that the speculation could be otherwise than ruinous to the undertaker. The public at large would not so much as look at them. At the same time, the importance of these works to the historical student, the fact that many of them exist only in manuscript, or that only one or two solitary printed copies have survived the wreck of time, makes us naturally anxious that some better guarantee should be obtained for their preservation. The peculiar taste of the Bannatyne Club, and the method it has taken for the acquisition of such rarities, appear admirably calculated to ensure this object. It is, therefore, with no ordinary interest that we look upon the proceedings of an association, which, by affording an elegant amusement for its members' hours of relaxation, conduces also to the public benefit.

Nor let it be supposed that, when we speak of the transactions of the Bannatyne Club, as affording a relaxation to its members, we mean to represent them as the mere trifling of men of literary habits. Their catalogue of publications contains many valuable fragments of Scottish History. Take, for example, their publications connected with the second half of the sixteenth century. There is, in the first place, a "Discours particulier d'Ecosse, écrit par Jacques Makgil et Jean Bellenden, 1559." This work contains an interesting account of the civil and judicial institutions of Scotland at that period, drawn up for the use of Queen Mary, and her husband the Dauphin. Then there is Mr Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, a work published under the auspices of the Club, which we have already noticed with approbation more than once. Next

comes "The Historie and Life of King James the Sext, from 1566 to 1596;" and close upon that, "Memoirs of Sir James Melville of Halhill, written by himself;" "Les Affaires du Conte de Boduel: l'an 1568;" and "Papers relative to the marriage of King James the Sixth of Scotland, with the Princess Anna of Denmark, A. D. 1589; and the form and manner of her Majesty's Coronation at Holyroodhouse, A. D. 1590." These are documents relating to the history of the nation, and those who wielded its destinies; and in addition to these, "The Diary of Mr James Melville (minister of Kilrenny), 1556-1601," shows us the condition and principles of those who moved in the private ranks of life; while another work, "Descriptione del Regno di Scotia, di Petruccio Ubaldini, (1588)," lets us into the secret of the impression made upon a foreigner by our ancestors' mode of life. We see, moreover, that the Club has in the press, "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from 1577 to 1603; by David Moylis." Be it remembered, too, that these interesting and instructive documents, have been all of them effectively secured from perishing, and several of them brought into public circulation by what was nothing more than the employment of the leisure hours of a few gentlemen, in the short space of three years. And this, moreover, is but a small portion of their labours. They have already printed thirty-eight separate works, and seven more are now in the press. We are not aware that the Roxburgh Club, which was the first institution of the kind in Great Britain, (*vide* Dibdin's Bibliograph. Decameron,) and whose object was to give reprints of rare tracts, and literary *nugæ*, has yet printed any valuable book.

It is time that we now turn to the "Memorials of George Bannatyne" himself, a work which must be to the members of the Club one of the most interesting they have yet published. Old George, a beatified collector of black-letter and ancient MSS., is the patron saint of the Club, and, that all honour might be done him, his Life has been written by Sir Walter Scott himself, the founder and Grand Master of the Order of St Bannatyne. The book is composed in that grave sportive style, which we have ventured to set down as the characteristic of all the transactions of the Club; and shows old George to have been well worthy of the honour which his antiquarian successors have done him.

George Bannatyne, who is ascertained to have been somehow or other connected with the ancient family of Bannachtyne of Camys, in the Isle of Bute, was the seventh child of his parents, and was born on the 22d day of February, 1545. He does not seem to have entered upon active business before his twenty-seventh year. Sir Walter is shrewdly inclined to suspect that his hero acquired a fortune by usurious practices, and labours hard to prove, that, in the circumstances of the times, this infers nothing against his character. But surely this was a work of supererogation, for is it not established by a thousand legends, that every saint worth a farthing must have been a rogue at one period of his life? Be this as it may, George Bannatyne died sometime between August, 1606, and December, 1608. Money-broker as he was, however, there were yet some softer points in old George's character. In illustration of this, we find the following passage in Sir Walter's narrative:

"That which we love we usually strive to imitate; and we are not surprised to find that George Bannatyne, the preserver of so many valuable poems, was himself acquainted with the art of poetry. Amid the various examples which he has compiled of the talents of others, he has obliged the reader with two poems of his own. They are ballads, 'tuned to his mistress's eyebrow'; but even we, his children, cannot claim for them a high rank amongst the productions of the Scottish muse, for the power of loving and admiring, with discrimination, the poetry of others, is very far from implying the higher faculties necessary to produce it. The reader will, however, find these two specimens of our father George's amatory poetry in the Appendix; and may probably be of opinion, that our Patron showed himself merciful in the sparing and moderate example which they

afford of his poetical powers. The verses are a string of extravagant conceits, setting forth his lady's beauties and his own despair in a tone of frigid extravagance, which must have astonished Isobel Mawchan, (his wife,) if to her they are addressed. We are somewhat startled to hear that the lady's locks altogether resembled a bush burning in red flames, but without smoke; and scarcely less so, at finding our Patriarch demanding for himself, as dead, an instant and hasty funeral, 'because Actæon had been slain by his own fell dogs'; since the position that George Bannatyne should forthwith be buried, because Actæon was dead, seems to approach to what the learned Partridge called a *non sequitur*. Actæon, we suppose, brought Adonis into our Patron's head, for we find him next remonstrating with the boar for not slaying him, and calling as loudly for death as he had done for burial in the preceding stanza:

'O, thundering Boar, in thy most awful rage,
Why wilt thou not me with thy tusks kill?'"

But our Members will probably themselves apprehend an invasion of the thundering boar, if we proceed any farther in this subject."

Bannatyne's claim to our respect, and the worship of his sons, does not, however, rest upon his own productions, but upon his manuscript collection of Scottish poetry—a work, to which we owe the preservation of much valuable matter that must otherwise have perished. It contains upwards of eight hundred folio pages, neatly and closely written, and is said to have occupied the transcriber only three months; "an assertion," Sir Walter justly observes, "which we should have scrupled to receive upon any other authority than his own." A complete index of its contents is appended to the Narrative, and portions of them continue to be printed at intervals by the Club. Sir Walter Scott thus speaks concerning it:

"The labour of compiling so rich a collection was undertaken by the author during the time of pestilence in the year 1568, when the dread of infection compelled men to forsake their usual employments, which could not be conducted without admitting the ordinary promiscuous intercourse between man and his fellow-men. In this dreadful period, when hundreds, finding themselves surrounded by danger and death, renounced all care for their safety, and all thoughts save apprehensions of infection, George Bannatyne had the courageous energy to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of a whole nation; and, undisturbed by the universal mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to recording the triumphs of human genius;—thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. His task, he informs us, had its difficulties; for he complains that he had, even in his time, to contend with the disadvantage of copies, old, maimed, and mutilated, and which, long before our day, must, but for this faithful transcriber, have perished entirely. The very labour of procuring the originals of the works which he transcribed must have been attended with much trouble and some risk, at a time when all the usual intercourse of life was suspended; and when we can conceive that even so simple a circumstance as the borrowing or lending a book of ballads was accompanied with some doubt and apprehension, and that probably the suspected volume was subjected to fumigation, and the precautions practised in quarantine. As, therefore, from the contents of the work in general, we may conclude our Patron to have been both a good judge and an energetic admirer of literature, we will not, perhaps, be too fanciful in deeming him a man of calm courage and undaunted perseverance, since he could achieve so heavy a labour at so inauspicious a period."

We trust that these extracts are sufficient to give some idea of the character of George Bannatyne, and to show his peculiar claims to reverence at the hands of the members of an Institution which we regard as one of the most valuable gems in the literary coronal of Edinburgh.

Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion; with a Preliminary Enquiry; an Appendix containing Supplemental Discourses; and Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. Robert Morehead, D.D. F.A.S.E., &c. &c. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

This is in many respects one of the most interesting

books that has fallen under our notice, since the commencement of our critical career. Every one is acquainted with the *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, written by the acute, but cold-hearted Hume; the effect of which was to excite in the mind of his readers the most painful doubts in regard to the moral attributes, and hence, in regard to the existence, of the Divine Mind. Dr Morehead has resumed the subject, with the more plain view of reducing the religion of nature to the principles of revelation, and of establishing the important fact, that all true philosophy must be founded on the belief and confidence which result from an enlightened theism. With this intention, he has replaced on the stage the dramatic personæ of his predecessor; and we are accordingly once more delighted with the ingenuity of Philo, no longer a reckless sceptic; with the calm philosophical temper of Cleanthes; and with the conclusive reasoning of Pamphilus, whose knowledge and reflection have been much improved by a long residence in foreign countries.

The subjects upon which Dr Morehead has employed the heroes of his *Dialogues* are sufficiently profound; relating to the very elements and basis of human knowledge; to the origin of all belief as it respects this world and the next; and to the ultimate authority for those perceptions and reasonings upon which mankind have agreed to rest all the practical maxims of life. In the discussions which ensue, we frequently meet with the cleanness of Hume, combined with his ingenuity; while we enjoy throughout the purer satisfaction which arises from the exposure of sophistry, and from the development of the most important truths. We think the author is particularly happy in the application of a principle which has been too much overlooked by mere aspiring philosophers; namely, the conviction under which all men begin to examine the material world, that it is a system bearing the marks of *design*, and consequently the work of an intelligent Being who continues to superintend its movements. On this ground, he explains most satisfactorily the confidence which the human being feels in reference to the constitution of nature, and the unbroken regularity of its procedure. There is not, he justly maintains, a nation so savage, as not to form a conception of the world as being *one thing*, and constructed upon one great and infinite scheme; nor even a child that has made any observations upon the scene of nature, who has not got the habit of tying together in his mind the scattered appearances of the universe, and of contemplating them as one connected whole. The principles then, which conduct to the most perfect conclusions of religion, are not speculative truths which it requires meditation and study to discover, but are such that it is impossible for a rational being to miss them.

The same sound views enable Dr Morehead to throw such valuable light upon what are called the fundamental axioms of human belief. It has been usual among philosophers to ascribe such impressions to instinct, to custom, or to an experience of which the commencement cannot be traced in the history of the human mind. But Dr Morehead, with much less pretension of research, accounts for the trust or belief in question, by a reference to that perception of *design* in the works of creation which every sane mind necessarily forms: "If the term *instinct*," says he, "is to be applied to this belief, I may not much object to the expression, if it is admitted to be an instinct of reason, but I see no necessity for having recourse to the term *instinct* at all: it is simpler to suppose that the conception of a plan or design in nature, is followed by an instantaneous belief that the plan will continue."

The object of this instructive and captivating work is well explained by the author in his dedication to Mr Jeffrey, his distinguished friend and relative:

"The subject matter of it is, in one word, RELIGION—that inspiring theme, which, in happier times, was at the foundation of all that was elevated and pure, not only in morals,

but in the efforts of genius, and which, if it has seemed for a season, indeed, to be under a heavy eclipse, is again happily breaking forth into its genuine station, although it may still be travelling through clouds. To throw all the light that can be collected on this highest of all enquiries, and to point out its bearings on every other branch of knowledge, and on all human improvement,—is surely an honourable attempt, at least, and bids fair to be useful; nor are you to suppose that it is one entirely forestalled, or on which new observations may not every day be produced. Here, in truth, is the fountain of all meditation. It is only when we look with the eye of Religion upon Nature or upon Man, that we find them prolific of truly ennobling conceptions; when we permit ourselves to be fettered under material chains, we are then within limits which are for ever baffling and depressing us, and throwing a chill upon our most vigorous exertions.

"There is not, either, any great difficulty in this enquiry, nor does it presuppose any high gifts or endowments, although none can be exercised well, if deprived of its influence. It presupposes only simplicity of thought and great good faith—a mind that opens to the impressions of truth, when they rise before it, and that uses no ingenuity to stifle them. This is all which is required; and, even in fallen man, this may, in a certain degree, be found, although, no doubt, the consciousness of the illusions which are, in his present state, so constantly perverting him, ought to make him cling eagerly to that high source of light and purification by which alone his spirit may be restored to a pervading sense of the Divine presence.

"Simple, however, and sublime as this glorious theme must be confessed to be, are you not aware, my friend, that there is none less steadily present to the soul of man?—and do you not think that, in whatever way the sentiments of religion can be rendered profitable and lovely, it is certainly not the part of her friends timidly to resign themselves to the current of the world, and, in the weak apprehension of seeming obtrusive or austere, to suffer opportunities to pass which might awaken the careless to reflection, or might moderate the passions of worldly minds?

"There are views of Christianity, too, which might be inculcated without offence to any one. Its happy influence on society, the beautiful simplicity of its origin, the pure character of its author and of its first preachers, are topics which might be rendered very delightful and interesting, even in the social hour; at least I can conceive this, and I have sometimes regretted that there is no such character, now and then, in the world, as a Christian Socrates—a man who, with a full persuasion of religion in his own mind, should lay himself out to make it agreeable in society, by showing its connexion with 'every virtue and every praise.' There is surely a method of softening prejudices, removing misapprehensions, even a playful and good-humoured irony, which might be brought to play upon this fine subject, in the Socratic method, amidst the familiarity of conversation; and, till something of this kind be done, I doubt whether religion will ever make a suitable progress among the freer order of spirits. At present, it comes before men under the dogmatical form of doctrine, because they seldom hear of it but from the pulpit; and, of course, it becomes a part of good breeding to keep it in the background in conversation, because people do not like to be reminded of their catechism. In the meantime, how many are there, of good and virtuous men too, at least as man may be judged of by man, who are really almost unprovided with any ideas or sentiments of a religious nature, and who go through life amidst, perhaps, much external decency, and not without many good qualities and feelings, with yet scarcely a thought beyond the pursuits or enjoyments of the passing hour; and is nothing to be done for these men? are they to be left unenlightened on that noblest of all subjects, which, in many cases, too, may be precluded from entering their minds by some slight prejudice of no very difficult removal?"

The reader will find in the *Dialogues*, much learned discussion on the Being of God; on the existence of the Material World; on the Relation of Cause and Effect; on the Principles of Morality; and on the source and authority of Natural Religion, as distinguished from the doctrines of revelation. Such colloquies admit not of abridgement or extract. On the contrary, they must be read with the utmost care, as the chain of reasoning is so closely and ingeniously constructed, that no link can be left out without destroying the connexion between the premises and the conclusion.—The ninth and tenth Dia-

logues which turn on the history and spirit of the Christian religion, are interesting in a very high degree; in proof of which we beg attention to the following fine passage:

"I will own to you, then, that my faith in the divine origin of the gospel is never so strong as when I happen to look at a map of the world, and recollect very casually the history of the human race. I put my finger upon the small district of Judea; I recollect that eighteen hundred years ago, in that little region, there inhabited a singular, retired, morose sort of a people if you will, but still a nation which, by some means or other, were not idolaters. I cast my eye round upon every other corner of the earth; I see superstitions of the most hateful and degrading kind darkening all the prospects of man, and corrupting his moral nature in its source; I see some of these nations far advanced in many accomplishments of understanding, and many virtues of character, yet unable to shake off the tremendous load of error by which they were pressed down, and irregular accordingly, and capricious, both in the management of their reason, and in the direction of their affections. I see this little spot of Palestine, despised and scorned by those proud nations who could not for a moment have conjectured that any thing which it could offer them, would have had the slightest influence on their condition. I now see, in that despised country, a teacher arise from the lower orders of the people, who was himself no less disregarded by his countrymen, than his country was contemned by the rest of the world. No matter; his instructions made their way, and though he himself perished in the cause, yet his followers, men, too, of no remarkable powers of mind, carried his doctrines into other nations; and in no long period all the splendid apparatus of superstition fell before them. What do I see now? The little pin-point of Judea swelling out to embrace one half of the globe—by what means? not by force of arms, but by the progress of opinion. All the nations of Europe, one after the other, Greek, Roman, Barbarian, glory in the name of this humble Galilean,—armies greater than those which Xerxes led to the subjugation of Greece, swarming into Asia only to get possession of his sepulchre,—a new world added to his dominion; and at this hour, the east and the west, the north and the south, throwing down their treasures before his manger! How is all this?—are the whole human race gone mad?—or is it only a few philosophers, who will not see with the eyes of other men, to whom that epithet is more justly due? At least, Cleanthes, (for if I gain this, I gain almost all that I am concerned about,) is there not something in this representation to make the philosophers be a little modest in their criticisms, and to exercise a little of that suspense of judgment which they are so much given in other cases to recommend? Is it fit that they should treat with contempt those whose minds are awayed with this remarkable and unprecedented view of things, supposing Christianity had no other proof in its support? If the opinions of Socrates had made so great a progress, and had so lasting an effect, would not you have been ready to contend that there was some kind of Divinity about Socrates?

"In vain will you tell me that the history of the Mahometan religion is equally wonderful! Mahomet was a conqueror, and in that particular is not more remarkable than Alexander. The means by which his influence was extended were, therefore, sufficiently obvious. The influence of his religion itself I cannot but impute, chiefly, to the previous influence of Christianity. The great blow had been already struck against idolatry and superstition,—men were prepared to believe that there might be a teacher from heaven,—and it was not, therefore, a great stretch of belief, to suppose there might be a second as well as a first,—or to suppose him the minister of God, who came with the vengeance of an invincible arm. The marvel in Christianity is, that it went on step by step without much effort of human ability, and without any previous attempt of the same kind. Moses gave a religion to a single nation. What a new idea to give a religion to the whole world! How unaccountable that this plan should have been carried into effect, without almost any thing being done for it except declaring that it should be done! God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' The author of Christianity said, 'Let my religion be spread over the world, and it was spread.'"—P. 242-6.

Besides the Preliminary Enquiry and the Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion, there is an Appendix of

two hundred pages, containing ten excellent Sermons, illustrative of the subjects handled in the former part of the volume. These discourses were well worthy of a separate publication, and hence we regret to see them occupying a place comparatively so subordinate and secondary. That, however, is a consideration which does not properly belong to the critic, whose strictures do not extend to the sacred mysteries which regulate the intercourse between author and bookseller. We, therefore, conclude our remarks, by reminding the reader that, in perusing these Dialogues, he must not ascribe to the writer, as his own sentiments, the opinions and reasoning which he puts into the mouth of his sceptical colloquists. Both Philo and Cleanthes, though moderate men upon the whole, support certain doctrines, and advance various hypotheses which Dr Morehead must not be supposed to countenance for a single moment. In fact, he mentions these only for the purpose of confuting them, and of recommending in their place the adoption of a sounder faith, built upon the foundation of Christian principles; and yet, such is the stupidity of some folk, and the malignity of others, that we should not be greatly surprised to see our valued correspondent held up as a scornier more bitter than Voltaire, and as an unbeliever more insidious than Hume. Let such readers have recourse to the Minute Philosophy of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, a publication universally regarded as one of the ablest defences of Christianity, and they will see at once a model and a warrant for the eloquent work which we now recommend to their attention.

Legendary Ballads, by Thomas Moore, Esq., arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop. London. J. Power. Pp. 81.

We have been favoured with one of the earliest copies of this elegant work which has yet reached Scotland. It contains twelve new songs by the best song-writer this country has ever produced. The airs, all of which are good, and some extremely beautiful, are selected from various sources, with the exception of one by Bishop, and another by Mrs Robert Arkwright. The volume is further enriched by a set of very spirited drawings in illustration of the ballads. The work has reached us too late in the week to permit of our entering into a very minute account of its contents; but we have much pleasure in extracting several of the songs, which, like every thing that comes from Moore's pen, must be highly interesting to our readers. We begin with the following beautiful ballad, entitled,

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

"They told her, that he to whose sweet voice she listen'd,
Through night's fleeting hours, was a spirit unblest;
Unholy the eyes that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

"When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
Bring near him thy lamp when in slumber he lies,
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs."

"Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When call'd lay the sleeper, she stole with her light;
And saw—such a vision! no image appearing
To bards in their day-dreams was ever so bright.

"A youth but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
Whose innocent bloom had not yet fled away;
While gleams from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
Of summer noon lightnings that under them lay.

"His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing—
What late was but love, is idolatry now;

But, ah—in her tremor that fatal lamp raising—
A sparkle flew from it, and dropp'd on his brow.

Al's lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;
Then slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

"Farwell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!
Thus ever affection's fond vision is crost;
Deceiv'd are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
And love, once distrusted, forever is lost!"

More playful, but not less delightful, is

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Come, if thy magic glass have power
To call up forms we sigh to see;
Show me my love in that rosy bower,
Where last she pledged her truth to me."

"The wizard show'd his lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bower she lay;
'True-hearted maid,' said the happy knight,
'She's thinking of one who is far away.'

"But lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the lady's ear;
'Tis,' said the knight, 'the same bright boy
Who used to guide me to my dear.'

"The lady now, from her favourite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower;
'Such,' he exclaimed, 'was the gift that she
Each morning sent me from that bower!'

"She gives her page that blooming rose,
With looks that say, 'Like lightning fly!'
'Thus,' thought the knight, 'she soothes her woes,
By fancying still her true love nigh!'

"But the page returns, and—oh! what a sight
For trusty lover's eyes to see!—
Leads to that bower another knight,
As gay, and, alas! as loved as he!

"Such,' quoth the youth, 'is woman's love!'
Then darting forth with furious bound,
Dash'd at the warrior his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

"Such ill would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The wizard still would have kept his glass,
And the knight still thought his lady true."

There is something particularly chivalric and wild in the following ballad:

THE HIGH-BORN LADY.

"In vain all the knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Rare chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they
sued her,
But none was found worthy of the high-born Ladye.

"Whosoever I wed," said this maid so excelling,
'That knight must be the conqueror of conquerors be;
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in,
None else shall be bridegroom of the high-born Ladye!'

"Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round
her,
On knights and on nobles of highest degree;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And sigh'd, at a distance, for the high-born Ladye.

"At length came a knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm, like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down—but with voice that thrill'd through
her,
He whisper'd his greeting to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
In me the great conqueror of conquerors see;
Entrusted in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"

"The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,—
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she startling exclaims, 'have you led me?
Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree:
Is this the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?'
With scorn in her glances, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, 'of earth's loftiest creatures';
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,
And Death was the Bridegroom of the high-born Ladye!"

The last song in the volume is perhaps, upon the whole,
our favourite of all. There is a melancholy tenderness
in it, reminding us of its gifted author's happiest efforts:

THE STRANGER.

"Come, list while I tell of the heart-wounded stranger,
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground,
Where often at midnight the lonely wood-ranger
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

"None e'er knew the home of that heart-stricken lady,
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand;
But her features so sunn'd, and her eye-lash so shady,
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

"'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears;
So sweet, but so mournful, half-song and half-weeping;
Like music that sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

"We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us—
But soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone as if stray'd from the sky.

"Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
And light from another already shines through.

"Then her eyes when she sung,—oh! but once to have seen
them,
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
While her looks, and her voice, made a language between
them,
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

"But she pass'd like a day-dream—no skill could restore
her—
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin was fast;
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,—
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

"Nor even in the grave is her sad heart reposing,—
Still hovers her spirit of grief round her tomb;
For oft when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom."

We feel confident that this delightful volume will, ere
long, be found in every drawing-room where the combined
charms of music and poetry are duly appreciated.

The Manners of the Day. In 3 vols. 8vo. London,
Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

THIS is a work by an author of considerable power,
but stained with all the worst affectations of the class to
which it belongs. It is scarcely worth our while to be
angry with these books now; for their career is nearly
over. Instead, therefore, of immolating "*The Manners
of the Day*," as we at one time intended, we content our-
selves by remarking, that its author is a clever workman,
in a vein that has been opened up by another,—one who,
though not endowed with much wit of his own, can catch
up what is flying, and retail it in his own way, for the
benefit of those who have not already heard it.

Towards the end of the first volume, the author in-
dulges in a sneer at the "gentlemen of the press." Of
this, from *him*, we cannot approve. If the word be taken

In its widest acceptation, he is himself one of the class he attacks,—a person who tries to amuse the public, through the medium of the press, in hopes of obtaining some remuneration. If it be restricted, as it sometimes is, to designate the furnishers of newspaper intelligence, he adds the sin of ingratitude to that of bad taste, seeing that he has derived from them the whole materials of his work,—for all he knows of fashionable life, is gathered from the fragmentary pieces of knowledge, picked up by that industrious part of the community, as they stand huddled up among chairs and coaches, to catch a glimpse of the *beau monde* leaving a route. The truth is, that the term “gentlemen of the press,” is used with a degree of undue latitude; but this fate is common to it, with the uncompounded word “gentleman,” which is now-a-days applied with scarcely less liberality. It is indeed difficult to determine what line of conduct, and what kind of external appearance, incapacitate a person from being termed “a gentleman.” The race course is proverbially privileged. We once heard “a gentleman” of good birth and breeding, and a clergyman to the bargain, coolly exclaim,—“Oh! in a horse, you know, a man would cheat his own father.” It has also recently been established by the most satisfactory experiments, that one “gentleman” may cheat at cards, and that another may commence an expensive establishment, purchase houses and lands, and lead the fashion with an empty pocket, and when he finds the bubble about to burst, borrow a few thousands, and march off with them. If such persons are *gentlemen*, we should like to know who is not a “gentleman.” We were one night returning along Prince’s Street, to our bachelor domicile, and seeing a crowd collected at a crossing, our innate thirst for knowledge prompted us to stop and enquire the cause. “Och,” replied a figure, with something on his head which had once been a hat, and a coat which, though it might have been black in days long past, exhibited now a predominant hue of reddish brown, probably from the operation of the hod—“Och! sir, it’s only the police carrying off a fellow, that attacked me and another gentleman!” We invite our contemporaries, and also Mr Stone, the celebrated anti-phrenologist, to join in the curious enquiry, to whom this appellation is or is not applicable. A large induction alone can settle what class precisely is comprehended under it.

The Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated by Original Letters and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian. By the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M. A. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1830. Royal 8vo. Pp. 559.

THE ink of the learned, says the Koran, is more precious than the blood of martyrs; and the mass of learning which reposes on the dusty shelves of the University of Cambridge, exceeds all computation. We have here, however, a costly and elegant volume, illustrated by a number of finely-executed engravings, devoted exclusively to the object of bringing to light biblical curiosities, which might otherways never more have been heard of, but which both the scholar and the antiquarian will now delight to examine. Although we confess there is not to us the same charms in the hieroglyphical mark of three *R*s, denoting *rariissime*, that there was to Dominic Sampson, and still is to many worthy gentlemen now living,—yet we are fully prepared to appreciate the important labours of those “qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.” When, therefore, we light upon an old folio, such as “*The Prouffyttable Boke for Manes Soule, and right comfortable to the Body, and specially in adversite and tribulacyon, which Boke is called the Chastysing of Goddes Chyltren*,” we invariably peruse it with that veneration which its antiquity demands. Nor are we less pleased suddenly to pick up, in some unexpected corner, a racy and most Methusalem-like duodecimo, such as, “*A Merry Dialogue between Andrew and his sweet heart Joan, written to make*

all those merry who are sad: very delightful to read, for to make laughter in long winters’ nights, but more pleasant on summer dayes.” Not having, at this moment, however, access to the University of Cambridge, we cannot enjoy the full benefit of Mr Hartshorne’s labours; but we can easily see that he has produced a work which, to the Cambridge student, must be of the highest utility, as well as to all those who have ever an opportunity of visiting that University. He treats, first, of the Public Library,—of the early copies of the Classics it contains,—of the books printed by the Alduses, by Asulanus, by Manutius, by William Caxton, by Wynkyn de Worde, and by various other printers. He then takes, in succession, the King’s Library, the Pepysian, Trinity Library, St John’s Library, and concludes with a catalogue of the paintings and drawings bequeathed to the University, in 1818, by the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam. The work contains much curious and important antiquarian information.

Fraser’s Magazine for Town and Country. No. II. March, 1830. London. James Fraser.
The London University Magazine, from October, 1829 to January, 1830. Volume I. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. Pp. 384.

HAD we been subscribers to *Fraser’s Magazine*, we should have stopped our subscription as soon as we received No. II. It contains several articles most vulgar and despicable, written apparently by the tea-and-egg underlings of Leigh Hunt, if it be possible for Leigh Hunt to have any underlings. In particular, the first article, upon Moore’s Life of Byron, inspires us with unqualified disgust. It is composed in the very worst spirit of Cockney malevolence and low-bred envy. Neither is the review of Bowring’s Poetry of the Magyan much better; and all the other articles, which are not positively objectionable in point of sentiment, are infernally dull in point of execution. We spoke leniently of this new periodical on its first appearance; but we now see that it has a taint of vulgarity, and, we fear, something worse, which inevitably dooms it to perpetual obscurity.

The *London University Magazine* is conducted by some young men attending that seminary. It is respectable, but rather heavy. Though scholar-like, it is not quite so redolent of genius as we could have wished. Nevertheless, we doubt not that some of its contributors are destined, ere many years elapse, to distinguish themselves in a wider arena.

The Young Cook’s Assistant; or, Guide to inexperienced Housewives and Servants; upon an Economical Plan; containing Directions and Receipts, adapted for a Family in the Middle Rank of Life. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1830. 18mo. Pp. 127.

“THE author of this small unpretending volume,” says the Preface, “found a great want, at the beginning of her married life, of some simple directions to give to a young inexperienced servant;—that want, as far as she knows, has never been supplied. Although there are many excellent books of cookery, they are all more adapted to those in the higher ranks of life, with servants that have some experience in the art; but, as far as her knowledge extends, nothing has appeared that can be materially useful to the young mistress of a family, who has had little opportunities of observation under the parental roof, and with a young inexperienced country servant, who has never seen any thing but the simplest fare, sent up in the most homely manner. To the young wife, therefore, in the middle rank of life, this book is respectfully dedicated by the author.” There is something feasible and good in this idea; and we have already received the assurances of several elderly ladies, that they have experienced much comfort in the perusal of this little volume. Its instructions, they

are, are simple and judicious, and drawn up with a highly praiseworthy attention to genteel economy. We can, ourselves, see that the receipts are numerous, and have a very tempting appearance, embracing directions for marinating, soups and broth, fish, meats, poultry, vegetables, sauces, pastry and puddings, custards and creams, jellies, pickles, cakes, wines, sundry small dishes, how to salt meat, directions for carving, and various miscellaneous receipts. We confess we are more conversant with the art of eating than of cooking; yet we have an impression that this small volume is well calculated to soften the asperities of domestic life, and to give an additional attraction to the dinner-table of the married man.

Conversations upon Comparative Chronology and General History, from the Creation of the World to the Birth of Christ. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 480.

We have looked over this book with much satisfaction. We knew of none better calculated both to interest the youthful reader, and, at the same time, to impart to him substantial knowledge of the sciences of which it treats. In a modest and well-written Preface, the author, with whose name, we regret to say, we are unacquainted, thus describes the object he has had in view, and the plan he has pursued:

"In giving a conversational character to the fruits of researches so dry as those of History, and especially those of Chronology, are often considered, the aim, uniformly pursued, has been to recommend them to attention, by making the substance, as well as the shape, available for amusement and pleasure, and, at the same time, for solid information, and for the culture of moral and religious feelings. The names, as must be obvious, to be resorted to for such a purpose, consist, in the first place, in enlivening and adorning the thread of historical narrative, and list of chronological facts, by adverting, from moment to moment, to some of the more striking details, agreeably or otherwise impressive, of the various incidents recorded; and, as a second resource of a similar kind, and even as a distinguishing feature of the work, the comparison or parallel of dates has been kept constantly in view, so as to fix the surer regard upon the several eras of persons or events, living, or occurring simultaneously, in different parts of the world; because nothing can more embellish either Chronology or History, or, by aid of the imagination, can more contribute to enchain the memory, than the recalling of coincidences, often the least suspected, of the times of celebrated persons, or of great national events, in regions of the earth the most removed from each other, and among nations the most estranged, and most dissimilar."

We have no hesitation in saying, that the author has, in the work itself, amply redeemed the hopes held out in the Preface. The volume, altogether, is an elementary work of a most judicious and valuable description.

The Family Classical Library. Nos. I. II. and III.—*Leland's Demosthenes—Rose's Sallust—and Spelman's Xenophon.* Edited and printed by A. J. Valpy. London. Colburn & Bentley. 1830.

We do not know why we have not noticed sooner this cheap and elegant little work. Its intention is to present us with the best translations of all the best classical authors. Its circulation will, of course, be much more limited than Miscellanies which embrace a more varied range of subjects; but it will form a complete and valuable work in itself, and will supply the desideratum of a uniform edition of all the most celebrated of the Greek and Roman writers in an English dress. For ourselves, we confess that, having acquired some knowledge of the originals, we are not much addicted to translations. But there are many persons to whom Greek is nothing more or less than Heathen Greek, and to whom Latin is no better than High Dutch;—to them the door of information is now unlocked, and for the small and easy charge of four-and-sixpence per month, they have nothing to do

but to walk in and be introduced to Demosthenes, Xenophon, Sallust, "and the rest." There are, besides, many little boys, and not a few elderly gentlemen, to whom, when they are poring over some crabbed old author, a translation is a perfect godsend. Much, therefore, will this part of the population of Great Britain and Ireland delight in the labours of Mr Valpy. More seriously, this is a work which reflects great credit upon its talented and amiable editor.

Letters to Dr Robert Hamilton, in refutation of the Erroneous and Heretical Doctrines, &c. &c. Edinburgh. W. Olliphant. 1830. Pp. 150.

HERE is another heresy-monger, yclept Dr Robert Hamilton, who, from being a curer of bodies—having run aground for want of practice—has taken to curing souls in a new and original manner. His doctrines, in point of extravagance and absurdity, beat the dogmas of the Row people hollow. The writer of the pamphlet, the fifth part of the title of which we have quoted above, is "a Baptist," who has set himself seriously to the work of refutation, and brought forth a closely-printed brochure of 150 pages, which we would not read for the world. Dr Robert Hamilton declares, on the honour of a gentleman and the faith of a Christian, that the Ten Commandments and the Sabbath are *abrogated* on this earth for ever! He has got, we believe, about forty converts; some people call them *convicts*—that is, they are *convicted* of the truth of Dr Hamilton's luminous conceptions. To these forty disciples, and a host of idlers and others, the worthy Doctor holds forth, we are told, every Sabbath evening, in some hall within the precincts of this city. The followers, or those who have embraced his *unique* ideas, are principally old women, cidevant governesses, and shoemakers' wives; and, as far as their opinions go, there is no such man upon earth as Dr Robert Hamilton.

A New and Comprehensive Topographical Dictionary. By John Gorton, Editor of the General Biographical Dictionary. Nos. I. and II. London. Chapman and Hall. 1830.

THIS appears to be a tasteful, cheap, and useful work. It is to be comprised in forty-two monthly Numbers, closely printed in octavo, double columns, in a clear and legible type. Each Number is to contain a quarto map, engraved by Sydney Hall. Judging by the specimens now before us, it will be the fullest and most accurate Topographical Dictionary yet published.

Select Orations of Demosthenes; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. To which are added (prefixed) Leland's Sketch of the Principal States of Greece, &c. &c. By E. H. Barker, Esq. London. Baldwin & Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 276.

THE editor of this volume is a scholar who evidently searches deeply, examines carefully, and decides only on conviction. The text has been very minutely collated with the best editions of Demosthenes; and the notes, which are rather explanatory than critical, will be found useful both by the student and instructor. The Orations selected are the first Philippic, the first, second, and third Olynthiac, the Oration on the Peace, the Oration of Æschines against, and that of Demosthenes for, Ctesiphon.

Steamers v. Stages; or, Andrew and his Spouse; a humorous Poem. By the Author of "York and Lancaster." Illustrated with six Engravings, after the designs of Robert Cruikshank. London. William Kidd. 1830.

THIS is an amusing enough *jeu-d'esprit*, containing a punning poem, and some clever caricatures by George Cruikshank's brother.

Times of Trial; being a brief Narrative of the Progress of the Reformation, and of the Sufferings of some of the Reformers. By Mary Ann Keltj. One vol. 8vo. Pp. 470. London. Longman, Rees, and Co. 1830.

This is a very sensible book, displaying good feeling on the part of the author. It is a connected history of the sufferings of the Reformers, from the time of Wickliffe, down to the accession of Elizabeth. It will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MY FIRST FEE.

A CHAPTER FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BARRISTER.

"Fee him, father, fee him."

SEVEN long yearning years had now elapsed since, with the budding anticipation of youthful hope, I had assumed the lugubrious insignia of the bar. During that dreadful time, each morn as old St Giles told the hour of nine, might I be seen insinuating my emaciated figure within the penetralia of the Parliament House, where, begowned and bewigged, and with the zeal of a Powell or a Barclay, I paced about till two. These Peripatetic practices had wellnigh ruined me in Wellingtons and, latterly, in shoes. My little Erakine was in pawn; while my tailor and my landlady threw out most damning hints of their long bills and longer credit. I dared not understand them; but consoled myself with the thought, that the day would come when my tailor would cease his dunning, and my landlady her clamour.

I had gone the different circuits, worn and torn my gown, seated myself in awful contemplation on the side benches, maintained angry argument on legal points with some more favoured brother, within earshot of a wily writer. In fine, I had resorted to every means that fancy could suggest, or experience dictate; but as yet my eyes had not seen, nor my pocket felt—a fee. Alas! this was denied. I might be said to be, as yet, no barrister; for what is a lawyer without a fee? A nonentity! a shadow! To my grief, I seemed to be fast verging to the latter; and I doubt much whether the "*Anatomie vivante*" could have stood the comparison—so much had my feeless fast fed on my flesh!

I cannot divine the reason for this neglect of my legal services. In my own heart, I had vainly imagined the sufficiency of my tact and subtlety in unravelling a nice point; neither had I been wanting in attention to my studies; for heaven and my landlady can bear witness that my consumption of coal and candle would have sufficed any two ordinary readers. There was not a book or treatise on law which I had not dived into. I was insatiable in literature; but the world and the writers seemed ignorant of my brain-belabouring system, and sedulously determined that my feeling propensities should not be gratified.

Never did I meet an agent either in or out of Court, but my heart and hand felt a pleasing glow of hope and of joy at the prospect of pocketing a fee; but how often have they turned their backs without even the mortifying allusion to such a catastrophe! How oft have I turned round in whirling ecstasy as I felt some seemingly patronising palm tap gently on my shoulders with such a tap as writers' clerks are wont to use; but, oh, ye gods! a grinning wretch merely asked me how I did, and passed on!

Nor were my illegal friends more kind. There was an old gentleman, who, I knew, (for I made it my business to enquire,) had some thoughts of a law-plea. From him I received an invitation to dinner. Joyfully, as at all times, but more so on this occasion, was the summons obeyed. I had laid a train to introduce the subject of his wrongs at a time which might *suit* best, and with this

plan I commenced my machinations. The old fox was too cunning even for me—he too had his plot, and had hit upon the expedient of obtaining my opinion without a fee!—the skinflint! Long and doubtful was the contest—hint succeeded hint, question after question was put, till at last my entertainer was victorious, and I retired crest-fallen and feeless from the field! By the soul of Erakine, had it not been for his dinners, I should have cut him for ever! Still I grubbed with this one, cultivated an acquaintance with that, but all to no purpose—no one pitied my position. My torments were those of the damned! Hope (not the President) alone buoyed me up—visions of future sovereigns, numerous as those which appeared to Banquo of old, but of a better and more useful kind, flitted before my charmed imagination. Pride, poverty, and starvation pushed me on. What! said I, shall it be hinted that I am likely neither to have a fee nor a feed?—tell it not in the First Division—publish it not in the Outer-House!—All my thoughts were riveted to one object—to one object all my endeavours were bent, and to accomplish this seemed the ultimatum of bliss.

Often have I looked with envy upon the more favoured candidates for judicial fame,—those who never return to their domicile or their dinner, but to find their table groaning with briefs! How different from my case! My case? What case? I have no case!—Not one fit to mock its own desolateness! Months and months passed on—still success came not! The hoped-for event came not—resolution died within me—I formed serious intentions of being even with the profession. As the profession had cut me, I intended to have cut the profession. In my wants, I would have robbed, but my hand was withheld by the thought, that the jesters of the stage might taunt me thus,—“He could not live, so he died, by the law.” I have often thought that there is a great similarity between the hangman and the want of a fee—the one is the finisher of the law, the other of lawyers!

Pondering on my griefs, with my feet on the expiring embers of a sea-coal fire, the chair in that swinging position so much practised and approved in Yankee Land,—the seat destined for a clerk occupied by my cat, for I love every thing of the feline species,—my cogitations were disturbed by an application for admittance at the outer-door. It was not the rat-tat of the postman, nor the rising and falling attack of the man of fashion, but a compound of both, which evidently bespoke the knock unaccustomed to town. I am somewhat curious in knocks—I admire the true principles of the art, by which one may distinguish the peer from the postman—the duc from the dilettante—the footman from the furnisher. But there was something in this knock which baffled all my skill; yet sweet withal, thrilling through my heart with a joy unfelt before. Some spirit must have presided in the sound, for it seemed to me the music of the spheres.

A short time elapsed, and my landlady “opened wide the infernal doors.” Now hope cut capers—(Lazebby, thou wert not to blame, for of thy delicacies I dared not even dream!)—now hope cut capers within me! Heavy footsteps were heard in the passage, and one of the lords of the creation marched his calves into the apartment. With alacrity I conveyed my “*corpus juris*” to meet him, and, with all civility, I requested him to be seated. My landlady with her apron dusted the arm-chair, (I purchased it at a sale of Lord M——’s *effects*, not *causes*,—expecting to catch inspiration.) In this said chair my man ensconced his clay.

I had commenced my survey of his person, when my eyes were attracted by a basilisk-like bunch of papers which the good soul held in his hand. In ecstasy I gazed—characters were marked on them which could not be mistaken; a less keen glance than mine might have discovered their import. My joy was now beyond all bounds, testifying itself by sundry kickings and contortions of the body. I began to fear the worthy man might think me

mad, and repent him of his errand,—I calmed myself, and sat down. My guest thrust into my hands the papers, and then proceeded to issue letters of open doors against his dexter pocket. His intentions were evident; with difficulty could I restrain myself. For some minutes "he groped about the vast abyss," during which time my agitation increased so much that I could not have answered one question, even out of that favourite chapter of one of our institutional writers, "On the Institution of Fees." But let me describe the man to whom I owe so much.

He was a short, squat, farmer-looking being, who might have rented some fifty acres or so. Though stunted in his growth upwards, Dame Nature seemed determined to make him amends by an increase of dimension in every other direction. His nose and face spoke volumes—ay, libraries of punch and ale; these potations had also made themselves manifest lower down, by the magnitude of the belligerent powers. There was in his phiz a cunning leer, in his figure a knowing *tourneur*, which was still further heightened by his dress; this consisted of a green coat, which gave evident signs of its utter incapability of ever being identified with Stultz; cords and continuations encased the lower parts of his carcass; a belcher his throat; while the whole was surmounted by a castor of most preposterous breadth of brim, and shallow capacity. But in this man's appearance there was a something which pleased me—something of a nature superior to other mortals. I might have been prejudiced, but his face and figure seemed to me more beautiful than morning.

Never did I gaze with a more complacent benevolence on a breeches-pocket. At last he succeeded in dragging from its depths a huge old stocking, through which "the yellow letter'd Geordies keeked." With what raptures did I look on that old stocking, the produce, I presumed, of the stocking of his farm. It seemed to possess the power of fascination, for my eyes could not quit it. Even when my client (for now I calculated upon him,)—even when my client began to speak, my attention still wandered to the stocking. He told me of a dispute with his landlord, about some matters relating to his farm, that he was wronged, and would have the law of the laird, though he should spend his last shilling, (here I looked with increased raptures at the stocking.) On the recommendation of the minister (good man!) he had sought me for advice. He then opened wide the jaws of his homely purse—he inserted his paw—now my heart beat—he made a jingling noise—my heart beat quicker still—he pulled forth his two interesting fingers—Oh, ecstasy! he pressed five guineas into my extended hand—they touched the virgin palm, and oh, ye gods! I was FRED!!!

Edinburgh, 16th March, 1830.

P. R.

ANDREW THE PACKMAN.

AFTER THE MANNER OF WORDSWORTH.

By the *Eldrick Shepherd*.

In vale of Bassenthwaite there once was bred
A man of devious qualities of mind;
Andrew the Packman, known from Workington,
And its dark and uncomely pioneers,
Even unto Geltadale forest, where the county
borders on that of Durham, vulgarly
called Bishoprigg. But still within the bounds
Of ancient Cumberland, his native shire,
Andrew held on his round, higgling with maids
About base copper, vending baser wares.
Not unrespective, but respectfully,
He suited several places and relations,
And he spread forth muslins, and rich brocades
Of tempting aspect; likewise Paisley lace,
And bolden wove in Flanders, very rich
Of braid, inwove with tinsel, as the blossoms
Of golden broom appear in hedgerows, white

With flowers of budding hawthorn. Then his store
Of maidenish nick-nacks greatly overran
My utmost arithmetical operation.

Andrew knew well, better than any man
In all the eighteen towns of Cumberland,
The prime regard that's due to pence and farthings,
The right hand columns of his ledger-book.
This I call native wisdom, and should stand
Example to us of each small concern
That points to an hereafter. For how oft
Is heaven itself lost for a trivial fault!
First we commit one sin—one little sin—
A crime so venial, that we scarcely deem
It can be register'd above. Yet that one
Leads to another, and, perchance, a greater:
Higher and higher on the scale we go,
Till all is lost that the immortal mind
Should hold to estimation or account!

Thus wisdom should be earn'd. But I forgot,
Or rather did omit, at the right place,
To say that Andrew at first sight could know
The nature, temper, habits, and caprices
Of every customer, man, wife, or boy,
Stripling, or blooming maid. Yet none alive
Could Andrew know, for he had qualities
Of eye, as well as mind, inscrutable.
For when he look'd a person in the face,
He look'd three ways at once. Straightforward one,
And one to either side. But so doth he,
That wondrous man, who absolutely deducts,
Arranges, and foretells, even to a day,
Nature's last agony and overthrow.
Presumptuous man! Much would I like to talk
With him but for one hour. So I am told
Looks a great man—a man whose tongue and pen
Hath hope illimitable. One who overrules
A great academy of northern lore.
So look three of our noble peers. And so
Looks one—and I have seen the man myself—
A fluent, zealous holder forth, within
The House of Commons. So look'd Andrew Graham,
That peddling native of fair Bassenthwaite.

Now this same look had something in't, to me
Deeply mysterious. For, if that the eye
Be window of the soul, in which we spy
Its secret workings, here was one whose ray
Was more illegible than darkest cloud
Upon the cheek of heaven; whenever he look'd
Straight in my face, and I return'd that look,
His seem'd not bent on me, but scatter'd
To either hand, as if his darkling spirit
Scow'd in the elements. Yet there was none
Could put him down when loudly sceptical,
But I myself. A hard and strenuous task!
For he was eloquence personified.

Now it must be acknowledged, to my grief,
That this same pedlar—this dark man of shawls,
Ribbons, and pocket napkins—he, I say,
Denied that primal fundamental truth,
The Fall of man! Yea, the validity
Of the old serpent's speech, the tree, the fruit,
The every thing concerning that great fall,
In which fell human kind! The man went on,
Selecting and refusing what he chose
Of all the sacred book. Samson's bold acts,
(The wonders of that age, the works of God!)
The jaw-bone of the ass,—the gates of Gaza,—
Even the three hundred foxes, he denied—
Terming them fables most impossible!
But what was worse,—proceeding, he denied
Atonement by the sacrifice of life,
Either in type or antitype, in words
Most dangerously soothing and persuasive.

Roused into opposition at this mode
Of speech, so full of oleaginuousness,

Yet sapping the foundation of the structure
 On which so many human hopes are hung,
 It did remind me even of a pillar
 Of pyramidal form, which I had seen
 Within the lobby of that noble peer,
 The Earl of Lonsdale. On the right hand side,
 As entering from the door, there doth it stand
 For hanging hats upon. Not unapplaudive
 Have I beheld it cover'd o'er with hats.
 Apt simile in dissimilitude
 Of that most noble fabric, which I have
 In majesty of matter and of voice
 Aroused me to defend. "Sir, hear me speak,"
 (Now at that time my cheek was gently lean'd
 On palm of my left hand; my right one moving
 Backwards and forwards with decisive motion,)—
 "Sir, hear me speak. Will you unblushingly
 Stretch your weak hand to sap the mighty fabric,
 On which hang millions all proleptical
 Of everlasting life? That glorious structure,
 Rear'd at the fount of Mercy, by degrees
 From the first moment that old Time began
 His random, erring, and oblivious course?
 Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it Thou who framed
 The universe and all that it contains,
 As well as soul of this insidious pedlar,
 Aberrant as his vision! O, forbid
 That one stone—one small pin—the most minute,
 Should from that sacred structure e'er be taken,
 Else then 'tis no more perfect. Once begun
 The guilty spoliation, then each knave
 May filch a part till that immortal tower
 Of refuge and of strength,—our polar star,
 Our beacon of Eternity, shall fall
 And crumble into rubbish. Better were it
 That thou defaced the rainbow, that bright pledge
 Of God's forbearance. Rather go thou forth,
 Unhinge this world, and toss her on the sun
 A rolling, burning meteor. Blot the stars
 From their celestial tenements, where they
 Burn in their lambent glory. Stay the moon
 Upon the verge of heaven, and muffle her
 In hideous darkness. Nay, thou better hadst
 Quenoh the sun's light, and rend existence up,
 By throwing all the elements of God
 In one ocean, one fermenting mass,
 Than touch with hand unhallow'd, that strong tower,
 Founded and rear'd upon the Holy Scriptures.
 Wrest from us all we have—but leave us that!"

The spirit of the man was overcome,
 It sunk before me like a mould of snow
 Before the burning flame incipient.
 He look'd three ways at once, then other three,
 Which did make six; and three, and three, and three,
 (Which, as I reckon, made fifteen in all,)
 So many ways did that o'er-master'd pedlar
 Look in one moment's space. Then did he give
 Three hems most audible, which, to mine ear
 As plainly said as English tongue could say,
 "I'm conquer'd! I'm defeated! and I yield,
 And bow before the majesty of Truth!"

He went away—he gave his pack one hitch
 Up on his stooping shoulders; then with gait
 Of peddling uniformity, and all
 In both his hands held firm across that part
 Of man's elongated and stately form
 In horses call'd the rump, he trudged him on,
 Whistling a measure most iniquitous.
 I was amaz'd; yet could not choose but smile
 At this defeated pedlar's consecration;
 And thus said to myself, my left cheek still
 Leaning upon my palm, mine eye the while
 Following that wayward and noctiferous man:

"Ay, go thy ways! Enjoy thy perverse creed,
 If any joy its latitude contains!"

How happy mightst thou be through these thy rounds
 Of nature's varied beauties, wouldst thou view
 Them with rejoicing and unjaundiced eye!
 The beatific, the sublime, lie all before thee;
 Luxuriant valleys, lakes, and flowing streams,
 And mountains that wage everlasting war
 With heaven's own elemental hosts, array'd
 In hoary vapours and majestic storms.
 What lovely contrasts! From the verdant banks
 Of Derwent, and the depths of Borrowdale,
 Loweswater, Ennerdale, with Buttermere
 And Skiddaw's grisly cliffs. Yet, what to thee
 Are all these glimpses of divinity
 Shining on Nature's breast? Nay, what to thee
 The human form divine? The form of man,
 Commanding, yet benign? Or, what the bloom
 Of maiden in her prime, the rosy cheek,
 The bright blue laughing eye of Cumberland,
 Loveliest of England's maids? What all to thee,
 Who, through thy dorkling and dissociate creed,
 And triple vision, with distorted view,
 Look'st on thy Maker's glorious handywork,
 And moral dignity of human kind!
 —Even go thy ways! But, when thou com'st at last,
 To look across that dark and gloomy vale
 Where brood the shadows and the hues of death,
 And see'st no light but that aberrant meteor
 Glimmering like glow-worm's unsubstantial light
 From thy good works, in which thou put'st thy trust,
 Unhappy man! then, woe's my heart for thee!"

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, 15th March.

PROFESSOR RUSSELL in the Chair.

Present.—Professors Wallace and Christison; Drs Gregory, Knox, and Borthwick; James Robison, — Gordon, &c. &c. Esquires.

Dr Knox concluded his paper on Hermaphroditical appearances in the Mamalia.

Professor CHRISTISON read a paper, which he intimated to the Society was the first of a series of experimental essays on the physiology of the blood and respiration. The only order of delivery he could prescribe for these papers, was that which the progress of his experiments might suggest. The present communication related to the much-agitated question, whether the change effected upon the blood in its transmission from the veins to the arteries, was susceptible of explanation upon chemical principles alone; or whether the additional aid of some vital process must be assumed in order to account for it? Priestley, Girtanner, Berthollet, and other physiologists, had shown that venous blood, agitated in contact with atmospheric air, assumed the bright arterial red; that oxygen disappears, and carbonic acid is formed, during the process—in short, that the same effects are produced as by the process of respiration in the living body. But the correctness of their experiments and inferences had lately been called in question by Dr Davy, who maintains that no change is effected in the colour of the blood; that the change produced in the composition of the air, is the result of incipient putrefaction; and that in experiments instituted by himself, with blood recently drawn from a vein, no change had taken place. Dr Christison had been induced, by this statement of Dr Davy, to repeat the experiment with the utmost care and nicety of which he was capable; and his conviction was, that the change from venous to arterial blood is effected by mere mechanical agitation of the fluid, in conjunction with atmospheric air, after being drawn from the body, as completely as if subjected to the influence of the air inhaled during the process of respiration in the human frame. Dr C. then proceeded to detail the nature of his experiments, premising that the operator required to be on his guard against deceptive results, proceeding from two different causes. In the first place, in some states of the system, the venous blood was found of such a bright red as to be with difficulty discernible from the arterial. He had known cases where

the surgeon, on opening a vein, had been led for some moments, by the appearance of the blood, to fear that he had by mistake opened an artery. When the blood was in this state, it was evident that little change in the colour of the blood or composition of the air could be expected. In the second place, in the blood of persons labouring under certain disorders, the colouring bore an unduly small proportion to the serum matter. In such cases, the change effected in the composition of the air, would necessarily be so small as to be apt to escape detection, unless very nicely measured. He mentioned these circumstances to show that the failure of one, or even more experiments, was not fatal to the principle he maintained. His first care was to procure a vessel, in which all ingress of the external air could be prevented, and the quantity left in contact with the blood before and after agitation accurately ascertained. The blood was obtained so as to avoid as much as possible all previous contact with the atmosphere, by allowing it to flow in a full stream into a bottle, which was closely stopped as soon as full, with a grooved stopper. Into this bottle several small pieces of lead had been previously introduced, as nuclei round which the fibrin might collect, and thus be separated from the colouring matter and serum. The colouring matter and serum, thus prepared, were then transferred to the vessel above-mentioned, between one hour and three hours after the blood was drawn; and care was taken to admit the least possible contact with the external atmosphere. As soon as the due proportions of blood and air were in the vessel, its aperture was closed, and the agitation commenced. Care was also taken to keep the blood-vessel at the temperature of the room in which the experiment was conducted, lest the expansion or contraction of the volume of air within, should affect the application of the method by which it was proposed to ascertain whether it were diminished in bulk. After agitating the vessel for some time, the blood, from a dark purple hue, assumed the bright arterial red. The application of a curved glass tube, opening under a graduated tube which was filled with air, and vested in a saucer of coloured water, showed by the ascent of the fluid into the tube, on opening the stop-cock of the bottle, that the volume of the internal atmosphere had diminished during the process by which the colour of the blood was changed. Afterwards, by a particular contrivance, the internal air was expelled from the vessel, and received under mercury in one of the receivers usually employed for that purpose; it was found, by the application of chemical tests, that the quantity of azote remained unaffected, that the oxygen had been diminished, and a quantity of carbonic acid gas had been formed; but that the carbonic acid did not nearly equal the oxygen which had disappeared, because carbonic acid being very soluble in serum, the greater part of what was formed was absorbed. It would appear from these statements, Dr C. continued, that the result of his experiments differed materially from that announced by Dr Davy. The absorption of oxygen by ten cubic inches of venous blood, varied in different experiments from about half a cubic inch to nearly a cubic inch and a half. At the close of his paper, Dr C. repeated his experiment before the Society. He pointed out that the transition of the blood from purple to bright red was not caused, as Dr Davy alleged, by the liberation of air-bubbles, and the consequent greater diffusion of the colouring matter; for it extended, after the vessel had remained at rest, to the lower portion of the air-vessel, where there was no admixture of air-bubbles with the fluid.

REMARKS.—We are requested by Mr James Wilson, to correct a note, which inadvertently crept into our report of his paper in the *American Grouse*, read before the Wernerian Society. At p. 25 of the present volume, col. 2, l. 17, Mr Wilson is made to say:—"Parraigins seem to prefer comparatively temperate climates." Mr Wilson's statement was,—"Parraigins seem to prefer comparatively temperate climates, such as that of Scotland, the low and stony sides and summits of the highest mountains; but under the rigorous temperature of Greenland, and the most northern parts of North America, they are chiefly found in the vicinity of the sea-shore, by the banks of rivers, and among the willow and other copse-woods of the lower and more sheltered vales."

THE DRAMA.

SINCE we last wrote, certain occurrences have taken place in the dramatic world, which we must not allow to pass unchronicled. Vandenhoff took his leave of us in the character of *Damon*. It is the best part he plays, and ought to have been performed at an earlier period of his engagement. On the fall of the curtain, the audience

took it into their heads to vociferate loudly for him; and Vandenhoff, of course, came forward to assure them, that it was one of the happiest moments of his life, and that he would never forget them. We should have liked him better, had he expressed himself somewhat to the following effect:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, What the devil is it you mean? Here I have been playing for the last six weeks to empty benches, and have been getting myself ever and anon cut up by some of your best critics; and now you seem all like to break your hearts, because I am going to rid you of my presence. I wish to heaven, Ladies and Gentlemen, you would be a little more consistent. Either come and see me when I am here, or let me go away without making a mockery of me in this fashion. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am your very obedient humble servant; but catch me visiting Edinburgh again in a hurry."—Whatever Vandenhoff said, we know he felt thus. For ourselves, however, we wish to part friends with him. Set aside Kean, Young, Macready, Charles Kemble, and perhaps Warde, and we believe Vandenhoff to be the best tragedian we have. If he be not content with this praise, we cannot help it. We shall be glad to see him here again at a future opportunity, when we may possibly say more of him.

Miss Fanny Ayton sang and acted to us for three evenings this week. On the whole, we have been disappointed in her. Her style is essentially Italian, or we should rather say foreign, for she strikes us as a little Frenchified also; and, consequently, she is somewhat out of her element in English opera. We do not precisely know, either, why this should be, for Caradori's *Polly* and *Rosetta* were exquisite; but Miss Ayton must in every respect rank much below Caradori. She has a good, clear, flexible voice, which has been carefully cultivated; but it is deficient in richness of tone and variety of expression. Her acting is poor, because it is apparently heartless;—there is none of the energy and sincerity of true feeling about it. We think Miss Ayton any thing but improved since she was last here. The houses she drew were indifferent.

On Thursday evening, Mr Wilson, a native of Edinburgh, and a gentleman who has already distinguished himself at the Professional Concerts here and elsewhere, made his first appearance on the stage, in the character of *Henry Bertram*. He was very enthusiastically received, and had evidently a number of warm friends in the pit. In the course of the evening, he sang four songs, all of which were encored. Mr Wilson has a clear powerful voice, and a distinctness of articulation particularly well adapted for stage singing. As an actor, he has, of course, much yet to learn; and probably never expects to rise very high in that department of the profession. But his vocal powers, if carefully cultivated, will carry him successfully through. He reminded us in some respects of Sinclair, and is already decidedly superior to Thorne, or any singer we ever remember to have had resident here. Of what we may consider his faults and imperfections, we shall not at present speak, being always willing to treat a *debutant* leniently. One thing, however, we must ask,—where did he get his boots and his white inexpressibles?

Mrs Henry Siddons, previous to her final retirement from the stage, is about to appear in five of her favourite characters, commencing to-night with the part of *Julia Melville*, in "The Rivals." Little more than a week has elapsed, since she formed this resolution,—the uncertain state of her health having led her to fear that the exertion might be too much for her. We rejoice, however, that she is now so convalescent, as to be able to present herself once more to the Edinburgh public. We have, for some time back, intended to pay a tribute to the well-merited success which has attended Mrs Siddons's theatrical career. When we see before us an actor or actress, in the heyday of health and popularity, we are too apt to forget how much of amusement and delight we owe to the ex-

ertion of their talents; and selfishly availing ourselves of it all, enjoy it in silence, and seek to display our own ingenuity, by the discovery of faults, real or imaginary. But when the *irrevocabile tempus* has flown past, bringing change and absence upon its wings, it is then we come to know how much we have lost; and a pang of regret arises within us, that in a light and careless mood we should have ever spoken harshly, or wounded the feelings, of one, whose genius was in former days so fruitful a source of our own pleasures. It is thus that, at the present moment, we are inclined to think of Mrs Henry Siddons. A long line of beautiful representations crowd upon our memory, in all of which we see the features of her truly graceful and feminine mind strongly stamped; and, in the trite but touching language of Hamlet, we begin to doubt whether we shall ever "look upon her like again." One thing we do not hesitate to say, that we are not aware of ever having seen upon the stage, one who united so much the elegance and refinement of the *lady*, with the accomplishments of the *actress*. Do not let it be supposed that this is trifling praise. Our interpretation of the word *lady*, implies the presence of a thousand nice and delicate shades of character, which are too apt to disappear, in a profession so much exposed to public gaze as that of the stage, but which, when left, cast a lustre around the individual, which nothing else could give. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by polished manners; but it is *felt*, even by the vulgarst. Nor was it in this respect alone, that Mrs Siddons excelled; her histrionic powers have rarely been surpassed, and not often equalled. We ask any of our readers to recall to their recollection the most celebrated actresses whom they have seen, both in comedy and tragedy, and we are satisfied they will be prepared to own, that Mrs Siddons keeps her ground beside the best of them. Stars rose in the dramatic hemisphere, which for a time made a greater noise, and seemed to burn with a stronger light, but which, when fairly brought into comparison with the lady of whom we speak, outshone her not. Mrs Siddons never had an opportunity of winning for herself a metropolitan reputation; but this cannot alter the fact, that there is not in London at this moment, nor has there been for many years, an actress to be named beside her. We shall see her take her final leave of us with many feelings of deep regret; and can only hope, that though her retirement from public life be a serious loss to us, it will be a source of increased health, serenity, and happiness to her.

The Caledonian Theatre has not been particularly well attended since it re-opened, and we suspect Mr Bass will not find the speculation a very profitable one. The truth is, as we have more than once said before, Edinburgh cannot, or will not, support two theatres at one and the same time. Were the Caledonian Theatre to open only when the Theatre Royal was closed, it might succeed, but not otherwise. Nay, we go farther, and say that we should not wish it to succeed when the Theatre Royal is open; for, in that case, the latter would be more than half deserted, and the manager would be obliged to reduce his prices, and consequently to deteriorate the character of his performances, because he could then only engage inferior actors at lower salaries. If the public of Edinburgh would fill two theatres at once, we should be very glad; but as they never have done so, we stand by the Theatre Royal until we see a better. Certain of the newspaper writers, who proceed upon no steady principle in their dramatic criticisms, have been puffing the Caledonian a good deal of late. Not that we object to give this establishment all the praise it is fairly entitled to; but let that praise be judicious and discriminating, and do not let it seem to imply that the Theatre Royal, since the opening of its rival at the head of Leith-walk, must "pale its ineffectual fire." We would particularly caution the proprietors of one newspaper, the *Editor* of which knows something of dramatic matters, not to allow gentlemen to write criticisms for them who are totally unfit for the

task. The Editor of that paper will also seriously endanger his reputation if he gives his *imprimatur* to many assertions like the following:—"Mrs Cummins" (the chief female singer at the Caledonian) "is possessed of a beautiful voice, a chaste and simple style, and a *great deal of feeling*." Mrs Cummins possesses a well-cultivated voice; but we have seldom heard an individual so entirely destitute of animation, so completely sleepy in her manner both of acting and singing, as she is. Or again,—"Mr Wilkins and Mrs Archibald particularly distinguished themselves by a vein of rich and chaste humour." Any body who understands what "rich and chaste humour" means, knows that the style of Mr Wilkins and Mrs Archibald is as far removed from it as can well be conceived. We refrain from mentioning farther enormities committed by this writer, and should not have alluded to him at all, had he not, in his zeal for the Caledonian Theatre, taken upon him to read us a lecture of a very suspicious kind, wherein he puts words in our mouth that we never used; and, what is worse, gives his readers the impression that we *did* use them; and wherein, moreover, he is obliging enough to insinuate, that unless we agree with him regarding the Caledonian Theatre, we are in all probability sacrificing our own judgment, in order to please the management of the Theatre Royal. We could get into a considerable passion at the impertinence of this insinuation, did we not feel obliged to hold our sides with laughter, at the bare idea of OLD CANNAS writing to please any mortal being but himself. What say you, Mr Murray?—are we a very gentle and obedient animal, or have we a will of our own, think you? Let the Contributor to the *Weekly Journal* thank his stars that we are not disposed to argue with him, or with any newspaper, else we should have given him such a shake, that he would not have been able to crawl down to the Caledonian Theatre for the next month, and when he did, he would have been so much altered, that neither his friends Mr Wilkins nor Mrs Archibald would have known him again.—All that need be said of the Caledonian Theatre at present, was said in the LITERARY JOURNAL last Saturday;—it has an excellent orchestra, and one or two good singers; but the acting is very mediocre, and the things acted, as far as we have seen, are exceedingly dull. We certainly, therefore, shall not follow in the footsteps of certain wisacres, and bestow upon it an egregious puff, "to the detriment of the Theatre Royal."

OLD CERBERUS.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

NIEBUHR'S ROMAN HISTORY.—Our readers will hear with pleasure, that since we intimated the destruction of Niebuhr's house and manuscripts by fire at Bonn, we have learned, by a letter from that city, that though the MS. of the third volume of his Roman History was missing for several days, and was supposed to have shared in the general conflagration, it has, however, been since found un injured. The reported loss of so valuable a work occasioned much distress among the admirers of the distinguished historian, and we are happy to put them now in possession of the true state of matters.

It is reported that Lady Byron is about to publish a reply to the Memoirs of Mr Moore, vindicating her family from any undue interference in the conjugal differences which existed between herself and her late Lord.

The accomplished sister of Sir Thomas Lawrence kept a regular Diary of all the leading events and occurrences relating to her brother, during many years, including their private correspondence. These documents, together with his letters from France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries, principally relating to works of art, are deposited by the family with Mr Campbell, his Biographer, and are said to be highly interesting.

The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney is in the press.

The Game of Life, by Leith Ritchie, author of "Tales and Conversations," is announced.

Ranulph de Rohais, a Romance of the 12th century, by the Author of "Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean," is in preparation. The Village and Cottage Florist's Directory, by James Main, A.L.S. will speedily appear.

Mr Woodford's Elements of the Latin Language, Part First, will appear in a few days.

THE
EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 72.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1830.

PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

A Vindication of the Christian Faith; addressed to those who, believing in God, yet refuse or hesitate to believe in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. By Dr John Inglis, one of the Ministers of Old Grayfriars Church, Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 354.

Tax sworn enemies of the Christian Faith, who have rejected its evidences, denied its obligations, and evinced a decided hostility to its institutions, are, the Atheist, the Libertine, and the professed Deist. It is evident that, from the first of these, the great argument in support of revealed religion can expect little favour, inasmuch as with him there is a previous question to be discussed,—and this discussion belongs properly to the department of Natural Theology. It is also vain to expect that any evidence which we can adduce will obtain much credit with the Libertine, whose rejection of Christianity proceeds, not from the head, but from the heart,—from a determination not to acknowledge its truth, rather than from any conviction that it is false. But the Deist, who owns the existence of a powerful, wise, and beneficent God, and at the same time professes to disbelieve in the Gospel revelation, is an opponent of a totally different character from the former two; and as, in common with the Christian, he affects to hold in abhorrence the absurdities of the Atheist and the interested dishonesty of the profligate, we may reasonably expect that a clear and full exposition of the evidences of revealed religion will not be addressed to him in vain. We are not, indeed, sanguine enough to expect that the evidences of Christianity, abundantly satisfactory as we acknowledge them to be, must force conviction on the mind of every man who calls himself an honest Deist; we are well aware that secret prejudices may influence such men to reject, in this case, a proof which, in any other case, they would have admitted without hesitation:—All we mean to say is, that, with the Deist, properly so called, the evidences of religion stand a better chance of being fairly examined and appreciated, than with any other class of infidels.

It is to this class that Dr Inglis addresses his *Vindication of the Christian Faith*, a volume, from the perusal of which we have just risen with a feeling of high admiration for the author, and of much satisfaction with his work. We run no hazard in affirming, that this is the ablest and most important theological treatise which has issued from the press since the days of Dr Paley. The following brief abstract will give our readers some idea of the author's plan.

He introduces his argument with the proposition, that a divine revelation was necessary. He then considers the claim of Christianity to be received as such a revelation, from the presumption afforded by the character of—first, its general; secondly, its peculiar doctrines; and thirdly, the moral duties which it inculcates. From the presumption, he proceeds to the direct and positive evidences, after clearing his way by an elaborate enquiry into the truth of the Gospel history, as comprising facts not miraculous. This follows a masterly chapter on Miracles. The sub-

ject that comes next under review is Prophecy, in connexion with its fulfilment, which, as a miracle of knowledge, Dr Inglis considers to be equal, and, in some respects, even superior, to a miracle of power, with regard to the evidence which it affords of a divine revelation;—the obscurity of prophecy is shortly adverted to and justified. Additional evidence is adduced from the circumstances attending the propagation of the Gospel. In conclusion, he gives a summary of the whole argument, and insists that all the evidence which is necessary, or which can reasonably be desired, for convincing the candid mind as to the truth of Christianity, has been given; and that more overwhelming proof could not have been afforded consistently with the great design of Providence in regard to the present station of man as a moral agent, not less responsible for his faith than for his practice.

We are sensible that, by this imperfect analysis, we give our readers a very inadequate notion of Dr Inglis's argument, and its successful development. Many of the subjects here alluded to have been already ably discussed by writers of great eminence, though we are not aware that even separately they have ever been treated with greater perspicuity than by our author; and certainly in their collective capacity, they have never before been made to bear so clearly and so closely upon the great point which the Christian advocate desires to establish. A work like the present was a desideratum in our theological literature. Leslie, Bishop Watson, Dr Campbell, and others, not to mention those writers who have treated of the evidences on a more extensive plan, have furnished ample materials for a complete answer to the Deistical arguments against the truth of Christianity. Still it was perhaps a little unreasonable to expect that, in ordinary cases, either the Christian enquirer or the Deist would willingly undertake the labour of making himself intimately acquainted with the several treatises throughout which the argument was scattered; much less was it to be expected that ordinary readers could combine for themselves the several parts of the argument into one connected view. But here we have a volume of little more than 300 pages, in which all the necessary evidences are stated with clearness, weighed with candour, judiciously advanced according to their relative importance, and rendered subservient to a fair and conclusive proof. We do not mean to hint that the present work is a mere compendium of the evidences as they are brought forward in the several treatises on the subject; we consider it rather as an able and a complete digest of the whole argument.

One particular excellence of this volume we must not omit mentioning to the author's praise; we allude to the truly Christian temper which characterises his work, and the fairness with which he treats the arguments and even the prejudices of his opponents. In perusing the arguments of Chalmers, Dr Campbell, Bishop Watson, and sometimes, though less frequently, of Addison, we have occasionally met with reasoning, which to ourselves, who had no previous prejudice to get over in regard to the great point at issue, was sufficiently satisfactory, but which, we could easily perceive, was ill calculated to remove such prejudices where they existed, and which, accord-

ingly, must have failed of effect with even a tolerably candid Deist. Dr Ingalls, on the other hand, is particularly careful of his premises; he is cautious of taking for granted what may with any show of reason be disputed; his strength lies in taking not a metaphysical, but a common sense view of the question; and he is particularly fond of inviting his antagonist to try the truth of Christianity by the same rules which reason would apply to a parallel case, regarding any indifferent question of ordinary life. This, after all, is the proper method of treating the subject; and we should think it the most likely way of making the Deist ashamed of his own unreasonableness; or, at all events, of preventing others from listening to his objections. Our author carefully avoids, however, making any concession which would compromise the dignity of his cause, or the truth of any doctrine which the orthodox creed acknowledges; the complaisance which has received our praise goes no farther than to recommend the author's argument by a candour of reasoning, and a total absence of offensive language, more honourable to himself, and more likely to benefit his cause, than if he had shown himself a skilful master of the acrimonious abuse which has frequently distinguished and disgraced theological controversy. In reading Dr Ingalls's volume, we conceive ourselves to be listening not to the ingenious pleading of a talented advocate, who unduly aggravates every circumstance that seems to favour his cause, while he mentions alights, or keeps altogether out of view, whatever would militate against it; but to the upright judge, who has honestly made up his opinion from the facts laid before him; and who, in summing up the evidence of the whole case, skilfully, but fairly, directs our attention to those points on either side which ought to influence our judgment and affect our decision.

To the high praise which we feel disposed to bestow upon the present work, we think it entitled on the following grounds:—Because it enters into a full and fair consideration of the evidences of our religion;—because it furnishes a complete answer to the *deistical* objections which have been urged against the Christian faith;—and, because this answer is neither couched in difficult language, nor does it involve any nice distinctions or intricacy of argument, which would render it unintelligible to men of ordinary capacity and limited education. It is—and this is its peculiar excellence—a plain exposition of what every intelligent unprejudiced Christian, no matter whether he inhabit a college or a cottage, feels to be (as far as natural evidence is concerned) his apology for believing in the gospel of Jesus Christ; and what therefore every sincere believer must rejoice to find so clearly stated, so ably illustrated, and so forcibly urged. In our own opinion, the man who can reject the evidences subjected to his view in *Paley's Natural Theology*, and Dr Ingalls's *Vindication of the Christian Faith*, has a mind inaccessible to rational argument, and impenetrable to every thing short of the irresistible Spirit of Divine grace, to whose gracious influence we accordingly recommend him.

We have left ourselves no room for pointing out the faults of this volume, even if we had been successful in discovering such. Its minor beauties of style, &c., we do not think it necessary to dwell upon,—they are sufficiently obvious. We have been chiefly anxious to direct the attention of our readers to the higher excellencies of the volume, partly from a sense of justice towards the author, but still more from a conviction that the work itself is calculated to become eminently and extensively useful. With regard to Dr Ingalls, we have just to say in conclusion, that he is evidently as well acquainted with his Bible as with the Statute Book. His present publication—we believe that, with the exception of an able pamphlet on the Leslie controversy, it is his only one—will obtain for him from posterity, a reputation not less honourable, nor less merited as an author, than that which upon other grounds he enjoys among his own contemporaries.

Alga Britannica; or, Descriptions of the Marine and other Inarticulated Plants of the British Islands belonging to the Order Alga; with Plates, illustrative of the Genera. By Robert Kaye Greville, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. One volume, 8vo. Edinburgh. MacLachlan and Stewart. 1830. Pp. 215.

It is but of late years that the plants belonging to the class Cryptogamia (the 24th of Linnaeus) have been carefully investigated by botanists; but they seem likely to yield a rich harvest to those who engage in the search, as they appear within an ace of equalling in numbers the remaining twenty-three classes put together. Cryptogamic plants differ from those of the other classes, both in their structure and reproductive organs. In structure, the great majority of them are simply cellular; and, in respect to their reproductive organs, they are destitute of stamens and pistils; while their seeds (designated by botanists *sporules*) have, unlike the seeds of other plants, the power of striking root indifferently from any part of their surface.

Botanists have now established twelve orders—forming so many natural families—under which the different Cryptogamic plants are distributed. Of these, one of the most important and interesting is the order *Alga*—a class which includes, along with some others, all the plants commonly known under the denomination of seaweeds. For an account of their importance, in an economical point of view, we refer our readers to an abstract in our 62d Number, of a very interesting paper read by Dr Greville to a meeting of the Wernerian Society, which we now find forms part of the introduction to his present work. The *Alga* are generally aquatic plants, growing either in the sea or fresh water. Their roots are fibrous,—a mere fleshy callous disk,—and are, in some species, not visible. These plants may be said to be all frondose (the distinct leaves in some species being, from their connexion with the fructification, still called fronds,) some of them wholly so, whilst others support their frond on a stem. Their seeds, named *Granules* or *Sporules*, are variously situated; in some instances they are naked, and surrounded by an open involucre, or immersed in the frond; in others, they are contained in distinct *capsules*, or in *tubercles*, which are either free or immersed in the frond. In several species, the fructification assumes the shape of a *siliqua* or pod. Many species are provided with *vesicles* of different forms; the most common of which are regular inflations of particular parts of the frond, filled with air. These are supposed to be of use in keeping the frond afloat. The substance of the *Alga* is very varied. Some are perfectly membranaceous and pellucid; others wiry, corneous, and elastic; while others, again, are coriaceous and subigneous. Almost every gradation of colour is to be found among them; but the prevailing ones are green, red, and brown.

The botanist will find Dr Greville's work, although modestly professing to confine itself to the *Alga* of the British Isles, a source of much more extensive information. It contains, in addition to minute, accurate, and elegant descriptions (illustrated by coloured plates) of all the species native to this country, a Latin synopsis of the known genera, with a systematic enumeration of all the better known species, with authoritative references. The introduction to the work contains, moreover, a concise historical notice of the progress of this department of botanical science; an account of the geographical distribution of the different species; and the remarks already alluded to on the economical uses of these plants. The two last-mentioned discussions contain much that must be interesting to every cultivated mind. Indeed, we know few subjects, connected with natural science, more interesting than the geography of plants; and we may as well take this opportunity of saying, that we remember few labourers in this department who know as well as our author to steer clear of the perilous extremes of hasty

and superficial generalization on the one hand, or of inability to rise above mere particular observation on the other.

Dr Greville informs us, that in preparing materials for this work, his first intention was to do no more than to give a faithful description of the British inarticulated Algae, according to the arrangement of Professor Agardh. The accumulation of materials, however, beyond what he had anticipated, and the conviction of the insufficiency of the Professor's system, impressed upon him by more minute enquiry, induced him to alter his plan; and in the book now before us, the merit not only of the individual descriptions, but of the classification, is justly due to Dr Greville. In forming his genera, Agardh seems to us to proceed too rigidly on the principle, that the fructification among the Algae is capable of furnishing as satisfactory characters as among more perfect plants. The principle may be correct; but while a vast number of Algae are only known to us in a state destitute of fructification, it is highly desirable that characters be admitted which may be rendered available in all states of the plant. Agardh himself admits several genera, in the total absence of fructification, from habit and structure alone. Nay, more, he has, on the strength of the fructification, referred to the same genus many species, which have but little affinity among themselves. Thus, if the genus *Sphaerocera*, as defined by Agardh, be taken as an example, it will be found to contain a great number of plants totally different in general habit, texture, and structure,—agreeing, or appearing to agree, only in a certain feature of the fructification. Dr Greville never denies that the fructification is a character of primary importance; but by taking into consideration other characters common to each group, whether derived from the root, form, colour, texture, or substance, he has rendered his principle of classification far more easily applicable. By conducting his examination of the Algae, in the first instance, according to the apparent affinities, independent of the fructification, he has been led to characters in this feature which were previously overlooked, and which enabled him so to subdivide some of the genera, as to make the general, or *prima facie* characters, go along with those taken from the fruit. By this means, also, he has found himself under the necessity of restoring some of the original genera of Lamouré, abolished with too little ceremony by Professor Agardh.

It may be as well to reward the patience of the reader, who has accompanied us through this detail, with a specimen of the amiable tone of moral reflection, by means of which our author knows to enhance the interest of his subject, and to cast an air of dignity over his favourite science:

'The botanist finds speculations for the truest philosophy, in what he used to tread, without reflection, under his feet. He begins to see how admirably plants are adapted to every kind of soil and situation, so as to leave no spot absolutely uncovered. He perceives, perhaps, with all the vividness of a first impression, that

'The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring;
And in the April dew and beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive.

'He finds the most exposed rocks rearing their lichen vegetation, scarcely to be distinguished without a magnifier, from the surface on which they grow. The trunks of living trees are never without their parasites, and often exhibit a miniature botanic garden of mosses and lichens—the most rapid and the most sluggish streams—the pure and ice-cold rivulet of the Alps, down to the turbid canal of the plains—the crystal lake and the stagnant pool; nay, the very hot-baths of Switzerland and volcanic Geysers of Iceland, swarm with their peculiar vegetation. The flat and dreary shores of the Icy sea, presenting everywhere a level and marshy prospect, are densely carpeted with numerous mosses, which, though frozen from season to season, revive and flourish during their short-lived summer. The decay of one plant furnishes an immediate and proper nutriment

for thousands of minute tribes, and the trunk of a dead tree gives birth to millions. We know that we cannot keep our bread many days without finding its cavities garnished with blue mould, shown by the microscope to be composed of myriads of perfect and beautiful plants. So, likewise, with the surface of our cheeses, which not only produce the blue mould, so esteemed by many, but several other species of minute furze, of a white, red, or yellow colour."

To conclude, this volume contains a very complete alphabetical catalogue of the authors who have written upon the Algae, a most necessary appendage to every work of the kind; and the illustrative plates are engraved and coloured in a masterly style.

A Collection of Peninsular Melodies. The English words by Mrs Hemans, Mrs Norton, John Bowring, Esq. LL.D. and other eminent Poets. The airs compiled and selected by G. L. Hodges. No. I. London. Goulding and Almaine. Edinburgh. Robertson and Co.

"THE music of Spain and Portugal," says the editor of this interesting work, "has been so generally admired for the originality of its character and the sweetness of its melody, as to afford frequent occasion of regret that some adequate specimens have not as yet been selected from it, in order to take that place to which they are so deservedly entitled among the melodies of other countries. It is with a view of supplying this deficiency that the compiler of the present work now offers to the British public some of the most popular and admired airs, of which he made a numerous collection during the late campaigns in the Peninsula." We look upon this as a lucky idea, and are inclined to think very favourably of the manner in which it is to be carried into execution, from the specimen now before us. We have here fifteen new songs, all of which are more or less beautiful, and through which there breathes the fine chivalric and romantic spirit of old Spain. Several of the airs are in the highest degree energetic and original, and almost all the accompaniments are exceedingly skilfully arranged. The words, especially those by our favourite, Mrs Hemans, are admirable. We are sorry that we can afford room for no more than three specimens. As there are only two copies of the work in Edinburgh, the poetry is as yet nearly as good as manuscript:

THE MOORISH GATHERING-SONG.

By Mrs Hemans.

"Chains in the cities! gloom in the air!
Come to the hills! fresh breezes are there:
Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers—
Come to the rocks, where Freedom hush towers!

"Come from the Darro!—changed is its tone;
Come where the streams no bondage have known!
Wildly and proudly, foaming, they leap,
Singing of Freedom from steep to steep!

"Come from Alhambra!—garden and grove
Now may not shelter beauty or love;
Blood on the waters! death 'midst the flowers!
Only the rock and the spear are ours."

THE ZEGRI MAID.

By Mrs Hemans.

"The summer leaves were sighing
Around the Zegri maid,
To her lone ead song replying,
As it fill'd the olive shade—
'Alas! for her that loveth
Her land's, her kindred's foe!
Where a Christian Spaniard rove
Should a Zegri's spirit go?

"From thy glance, my gentle mother!
I sink with shame oppress'd;
And the dark eye of my brother
Is an arrow to my breast."

Where summer leaves were sighing,
Thus sung the Zegri maid,
While the crimson day was dying
In the whispering olive shade.

" ' And for this heart's wealth wasted,
This woe in secret borne,
This flower of young life blasted,
Should I win back aught but scorn?
By aught but daily dying
Would my lone truth be repaid?'
Where summer leaves were sighing,
Thus sung the Zegri maid."

Nor must we omit to do all justice to Mrs Norton, whose truly graceful and feminine genius is only second to that of Mrs Hemans. We are much pleased with the following specimen of her talents :

THE BISCAYEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

By Mrs Norton.

" Oh ! softly falls the foot of love
Where those he worships rest,
More gently than a mother bird,
Who seeks her downy nest.
And thus I steal to thee, beloved,
Beneath the dark-blue night ;
O come to our unconquer'd hills,
For there the stars are bright.

" Oh ! pleasant 'tis to wander out,
When only thou and I
Are there, to speak our happy thought
To that far silent sky !
The valleys down beneath are full
Of voices and of men ;
Oh ! come to our untrodden hills,
They will not tell again.

" The balmy air may breathe as sweet,
With perfume floating slow ;
But here, where thou and I may roam,
The fresh wild breezes blow ;
Oh ! here each little flow'et seems
To know that it is free ;
The winds on our unconquer'd hills
Are full of liberty !"

We look forward with much pleasure to the continuation of this interesting and valuable work.

Travels in Various Parts of Peru ; including a Year's Residence in Potosi. By Edmond Temple. In two vols. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

We shall review this work, which has just reached Edinburgh, next week ; and, in the meantime, we present our readers with two amusing extracts from it. The first is descriptive of

A SQUALL OFF THE CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

" Sunset this evening was truly a splendid sight. The colours of the sky were different from and more various than any I had ever before observed—

Outrying some the rose,
And some the violet, yellow, and white, and blue,
Scarlet, and purpling red.

The clouds, too, assumed a form, a tinge, and a magnitude, in their masses, that excited the admiration of all on board. No sooner had the sun, in a dazzling blaze, sunk beneath the sea, than the moon shone forth with a brilliancy quite unusual to us of northern climes. Our ship, with all sail set, was gliding silently over the rippled surface of the ocean, at the rate of two or three knots an hour, when, in a few minutes, all was changed. The wide expanse of burnished gold, which replaced the setting sun, faded suddenly away, the moon withdrew her trembling beams, and the clouds, forming into one dense black mantle, overspread the firmament, and, to our view, enveloped the whole universe in darkness. 'How sudden !' 'What a change !' was the exclamation of every voice, when a flash of lightning attracted all eyes towards the east, just over the barren coast

of scorching Africa. The breeze died away to a perfect calm, and the sails hung loosely against the masts : thunder followed at a distance. Scarcely had its awful hollow murmurings ceased, when the wind came sweeping along the deep, sudden as the lightning which accompanied it. Our ship, not unlike a sea-bird frightened from repose, rushed through the foaming wave, her wings, extended to the utmost, bearing her onwards with an unusually tremulous rapidity, at once astonishing and alarming.

"The seaman's skill was instantly requisite for the prevention of threatened danger.

'Mind your helm !' cried the Captain, loudly and sternly.

'Ay, sir,' replied the helmsman,

'Luff, then, luff !'

'Luff it is, sir, luff !'

'Turn the hands up !'

'All hands a-hoy !'

'Up and furl the royals and sky-sails !—In stun-miles—Down flying-gib and stay-sails !—Brail up the try-sails !—Man the top-gallant clue-lines !—Stand by the top-gallant halyards !—Let go !—Clue up !—Jib down !—Haul !—Haul down !—were the orders given, and accomplished within a few minutes ; and in a few minutes more the squall, accompanied with very heavy rain, passed over us ; but, without these precautions, it would have proved too much for the Frolic, or perhaps for the stoutest ship that ever sailed on the ocean.

"A light breeze succeeded, scarcely sufficient to raise a gentle curl upon the waves ; all sail was again set ; the moon, surrounded by the resplendent host of heaven, burst with augmented lustre from her concealment, and the over-charged clouds, being now relieved, dispersed into various forms of different shades and hues, leaving the atmosphere around and above so serene and beautiful, as to excite our greater astonishment at the extraordinary suddenness of the change, which is by no means unfrequent between the tropics, sometimes occurring several times in the course of one night."—Vol. I. p. 19-21.

Our second extract contains several

ANECDOTES OF SHARKS.

"Of the voracious nature of the shark, we have all frequently heard or read. The following stories on that subject were related to me this day by the captain and the gunner of the Frolic, just after they had each caught a young one, which gave rise to the conversation. When the Diana frigate was lying at anchor off Vera Cruz, one of the marines, who was sentry in the stern of the ship, by some accident fell overboard in the night ; and the captain, who was in bed at the time, hearing the splash in the water jumped up, and, looking out of the stern-gallery, asked, 'I that a man overboard?'—'Yes, sir, it is me,' said the marine. 'Well, have you got hold? Are you safe?' said the captain. 'Yes, sir, I have hold of the rudder chains ; but my musket is gone,' said the marine. 'Down your musket !' said the captain, and ran upon deck to order a boat to be lowered, which, in a man-of-war, is an operation of but a very few minutes. In the act of lowering the boat, a loud shriek was heard, and when the boat's crew went to pick up the man, he was not to be seen. Two days after this event, a shark was caught, and hauled on board the Diana, in the stomach of which was found part of the jacket, and a shoe of the unfortunate marine.

"The gunner of the Frolic, in the course of the last war, was employed in the enterprise of cutting out a French frigate, in which one of his comrades lost a leg, and in a few days died, when, as is customary on board ship, I was sewn up in his hammock with a heavy weight in it commonly a couple of 24-pound shot. Scarcely 20 minutes had elapsed after the body had been committed to the sea when the hammock and bedding of the deceased were seen floating round the ship, torn to pieces ; it is unnecessary to add who, or what, had so soon robbed them of their contents.

"There is no fish so easily caught as the shark, and no perhaps more difficult to deprive of life. It is really astonishing to see their exertions with both jaws and tail, long after they have been opened, their intestines and other viscera cut out, and the skin stripped from the body.

"A few years ago, the master of a ship on board which now am, caught a shark so large, that to avoid accidents hauling him on board to kill him, they cut him open alongside and he assured me, that after cutting him down the middle from the jaws to the tail, and thoroughly cleaning him, the

hoisted him up to the fore-yard arm, where he hung upwards of an hour. (*Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.*) He was then taken down and hauled on board, where he lay stretched along the deck, to all appearance dead as a herring! but he soon exhibited symptoms of being still a shark, by snapping at any person that approached his head; and at last, a boy passing heedlessly by, the animal made a desperate effort towards him with extended jaws, and would inevitably have seized him, had not one of the sailors, who perceived the boy's danger, pushed him away. After this, they were obliged to have recourse to a common practice upon killing these monsters, that of putting across the jaws a crow-bar, or any other substantial implement, capable of preventing mischief. The only observation I have to make on my story is, that it is faithfully repeated.

"Notwithstanding all the atrocities of these formidable creatures, and the inveterate hatred that is shown to them, their flesh is not always despised; to a sea appetite it is sometimes a luxury, and there are few sailors who have caught sharks that have not also made a hearty meal upon them. The two we caught this morning, one about four feet, the other about three feet long, being young and delicate, were reserved for the cabin; and it was agreed, without one dissenting voice, that the dish of shark served up at dinner, was as good a dish of fish as ever was eaten: it was cut into slices, something like crimped cod, and fried; but I positively considered it better in every respect than any cod-fish I had ever tasted."—Vol. i. p. 28-31.

We shall follow Mr Temple into Peru, and consider his doings there, next Saturday.

The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. Conducted by Robert Jameson, Regius Professor of Natural History, &c. &c. in the University of Edinburgh. No. XVI. January—April, 1830. Edinburgh. Adam Black.

The Edinburgh Journal of Science. Conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. No. IV. NEW SERIES. April, 1830. Edinburgh. Thomas Clark.

Born of these periodicals are sufficiently known to render it unnecessary, as it would be presumptuous, for us to characterise them. All that we profess to do is, to enumerate the most interesting discussions contained in each of the numbers now before us. In performing this task, we are only making a slight addition to the view which we attempt to give of the scientific industry of Edinburgh, in our reports of the proceedings of the Royal and other Societies.

Having a great veneration for age, we commence with Professor Jameson's, which is the senior Journal. The present Number begins with an interesting memoir of Count Ransford, from the French of Baron Cuvier. Any thing from the pen of that distinguished philosopher must necessarily be interesting; and he has here, within very brief limits, shown us a man whom we had been accustomed to view in connexion with no higher matters than soup and patent stoves, in his relations to the science and institutions and social convulsions of the age. The next article of special interest is by the editor, "On the relative ages of the different European chains of mountains;" in which a theory of their formation, novel to us, and at first not a little startling, although we think satisfactorily established, is propounded. Subordinate to this is an able article by our amiable and clear-headed friend, Professor Hausmann of Göttingen, "On the geographical characters and geognostical constitution of Spain," worthy the attention not only of the naturalist, but of the student of military and statistical matters. Connected with the same class of enquiries, is a paper "On the heights of the most remarkable summits of the Cordillera of the Andes in Peru." From these subjects the transition is easy to the paper "On the height of the perpetual snows on the Cordilleras of Peru;" and thence to Professor Knupper's investigation respecting "the mean temperature of the atmosphere and the earth in some parts of East Russia." We next recommend to the

notice of our readers a paper "On peculiar noises occasionally heard in particular districts, with some further remarks on the causes of such sounds;"—an enquiry connected with the old stories of the musical statue of Memnon, the airy "tongues which syllable men's names," and all that class of vague sensations from which fancy draws her dreamiest and most plausible imaginings of a spiritual world. There are also communications on isolated questions of chemistry from Professor Bonsdorff, Dr Davy, and others;—of Botany, from Professor Graham, and Mr Walker Arnott;—of Zoology, from our learned and able friend Mr James Wilson, who, in his anxiety to have as much of the animal kingdom under his inspection as possible, adds—to the proposal made by him in one of his recent communications to the Wernerian Society, to import some additional species of game into this country, (a suggestion for which, as gourmands, we are bound to thank him)—the rather less reasonable project of bringing in a host of butterflies and moths, with all their varieties of grubs and caterpillars, to the evident detriment of all gardens, table-cloths, and old ladies. Though last, not least, we have in this number accurate reports of the four first lectures of a series now delivering by Cuvier in Paris, "On the history of the natural sciences."

The first article in Dr Brewster's Journal—(by the way, it seems *etiquette* among our scientific brethren to commence with something light and popular, on the same principle, we presume, that fencers are bound, "tirer les honneurs," before setting-to in earnest)—the first article is an interesting account of a visit to Berzelius, the celebrated Swedish chemist, by Mr J. Johnston, which conveys a vivid and pleasing idea of his manners and appearance. This Number is strong on the subject of physical geography. There is an interesting notice of the islands Procida and Ischia, by James D. Forbes, Esq.; an account of an excursion to the Diamond District in Brazil, by MM. Martius and Spix; and "a general view of the scientific researches recently carried on in the Russian Empire," by Humboldt; in which that illustrious naturalist takes occasion, as usual, to promulgate the most comprehensive and elevated principles of scientific investigation. In the department of geology, we have an abstract of a memoir, by a French naturalist, "On the Fossil Bones of St Prival d'Allior," and upon the basaltic district in which they have been discovered; and some additions to the history of the Fossil Elk of Ireland, by Dr Hibbert. In the department of comparative anatomy, there is an outline of Dr Knox's Theory of Hermaphroditism. Perhaps the most striking communications, for the mere general reader, are two curious and well-authenticated instances of Spectral Illusion:—one, in which it operated on the organs of hearing as well as of sight—another, in which nothing but the fulfilment of the augury was a-wanting, in order to entitle it to rank among the examples of the second-sight. Simple as its details are, this latter is the most puzzling case of spectral illusion that we have met with. We must pass over in silence a great number of interesting experiments and demonstrations, of which we could give only a bare catalogue, most tantalizing to the reader.

Remarks occasioned by Mr Moore's Notices of Lord Byron's Life.

This is a small pamphlet of eight pages, from the pen, or at least published under the sanction, of Lady Byron. We were favoured, on Monday last, with the earliest copy which reached Edinburgh, but as it has since appeared in the London, and has been thence very generally transferred to the Edinburgh and other provincial newspapers, we deem it unnecessary to do more than subjoin a brief abstract of the contents.

The introductory paragraph contains a statement of Lady Byron's motives for coming before the public at all, by which it appears, that having hitherto disregarded the

numerous misrepresentations which have gone abroad concerning her, she writes now, not to defend herself, but to exculpate her parents from several charges which "she knows to be false." The charges alluded to seem principally to consist in this, that it was they who influenced her to leave her husband, and to act with apparent inconsistency, by forcing her to put an end to all intercourse with one from whom she had parted in the most friendly manner. Lady Byron states, on the contrary, that she treated the noble poet with seeming kindness up to the last moment, simply because she doubted whether he was altogether in his sound mind, and feared lest any opposition or irritating expressions might make him worse; and that upon mentioning these suspicions to her parents, they became naturally anxious to ascertain their truth or falsehood, and the more so, as Lady Byron now, for the first time, informed them, that "if she were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce her to return to him." Her mother accordingly went to London to consult both lawyers and physicians on the point; and they gave it as their opinion, that Lord Byron was in his perfect senses, and that the circumstances of the case did not appear of so very aggravated a nature, as to make a separation indispensable. Upon learning from her mother that these were the sentiments of the gentlemen with whom she had advised, Lady Byron returned herself to London, and communicated, in confidence, to Dr Lushington, certain additional facts concerning Lord Byron's conduct, which induced that gentleman to change entirely his opinion of the case, and to pronounce a reconciliation impossible. What these facts were, Lady Byron does not disclose, but concludes with trusting, that the statement she has made will "absolve her father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation."

Upon this pamphlet we have to remark, that we think it ought either not to have been published at all, or it ought to have been fuller and more satisfactory. Whether Lady Byron was influenced by her parents or not, was a matter of comparatively little moment, and we are willing to allow that she has now shown that they did not interfere untruly or too officiously; but what we wanted to know was, whether she was justified, or not, in separating herself from her husband in the manner in which she did? This point she leaves in as great obscurity as ever; nay, she has made it more mysterious than it was before, for it appears that she chose to confide to Dr Lushington certain circumstances which she would not tell her own parents, although it is evident that upon these circumstances, from the impression they made upon Dr Lushington, the whole gist of the matter depends. One thing is clear, that Lady Byron was herself determined on a separation. If Lord Byron had been mad, as she seems very willing to have believed, a separation must, of course, have taken place. But as he was not mad, she drew up what she thought a strong enough case against him, which she intrusted to the management of her mother. But even this was found insufficient to produce the desired effect; and she then went to her lawyer herself, and told him something or other, which induced him to advise her parents to take steps to secure a separation, and thus she at length gained her object. Lady Byron may have been very ill used, for aught we can prove to the contrary; but we repeat, that if she was to come before the public at all, it should not have been with a story so inexplicit and obscure.

The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany. No. X. March, 1830. London. Black, Young, and Young.

THIS is a good Number. The first article—containing a biography of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of the Jesuits—is from the pen of Dr Southey, and written in his happiest manner. The third article contains a

full account of the life and literary and scientific labours of Cuvier—a theme full of interest; and which we hope to see followed up in subsequent Numbers by similar memoirs of Humboldt, Laplace, and others. Article fifth contains a biography of Sir Thomas More—an abstract from the ponderous tomes of Dr Rudhart. In article sixth, the reader will find a satisfactory criticism on the works of Calderon, together with incidental notices of other distinguished Spanish dramatists. The short reviews of new publications are numerous and interesting; and the continental literary intelligence comes quite up to our notion of the manner in which this part of the work ought to be executed—no straggling uninteresting notices, but a condensed view of what has been achieved at each place during the last quarter.

Colman's Random Records. London. Colburn and Bentley.

WE are not going to review this book just now; but we string together a few anecdotes which we have found in it:

ANECDOTE OF LORD ERKINE.

"My father often met Lord (then Mr) Erskine in the street, and invited him to dinner on that same day;—on these occasions, our party, which, when I was at home, formed a *trio*, might as well have been called a *duet*, for I was only a listener;—indeed, my father was little more, for Erskine was then young at the bar, flushed with success, and enthusiastic in his profession. He would therefore repeat his pleadings in each particular case;—this I thought dull enough, and congratulated myself, till I knew better, when the oration was over. But here I reckoned without my host; for when my father observed that the arguments were unanswerable,—'By no means, my dear sir,' would Erskine say; 'had I been counsel for A, instead of B, you shall hear what I would have advanced on the other side;—then we did hear, and I wished him at the forum!'

"No two companions could have been worse coupled than Lord Erskine and my father; for the Lawyer delighted in talking of himself and the bar, and the Manager of himself and the theatre. Erskine was a gifted man, and, what is better, a good man. In the early part of his career, he was considered a great man; but, as John Moody says of Sir Francis Wroughton, 'he could no' hawld it!'

ANECDOTE OF BONNELL THORNTON.

"I have no recollection of having ever seen Thornton at my father's house. Not long before his (Thornton's) death, these two quondam co-partners had occasion to meet in London, on some business, at a tavern; their interview was at noon, and Thornton came half drunk! During their conversation, upon the business which had brought them together, my father observed to his old friend, that he regretted to see he by no means appeared in good health. 'Health!' said Thornton; 'look here!' and he pointed to his ankles, which were alarmingly swollen;—'can't you see?—'tis the dropsy;—by 'od! I'm a-going;' and he was going, for he died shortly afterwards.

"When Thornton was on his death-bed, his relations surrounding it, he told them that he should expire before he had counted twenty; and covering his head with the bed-clothes, he began to count:—'One, two, — — — eighteen, nineteen, twenty.' He then thrust out his head, exclaiming, 'By 'od! it's very strange! but why aren't you all crying?—Teach my son,' said he to the bystanders, 'teach him, when I am gone, his A, B, C;—I know mine in several languages; but I perceive no good that the knowledge has done me;—so if you never teach him his A, B, C, at all, it don't much signify.' Within an hour after this, poor Bonnell Thornton breathed his last.—This is dreadful!—To see a man of learning and genius lost and benighted, at an age when his talents and experience should have elevated him to many years' enjoyment of the world's admiration and respect—to see him on the brink of a premature grave, looking down, like an idiot, into the 'narrow dwelling,' and beholding it with fevered levity!—can there be a more mortifying picture of frail humanity?"

ANECDOTE OF LORD NORTH.

"I have been told, from very good authority, that Lord North was once discovered among the crowd, which is generally attracted to the windows where caricatures are dis-

layed, staring at one of the graphic libels upon himself. He was represented in a ludicrous attitude, bidding the adepts of the Opposition do homage to his person, by the most abject of all possible salutations. No premier but his friendship—so unpopular as he then was, as a minister, but so amiable in private life, so totally unaffected, and devoid of all the pomposities of a high office—would have thrust himself, in such times, into a mob, to gape at satires upon the government. Soon finding, however, that he was recognised by those nearest him, who began to titter, he made his retreat, though by no means in confusion;—saying, with a good-humoured laugh, to the bystanders, as he turned his back to depart,—“Don’t you think, gentlemen, it is very ke?”

“In the same careless spirit of forgetting a statesman’s gravity, and yielding to the idlest ebullitions of a humorous and playful mind, he one day walked into the chime and less-shop, so well-known for many years, in New Bond street, over the door of which was written in capitals—**FOG AND SON.**”

“‘Sir,’ said his Lordship to the tradesman whose customer he was,—‘this is a very extraordinary coalition of ours, and cannot be expected to last;—for either Fog betrays Sun, or Sun betrays Fog; and in both cases, there’s an end of the partnership.’”

ANECDOTE OF POOTE.

“One morning, he came hopping upon the stage, during the rehearsal of the ‘Spanish Barber,’ which was shortly to be produced: the performers were busy in that scene of the piece when one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder.—‘Well,’ said Poote, drily, to my father, ‘how do you go on?’—‘Pretty well,’ was the answer, ‘but I can’t teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do.’—‘Can’t you?’ cried Poote,—‘read him your last comedy of the ‘Man of Business,’ and he’ll yawn for a month.’—On another occasion he was not less coarse (though more laughable) to an actor, than he had been to the manager.”

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.

“The learned Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to the learned (may I not say *less* learned?) Johnson. Their manners and taste, both in writing and conversation, were so different as their habits. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown, and his black worsteds, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of powdered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson’s famous parallel between Dryden and Pope, might be loosely parodied, in reference to himself and Gibbon.—Johnson’s style was grand, and Gibbon’s elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally niggard. Johnson march’d to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys.—Johnson hew’d swages through the Alps, while Gibbon levell’d walks through parks and gardens. Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon pour’d balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me; the great historian was light and playful, suiting his utter to the capacity of the boy;—but it was done *more ad libitum*;—still his mannerism prevail’d;—still he tapp’d his puff-box,—still he smirk’d, and smiled; and rounded his cries with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with men.—His mouth, mellifluous as Plato’s, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his face.”

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

SCOTTISH PSALMODY.

A LETTER FROM THE OCHILLA.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am amused to see our old, gallant, just-worthy friend, the romantic Shepherd of Ettrick, smiling on, even on suspicion, his Caledonian armour; axing fierce and fervid, nay, somewhat vociferous, adoring even the Wicked One in his zeal, and, contrary to the effect of good King David’s harp, calling up Evil spirits in the defence of what even an archangel’s voice could be insufficient to defend or justify—the obstinate sensation of acknowledged error and wilful imperfection, a work that ought to be complete beauty and perfec-

tion. For my pastoral friend and brother errs much in supposing that I meditate or recommend the suppression of our venerable Psalter, and the substitution of some rash innovated thing in its stead. On the contrary, I have expressed regret that the high Ecclesiastics of England, with all their learning and good taste, had exploded, rather than corrected, the energetic but faulty version of Sternhold; and I should rather choose that our present version, with its sundry offensive peccadilloes, should be for ever retained, than that a new one, labouring under a morbid load of modern plethora and prolixity, should come forth under the sanction of our Church. But correction, which my worthy friend confounds with destruction, is by no means so; it rather, like reformation in the state, by extending the delicate hand of repair throughout all the faultier and minuter parts, tends to establish that work, which would otherwise totter, and make it endure, “like the sun and moon,” for ever. And it is precisely because I venerate our Psalter so much, that I wish to see its deformities cleared away, and its whole body beautified and burnished so as to shine out in irreproachable perfection, and afford no handle for the jealous jeers and reprehensible criticisms of the Anti-Calvinistical South. For, it is certain, that albeit you and I should allow, what many will not allow, that the composition of our Psalter was perfect in the days of our great-grandfathers, as a demi-English, demi-Scottish linsay-woolsey sort of work, yet now-a-days, when every thing proceeding from our pulpits must, for the sake of gravity and solemnity, be reduced to the English standard, we cannot consider such a mixed work (which is forbidden, by the by, even by the law of Moses) to be faultless or befitting. For the days are gone by, when our preachers innocently enamelled their sermons with the graceful Mosaic of their native Doric; when Scottish words, now floating only on the mouths of our lowest people, had not yet been extinct in the halls and on the lips of our nobility and beauty, and were therefore unaccompanied with that impression of vulgarity, or of ludicrous or too familiar address, with which they are now so inevitably associated. Pulpit language ought at once to be of the most simple and solemn character; simple, to recommend itself to the uneducated; solemn, to recommend itself to all classes, but particularly to the highest, in whose estimation solemnity cannot be associated with vulgarities, or with mean, incorrect, or exploded expressions. A village congregation of decent rustics, with their wives and families, are not in the smallest degree shocked at the rude elocution of the most vulgar-toned preacher; neither can they conceive why offence should be taken at the “*kythest*,” and the “*riggs*,” and the “*on thou wente*,” that still deform our psalms; but it is far otherwise with the pollter congregations of our cities. Devotional feeling is with them interrupted or endangered where taste and sense of propriety are rudely assailed; nor do I believe that the accomplished preachers of St George’s or St Stephen’s would have courage to read out to their audiences, as a theme of melody, the verses where the words, so admired in Ettrick Forest, are to be found—the most mellifluous *kythest*, and that most venerable kitchen-wench polysyllable *imperfit*! In short, it is a fact that cannot be disputed, nor must we allow our national vanity, high-stomached and dogged though it be, to struggle against the conviction, that our pulpit-language is completely anglicised—that we are as a conquered people in our churches—that the powerful language of Lindsay and Dunbar is banished from our altars—that our sermons, as well as their texts, our prayers, our addresses, are all (as agreeably to good taste they should be) completely moulded into English gravity and decorum—all, but our Psalter, where, despite of our Blairs, and Robertsons, and Chalmerses, and Thomsons, some unseemly specks of provincial rusticity are still permitted to linger. Now, I am not for pulling down, to use my Ettrick brother’s own figure, the noble edifice;

because it has a broken pane or a crumbled corner-stone; but for replacing the shattered panes with modern and brilliant glass, and substituting, for the mutilated or discoloured corner-stones, others more beautiful and enduring. I should just wish that the enlightened clergymen of our General Assembly should do for our Psalmody what the enlightened civic rulers of Edinburgh are doing for their High Church—they are repairing and refurbishing its exterior, that it may more harmonize with the elegance of the surrounding city, and show off, with more congruous effect, the majesty of the architectural crown that so sublimely tops and ennobles it. Even so should our Psalms be beautified; even so should the discolouring rust of antiquity be rubbed from off them, to show off, in uninterrupted effect, and in consonance to those productions of elegant literature by which they are, as it were, surrounded and challenged, that regal crown of sublimity and simplicity that so eminently adorns them. And I scruple not to repeat it, without any horror of an assault from our worthy old women of Scotland, and my good-humoured Shepherd of Ettrick, with his bloodless crook, at their head, that such a purification is due—not only to the high literary respectability of our clergymen, to the improved and daily improving taste of their lay-hearers—but it is due, *above all*, to the admirable excellence of the original compositions. I profess myself no admirer of Tate and Brady,—no admirer of our old Scottish versifiers,—no admirer even of George Buchanan or Arthur Johnston; but I profess myself an admirer of the Divine Lyrist of Judea, the first in degree, as the first in time, of all lyric poets; and according as he, in his grace, majesty, and beauty, is more or less reflected in any versions whatsoever, prosaical or poetical, in the same degree will I form my opinion and mete out my commendation.

But, indeed, my brother of Ettrick, fervid though he be, and putting on the appearance of championing it in behalf of what he deems the Palladium of Calvinism, which he suspects that I, like another crafty Ulysses, am devising to displace and to steal—my brother himself seems to be, at bottom, in agreement with me, by confessing “the incalculable advantage which would be if the ancient and original spirit of ours were *installed* into theirs;” meaning, I doubt not, the combination of the English taste and correctness with the Scottish fire and originality. Now this is quite my own conception of what is necessary to form a perfect version; and, as it is altogether impracticable to infuse the spirit of ours into their too inanimate paraphrase, I should be inclined to adventure upon the latter alternative, which is quite practicable—the infusion of their taste and correctness into our fire and animation. On this point, it remains for our clergymen to decide; and, after decision, to undertake the execution. For the work should be intrusted to no lay-poet, not even to Sir Walter himself; it should be done by *themselves*;—there are many men of genius belonging to our Church, not only in our university-towns, but in the retired valleys and obscure nooks of our provinces, fully capable of achieving such a task.

As to the prejudice which would arise against a change, particularly in our aged people, I confess it deserves to be respected rather than ridiculed or contemned; but the same prejudice must have existed, and in a much more violent degree, (for the change was much greater,) against the present version, which about a century and a half ago superseded the defective one that preceded it. Many murmurs against innovation,—many lamentations against backsliding, must have proceeded from those old persons, who, having got most of them by heart, must have regarded their Psalms as the Church's Palladium, and departed this life unreconciled to that improved version which was forced upon them. A few years, however, swept away these respectable murmurers, and left the new one in unopposed possession, to be sung, and admired, and committed to memory by new generations.

On reading again my brother's “Letter from Yarrow,”

there is one audacious expression, which I regret our friend, gentle, and good, and kindly as he is, should have, in his furious anti-Bradyism, been betrayed into. He “*never opened the Psalms of Tate and Brady, save to despise them.*” Is this like an unprejudiced critic? Is this like handling a matter, as Solomon directs us to do, wisely? If my brother opens them for the sole purpose of despising them, can his contempt be any thing else than unfounded prejudice? And, prejudiced as he sits down to read, can he ever find in them any thing pleasant or good? And does that book of Psalms, which received the approbation of the Hierarchy of England, men, of all Europe the most erudite and most accomplished,—which has, for more than a century, been, as a devotional exercise, in the mouths of all the learning, and the nobility, and the beauty, and the royalty of our sister kingdom,—with whose verses the magnificent worship of their cathedral service has been so long and so venerably associated; is this a book worthy of being despised in the humble skidding of Ettrick Forest? Alas, my brother! “Verily,” saith Solomon, “he that *despise*th his neighbour”—but I cannot utter the remaining words upon my beloved brother.

To conclude, I am of opinion that neither of us should write more on this specific subject, but consign it modestly over to the clergymen, with whom the determination must finally rest. I shall only add, that for my own part, I undertook the theme as a pleasant and improving one, and found it full of recreation and delight,—always, like Bishop Horne, experiencing, the more I studied the subject, and compared the various versions, the less admiration of them, and the greater admiration of the Divine Original.

WM. TENNANT.

*Devon Grove, Dollar Institution,
20th March, 1830.*

REMARKS ON THE SCOTTISH METRICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

For the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

I AM glad to see that so respectable a poet as Mr Tennant has turned his attention to the metrical version of the Psalms which is used in the Church of Scotland; and though I do not altogether agree with him in his estimate of that version, yet it is undeniable that it has many faults, calling loudly for correction. Mr Tennant seems to be unacquainted with the history of our version, or he would not have been so apt to find it so full of Scotticism as he has done. It was, in fact, not prepared by Scotsmen, but by Englishmen, and is called the Scottish version, merely from the circumstance of its having been adopted by the Church of Scotland. It was composed during the Civil Wars, under the auspices of the Assembly of Divines which met at Westminster, and was intended to be the authorised version for both England and Scotland, when the projected uniformity of worship had taken

* Since the above letter was written and sent to press, the author of it and of the short critical strictures that occasioned Mr Hogg's remonstratory epistle, has had an opportunity of perusing Dr Beattie's “Letter to Dr Blair on the Improvement of Psalmody in Scotland,” (just published by Mr Buchanan of George Street,) which was written upwards of 50 years ago, and privately circulated among their mutual friends. From the perusal of this well-timed little publication, the author cannot but congratulate himself on observing, that his view of this important subject is sanctioned by a name so respectable and authoritative as Dr Beattie, who coincides with him, almost unvaryingly, in his opinion of the various versions, of the corrections requisite in our own, of the persons most qualified to make these corrections, and of the most simple and proper mode of making them; in fact, in every point, whether of criticism or of suggestion to the authorities of our Church.

25d March, 1830.

[A Correspondent enquires,—“Could Mr Tennant's attention be drawn to a verification, or rather a new edition, of the Psalms, with the verification amended by the late Mr Boswell, advocate? Mr Boswell was an Oriental scholar, and one of the leaders of the small but respectable sect of Glasgaites in this city. His version appears to me to be both smoother and closer than that of the Old Church, to which, however, he gives the decided preference, only varying from it when convinced the alteration is an improvement.”]

place. The original draught was made by a Mr Rous, or Rouss, a member of the Long Parliament. It was carefully revised by the Westminster Divines, and after receiving their approbation, it was transmitted to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and by them transmitted to the Presbyteries, where, after some corrections, it was received into the churches on the 19th May, 1650. There were a great number of versions, by different authors, brought under consideration; of the respective merits of which I do not know if there is now any means of forming an estimate. There was one by Mr. of Rowallan, which is often mentioned, and highly spoken of, by the writers of that period. Worthy Mr Zacharias Boyd also laboured much that his version might be adopted, and the General Assembly, to avoid hurting the feelings of so good a man, appointed a small committee to consider it, and they never made a report.

Many of the faults of the present version have arisen from the change which has taken place in the pronunciation of our language, during the two hundred years which have nearly passed since it was made; an evil to which all poetry, and especially rhyme, must be subject. There seems to be little reason to doubt that the words, *high* and *dee*, *ring* and *reign*, were at that period so pronounced as to be good rhymes. Some of the worst are also accurately copied from Sternhold, as is the case with the first verse of the 41st Psalm:

"Blessed is he that wisely doth
The poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is,
The Lord will him deliver."

With regard to many of the faulty rhymes, it is also to be remembered that the public ear and the public taste were not then so accurately formed as they are now; and in consequence of this, there are to be found as bad rhymes in Dryden, and as harsh, unreadable lines in Milton, as we to be found in our version of the Psalms.* This, however, is only an apology for those by whom it was created, but its faults still remain, and, in this age of more correct taste, should certainly be removed.

There is reason to believe that the great leading object which is constantly kept in view in our version, is not generally understood. This object is shortly and accurately expressed in the title page:—"The *Psalms of David*, in metre, *more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text*, than *any heretofore*." The compilers did not propose to give us *Psalms of their own*, but the *Psalms of David*, rendered into metre, without admitting a single verse of their own, and without omitting one which they found in the original. The three rules by which they proposed to guide themselves were, That the new version should be *smooth, plain, and agreeable to the text*;—*more than any heretofore*. Agreement with the text, and plainness, they considered as matters of essential importance, and never to be sacrificed. Smoothness was only a matter of taste, and if they could not in every instance combine all the three, they sacrificed this.

The plan thus adopted was certainly a very excellent one, and well calculated to secure unanimity in the minds of all who joined in public worship. Particularly in that age when religious opinions had run riot in no ordinary degree, it would have been found quite impracticable to have produced any human composition which would have met the views of all classes of worshippers; but, in adhering strictly to the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture, the cordial consent of all who bore the Christian name was effectually secured. This view of the subject is applicable to all periods of the Church, at least of the Protestant Church, in which, from the entire liberty of thinking for himself, which is granted to every man, there must always

be very considerable difference of opinion on many points. The Calvinist could not conscientiously use in public worship a formula which distinctly recognises the Arminian doctrines; nor could a conscientious Arminian adopt language which was manifestly Calvinistic.* But, independently of all doctrinal differences, the actual state of devotional feeling is widely different among Christians, as much, at least, as the degrees of a musical ear and a musical taste among mankind at large. Hence those devotional expressions, which are well suited to the feelings of those who are at the highest point of the scale, will appear to those who stand lower as enthusiastic and unintelligible; while such as suited those of a lower grade, would be felt by the higher as frigid and uninteresting. Besides this, the poet, if not strictly tied down to Scripture, would be in danger of allowing his "eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, to body forth the forms of things unknown" and incomprehensible by any class of worshippers. All these evils are got rid of by keeping strictly to Scripture; and from all these evils and dangers the Scottish version is quite free. It sets before us pious and devotional thoughts and feelings, which are acknowledged as true and just by all who acknowledge the divine inspiration of the Scripture, and it gives us nothing more.

To accomplish such a work well was no easy task, as any one may satisfy himself by trying to execute it better on a single Psalm, tying himself down rigidly to the rules in the received version. Let him neither add a single idea, nor omit one, but give us the ideas of the original Psalmist in plain, elegant, and smooth verse, without the smallest poetical embellishment drawn from his own stores, and he will feel the difficulty.

That the Scottish version is on the whole admirably executed, agreeably to this plan, no man can doubt. In fact, when compared with that of Sternhold and Hopkins, it will be found that there is not a single psalm, nor scarcely a verse, which is not improved. It is granted that the two verses in the 18th psalm in Sternhold, which have been so often quoted, are very fine; but as they are paraphrastic, they could not be adopted in our version without a violation of that rule of rigid adherence to the original, which the authors of that version had laid down to themselves. But it may safely be asserted, that there is scarcely an instance in which they have not either given us a more correct version of the original, or finer poetry, than their predecessors. The finest psalm in Sternhold is the 100th, and this our version has adopted, with the alteration of only one word in the third line, "Him serve with mirth," instead of "Him serve with fear," as Sternhold has it, different from the original; so scrupulous were they in this matter. Adherence to this rule led them also sometimes to adopt a very obscure version; for where they did not find the original clear, they did not think themselves at liberty to become paraphrasts nor expositors, but gave, as nearly as possible, the very words of Scripture. It was solely on this ground that they have given us the lines in the 74th psalm, which have so often been made the subject of ignorant ridicule,—

"A man was famous, and was had
In estimation,
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon."

Mr Hopkins has here allowed himself the liberty of a commentator, as he and his fellow-labourer often do, but, like many other commentators, he has quite mistaken the

* The first of the following verses are from a Calvinist, the second from an Arminian hymn:

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

"Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace:
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more."

* There is also as bad grammar in Pope. Witness the Universal Prayer,—"Who all my sense confined;" while the grammar remained "confined." And again,—"Yet gave me in this dark state, instead of "gave."

sense of the author. The passage is both poetical and beautiful. The Psalmist is lamenting the sad change which had taken place in what related to religion:—"There was a time when a man's estimation in society stood high, in proportion to the zeal which he showed in repairing and beautifying the Temple, and in bringing in materials for that purpose; but now, the chief zeal seems to be, who shall be most active in the work of defacement and demolition." The psalm was probably written during the wicked reign of Manasseh, or at the time when Jerusalem was in the hands of some of her foreign enemies, which was several times the case before its final destruction. On the same ground, a zealous Roman Catholic in Scotland, when the work of destruction among the religious buildings was going on at the Reformation, might have exclaimed, in almost the same language, "Alas! what a change! a man was once famous according as he laid out his wealth in bringing trees from the forest, and stones from the quarry, to rear these splendid and beautiful fabrics; but now, with hammers and axes, they break down the carved work thereof."

The inequality in our version is in some measure owing to the inequality which is to be found in the original. The authors thought it enough if they made that sublime which they found sublime, and that pathetic which was so in the original; but did not think themselves warranted to introduce the flowers and ornaments of poetry where their author had not introduced them.

But with all its merits, it has many faults, which it would be most desirable to see corrected. This is an age in which there is immensely greater facility of versification than was to be found two hundred years ago; and I beg leave to conclude, with inviting all your poetical correspondents, and all your versifying correspondents, (for this work does not require a poet,) to send in their several quotas. It is not intended to turn your miscellany into a religious magazine, but your desire to promote good taste and good writing, will, it is hoped, ensure a place to any thing of this kind which deserves it. Nor is there any reason to apprehend that your pages will be quite overrun with matter of this kind. If you adhere with unbending steadiness to the rule, that nothing shall be admitted, but what is *more smooth, plain, and agreeable to the original than any heretofore*, very little space will probably contain the whole.

I shall point out a few faulty verses, on which Improvers may try their hand:—

- Ps. i. 3. "He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never."
- Ps. ii. 6 "Yet, notwithstanding I have him
To be my King appointed,
And over Zion, my holy hill,
I have him King anointed!"
- Ps. iii. 7, 8. "Arise, O Lord, save me, my God,
For thou my foes hast stroke,
All on the cheek-bone; and the teeth
Of wicked men hast broke.
- "Salvation doth appertain
Unto the Lord alone,
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
Thy people is upon."
- Ps. vi. 1. "In thy great indignation," &c.
8. "But now depart from me, all ye
That work iniquity;
For why? The Lord hath heard my voice,
When I did mourn and cry."
9. "Unto my supplication," &c.
10. "That enemies are to me," &c.
- Ps. vii. 2. "Lest that the enemy my soul
Should like a lion tear,

In pieces venting it, while there
Is no deliverer."

- Ps. vii. 9. —"but 'stablish *stedfastly*."
16. —"on his own *pate* shall come."
Ps. viii. 2. "From infants and from sucklings mouth,
Thou diddest strength ordain,
For thy foes cause, that so thou mightst
Th' avenging foe restrain."

The whole of the above verse is extremely unmusical. The next has a most faulty rhyme.

- Ps. viii. 3. "When I look up unto the heav'ns
Which thine own fingers *fram'd*,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
Which were by thee *ordain'd*."

The two first lines of verse 6th are also very unharmonious:—

"Of thy hand-works thou mad'st him, Lord,
All under 's feet did'st lay," &c.

The whole of this Psalm is so exquisitely beautiful in the original, that it deserves the highest degree of polish which can be given it in a metrical version. But, let the original simplicity be held sacred, and all modern embellishments and tawdry ornaments rigorously banished.

Besides correcting the present version, there is still another field open—which is, to give us a few of the most devotional of the Psalms, in long metre, still adhering to the rule which has guided the authors of the present version, that they shall be literally the Psalms of David in metre. I have no manner of objection if any man can produce better psalms or hymns than these, but I feel so much satisfied with them, that I wish, in the first place, to have them pure and entire; and when any are produced which are better, it will then be time enough to consider them.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

Saturday, 20th March.

Dr GREVILLE, V. P. in the Chair.

Present,—Professor Jameson, Drs Scot, Hibbert, Henry Witham, Walker Arnott, Patrick Nelli, James Wilson, &c. &c., Esquires.

Mr JAMES WILSON read a paper "On the Origin of our Domestic Poultry;" with a view to illustrate which, specimens of the wild poultry of India, from the College Museum, were exhibited by the Essayist. He remarked, that of the many benefits which Providence has enabled man to draw from the numerous tribes of the feathered race, there is none which surpasses in extent and utility the domestication of those most familiarly known of all birds, called, *par excellence*, the *Cock* and *Hen*. So ancient has been the subservience of this species to the human race, that no authentic traditional traces now remain of its original introduction to any of the more ancient kingdoms of the earth; and its existence under the protection of man appears, indeed, coeval with the most antique records. It seems, like the faithful and accommodating dog, to have joined its fortunes to the earliest families of our race, and to have followed man in all his migrations, until it lost, under the joint influence of climate and culture, almost all resemblance to the stock from which it sprung. The obscurity which hangs over the origin of our domestic poultry, has occasioned more inconclusive speculation than almost any other question in natural history. It has been inferred from the epithet "Persian bird," applied by Aristophanes to the cock, that it came originally from Persia; but no traveller since the revival of letters has been able to discover any species of wild poultry in that country. In all probability the expression of Aristophanes infers no more than that the Greeks obtained from the Persians an already domesticated breed. It appeared from the learned discussion read by Dr Scot, at the last meeting of the Society, that domestic poultry are not specifically alluded to in the

(Old Testament. It is, however, well known that the cock had been introduced into Greece as early as the time of Themistocles. Now, the Old Testament history does not coincide till about twenty years after the death of that statesman; from which we may infer, that the silence of the later sacred historians regarding poultry must have had some other cause than ignorance of their existence; for, if the Greeks had received them prior to that period from Persia, or from the more south-eastern countries of Asia, they could scarcely have remained unknown to the intermediate regions inhabited by the Jews. With the exception of North and South America, and the great Australasian Continent of New Holland, there is scarcely any considerable portion of the earth's surface, colonized by the human race, where poultry have not been known and cherished from a very remote period. In most nations, too, we find them valued for their pugnacious propensities, in which mankind have found a most anomalous source of amusement. The different races of our poultry are so remarkable for their disagreement with respect to size, colour, and proportions, that the reflecting naturalist with difficulty convinces himself of their descent from one common stock. It is true that all the varieties produce with each other a fertile progeny, but while we remember the fertile hybrid between the terrier and pointer, and that between the dog and the wolf, we may be allowed to doubt the sufficiency of this generally received criterion of identity of species. The first plausible attempt to attribute the origin of our domestic poultry to a wild species, was made by Sonnerat, who discovered the (*Asian Sonneratii*, or *Jungle Cock*, a native of the Ghauts, in India. Later discoveries, however, have considerably invalidated the claims of this bird to be viewed as the original stock whence we have derived our breed of domestic poultry. Mr Wilson observed that the natural form and structure of any portion of the animal organization, were much less easily altered or effaced than the more superficial and transitory character of colour. The natural inference is, that if the Jungle cock be the parent of our domestic breeds, such breeds would at least occasionally exhibit those marked and peculiar characters of form and structure by which the feathers of the supposed original are distinguished. On the contrary, however, among the numerous varieties of our domestic poultry, not one has been found, the plumage of which is characterised by the horny lamina or expansions of the quill, which form so marked a feature in the plumage of the Jungle cock. It is chiefly upon this difference of structure of the cervical feathers, and of some other parts of the plumage, that the necessity of seeking elsewhere the parent stock of our common poultry has been rested. Mr Wilson mentioned, however, another fact, which we do not remember to have seen previously insisted upon, and which leads irresistibly to the same conclusion. The natives of the district where the Jungle cock abounds, rear a breed of poultry differing as much from the supposed original as our own, and which never intermingles with the forest brood. Similar objections apply with still greater force to the fork-tailed cock (*g. fureatus*) of Java; and to the Macartney cock (*g. Macartneyi*) of Sumatra. Mr Wilson next directed the attention of the Society to the better-founded claims of one of the species of wild poultry inhabiting the great Asiatic islands. According to M. Temminck, the species to which our domestic races are most nearly allied, are,—the Jago cock of Sumatra (*g. giganteus*), a wild species of great size, and the Bankira cock of Java, another primitive species which occurs in the forest of the last named island. There are several circumstances which render the claims of these two birds much stronger than those of the Jungle cock. 1stly, Their females bear a strong resemblance to our domestic hens. 2dly, The common village cock, in its most ordinary condition, is intermediate in respect to size between these two species. 3dly, The nature of the plumage, which in its form, consistence, and distribution, is absolutely the same as in the common cock, strengthens the supposition. 4thly, It is in these species alone, that we find the females as well as the males provided with a fleshy crest and small wattles,—characters which likewise distinguish such sexes of our common poultry, although they are for the most part but slightly developed in the female. The Jago cock sometimes grows to so great a size, that while standing on the floor of a room, according to Marsden, its bill attained the level of a dining table of ordinary height. The Bankira cock is of dimensions much more nearly approaching to several of our domestic varieties, with which it also agrees in some other characteristics. It is in this form and direction of the tail, which, in this wild species, is almost horizontal, that it differs most from our poultry.

This discrepancy may easily be accounted for from the different habits of the birds. Mr Wilson argued, from the analogy of the anatomy of birds, that our domestic poultry, if abandoned in the woods to their own resources, would acquire, along with greater strength of wing, a depression of tail calculated to promote a swift progress through the atmosphere. In corroboration of this opinion, he mentioned a case which had come under his own notice, of an individual cock, which, having dwelt for the greater part of the summer in the woods upon his own resources, became so shy and wary, that he could neither be caught nor reclaimed, but generally rose with a harsh cry at the distance of 30 or 40 yards, with his tail extended horizontally, and was at last shot, like any other wild game, as a legitimate object for the exercise of sportsman-like skill. Mr Wilson concluded by stating, that he conceived the remarks he had submitted to the Society sufficient to establish two points:—First, that the Jungle cock is not the parent of our domestic poultry, from all the known varieties of which it differs materially, both in the form and structure of its plumage; and second, that, as far as it is possible to judge, in the present state of our knowledge, this honour belongs to two species inhabiting the Asiatic islands, which possess, in a greater or less degree, all the characters of our domestic kinds, and are not contradistinguished by any marked peculiarity of structure. The objection to our domestic poultry being derived from a multiplied source, which naturally arises from the disinclination, evinced by most animals, to breed except with their own kind, is greatly weakened by the acknowledged facility with which the different species of gallinaceous birds continue to form hybrid or crossed breeds.

Dr Soot read a paper "On the question, whether the Hyens of naturalists be mentioned or alluded to in the Sacred Writings." No remarks were made upon this paper, and the Society adjourned.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Monday, 22d March.

Sir HENRY JARDINE in the Chair.

Present,—Professor Brunton; Drs Hibbert and Carson; James Skene, Donald Gregory, James Maidment, David Laing, Gabriel Suranne, &c. &c., Esquires.

THERE was read "A brief account of an ancient piece of furniture in the choir of the Parish Church, Terregles, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright;" accompanied with a relative drawing, communicated by R. L. Milligan, Esq., M.D.

The assistant Secretary (Donald Gregory, Esq.) next read his "Enquiry into the causes which led to the prescription (in 1603) of the *Clan Gregor*."

The *Clan Gregor* is one of the very few families in the Highlands supposed to be of pure Celtic origin. An early, if not the original, seat of the head of the family, was the valley of Glenurchy, in the district of Lorn. There is preserved, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a mandate issued in 1293 by John Balliol, ordaining the Lord of Lorn to summon two individuals of the name of MacGregor to appear on a certain day in the royal presence, for the purpose of rendering homage; from which the natural inference is, that these persons were free barons. Among the prisoners taken by Edward I. at the battle of Dunbar in 1296, mention is made of John of Glenurchy. It appears that his lands and possessions were afterwards restored to him on condition of his going to serve Edward in his wars in France. He is designated one of the Magnates Scotie, a proof that his possessions holden of the crown must have been very considerable. It is also extremely probable, from the great numbers of the clan found in later times in the western districts of Perthshire, and particularly in Glendochart, Glen Lyon, and Rannoch, that previous to the reign of Robert, some of them held lands there under the crown as free barons.

* We regret that it is only in our power to present the reader with a brief summary of this interesting and ably executed paper; we hope, however, to be able to return to the enquiry respecting the true origin and character of that form which brought about the prescription of the *Clan Gregor*, when the next number of Mr Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials* appears. We have been favoured with a view of the proof sheets of Mr Gregory's account of the trials of the MacGregors; and we are of opinion that the documents there collected fully bear out Mr Gregory in the opinions he has expressed. We take the opportunity of this note, to express our opinion, that Mr Gregory's notice of the *Clan Gregor* is the best, and indeed the only authentic history of a Highland Clan that we have seen. He has not hazarded a single assertion, in which he is not borne out by documentary and general contemporary evidence. Even our meagre abstract will serve to show the important conclusion to which his investigations have led him. †

Malcolm de Glendochart and Patrick de Glendochart appear in the Ragman Roll in 1298; and both names are common in the Clan Gregor.

The MacGregors were, from their local situation, it may be also from consanguinity, the followers of the Lord of Lorn, and shared in the fate of his family upon the accession of Bruce, to whom he was bitterly opposed. Glendochart and Fortingal were bestowed upon connexions and followers of the new monarch. The Lord of Glenurichy had died in France, and the estate, being the property of an heiress and a minor, could not be forfeited. Her wardship and marriage, however, were bestowed upon Campbell of Lochawe, the king's brother-in-law, who bestowed her upon his son John, afterwards Earl of Athole. Upon his decease, without children, in 1333, the estate seems to have reverted to the MacGregors; for there is undoubted evidence of the death of "John MacGregor of Glenurichy" in 1390. In 1442, we find the estate in possession of a younger son of the first Lord Campbell, from whom the house of Breadalbane are descended. According to the records of that house, he received it from his father. This was the last freehold possession of any consequence held by the name of MacGregor.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, therefore, the Clan Gregor was in a situation totally different from that of any other clan in the Highlands—it had not one acre of land held free of the crown. But it had not yet become distinguished over the neighbouring families for a predatory disposition. The crown still possessed extensive lands in Perthshire, on which the chieftains of the tribe were seated, nominally, as crown tenants, but, in reality, from the unsettled state of the country, as absolute proprietors. During the reigns of James II., III., and IV., however, numerous grants of these crown lands were made to powerful barons in that part of the country. Many of these, having been granted during minorities, were afterwards revoked; and the uncertainty hence arising in the new titles, encouraged the MacGregors, the actual occupants of the lands, to despise and resist the authority of charters, by which overlords were imposed upon them, in many instances from families with which they had long been at mortal feud. The struggle was unequal; and in proportion as the Clan Gregor became, from kindly tenants of the crown, subjects of oppression and suspicion to their wealthier and more powerful neighbours, they grew remarkable for their opposition to all law and order. Mr Gregory completely established this position, by entering into a detailed narrative of the management of the crown lands in Perthshire, (and particularly in Rannoch, the head seat of the Clan Gregor,) from the year 1473 till the end of the 16th century.

Those who have once burst the bonds of law, are exposed to greater temptations than those who live within them; and thus it happened with the Clan Gregor. There is strong ground for believing, that in many cases, and particularly after the death of the Regent Murray, they acted in their predatory excursions merely as the tools of some of their more powerful neighbours. The peculiar circumstances in which they had so long been placed, in regard to their ancient possessions, must have disposed them to enter with alacrity into any plans of violence and rapine, by which they might have a chance of bettering their condition. Their forays, too, were the more felt and complained of, that the wealthy district around Perth, as the nearest to their haunts, was that which generally suffered from their inroads. The bad reputation acquired by this unfortunate clan, is testified by the numerous government commissions issued at different times against them, breathing the most vindictive and relentless spirit, and consequently only fitted to make bad worse.

Amid all this adversity, there was one branch of the family of MacGregor which continued for some time to enjoy a state of comparative prosperity. Soon after the apparent extinction of the house of Glenurichy, a branch of the Clan Gregor may be traced, holding the small property of Glenstray, which lies contiguous to Glenurichy, as vassals of the Earl of Argyll. It was connected by marriage with most of the principal families of the name of Campbell, and as long as it continued to hold of the Earl, it appears to have flourished. During the reign of Queen Mary, however, Argyll conveyed the superiority of Glenstray to Campbell of Glenurichy, and from that time its possessors shared the fate of the rest of the clan. The great object of the Glenurichy family was to get rid of the MacGregors as vassals altogether. This object they attempted to accomplish, by refusing Gregor MacGregor of Glenstray as heir

to his father; and, after the execution of Gregor in 1561, by withholding the investiture from his son Allaster, who was legally ejected from Glenstray in 1590, under the pretext that he was merely a tenant of the lands against the will of his superior, Sir Duncan Campbell. In 1567, a very voluminous act of Parliament was passed, vulgarly called the General Bond, which denounced severe penalties, not only against the broken clans, but also against all their favourers and resisters. Early in 1598, Archibald Earl of Argyll received a commission of similar import, against "all and sundry persons of the wicked Clan Gregor." About this time, the landlords of the Clan Gregor, forced by the severe enactments of the General Bond, which made them answerable for the misdemeanours of their tenants, began to take measures for a universal ejection of the clan from their possessions; and, as far as the forms of law could go, numerous ejections took place. It may safely be affirmed, in consequence of these rigorous measures, that, in July, 1596, not a single farm was occupied by a MacGregor, unless by force, and in defiance of the landlord. At that time, the Laird of MacGregor made his appearance before the King in council, became bound for the good behaviour of his clan, and promised to remain in attendance on his Majesty, as a hostage for their obedience. He appears, however, soon to have tired of his thralldom, and to have made his escape to the Highlands.

After this event, various attempts were made by the Council to reduce the Clan Gregor without undue severity; but all its good intentions were frustrated by the interested policy of Argyll. He stirred them up to acts of violence against those proprietors who had the misfortune to be at feud with him; and afterwards took advantage of these very acts of insubordination to get himself appointed his Majesty's Lieutenant and Justice, with most ample powers, in the whole bounds inhabited by the Clan Gregor. The last important outrage committed by this sept, previous to its proscription, and the immediate cause of that act of severity, was the invasion of the Lennox in 1603, during which the celebrated conflict of Glenfrune took place between them and the Colquhouns. The declaration of the Laird of MacGregor, produced as evidence against him at his trial, charges Argyll with having been the instigator of this irruption; and the simplicity and unconscious pathos of the document are strong warrants of its veracity. Its assertions are, moreover, corroborated by many admissibles of evidence adduced on the trials of the MacGregors. The magnitude of this foray was sufficient to strike a panic into the government, which vented itself in the celebrated act of Council prohibiting any person, under pain of death, from bearing the name of Gregor or MacGregor. The chief himself was shortly afterwards apprehended through the machinations of Argyll, and executed at Edinburgh. At this period, the Clan Gregor was to all human appearance extinguished. Mr Gregory concluded by remarking, that he had "endeavoured to show that the causes of the proscription of the Clan Gregor were closely connected with the system on which the ancient Crown Lands were managed; and that the system took more effect upon this clan from their having lost most of their freehold possessions so early as the reign of Robert Bruce.

ANDERSON'S UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.

ON the evening of Monday, the 22d March, the first of the meetings purposed to be held on the plan of those that have proved so delightful at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, took place in the University Rooms, George-street. It was numerously and brilliantly attended.—Lord John Campbell, who rightly thinks that a love of science can add lustre to even the name of Argyll, Mr Smith of Jordan-hill, Professor Dr Hooker, Professor Mylne, Mr May, besides Mr Anderson, President of the Institution, Mr Douglas, the Secretary, and all the learned body of Professors, being present. After tea and coffee in the apparatus room, the Museum was thrown open. It is a handsome apartment, but the collection will speedily outgrow it. It is particularly rich in mineral and geological specimens. Among the latter, a splendid suite of primitive and other rocks, arranged by the hand of Werner, and presented by Mr Edington, was much admired. At eight o'clock, in the Great Hall of the University, Dr Ure delivered an admirable, though, from its nature, desultory lecture, on a review of the most recent and striking discoveries in chemical science, of which he is himself so distinguished an ornament. Among these, we were chiefly struck with that of a German chemist, WÄLLER, who, by passing clay in

a state of combustion, united with animal charcoal, through chlorine, has obtained a substance, which he terms chloride of alumina, and thus distinctly proved that even clay is not an exception to the truth of Sir H. Davy's beautiful and ingenious theory of the metallic basis of all the earths,—that of clay being as hard as covundum,—which is the element of poetry, and the substance used in the East for polishing the diamond itself.

Another new substance was also shown, which has been recently added to our catalogue. It is termed GLUCINUM, and is found in the emerald. This and the preceding examination, the learned Doctor remarked, threw some light on the nature of meteoric stones, which he conceived to be flaming bodies, containing the earths in a metallic state, which fused on coming into contact with our atmosphere. The most interesting portion of the discourse was, however, that which detailed Dr Ure's present investigations on tests for detecting the presence of opium. In prosecuting these, he has clearly established, that in our saliva there is a large portion of sulpho-cyanic acid, akin to prussic acid, and the most deadly poison! Thus we every moment swallow a portion of it! In a state of Pytalism, however, the mercurial action seems to banish it. The tincture of iron colours the saliva, where it is present, a bright red, and from this circumstance some light may be thrown upon the curious question as to the colouring matter of the blood. In the course of the Doctor's experiments, he has demonstrated, that in some of the London porter of the most famous brewers, a serious quantity of opium is discoverable.

A well-executed head of Berzelius, in selenium, was handed round as a specimen of that rare metal. Mr Smith of Jordan-hill, Mr Douglas, Professor Mylne, Dr Hannah, and the President, each delivered their remarks. The venerable father of the College of Glasgow was received with enthusiasm, as was also the mention by Mr Anderson, that in the unwearied zeal and influence of Mr Smith we were indebted for the organization of a series of meetings so delightful as these promises to be.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SONG OF CONCILIATION.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Air, "One Bumper at Parting."

COME, no more of your party-work! Brothers
With brothers should ever agree;
The freedom that's granted to others
Should never be grudged to the Free.
Well may creeds be the scoffer's derision!
They strengthen his infidel cause,
When they teach men but strife and division,
Who are one in their Countries and Laws.

CHORUS.

Then, boys, doff the Lily for ever!
The Shamrock, Leek, Thistle, and Rose,
Are our national emblems,—then never—
O! never wear any but those.

Why rail against WELLINGTON—PEEL—
And the rest who have alter'd their plan?
When men feel their errors—men feel
That to change is the act of a man.
What's a party at most to a nation?
To a faction ought millions to bow?
Was it fit, for your yearly procession,
That the blood of a people should flow?
Then, boys, &c.

What to me is the creed of my neighbour?
To the Virgin and Saints let him pray;
For the same Constitution we labour,
Let the laws be the same we obey.
O! spurn not his altar! forbear!
Tis an act Nature—God—will condemn;
Your forefathers worshipp'd him there,
Then respect it, and spare it for them!
Then, boys, &c.

My creed's not the Catholic's—Purer
Or not, he should still have his due;
I have found him a friend—ne'er a surer!
Desire it, he'll prove so to you!
My life on his loyalty! Try him!
When his faith was the faith of your foes,—
In the charge did he let you rush by him?
Or shrink from your side in the close?
Then, boys, &c.

Come—a bumper! Fill up!—to the brim!
Though already we've drunk him to-day—
Here's the KING—Four-times-four, boys, for him!
Come! a hearty—a Royal—Huzza!
To the DUKE—and the COMMONER next,
Long together and strong may they draw,
While they stick to the national text—
One KING! with One PEOPLE—One LAW!
Then, boys, &c.*

SONG.

Oh! could we away where the cliff and the cave
Might yield us a shelter, and grant us a grave!
The gayest, the proudest, would find on my brow
No shade of the envy which darkens it now.
Thy bosom my pillow, thy heart all my own,—
The desert my kingdom, the mountain my throne;
Oh! there,—where no sail ever darken'd the sea,—
How blest,—without one hope, save heaven and thee!

There morn would not wake me to gaze upon woe,
When round me came wreathing thy soft arm of snow;
There night would not bid me my sorrows recall,—
But to kiss the fond tear which rewarded them all.
Oh! pleasure's fleet light, and the shadow of care,
Would mingle no twilight for happiness there;
Together our calm years of bliss would increase,—
Together the pulse of our bosoms would cease!

E. O. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

MR MACFARLANE, who is already favourably known to the public by his work on Turkey, is about to publish a tale, entitled *The Armenians*, the scene of which is laid on the Bosphorus.

The first volume of a *Treatise on Optics*, containing the theory of unpolarised light, by the Rev. Humphry Lloyd, is announced.

A Transcript from a curious Manuscript, discovered under the foundations of the ancient Manor-house at Abbot's Leigh, Somerset, to be called the *Royal Book, or Oracle of Dreams*, is in the press.

Mr Thomas Aird, the author of "Religious Characteristics," is preparing for publication a poem, to be entitled *The Captive of Fex*. From what we know of Mr Aird's abilities, we are inclined to augur highly of the success of this work. Mr Blackwood is to be the publisher.

We understand that Mr John Parker Lawson has made considerable progress with his *Life of Bishop Horsley*, which will be ready for press in the course of a few months.

The *Stories from the History of Ireland*, which we noticed some time ago, are said to have been compiled by Lady Frances Leveson Gower, for the use of her own sons.

There is at present in the course of publication at Paris, a beautiful edition of Buffon's works, in 18mo, with plates, the price of which is about sixpence halfpenny per volume.

Among other interesting works which have very recently issued from the press, we may enumerate: 1st, *The second volume of Caillie's Travels to the long-sought Timbuctoo*.—2d, *Temple's Travels in that attractive portion of South America, Peru*.—3d, *Lloyd's Northern Sports*, descriptive of the field diversions in the north of Europe.—4th, *Captain Moorsom's Letters from Nova Scotia*, containing a curious and vivid picture of the actual state of that colony.—And, 5th, *Mr Dobell's Account of the present State of Siberia and China*, of which latter country new details were much wanted. In a few days we are to have a translation of M. Bourrienne's *Memoirs*

* This song has been arranged with symphonies and accompaniments, and will be published immediately.

of Napoleon, which have excited to great sensation in the French capital; and a poetical work from the pen of the Hon. Mrs Norton, under the singular title of "The Undying One."

The Early Christians, or the Aspect and Spirit of Primitive Christianity, 18mo, is preparing for publication.

We understand that many of the Songs in the Musical Album have been published separately. Among the rest, Queen Mary's Song.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.—The first part of the new edition (the seventh) of this valuable work is now ready. It is very elegantly printed; and, both from its cheapness and the established value of its contents, is well entitled to the most extensive circulation.

RUDIMENTS OF CORRECT READING.—This is a new school-book, upon a simple and ingenious plan, by Mr Alexander Adam, teacher in Edinburgh.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Our readers will perceive by the advertisement, that Mr Knowles is to deliver this day his first Lecture on Dramatic Literature. We confess ourselves anxious that a man of genius, and a stranger among us, should meet with that encouragement which Edinburgh knows so well how to bestow upon genius when properly employed.

NEW MUSIC.—Mrs Orme, of whose musical talents we have already had occasion to speak very favourably, has just published another song, entitled, "Mary Jamieson," the words from the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. The melody is exceedingly simple and expressive, and the accompaniment rich and full.—We have also received this week three songs by Mrs Alexander Kerr, all of which we like much, and particularly the song entitled, "This is the Hour." We are glad to know that both these ladies are now resident in Edinburgh, and are likely to lend their best efforts to the support of musical taste among us. Mrs Kerr is preparing for publication, a volume of melodies, of which both the music and words will be her own.

MR YANIEWICZ'S CONCERT.—Mr Yaniewicz is to give his annual Concert on Tuesday next, and is to have the assistance of his own talented daughters, the Misses Paton, and Mr Boyle, who will, upon this occasion, make his first appearance in Edinburgh. We have heard Mr Boyle sing in private, and can answer for the sweetness and flexibility of his voice, and also for the chasteness of his style,—what we fear is, that it may want power for a large assembly. We have no doubt that the Concert will be well attended.

CRITICISM FROM LONDON.—Mrs Charles Kemble gave a musical soiree last Sunday. The concluding morceux was an air sung by Miss Fanny Kemble, in a manner which elicited the most unbounded applause of all present. Her style for depth and purity of expression was pronounced unrivalled, and the quality of her voice was compared to that of Malibran. We hope Miss Fanny Kemble did not swallow all this. Mr Washington Irving was of the party.—A grand National Cemetery has been projected in London, on the plan of *Père la Chaise*, in the neighbourhood of Paris. It is to be established by a joint-stock company, and numerous drawings and plans have been already given in. The whole arrangements are under the direction of the projector, Mr Goodwin, the architect of several well-known public buildings.—The new Library at the British Museum, which is one of the most magnificent rooms in Europe, is 300 feet long, 42 wide, and 32 high. It contains about 80,000 volumes, in mahogany cases, and is open gratis to the public three days in the week.—Some persons having begun to object to the indecorum of the dancing at the Opera-house, Laporte, the manager, has written a letter to the *Times*, in which he maintains that nothing could be "more orderly, moral, and decent than the dances."—On the whole, there is little that is very new going on in London at present.

THE SOCIETY OF FRENCH ANTIQUARIANS.

To the Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

SIR,—The handsome manner in which you have allowed the proceedings of the Antiquarian Society of this city to be entered in your valuable columns, calls for the thanks of every individual composing it; and thinking that any thing connected with the Society of French Antiquarians at Paris may not be unacceptable, I beg to state the following circumstance attending the reading of a paper in that Society. Every paper, either from abroad, or any part of France, is referred to a committee, on the report of whom, it is either allowed to be read or not. In this manner, none but interesting papers are read before the Society. This custom, a wholesome one, is necessary, from the multiplicity of matters laid on their table; and I freely confess, that it is with some degree of pride I mention to you that the paper read by me in our Society here last Monday se'night, was sent a year ago, in French, to the *Société des Antiquaires de France*, approved of by their committee, and read before them. I may also mention, in reference to the French Antiquarian Society, that no person is admitted upon the simple recommendation of members. The candidate must first give proofs of his abilities and aptitude in the labours with which the attention of the Society is occupied, and if thought a fit literary character, he is admitted. Some members have written many essays before they had this honour. I

learned these facts while at Paris above three years ago, when I became the instrument of an *affiliation*, which now exists between the French and this highly respectable Society.—I am, &c.
A. Nelson Street. G. SURETTE.

P. S. Information connected with other French Literary Societies at Paris, will at times be transmitted to you, provided the present may not be thought uninteresting.

Theatrical Gossip.—Kean has appeared again at Drury Lane, in his old favourite part of *Richard III.*, and the audience made up by the warmth of their reception for their former ill treatment of him. If the Londoners were to deprive themselves of Kean, we should like to know whom they could find to supply his place?—On Thursday last, Miss Kemble played *Portia*, for her own benefit, to her father's *Skylock*. The house was, of course, a bumper.—Drury Lane Theatre is no longer in the hands of Mr Price; but is to remain under the general direction of a committee till the end of the season, when it will be let to the highest bidder. Laporte and Charles Wright are named as candidates; but we doubt whether either is fitted for the situation. Wallace is still stage-manager.—It is stated that Mrs Siddons went lately to see Miss Kemble play *Mrs Beverley*, and that this was the first time she had ever seen "The Gamster" performed.—Braham has returned to town, and is to appear at Drury Lane shortly.—Mathews has been performing at Manchester with great success.—Byron's "Werner" has been brought out by Macready at Dublin, and has been favourably received.—Vandenhoff has been playing at Glasgow.—Mrs Henry Siddons has appeared since our last in "The Rivals,"—"Wives as they were, and Maids as they are," and "The Will to Keep Him." The house, upon each occasion, has been filled to overflowing. To-night she performs "All in the Wrong," and takes her final leave of us on Monday, on which evening she will deliver a Farewell Address, written expressly for her by Sir Walter Scott. Linton is to be here in a few days, and is to be succeeded by T. P. Cook. Then will come the benefits; and in June we are to have Miss Fanny Kemble. Miss Jarman's engagement terminates on the third of April. We think the Manager ought to have engaged her for the whole season, because, without her, we have no *prima donna*. We shall not, however, complain, as we have no doubt he will not allow her to go away without securing her return at no very distant period. Miss Jarman is to take a benefit on the 5d, we believe, and certainly the exertions she has made, and the talent she has displayed, entitle her to expect that it will be crowdedly attended. We understand that the authoress of "Aloyse," in consequence of Mrs Siddons's re-appearance, and Miss Jarman's speedy departure, has thought it best that the production of her new piece, should be delayed till the commencement of next season. Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr Murray has obtained, upon liberal terms, the patent of the Theatre-Royal, and that Mrs Siddons having retired from all share in the concern, he is now the sole patentee. We are informed that it is Mr Murray's intention to proceed to London immediately on the close of the present season, to make as extensive and spirited arrangements as possible for his next winter campaign; and among other things, to engage the first London scene-painters to assist in supplying him with an entire new stock of scenery.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 20—26.

SAT.	<i>The Rivals, & Rosina.</i>
MON.	<i>Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are, and The Devil's Elbow.</i>
TUES.	<i>Guy Mannering, & The Sergeant's Wife.</i>
WED.	<i>The Way to Keep Him, & Rosina.</i>
THURS.	<i>Rob Roy, & the Banditti of Rosenwald.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Point of Honour, the Scapè Goat, & The Noyades.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL interesting articles still stand over in type. The communication from Gainsborough in defence of Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, is ingenious and sensible; but as it does not refer to the main point in discussion, which is the propriety of making any alterations on the Scottish version, we are afraid it shall not be able to make room for it.

"Spring hours in *Père la Chaise*," which we have read with pleasure, shall have a place at our earliest convenience.—"Stephen Kemble and the son of Neptune," shall also be inserted.—We believe there is no truth whatever in the report alluded to by "Harmocritus";—the lady he mentions has been in bad health, but has no immediate prospect of returning.

"An Autumnal Midnight Vision" in our next.—We shall endeavour to find room for the verses on "The Torwood Oak."—The effusion of "W. P. L." will not suit us.

THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Travels in various Parts of Peru; including a Year's Residence in Potosi. By Edmond Temple. In two vols. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 8vo. Pp. 431 and 504.

OUR reviews of new works are, in general, splendid,—impartial, comprehensive, spirited, minute, and complete. They are calculated not only to show the true merits of the author, but to put in the clearest point of view the abilities of the critic. We are aware, at the same time, that there is a set of dull rogues who do not think this last advantage so very essential to a good review. These people say,—“We do not wish to have your own speculations on the subject in question; we wish to know rather what the author says about it;—give us fewer original remarks, and more extracts.” We pity the blindness, but we respect the prejudices, of such persons. Knowing, as we do, that there is no author now living who can write upon every subject so well as we can, we most naturally feel for the ignorance of those who have the misfortune to think differently. But as we are the most amiable creatures in existence, and take a supreme delight in humouring and pleasing all our readers, we shall this week review a book or two according to the plan they suggest, and the melancholy absence of our own brilliant observations may awake them, perhaps, to a due appreciation of the value of what they have lost.

Mr Edmond Temple is a young Irishman, who went out to South America in the year 1825, as secretary to the then newly-established joint-stock company, entitling itself “The Potosi, La Paz, and Peruvian Mining Association.” He and the other commissioners had hardly reached Potosi when the bubble burst, and the affairs of the company fell into irretrievable ruin. Mr Temple, however, was two years and a half out of England, and having kept a Journal of every thing he saw and did, he has now published a book written in that good-natured lively style, which implies that the destruction of the splendid prospects of “The Potosi, La Paz, and Peruvian Mining Company,” produced a very trifling effect on his spirits. Mr Temple is not a profound nor a scientific man, but he seems to be an acute sensible fellow, with a dash of the bold and eccentric spirit of green Erin in his constitution. We shall take such extracts from his two volumes, as may appear to us likely to excite most attention when read separately. Some of them are amusing, and others instructive. Having landed at Buenos Ayres, he travelled across the Pampas to Cordoba, and thence by Tucuman and Salta to Potosi. On all this route he found that every body kept open house for travellers, but not exactly after the manner that open house is kept in this country.

KEEPING OPEN HOUSE IN PERU.

“Proprietors of houses in England, judging from their own case, may imagine that keeping open house for travellers is attended with very great trouble and expense. According to the customs of England, it certainly would be so; but in South America it is neither troublesome nor expensive.

Here is no calling for chambermaids to prepare a room, no disturbing the housekeeper from her tea to air a pair of sheets, no demand upon the butler for a bottle of wine, nor upon the cook for any extra exercise of his art, nor upon coachmen or grooms to take care of carriages and horses. The traveller alights at the door of the house, which he enters, and accosts those he may chance to see, saying, ‘God keep ye, gentlemen!’ to which a similar reply is given. The traveller then says, ‘With your permission, señores, I shall stop here for the night.’—‘With the greatest pleasure,’ is the reply. Here ends, nine times out of ten, the whole of the trouble or interference between the parties. The traveller points to a spot either inside or outside the house, according to the state of the weather, where he wishes his *muchacacho* (servant) to spread his saddle-cloths; these being three or four fold, are sufficiently large to lie upon, and, with his saddle under his head, and poncho or cloak over him, complete the bed.

“Some few, who like their luxuries, carry a small mattress, and sometimes even a portable bedstead, but nothing of the kind is given or expected, either at a public or private house,—for the very best reason, because they have nothing of the kind to give. The traveller also carries with him his *alforjas*—a species of haversack—with provisions; but if he happens to arrive at the family meal-time, he is invited to partake, which invitation is usually declined, because it is usually complimentary and nothing more.”

Upon the subject of South American and Spanish phraseology, we have the following entertaining passage:

PECULIARITIES OF SPANISH AND SOUTH AMERICAN PHRASEOLOGY.

“In South America, as in Spain, ceremonious compliments are too frequently indulged in; offers and promises of *every thing*, without meaning or intending *any thing*, are of daily occurrence. But this general rule has, of course, its exceptions; for it would be strange to say that there are not as truly generous friends in South America and in Spain as in any other part of the world, yet even the very best are addicted to empty compliments, altogether unknown among Englishmen. Should you, for instance, chance to admire a valuable necklace, a watch, a ring, or a handsome horse, the owner, although unacquainted with you, immediately makes an obeisance, and says, ‘*Está a la disposición de V.*’—‘It is at your service;’ but never expects you to accept the proffered gift. It must, no doubt, have occurred to others as well as to myself, in both Spain and South America, when speaking in praise of a lady, be she wife or daughter, in the presence of the husband or father, to have received from the latter the same generous offer—‘*Senor, está a la disposición de V.*’

“The compliments of Spanish society have been practised in ancient and modern times, and may be very adroitly rendered subservient to self-interest, sometimes to the confusion of one party, and to the benefit of another, as the following instances will show. The learned Countess d’Aunoy, in her travels through Spain, a hundred and fifty years ago, wrote to a friend at Paris in these terms:—‘I was sitting at table, when one of my women brought me my watch to wind it up, as it was my custom at noon; it was a striking watch of Tompion’s make, and cost me fifty louis d’or. My banker, who was by me, expressed a desire to see it. I gave it him with the customary civility. This was enough: my blade rises and makes me a profound reverence, telling me that he did not deserve so considerable a present, but that such a lady as I could make no other, and he would engage his faith that he would never part with

my watch as long as he lived. He kissed it at the end of this pleasant compliment, and thrust it into the pocket of his small-clothes. You will take me to be a very great sot for saying nothing to all this; and I do not wonder at it. But I confess I was so surprised at this proceeding, that the watch was out of sight before I could resolve on what I was to do; in fine, I let him go with it, and endeavoured to do myself honour from a thing which gave me great mortification; but it will be my fault if I am trapped again.' Thus far the Countess d'Aunoy—the following adventure is my own. In the Peninsular war, I became acquainted with a Spanish colonel, whose regiment was in the same brigade as that to which I belonged, and whenever I chanced to praise his horses, or admire any thing belonging to him, he always said, with a 'profound reverence,' that it was at my service. Knowing this to be empty compliment on his part, I thought the least I could do, for civility's sake, was to make a similar reply on similar occasions. One day, he observed, in the corner of my room, a new sabre, which I had just received from England, and taking it up, he expressed his admiration in terms that induced me, with infinite politeness, to assure him it was at his service. This was enough; my blade rises, (as the Countess observes,) makes me a profound reverence, and in an instant both blades disappeared; but 'it will be my fault if I am trapped again.'

Mr Temple is rather happy in telling a lively anecdote, a good number of which are throughout his book. Take the subjoined specimen:

AN ADVENTURE ON HORSEBACK.

"Before I leave Lagunillas, I shall mention a circumstance that rather surprised us all. When we were setting out from the farm-house to a distant lake to shoot, the son of the farmer happened to be at the door on a good stout horse, whose broad back induced me to ask the rider for a seat behind him to the lake; which was readily granted, with the observation that the horse was *muuy soberbio* (very proud.) However, my weight not being exorbitant, and having no intention of offending the animal's pride, I handed up my gun, and then mounted behind the saddle, with a degree of agility too, that rather pleased me, because my companions were looking on, and, as I thought, with some share of envy, as the sun was very powerful, and the lake at some distance. We moved on six yards awkwardly enough, the horse, by the motion of his tail, and unsettled gait, exhibiting strong symptoms of displeasure. 'He is quiet, I hope,' said I, in a tone not very expressive of confidence. '*Es muy soberbio*,' said my friend. 'Up and down went the horse. 'Gently, gently,' said I. '*No puedo*,' I cannot,' said my friend. 'Higher and lower went the horse. 'Stop! stop!' said I. '*No puedo*,' said my friend. 'I shall be off,' said I. '*Senor por Dios!* for heaven's sake, don't squeeze me so tight round the waist!' said my friend. 'I shall be off, I shall certainly be off!' said I, in a tone louder than was requisite for hearing. 'Don't squeeze me so tight, *senor mio!*' said my friend. 'Hold on! hold on!' cried my companions. '*Es muy soberbio*,' said my friend. 'Yes, very proud indeed!' said I, and at the same instant, a violent plunge and kick aiding my exertions, I sprang out of my seat with twice the agility, though not with half the pleasure, with which I sprang into it.

"Scenes of this kind, it is well known, afford much more entertainment to the spectators than to the performers; I shall, therefore, say nothing upon that part of the subject, but come to the point which has been my only object in mentioning this circumstance, namely, the age of the horse. 'Pray,' said General Parussien, 'how old is that proud-spirited beast of yours?'—'I have always understood,' replied the young man, 'that he is the age of my father.'—'And more than that,' said one of the bystanders. 'My father is past forty,' said the young man, who had himself been riding the animal for seventeen years. We were all astonished, for the horse was, in appearance, to use an appropriate phrase, 'as fresh as a four-year-old.' Hot stables, heavy clothing, excessive feeding, and violent physicking, are the causes no doubt why we so seldom hear of their age in England, where a horse at little more than nine or ten years old is considered as having 'done his work,' and, generally speaking, is no longer in esteem."

On the important subject of the inducements which Peru holds out to emigrants, we must not omit to make the following extract from much more that our author urges in the same strain:

EXPENSE OF LIVING IN PERU.

"It is notorious, that numbers of families and individuals have left England and Ireland to establish themselves on different parts of the Continent of Europe, where they live in comparative affluence, upon means which, in their own country, with difficulty afforded them a decent subsistence. I have taken considerable pains to enquire into the prices of every thing concerning the establishment of a family in either of the fine provinces of Cordova, Tucuman, or Salta, and having in view the object of giving information at some future day to persons at home, whose circumstances might induce them to leave their native land, and to adopt another, in the hope of finding an easier enjoyment of life, I applied only to the most respectable authorities, who, I felt convinced, would not mislead me on the subject.

"It is not considered *genteel* to talk of one's own riches, and, therefore, I shall not state the amount of mine in pounds, shillings, and pence; younger brothers of the wealthiest families have seldom to boast of their credit at Court; but this I say, that the means which in England will not even keep a man's head above water, are sufficient to enable him to live in affluent independence in either of the provinces of Cordova, Tucuman, or Salta; where, if so disposed, I could, without difficulty, become legal possessor of a large and valuable estate;—large, because its extent would be from four to five or six leagues; *valuable*, because the land is capable of producing every thing that may be desired from it, and because, with the estate would be obtained, at least, fifty head of horned cattle, as many horses, and of sheep and goats, any number you would wish to have; in some cases, too, an annual rent of from two to three hundred dollars, paid by a tenant, who become, in fact, the vassals of the landlord. Such an estate may be purchased here, and its price would not exceed £2000 sterling; how it might be improved, under proper management, it is easy to imagine. With respect to amusement, game of all sorts in abundance in the land, fishing in the rivers, lion and tiger hunting in the mountains, would afford pastime to the sportsman; whilst those more industriously inclined would find ample gratification in agricultural pursuits, and no little pleasure in cultivating a garden, in a climate where the rigour of winter is unknown, and where flowers succeed flowers every month in the year.

"A library, a great deficit in this country, (although, thanks to Mr Ackermann's judicious publications, books are now beginning to be circulated,) would no doubt be amongst other comforts that would accompany European settlers, who would soon find here as wide a field for speculation, with as cheering a prospect of success, and certainly without any such risk of health, as either in the East or West Indies, during their brightest fortune-making days. All circumstances fairly considered, the prospects, in chosen spots of South America, are as inviting to industry, with small means, as in any other part of the world.

"How many masters of families are there in Great Britain, well born, too, existing in embarrassment and want with capitals of five and six thousand pounds? I mention these sums merely because either of them is sufficient, in the province of Cordova, Tucuman, or Salta, to purchase one, comfort, and independence; in a word, amply sufficient to bestow upon its possessor every luxury that a fertile soil and fine climate can afford. All these advantages, I am aware, do not ensure to every body the enjoyment of life; that depends upon moral principles, into which I pretend not to enter. I have heard something about '*quod homines, ut sententia*,' which is Latin, and the English of it I take to be this,—'There are many persons who would find every happiness in South America, and many who would find none at all!' I am addressing myself only to the former, and to them I continue my observations.

"With a capital of 25,000 dollars—which, according to the present rate of exchange, is not five thousand pounds—you may not only double it in a few years,' said an intelligent curate to me, in conversation upon this subject, 'but, in the meantime, you may rival in living his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo.' All the enquiries I made upon this subject tended to confirm the curate's observation, and mightily roused in my mind a desire to rival his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, whose splendidly jewelled hand I had the honour to kiss, and whose comfortable benediction I had the happiness of receiving, at his court in Madrid, some few years ago."

We conclude our extracts with our author's account of his first entrance into Potosi:

THE APPROACH TO POTOSI, AND FIRST VIEW OF THE TOWN.

The road, as I advanced, although in no respect improved in itself, indicated the approach to a town of consideration. It was no longer an unfrequented solitude, as I had been accustomed to find it. Peasantry, with droves of asses, and flocks of beautiful llamas, were to be seen passing to and fro; some strolling lazily to the city, laden with fruits, vegetables, Indian corn, flour, charcoal, firewood, and other necessities; some returning from the market at a brisk pace, after disposing of their burdens, and hastening many leagues into the fruitful valleys of the country to renew them. Indians, male and female, with poultry, milk, eggs, and sundry commodities for consumption, enlivened the way, and apprized the hungry traveller that, although surrounded by bleak, uncultivated, and uncultivable mountains, he was still in the land of the living.

Suddenly appeared before me in the distance a high mountain of a reddish-brown colour, in the shape of a perfect cone, and altogether distinct in its appearance from any thing of the kind I had ever seen. There was no mistaking it: it was that mountain which was made known to the world by the merest accident, by an Indian, who, in pursuit of a llama up the steep, to save himself from falling, caught hold of a shrub, which, being torn from the soil, exposed a mass of solid silver at the roots; it was that mountain, incapable of producing even a blade of grass, which yet had attractions sufficient to cause a city to be built at its base, at one time containing a hundred thousand inhabitants; it was that mountain where hidden treasures have wasted the laborious plunder of 250 years, and still remain unexhausted. Having said thus much of the new and striking object before me, I need scarcely add, that it was the celebrated mountain of Potosi.

Onward I rode, cheered by seeing the beacon which indicated the termination of my journey; not so my jaded mule; it received no stimulus from that which to me acted as an exhilarating draught. Forty miles upon a road (my mule assured me it was full forty-five) is a wearisome distance before breakfast for either man or beast, and mine, every mile I now advanced, gave indubitable evidence of exhausted strength, yet the means of refreshment was far distant from us both. Patience and perseverance were our only solace; and with these two efficacious virtues, I believe in my heart honestly adhered to by both of us, we mutually assisted each other—I by alighting to walk up hills and steep, the mule, when I remounted, by jogging on, if the heath happened to be free from rocks and stones; for the approach, even to the *Imperial City*, is nothing more than a rugged path tracked out by the footsteps of men and animals.

From the top of every eminence that I ascended for the last two hours of my journey, I felt a longing expectation of obtaining a view of the town; because, to behold, even at a distance, the abode of rest, at the conclusion of a long voyage or journey, is a consolation which every traveller anxiously seeks and enjoys with sensations of real pleasure; but this consolation is denied in approaching Potosi; neither house, nor dome, nor steeple, is to be seen at a distance.

The last curve round the base of the silver mountain, whose pointed top was now far above my head in a cloud-bey deep-blue sky, brought me at once upon the town, which, with its ruined suburbs, covered a vast extent beneath me, and in ten minutes more I was at the posthouse in the centre of it."

We can recommend this work as conveying a distinct and lively account of the present state of a great portion of South America.

A Set of Ten Songs and Two Duets. The Words and Music by two Sisters. London: J. Power. Edinburgh: Robertson & Co. 1830.

Mrs Norrox and Mrs Blackwood are the two sisters to whom the public are indebted for this interesting volume. The music is, upon the whole, exceedingly sweet, simple, and ladylike, its general character being that of graceful plaintiveness. The song entitled "Chacta's Lament for Atala," is, however, particularly bold and energetic;—the modulation throughout is good, and the symphonies and accompaniments powerfully written. The words are not unworthy of the music. The two following songs are by Mrs Norton:

BUT THOU!

"Della! some few short years ago,
Yon fountain heard thee breathe a vow;
Still sparkling in the sunny glow,
With murmuring sound and constant flow,
That fount plays on—but Thou!

"Della! a ringlet bright and fair,
That wanton'd o'er thy snowy brow,
In hours of bliss was given; there
Time has not changed a single hair;
'Tis still the same—but Thou!

"Della! the heart that fondly loved,
Loves thee despite thy folly now;
Though thou hast seen its pang unmoved,
In sadness tried—in sorrow proved—
'Tis faithful yet—but Thou!"

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"Where shall I wander, and whither shall I go,
Since o'er my pretty sailor boy the cruel waters flow?
Whom shall I seek for, to be like my dear child,
To speak with that sweet voice that choked among the waters wild?

"I'll wander through the streamlet, I'll wander o'er the land,
I'll wander till I reach again the glittering ocean strand;
I'll call to my dear sailor boy across the dreary sea,
'Twas there I parted from him—will he come again to me?

"I'll listen to the murmuring waves that break along the shore,
And think it is his bounding step who can return no more:
I'll watch the cloud's dark shadow that steals upon the sea,
And dream it is his graceful form that steals across to me.

"I'll watch the splendid light that breaks so softly o'er his grave—
His eyes were blue and sunny bright who sleeps beneath the wave—
I'll fancy 'tis his glance that comes so smiling o'er the sea;
His glance, his voice, his step, alas! will he return to me?"

Not inferior to these are the following verses by Mrs Blackwood:

FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE WHO ARE GONE.

"Friend of my youth! we meet again,—
Both changed in outward guise;
But the love we bore each other then
Still lives in our tearful eyes!
Those who were wont our hearts to fill,
Have left us on earth alone!
But we'll love each other the better still,
For the sake of those who are gone!
Old Friend!
For the sake of those who are gone!

"We'll sit in the shade of these old oak-trees,
And speak of the tried and true;
Nor hide our tears, which no one sees,
But the friend who is weeping too!
And if our wrath be idly stir'd
By a heedless look or tone,
We'll forget the look, and forgive the word,
For the sake of those who are gone!
Old Friend!
For the sake of those who are gone!

"Friend of my youth! we part once more,
And our paths are distant far!
But we'll meet, when the long day's toil is o'er,
In the land where those loved ones are!
And oh! while yet we linger here,
Each journeying on alone,
Let my name be dear to thy distant ear,
For the sake of those who are gone!
Old Friend!
For the sake of those who are gone!"

We know of no more elegant occupation for the female mind than is afforded by the combination of music and poetry.

The Dominie's Legacy. By the Author of "The Sectarian." In three vols. London. William Kidd. 1830.

MA PICKEN, the author of this book, is not fortunate in the names of his works. He is a man, however, of considerable genius, and his writings "have that within which passeth show." The "*Dominie's Legacy*" is a collection of Tales, mostly of Scottish Life, containing a pleasing mixture of pathos and humour, though the former predominates. We particularly recommend the stories entitled, "Mary Ogilvie," "George Wishart," and "The Rash Marriage." They are distinguished by several touches not unworthy of Washington Irving himself. We shall give a specimen both of Mr Picken's grave and gay style,—the grave first :

MARY OGILVIE'S INTERVIEW WITH HER FORMER LOVER ON HER MARRIAGE-DAY.

"I stood gazing on her as she confusedly told this story, still holding her hands, and replied, with more of passion than wisdom, that she needed not be thus particular in giving me an account of herself, and that the time was when she would not have thought of making excuses for meeting me in this wood. She looked at me with surprise when I had uttered this speech, as well she might; and, withdrawing her hands, she began to say, 'Ay, and I have seen the day, Mr George, when——' and her heart seemed to fill at her own thoughts.

"'When what, Mary?' I said, as she paused. 'Speak! I love to hear you speak as you used long ago.'

"'When,' she answered, 'I would not have needed to make excuses for meeting you in any place; and when, if it had been told me, that ye would hae been absent from the houns o' Lillybrae for years an' years, and that ye came back without ever asking to see me, or speak to me, as ye used to do,—if it were nae mair,' she added, mournfully, 'but to gar me greet by talking to me of our happiness when we were bairns,—I wadna hae believed them. And if ye really like to hear me speak as I did langsyne,' she went on, her voice trembling as she spoke, 'what for did ye not come to Lillybrae and speak to me, George?'

"This last sentence was spoken in a tone so affecting, and with a look up into my face of such appealing expression, that it smote me to the soul with agonizing conviction of injustice, and even cruelty, to her, and took from me the power of giving utterance to the excuse which I meditated; I hesitated, and stammered. 'Mary Ogilvie,' I at length said, 'I cannot now tell you all the reasons; but believe me, my heart was not in them, Mary. I denied myself much, much in not seeing you, at least to talk of former happier days; but I learned that you were about to be married to a young man of whom your father approved; and I knew not but that you might have forgotten me and our early love. And you know, Mary,' I continued, taking both her hands again, and looking into her eyes, 'we have other things to do in life than idling about these bonny woods, picking primroses and reading love tales; for the scenes of early youth are but like a dream, and pass quickly away, and the feelings may be very different in after years. But my heart assuredly was not in fault, Mary; I have not forgotten those days, nor this pretty bank, nor your lovely blue eyes and golden locks, nor the day when we wandered to the Craigs of Glenvie, nor—— You are in tears, Mary; I did not mean to pain you.'

"'Oh, George!' said she, while the tears fell fast from her swimming eyes, 'how can you speak so to me now, and not a word until my very wedding-day! And yet I know you do not mean to pain me; I know your warm heart; but you'll be designed for some grand lady, and I never should have thought about the like of you.'

"As I was about to reply, she took her hand from mine, and, holding it up before my mouth, exclaimed, 'Now, dinna speak nae mair to me, George! dinna talk to me of bygone days; I canna bear it the day, for I'm but a weak woman, and I am gawn to be married to a youth of my ain station; and yet——Now, dinna speak!'

"'One word more, Mary,' I said, completely overpowered, 'and then forget!'

"'I canna forget! No, I winna forget!' she exclaimed, with a look of despair. 'Farewell, George!' and she tried to get away.

"'Will you leave me that way, Mary?' I said, almost calmly: 'It is our last meeting, as remembered lovers,—the very last in this wood.' I drew her to me, she fell into my

arms, our tears mingled, she broke from me after a sob or two, staggered with agitation as she glided off round the foot of the green mound, leaving me like one in the midst of a dream. I stood stock-still for some moments, in the bewilderment of shuddering agitation; then, throwing myself on the soft turf, to recover my feelings, I pondered on the shortness of those scenes that live longest in our remembrance, and on the fewness of those illumined pages of the book of life, which are more precious to the heart, and dearer to the imagination, than all the rest of the dull and blotted volume."—Vol. II. p. 41-5.

In a more lively vein is the following amusing sketch of some

WEST-COUNTRY RADICALS AT DRILL.

"I was conducted out of town with my head full of popular armies, squadrons of pikemen, marching and counter-marching; and extended lines of a warlike people covering great part of the country. But when I came to the spot, I could see nothing but a straggling crowd, of less than a hundred persons, most of whom stood talking in groups; and instead of arms or military appointments, they mostly wore aprons before them, and had short tobacco pipes in their mouths. One group I heard disputing upon what were to be their degrees of military rank, viz. which of them should be ensign, and which should be captain; and another was occupied in a strong argument (for there were some of them old soldiers) regarding what was the speediest mode of cutting to pieces a regiment of dragons.

"A party of about forty were in another part of the field, formed into a line of Indian file; and were marching and halting, and facing about, very much like children playing at soldiers; for, as most of them were to be commissioned officers, some were talking, some laughing, and now and then some stood still, while one or two ran to a hole in the hedge, to listen, as they said, 'if the horsemen were coming.' I perceived that except a few determined men, it was generally the youngest and most regardless-looking that were most forward to be soldiers; and as their discipline allowed perfect liberty and equality, I joined (the better to make my observation) this sample of 'physical force'; but looking along their irregular mixture of boys and men, I could not help despairing myself for my folly in being found among them.

"'You'll be a pretty sort o' a captain, Jock,' said one to his neighbour, 'gaun there marchin' wi' your hau' in your pouches!'

"'Deevil sic anither sodger I ever saw!' said an old militiaman, touching his comrade on the left, whose faults he could see in the dark.—'Ye set down your feet, man, when ye march, just as ye were treading the *treddies*; an' your vera head gangs *nae nodding*, as if ye were following the shuttle.'

"'Od, man,' said the refractory recruit, answering again, 'ye're deevilthick strick for a malicious man! Do ye expect me to be as good at the marching already as a fuzelman or a fife-major? and to stick in my back and out my breast, just like Jock Walker, wi' his bass drum on his wame; besides, haven't I held up my chin in the air to please you till my vera een are standin' in my head?'

"'Canna ye turn out your tae, man?' reiterated the zealous militiaman; 'I declare ye hae no more notion o' marchin' than Tibbie Drabb's hens!'

"'I'll tell you what, Jamie Corbie,' said one, speaking to the man behind him, 'if ye dinna keep your lang legs to yourself, and haud your brogues aff my heels, I'll kick behind me like a cuddy, that's what I will!'

"But what most diverted me was the happy union of the hardships of war with the luxuries of home, in a patriotic weaver near me, who, having considerably lighted his short pipe at that of some other, before he commenced drilling, was circumspectly going through his exercise with it in his cheek. The word of command was given to face to the left; but the man next to him happening to forget to which of his sides this military term applied, turned to the right; in doing which, his nose came in contact with his comrade's pipe, and broke it off at his mouth, and the two valiant soldiers stood facing each other.

"'Deevil's in you! ye hae broken my pipe,' said the one, spitting out the stump of his pipe.

"'Hang ye, ye hae broken my nose,' said the other, feeding his face with his hand.

"'Blast your bletherin' tongues!' said the militiaman; 'what gars ye speak in the ranks?'

"The straggling groups behind were now beginning to

form into line beside our corps; and some of them had actually pike-heads stuck on the ends of sticks; but a sudden alarm took place, and they all began to cock their ears. Something was heard,—and, after a few minutes' listening, we heard distinctly the clatter of horses' feet, and another the trumpets of the dreaded horsemen.

"The cavalry!—the cavalry!" was exclaimed with terror from one to the other; and, although some talked of resistance, and some of marching off in regular order, in five minutes we were all dispersed, and our great army had scampered away in different directions.

"I happened to go on a little farther on the nearest road, and soon found the cause of this panic. I fell in on my way with a man and an ass, coming from a neighbouring fair; the shoes of the poor animal happening to be loose, made a clattering on the stones, very terrific to the assembled radical army, and so as greatly to resemble at a distance the noise of a troop of horse.

"As for the alarming and warlike sounds, I saw at once how they were to be accounted for; this donkey-man happened to be accompanied from the fair by an honest fiddler, who, in order to beguile the tedious journey, was innocently tuning his neighbour and the ass to a spring on his instrument; and which, in the distance, by the dexterity of the musician, must greatly have resembled the warlike sound of a trumpet!

"To your tents, O Israel!" cried the radicals in the field at this appalling sound—and every man fled."

We look upon Mr Picken as an author of rising reputation, and will be glad to meet with him again ere long.

Cloudealey: a Tale. By the author of "Caleb Williams." In three volumes. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

In reading this work, we feel as if we were listening to a voice from another age. Since the time when "Caleb Williams" and "St Leon" riveted us with their harrowing eloquence, what a variety of schools of novel-writers have, for their day, engrossed the attention of the public! And now, when his peculiar style has been almost forgotten, the green octogenarian again addresses us unchanged in principle or sentiment, where all has changed around him. The author of Caleb Williams has no eye for the beauties of external nature. He has no perception of those *traits* which stamp individual character. The beings who figure in his pages are compounded out of the abstract elements of thought and feeling, not borrowed from the real world. Yet there is an intensity in Godwin's language, and a profundity in his passion, that invests them with an interest beyond that which attaches to the creations of any other novelist. The charm of his style consists, not in imagination, for he has none, nor in close reasoning, nor clear insight into character, but in a certain fervour which carries us along with him, and bears down all before it. "Cloudealey" is a tale worthy of Godwin.

PINCOCK'S CATECHISMS.—The Geography of the British Empire. England, Scotland, and Ireland. In three Parts. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1830.

THE above little works are a continuation of that useful and praiseworthy series of publications, which go under the general title of "Pinnock's Catechisms." The style in which the present volumes are got up, is a decided improvement on their predecessors. As we are inclined to think that these "Geographies" will be found extremely useful in schools and elsewhere, we shall take the trouble to copy the heads of the different chapters from one of them, which will give a tolerable idea of the whole. "Situation—Extent and Boundaries—Divisions—Surface of the Country—Mountains—Rivers—Lakes—Minerals—Shores—Climate and Vegetable Productions—Cities and Towns—Manufactures and Trade—Institutions and Public Works—Islands." Each Part contains a small but neat and correct map, an engraved vignette, and numerous woodcuts of the most remarkable places of each country.

The Panorama of the Thames, from London to Richmond, exhibiting every object on both banks of the river, with a concise description of the most remarkable places, and a general view of London. London. Samuel Leigh. 1830.

THIS is a beautiful and interesting work of art. The panoramic view, which is neatly folded up in an elegant cover, extends to we do not know how many yards in length, and is about a foot broad. The scenery on both sides is represented as it would appear to the spectator passing up the centre of the river. Every object is distinctly seen, and the minuteness of detail is most complete. The view of London, which accompanies the Panorama, was sketched from an elevated situation in the Adelphi, and has been ably etched and aqua-tinted. It commands, we believe, a larger portion of the metropolis, and more interesting objects, than can be seen from any other spot. The distance from London to Richmond is fifteen miles, and the stranger who takes the excursion need only have this view of the banks of the Thames along with him in order to be made as familiar with every object, as if he had passed up and down every day of his life. We have seen no work of the kind more carefully executed, or more satisfactory.

The Devil's Walk. By Professor Porson. With Illustrations. By R. Cruikshank. London. Marsh and Miller. 1830. 24mo. Pp. 33.

THIS is a clever and well-known *jeu d'esprit*, cleverly illustrated by a few smart caricatures. The full-length portrait of the devil suggested by the lines,—

"And backwards and forwards he switches his tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane,"

is excellent.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE ABBEY GARDEN;

OR,

THE CONFESSION OF EDWARD WALDEN.

These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not.

FLETCHER—*The Maid's Tragedy.*

I HAVE a dark tale to tell—the history of my own unfortunate and perverted mind; which I would trace onwards from its commencing changes to that terrible scene which closed the drama of life for me, and filled, to overflowing, the envenomed cup of my sufferings and my sin. And it must be told now, if it is ever to be unfolded; for the aberrations by which my intellect is daily more and more fearfully shaken, warn me to expect that dismal blindness of the spirit, compared with which the death of the body is enviable.

From my earliest boyhood, I was deeply and silently thoughtful—enthusiastic, imaginative, reflective; I showed no outward sign of my internal restlessness; the subdued and calm tone of my manners deceived even those who might have known me better; and I was early considered as possessed of a cold heart and a sluggish fancy—as a solitary book-worm, a being who held no fellow-feeling with ordinary life, and nourished no aspirations after its enjoyments. They guessed not that my perceptions, acting with difficulty on an inanimate frame and inexpressive features, were yet vivid, even to painfulness, while present, and stored up in a faithful memory as the subjects of long and intense reflection. And it was in reflection chiefly that, from early youth, I enjoyed life. Slow my ideas of present objects were not; but they were the images of shadows, compared with the pictures which my imagination afterwards formed from them. I have mixed among happy groups, and been asked, with won-

der, why I showed so little interest in the general gladness; while they knew not that I retired from it only to call it up before my fancy with added splendour, and to live succeeding hours and days in musings tinged with the spirit of those few hours of rejoicing; they knew not that such moments were fresh in my soul with tenfold radiance, after they had vanished from more thoughtless spirits, without leaving a vestige or an effect.

But, as with the good of my life, so was it with the evil. My moments of happiness were indescribably heightened by my turn of mind; but my hours of misery were so likewise. The young are incapable of struggling with the unhappiness of life, and wisely is it ordered that they should feel it but little; and when in manhood, the conviction of human sorrow springs up along with reflection in the mind, the soul has acquired strength for resistance, and, in the ardour of the mighty conflict, half forgets the misery against which it strives. To me was given the knowledge of manhood with the weakness and incapacity of the boy. I need not say that the gift was fatal. Mental disquietudes, or outward sufferings and injuries, which, to others of my age, would have appeared the merest trifles, or been forgotten as quickly as they arose, formed to my mind subjects of meditation, I will not say how long; and of necessity continued, while thus ruminated upon, to increase in apparent magnitude and aggravation.

And my intercourse with my youthful companions was exposed to one cause of mischief, which gave the finishing stroke to the tottering fabric of my peace. The body was in league with the spirit—an enfeebled body with a dis-tempered mind. And it is superfluous to tell with what painful frequency I felt my bodily inferiority in the boisterous sports and constant contentions of boyhood. Unpopular from my retired habits, despised for my miserable and puny frame, and insulted and triumphed over on account of both, I was too proud to stoop beneath oppression. I resisted it to the last, with a bitter consciousness that resistance was wholly in vain. The effect produced on me by years so marked was melancholy indeed. They did not break my spirit; they could not!—but they clouded it with a sad mixture of stubbornness and dejection. I would not be misunderstood; I was no misanthrope. I early saw the difference between the characters of others and my own; and that those injuries and slights which appeared to me so heavy, were received by them with the same indifference with which they inflicted them. From the heart I pardoned their thoughtlessness, while I felt that it rendered me most unhappy; and, had the evil stopped here, the progress of advancing years might have worn away those dark traces from my heart. But this was not to be.

I have said I was no misanthrope; it is the truth. I felt dislike to no human being; to none—save *one*; and *him* I found that I could not but hate. He had crossed, he had baffled me, he had insulted me from the earliest period, when I was sensible to love or hatred;—and he had his reward. Heaven is my witness, that, even yet, I strove long and anxiously not to hate him. I brooded, it is true, over my injuries, for it was not in my nature not to do so; but while my blood boiled to think on them, it was my ardent wish to persuade myself that he himself never viewed them under the aspect which they presented to me; that they partook of the levity which pervaded his whole character; and were nothing more than the wantonness of youthful excitation, eager to exercise power, and unscrupulous as to the objects on which it fell. And I could assuredly have so warded off the gloomy emotions which infested me, if I had been exposed to my enemy only at intervals; if I had enjoyed but moments of repose from his persecutions, to which I could have looked forward for comfort, and which might have been employed in endeavours to subdue my heart. But this I had not long. Colville was my cousin; and we were still boys when we were placed, both orphans, under

the same roof,—made sole companions in the retirement of a country mansion-house,—and turned loose on each other, with no bar but the observation of a kind, weak uncle, and the censure of a simple book-exhausted tutor between my hatred and his scorn. The consequences were natural. My cousin was capricious and tyrannical and I, his junior in age, and his inferior in bodily strength, was the victim of his humours in those hours when we were left to ourselves; while in the family, his frank and showy address gave him an easy advantage over my melancholy and reserve. Those sentiments of mine which had till now been, at worst, but transient fits of aversion, matured into a stern and settled hatred. And his feelings towards me changed too: he continued to take a malicious pleasure in insolently tormenting that sensitive spirit whose motions his dull heart at once understood not and despised; but he quickly perceived my loathing for him, and began to add a deeper feeling to his contempt till, by degrees, he entertained an enmity as cordial, though not so bitter, as mine. It could not last; I was rapidly forgetting every aim and every distress in the one overpowering passion of hate,—the one diabolical pursuit of revenge; he was the poison-tree of my life, which blasted my every hope and affection;—would it have been wonderful if I had tried to tear the fatal plant up by the very roots? I beheld the precipice over which I hung, and with moody resolution, I forced myself from its brink. In my sixteenth year, I abandoned my home, and cast myself into the vast arena of the world, helpless, friendless—almost hopeless.

And yet, for the first time, I was not altogether unhappy. A weight was taken from my breast; I was thrown among new associates who saw not all my weaknesses, and therefore more readily pardoned those which were visible; and even Colville I for a time forgot, except to hope that his blighting influence might never more shed desolation on my path. And fortune gradually favoured me in a worldly view; a line of life was opened to me to which I could never have dreamed of aspiring. My life for some years was indeed wild, eccentric, and adventurous, but I rose in rank and estimation; and, at length, proudly felt myself not useless nor alone. My body improved along with my mind; and when, seven years after my flight, I returned to my country, with nerves strung by war and travel, and a countenance embrowned by the winterless heats of the East, few could have traced in the robust man of three-and-twenty, the weakly shrinking boy who had been so shunned and so despised. I had now acquired a character of decision and hardihood, while my habits of rumination and loneliness had been mellowed down into a calm and gentle thoughtfulness, which I found was considered both excusable and pleasing. On this part of my story I must be brief. I met and loved one, of whom I will not speak. Alas! I dare not! and I had reason to hope for her favour, when a rival appeared and was quickly successful. It was Colville: and to this day I believe that he presented himself solely with the malignant design of thwarting and triumphing over me. There succeeded a period fearful to my recollection,—a chaos of fierce regrets and gloomy apathy. I was again thrown back from that placidity which I had through so much labour attained, into a state of mind black and joyless as that from which I had formerly extricated myself. After a few more years of wandering, aimless and uncheered, my mind again became more quiet; and, home-sick, I turned my steps once more to the cold island regions of the north, now indeed a melancholy man, but still with much of the good of my character unextinguished, and, as I too fondly hoped, even purified and strengthened. I knew not how irretrievably my moral system had been shattered, till the injury was shown by that fatal event, which formed the catastrophe of my struggle against guilt and destiny, and to the recital of which I now summon up all my remaining vigour of resolution.

On reaching the quarter of the country where lay the place of my nativity, I pressed on with eager longing to visit the habitation of my youth. I knew that my cousin had succeeded to the inheritance which might have been mine; but I had been informed, that he had, with his wife, now delicate and consumptive, left the island for some time in search of the more genial influences of continental climates. I understood that my youthful home, the Abbey, dear to me in despite of all the sufferings which it had witnessed, was solitary and deserted:—ruinous and decaying it had ever been, and fading like the setting star of the fortunes of our race; and with sorrowful pleasure I anticipated the prospect of spending a few hours among its silvan retirements.

It was a glorious summer's evening when I reached it, and as I passed westward up the straight avenue, the broad plane-trees threw down rich masses of shadow, now wailing, and now contrasting with the bright hues of the green carpet beneath them, and of the low, moss-grown broken walls with which they were on each side shut in. My heart beat as I approached the mean hoary range of buildings which excluded the view of the mansion-house, where the avenue separated into two walks, passing on each side of the tree-skirted lawn, and meeting at the ends of the house. I passed round the corner of the buildings, and scarcely knew for some moments whether the picture before my mind was produced by actual vision, or was held up to Imagination by Love and Memory, the eldest and most powerful of her slaves! The two flanking arcades of majestic patriarchal trees retired and darkened before me, enclosing in their grasp, like some sequestered forest-glade, the large half natural green whose soft and hillock-broken turf was illuminated by the countless tints of the departing day. And wandering on along that gorgeous surface, the eye rested on a dark shadow falling forward on its further extremity. I blessed that shadow even with tears as it met my view; for it was the shadow of my father's house,—of those old walls which in foreign solitudes I had seen with closed and brimful eyes,—those beloved walls whose memory shall be the last to leave the fading tablet of my soul! I looked up, and the house was there, unchanged as if I had but left it yesterday, closing the prospect to the west before me, with its three antique gables side by side facing the lawn, and standing up sombre and distinct in the red and spirit-like streaming of the sky. There was much too that I did not behold, and which rose swiftly into my fancy as I musingly advanced up the centre of the lawn. Behind the house, and stretching to the right, lay those spots which had been my favourite haunts when thoughtfulness or hardship drove me into solitude;—the scattered and devious wood with its beautiful mounds and rocks clothed with the rustling fern and the bushy tangles of the blueberry;—and the deserted and romantic quarries, where I had so often roamed to pluck the graceful fox-glove from their granite cliffs, or to plunge into the black tarns which lay numerous among the profound recesses. To the left of the mansion was the garden, and towards it I turned.

I entered, and had one wing of the house close on the right; and before me the cumbrous but delightful features of the place, those antique arrangements which find perfection in ruin and decay; the grassy walks, the mossy seats, the artificial arbours, and the old clumps of verdant box and holly; while the surrounding walls were richly mantled with the gloomy foliage of the ivy, or the more cheerful flowers and tendrils of the jessamine and woodbine.

I was standing behind some tall leafy shrubs, when I suddenly heard voices from the building, and looking from between the branches, I saw, through the two open windows of our old parlour, evident signs of inhabitants, or of preparations for their reception. I had scarcely time for consideration, when footsteps in the house struck my ear, and immediately afterwards a voice, which it shook

every nerve in my body to hear. I could not mistake it—it was my cousin's; and it was replied to by another, whose sweet low accents I knew likewise only too well. In the few sentences which passed between Colville and his wife, I learned enough to sting me into irrepressible indignation. She complained of neglect, of desertion, of cruel treatment; she spoke patiently of her own life as waning to its close; and she begged, with mild solemnity, that her few remaining hours might be spent in peace. And it was with boiling blood that I heard him answer her with a bitter sarcasm, which proved that his naturally unfeeling temper had been hardened by time into inhuman insensibility; and when, in the course of toying over the articles in the room, I could see him throw a couple of swords on a table, I could hardly refrain from bursting forth and calling him to a deadly account for his wrongs to me and to her.

He came out; and my breathing ceased while I gazed on him. Even I was shocked at the change I beheld—dissipation, debauchery, sensual and brutal, had done its work; for him I was incapable of pity; but had my own wrongs been all, I could now have sternly despised him. His unhappy wife followed him, and urged some request—I know not what it was—I heard not a word, for my head swam with agony, and I could hardly bear to look upon that face and figure, and think on the history of approaching dissolution which they so surely told. Feebly she followed him, and as she stopped to lean for support on the sun-dial before the door, I could hear the hollow panting of her breast, and see the tears falling silently down her thin and death-like cheeks. She raised herself with effort, and approached her husband, who stood within arm's-length of my covert. She clung to him; for she tottered, and must have fallen without support; and the wretch shook her from her hold! He did more—he struck her! By my remorse, he did!—savagely and violently struck her, and the unfortunate fell on the ground beside him, senseless as a three-days' corpse. He bent down alarmed over her, and in the same instant I had sprung out and was gazing on her too. One look only was necessary; the glimmering taper of her life even a gentler hand might have extinguished. She was dead; he had murdered her, as he had ruined me. We raised our heads at the same moment, our eyes met, and he started as he recognised me. He cowered before my look, with a mixture of compunction and sudden fear, and I triumphed at the sight even in that crisis of unutterable horror; it was the first time, and I felt that I had vindicated my place. For one moment I did not hate him. His confusion was short, and he was the first to speak, in the voice and words which I had, years before, gnashed my teeth to hear, careless, contemptuous, and taunting:—"To what circumstance, Mr Walden, do I owe your presence?"—"To that Providence," I replied, "which avenges guilt;" and I said the words as firmly as he spoke himself. I had not hated him for twenty years, to give vent to my passion now by cursing like a drunken boy. "I come to demand vengeance for acts long since past; and for *that*," I pointed to the body at his feet, for I could not name her death nor *her*. He was unmoved by the taunt, and addressed me again,—"Ever the same, my most cool and inveterate of haters; you are true to yourself, my amiable cousin, and to your early fame. Another man now would have been at the sword's point with me by this time; but you," (he bent forward and spoke into my ear), "*you* stand quietly by, and talk of outrage and revenge; as if it pleased your malice to view your vengeance and your enemy before you grappled with them." My veins swelled with a fever like madness, for my conscience told me that my enemy spoke the truth. I looked in his face, and met there the identical sneer with which, nineteen years before, he had brutally spat on me, and insultingly grasped my hands, and mocked my impotent endeavours to revenge the affront. The evil feelings of my youth

burst back upon me in one appalling sweep, and my better angel was not near to save. I looked round, and saw the swords lying in the open room. I dashed in, snatched them up, and, throwing one of them to Colville, motioned him to defend himself. He retreated a step or two, and called anxiously to me, "Hold, Walden! what means this? Madman that you are, stand back!"—"Coward!" I shouted; and I could not have uttered another syllable though it had been to purchase the salvation of my soul. His eyes flashed fire, and we closed together in the resolute conflict of deadly and unquenchable hate. A few passes were enough to show that he was the better swordsman; and the conviction braced my nerves to something like desperation. One furious thrust had almost reached him, and in parrying it his sword broke across. Frantic with rage, I heeded not his quick and terrified cry for forbearance. In the next moment he lay, mortally wounded, at my feet; and, leaning on my bloody weapon, I watched with a steady eye the convulsive workings of his face, and smiled as I marked the last agonizing shudder which contracted his body as the spirit left it. What passed during the remainder of that terrible night, I remember but indistinctly; the recollection comes only in my most horrible moments, and I dare not invite them.

With that night my concern with life terminated. My existence since has been a breathing agony. To some men my act might be as nothing; to me the memory of it has been an iron hand that crushes my very heart. There is blood upon my head,—blood which deserved to be spilt, but, oh! not by my hand! It cries up against me from the earth, and I hear it always. I have no rest; for there has not passed a single night since that dreadful one, in which I have not, in my perturbed sleep, acted over again that unnatural scene. The two who died that evening in my presence have a heavier slumber—would that it were mine! my punishment is greater than I can bear.

The Abbey has been converted, fitly, into a *mad-house*; and it may be that my life will end there, where it began.

AN ARTIST.

AN AUTUMNAL MIDNIGHT VISION.

By J. W. Ord.

Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul.
WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*.

THERE is an hour of holy peace which on the soul doth dwell,
Like dew upon the breeze-stirr'd rose, like oil on the ocean swell.
There is an hour when the loudest blast doth sink into a sigh,
And the mountain streams sing a softer song as they dream in gladness by;
When the green leaves sink upon their boughs and fondle the breeze no more,
And the hymns of the many birds are hush'd and their strains of love are o'er;
When the proud and stately wild-deer from the heathy height goes down,
And in his home of calmness dwells in sovereign pride alone;
When the golden moon, so loved by all, walks forth in joy and mirth,
And pours o'er hill, and dale, and rock, and heath, and gloomy moor,
And garden gay, and woods of green, and hall, and lady's bower,
And peasant's hut, the flood of love and light which is her dower.
Oh, ye of the poet's glancing eye! oh, ye of the poet's fire!
Go out to the woods on an autumn night with your passion-breathing lyre,

And if high thoughts and feelings deep dwell not within your soul,
The seraph lip, the sunbeam pen, the eye that seeth all,
The fairy charms of vision's realms, your meed ye may not call.

One autumn night, the stars, the moon, the far-extending sky,
Brought o'er my brain and mind a trance of blissful ecstasy;
And dreams like shadowy noonday clouds that flit before the sun,
Came, spell-like, o'er my wandering thoughts—my vision had begun!
And now methought that I did dwell in the halls of the virgin moon,
And traversed o'er its emerald paths unfettered and alone.
The light which there was shed around was the dazzling light of star,
But it was not the cold, cold gleam they give to the earth from the heavens afar.
Each one had the mild and gentle flush of the sun when he sinks to rest,
Of the golden sun when he cools his brow on the ocean's soothing breast.
And methought a thousand lands were held within her green embrace,
Bright beauteous lands of fruit and flower extending o'er her face.
The skies were cover'd by no cloud, no vapours choked the air,
But one far light, and one far smile, extended everywhere;
The happy flowers, and laughing fields, were never chill'd by dew,
And the trees required no gentle spring their foliage to renew;
The birds sang sweetly night and day, and fed not on their kind,
And the lordly lion and tiger fierce were timid as the hind;
Love dwelt supreme o'er every thing, unchallenged, monarch sole,
War, Hate, Pride, Rage, bow'd down their heads—Love held and govern'd all.

The beings who inhabited this realm of peace and love
Were as the saintly forms of dreams, sent down from heaven above,
They crouch'd not under Wealth and Power—Strength ruled not over Right,
Pride trampled not on timid Fear, nor Wrath on young Delight.
Oh, that the embodied forms which shone, in vision's dazzled eye,
Might come unto our weeping earth, in all their majesty;
The men of lofty brow and thought, the maidens kind and fair,
The feelings warm, the virtue proud, that dwelt supremely there!

There were no halls and castles high, and mansions rich and gay,
All dwelt and slept in heaven's bright gaze, in heaven's eternal day.
What sought they more than couch of moss, or beds of flowerets bright,
For o'er their sky was never cast the mourning garb of night;
They needed not the taper's gleam, for the glow of stars came down,
Ever and ever to light their path, like the proudest sun of June;
For theirs was one unvarying clime of brightness and of heat,

And ne'er upon the fruitful soil had winter set his feet,
Or breathed the breath of tempest o'er its gardens soft and
sweet.

And now methought I gazed down on the dim far earth
beneath,

That earth whose proudest gifts are but the passing of a
breath;

I thought upon the deadly mass of pride, and hate, and
fear,

And envy pale, and malice cold, that lies in blackness
there;

A shadowy mist dwelt over all, like the mist in a maid-
en's eye,

When her lover's away to a foreign land, or in lone cap-
tivity;

Like the mist which breathes from the violet's breast in
the depth of a summer day,

Or the shadowy cloud which veils the sun, on an evening
calm of May,

When all the fainting earth is fill'd with its dim and melt-
ing ray.

I look'd where oft on the summer morn I had gazed on
the gold green sea,

And watch'd bright wave chase after wave in wild and
playful glee;

Where oft like stars I had beheld the ships glide calmly on,
Mocking the surge that lash'd their sides, with song, and
sigh, and moan;

But the sea was gone as an infant's tear, and its voice
was hush'd and still,

And each strong river now was dry, and each melodious
rill.

I look'd unto the mountains, whose proud heights I oft
had trod,

And gazing down on the valleys far, had wept unto my
God;

But the mountains with their golden heath that kiss'd
the sunny clouds,

And breathed soft scent to the sunbeams, were all hid in
pierceless shrouds.

I look'd to the woods, where at evening fall, I had often
walk'd alone,

And listen'd to all the birds might say, and watch'd the
sun go down;

But the woods were like a little stain on the snow-drop's
virgin bell,

And the bright, bright birds had fled away from the trees
they loved so well.

And I look'd for the village calm in which my boyhood's
days were past,

Those days whose pleasures, hopes, and fears, have flitted
by so fast;

But the village with its church and bells was no where
to be seen,

And its stately abbey, too, was gone, as if it ne'er had been.

My dream doth hold a moral, but my words are weak
and vain,

Oh, that I could but lift my voice in a purer, loftier strain!
It tells of the glories of the sky, of the bliss and gladness
there,

Of the love they feel in passion's calm, of the hopes un-
dimin'd by fear;

Of the lofty thoughts and feelings warm, and innocence
divine,

Which like the lights of a gemmy cave in each fair bosom
shine;

It tells that our earth is a blacken'd ball, suspended in
the air,

That we and all we boast are dark corruption everywhere;
That our beauty is as nothing, and our genius but a
thought;

And that all our wealth, and power, and strength, and
boastings, are as nought;

That our land with all its towers and spires, and valleys
rich and gay,
And cities proud, are but as dew, in the sun's all-search-
ing ray,

Which brightly shines for a little space, and then dies
all away!

And it tells us that beyond the hills, and beyond their
heathy shrouds,

And beyond the line of the mountain-sea, and beyond
the mantling clouds,

And beyond the stars,—in majesty, and glory, dwells our
God,

Who holds the earth in his monarch hand, and aways it
by his nod.

FINE ARTS.

FOURTH EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(Concluding Notice.)

OTHER matters have somewhat interfered with the regu-
larity of our notices of the Ancient Exhibition; but we
return to the subject once more, though at a period when
its first gloss of novelty is over.

Having in former articles wound up the story of the
mighty masters of Italy, we now turn to a less dazzling
clime. We have already intimated our belief that the
Dutch school of painting was merely an integral portion
of the German, the earliest and finest specimens of which
were produced by the artists resident at Cologne. At
the time painting principally flourished in the Ne-
therlands, religious enthusiasm, if it was encouraged at
all, had taken a direction totally different from the ima-
ginative, and occasionally fantastic, bent of Italy. The
struggles of the infant commonwealth had stamped upon
men's minds a sedate practical character. There was
neither in their tempers, nor in the forms of nature and
art which surrounded them, any such source of high
poetical feeling as gave birth to the works of Raffaele.
The subjects which the artist loved to represent were
those which were most germane to his fancy—the rich
tints of fruits and flowers—the tranquil landscape—the
sturdy expression of character in domestic life. In a
painting of a Madonna, or of some mythological subject, by
an Italian artist, a single happy touch gives interest, by
recalling the whole story to our remembrance;—a Dutch
interior, on the other hand, can interest us only by the
mastery of art displayed in its representation, but can
derive no additional charm from any feelings awakened
by its commonplace subject. Perhaps the triumph of
mere art is, on this very account, more decided in the
works of the Dutch school.

To convince ourselves how much has been accomplish-
ed in this way, we need only consult the walls of the
Exhibition, through which we now walk, prattling with
the reader. Take Nos. 2, "Temptation of St Anthony;"
12, "Visit to the Nurse;" 21, "An old man and wo-
man;" 31, "An Interior, by De Hooze;" 41, "A Ser-
piece, by Backhuysen;" 55, "Three Men Drinking;"
64, "A Winter Scene, by Berghen;" 70, "A Land-
scape," attributed to Hobbema, (more probably by Dek-
ker;) 77, "A Landscape, with portraits of Teniers, his
Wife, and Child;" 88, "A Landscape," (attributed to Hob-
bema;) 103, "Interior of a Stable, by Wouvermans;"
127, "A Stag-hunt, by the Same;" and last, and best,
25, "A Cattle Piece, by Cuyp"—the gem of the Exhi-
bition. In not one of these is there any thing poetical,
or (with the exception, perhaps, of the Stag-hunt) even
exciting; yet, what a charm in the beauty and harmony
of their colours! It is like music to the eye. And there
is a soul in them, vital, though not elevated. Teniers's
Temptation of the Holy Anthony is a nightmare seen
by daylight.

There is, however, a school of Dutch artists, in which

something of the spirit of the old masters of Italy revived for a brief space. Its founders were Louis Carracci, and his two nephews, Augustin and Hannibal;—the uncle was born in 1555, and died in 1629. They have been called Eclectics in art, from their principle of imitating whatever they found good in the works of their predecessors, yet with such modifications, as made it harmonise with their own peculiar style. Hannibal is, undeniably, the greatest genius of the three; the most learned artist, the most powerful drawer, and possessed of the greatest mastery of the pencil. There is a beautiful little piece by him in the Exhibition—*Mercury and Argus* (32.) Two Saints (18 and 29) are possibly from the pencil of Louis.—Guido Reni, the most distinguished scholar of the Carracci, threw into his earlier works strong masses of shade, intermingled with striking lights, after the manner of Louis Carracci. At a later period, he assumed, by the advice of Hannibal, a clearer tone of colouring, as more congenial to the cheerfulness which characterises his talent.—Domenichino excels in the management of profoundly studied compositions, and has succeeded in appropriating, by severe labour, much both of the grandeur and beauty of the antique.—Albano was a mere copyist of the forms of the Carracci, but without entering into their spirit.—Guercino, we know from his own confession, took the first suggestion of his strong shadows and *piquant* lights from the works of Louis Carracci. It is evident that he had but little feeling of the ideal. His *Mercury and Argus*, (6,) when brought into comparison with the same subject by Hannibal Carracci, (32.) will show pretty accurately the relation in which he stands to that master. His “*Abraham on Mount Moriah*” would be a fine picture, but for the expression of the Isaac’s face, in which (if we may be allowed to parody the technical language of artists) the face of the sheep behind him seems to be repeated.

The great merit of all these artists consists in their having struggled, with more or less success, to free art from the monotonous mannerism which had palsied it, to bring it nearer to truth and nature, and to extend its limits by the introduction of new and original forms and arrangements. It seems, however, the fate of all reformers, to be succeeded by a class of half-learned men, who distort their principles and render them hideous by half apprehending them. Caravaggio and his scholar Spagnoletto stand in this relation to the Carracci. Through a misapprehension of the true meaning of the word “natural,” they not only renounced all mannerism, but all particular choice of form. Their Madonnas are mere common women, their Christs mere commonplace boys. Nay, they have carried it so far as to excite an occasional suspicion that they have sought, instead of avoiding, vulgar and disagreeable subjects. They are the Galts of painting. With all their faults, however, their works give evidence of much talent and experience; and their strong contrasts of light and shade are well calculated to allure the many. Spagnoletto’s *Philosopher* (115) is a fair specimen of his style.—Francis Mola may be regarded as holding an intermediate place between these two schools.

During the earliest and brightest harvest of art in Italy, landscape does not seem to have been cultivated as a separate branch. Beautiful specimens of landscape are to be found in the works of the earlier masters, but, in general, employed only as a subsidiary ornament of some large composition. It is among the Tramontane artists that we must seek the origin of landscape painting. Vasari, when speaking of a landscape by Titian, mentions it as done after the manner of the “*Tedeschi*,” who used to paint such subjects; and the first who devoted themselves in Italy exclusively to landscape painting were natives of Antwerp. The Italians communicated to it somewhat of the ideal character of their country’s higher school of painting. Caspar Dughet, who was a brother-in-law of Nicholas Poussin, and who afterwards assumed his name, is deservedly looked upon as the greatest mas-

ter in this department, as well for the simple grandeur of his ideas, as for the marked character which he succeeds in impressing upon all his subjects. The small landscape (95) attributed to this artist, although placed in a bad situation, and tolerably dirty, will richly repay a narrow examination. Great though he be, however, he does not win upon our love like Claude—the rich and lovely—the sharer of Nature’s sweetest secrets. The landscape, No. 14, has suffered much, but is still every inch a Claude. No. 53, on the contrary, though it attracts at first by its gaudy colouring, does not stand a nearer and long-continued scrutiny. Nos. 33 and 124 are by Salvator Rosa, and to these two pictures (particularly the latter) we are inclined to give the palm above all the landscapes in the rooms. They tell us of the haste of Rosa’s execution, for the manner in which his colours are worked in show it, but the composition of his pictures speaks of long hours of study in the profound recesses of his own mind.

Of Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, who belong to the Netherlands, but whose works are full of Italian genius, we much regret that our limits at present do not permit us to speak as we could wish. There is a fine *St Simeon*, (137,) and some exquisite sketches, by Rubens; a noble *Belisarius* by Vandyke; and by Rembrandt, “*The Tribute Money*,” a work, whose rich mellow tones make every thing near it look feeble, except our favourite Cuyp. Nor must we forget to mention, that an “*Allegorical subject*,” by Jordaens, is the most gorgeous piece of colouring we have seen for many a day.

It is with no small pride that we turn from these classical schools to look upon the works of our own island masters which enrich this Exhibition. The portraits of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Mary Montague, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are, prejudice apart, the finest pictures in the room. The little landscape by Wilson (59) will stand a competition with any of its companions. And “*The King*,” by the lamented Lawrence, notwithstanding all its faults of colouring, is worthy of the subject. The face is superbly modelled, and we see down through the clear transparent eye into the very soul.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

If good sense, Mr Editor, is the foundation of good writing, in verse as well as in prose, there is no man to whom I should more cheerfully consign the important task of revising our Psalmody, than to your anonymous correspondent in the last Number of the *Literary Journal*. His Paper gives a simple and most correct view of the subject; it is, in my opinion, worth all the palaver of all the enthusiasts put together. I mean no disrespect to Mr Tennant, however, of whom it may be justly said that he is even more celebrated for his genius than his learning. Though no poet, I have ventured to try my hand, in compliance with the wishes of your anonymous correspondent; and, in doing so, I hope to set an example which men, infinitely my superiors, may not think unworthy of imitation. Here are a few of his exercises, and new readings of certain parts of the Psalms:—

- Ps. i. 3. “He shall be like a goodly tree
That grows the streams beside,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaves fresh abide.”

I cannot think of parting with the neuter pronoun which.

- Ps. ii. 6. “Yet, I have him anointed king,
Ev’n him, my chosen one;
On Zion, my own holy hill,
There have I set his throne.”

* All leaves are not green.

Pt. iii. 7, 8. "Aries, O Lord, save me, my God!
On cheek-bone thou didst smite
Mine enemies all; thou brak'st the teeth
Of the ungodly's spite.

"Salvation to the Lord belongs,
Salvation great is his;
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
Upon thy people is."

Pt. vi. 1. "In thy great anger, O my God,
Do thou rebuke me not," &c.

8. "Depart from me all ye that do
In sinful works rejoice;
For, lo! the Lord hath turn'd his ear
Unto my weeping voice."

Pt. vi. 9. "Unto my supplication's voice," &c.

10. "That enemies are to me," &c.

Pt. vii. 2. "Lest that my soul's fell enemy
Should like a lion rave,
In pieces fiercely rending it,
While there is none to save."

Pt. vii. 9. "But 'stablish sure for aye," &c.

16. On his own head shall come," &c.

Better certainly the repetition than the vulgar word
patet.

Pt. viii. 2. "From mouth of babes and sucklings, thou
Didst powerful strength ordain,
That so the avenger thou might'st still,
And enemy restrain.

3. "When I consider well thy heavens,
The works of thine own hand,
And look unto the moon and stars
That were by thee ordain'd."

Or,

"When I consider well thy heavens,
Thy fingers' works that be,
And look unto the moon and stars,
Which were ordain'd by thee," &c.

6. "O'er all thy works thou mad'st him lord,
And 'neath his feet didst lay," &c.

I have only room to say, that my earnest endeavour has been to be "*smooth, plain, and agreeable to the text*," though, I fear, not "*more so than any heretofore*." I have shown my good-will to the work, and more worthy labourers, I have no doubt, will be forthcoming in due season.—I am, &c. R. W.

Dunbar, 31st March, 1830.

THE DRAMA.

THE event of the week in the Dramatic world of Edinburgh, has been the retirement of Mrs Henry Siddons from the stage, or, as the bills express it, from "the Edinburgh Stage," the meaning of which *equivocal* is, that Mrs Siddons conceived it possible she might at some future period be induced to accept of a short engagement in London, or elsewhere, and wished to leave the door open for her doing so. Let nobody contradict this statement—"on authority," or in any other way; for we *know* it to have been the fact, though it is possible Mrs Siddons may have since changed her mind. The house, upon Monday evening, was filled to bursting, and the heart of every individual seemed as full as the house. But, having indulged in some very pretty pathos concerning Mrs Siddons a fortnight ago, we do not intend to draw any farther draughts at present upon our readers' good-nature. She made her final *exiit* with great applause, as was fitting, and is going to spend some time in Paris. In a subsequent page will be found the Farewell Address, which was written for her by Sir Walter Scott. It is fully as poor as such compositions usually are; containing little

more than some commonplace observations concerning the word "farewell"—a most threadbare theme, and a particular request that the public would behave as kindly as possible towards Mr Murray. This request is expressed in the highly poetical couplet—

"When I am far, my patrons, oh! be kind
To the dear relative I leave behind."

Then follow some lines in which she praises the "dear relative" in a style which appears to us in very bad taste. Had Sir Walter Scott thought more maturely on the subject, we do not believe he would have deemed it consistent with the dignity of the occasion, to make Mrs Siddons foist in by a side-wind a puff collateral to the present manager. All the world is aware, that she will naturally continue to be anxious for the success of her brother, whether he boasted

"A Scottish origin—a Scottish name,"

or not; but why make a parade of this feeling, and thereby distract the attention from the main subject? The audience was assembled to hear her farewell, not to be cajoled into applauding Mr Murray, who must of course stand or fall by his own deserts. Observe, we do not mean to blame Mrs Siddons; we are finding fault with what was written for her. But were we a great actor or actress, and about to make our last public appearance, we should not accept of a *poetical* address from a conclave of all the best poets living. There is always something artificial, studied, cold, and repulsive, in a set of regular heroic lines. If we felt that our heart was truly touched—our feelings deeply agitated, how could we reconcile it to our conscience to study beforehand a copy of verses, written for us by another, and, when the moment came, march up to the stage-lamps, and pronounce them with becoming emphasis and discretion. Good heaven! if we saw a great multitude assembled to take leave of us, and knew that the slightest indication of a reciprocity of feeling upon our part would melt them all to tears, could we play the frigid declaimer, and take our departure amidst the heartless see-saw of an empty rhyme? No!—a few plain words of unadorned prose, the simple, manly, and sincere expression of the emotions actually passing within us, were worth an Iliad of hexameters. A poetical address is well enough upon certain occasions; but is altogether out of place when a favourite performer bids a final and solemn adieu to public life.

Auber's opera of "Masaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici," has been produced this week. The music of this piece is, in many respects, very beautiful; and, considering the defective state of Mr Murray's operatic force at present, more justice has been done to it than we expected. The Overture is spirited and good;—the finest passages are those in which the barcarole, the Market chorus, and Masaniello's march, are introduced. The orchestra is not effective enough to do it full justice, but, on the whole, it is respectably executed. The general character of Auber's music, though he is himself a Frenchman, is essentially Italian. He has been accused of imitating Rossini too closely, but we confess we cannot discover any undue resemblance in the opera of "Masaniello." In consequence of Montague Stanley, who played *Don Alphonso*, not being able to sing, a solo, duet, and a very spirited quartett and chorus, have been left out, but we are thankful that this has been done rather than the alternative adopted of entrusting the part to Larkins, who would have murdered it altogether. Wilson plays *Masaniello*, and the performance, as a whole, has raised him highly in our opinion. As an actor, he is still a little awkward and stiff, but not more so than his want of experience would naturally lead one to expect. As a singer, he unquestionably possesses powers of a high order. Nothing can exceed the distinctness of his articulation, and the clear sweetness of his voice. We think also he is improving in energy, especially where an instrumental accompaniment spurs him on, and bears him out. We wish

much he would infuse a little additional energy into the motions of his legs and arms. There is, in particular, a want of decision in the manner in which he moves his arms;—let him give them a freer swing, and a bolder scope. His action at present is what a Frenchman would call *trop coupé*. The songs in which he principally distinguished himself were the barcarole "Take heed," and the beautiful melody, "My sister dear." In the mad scene, too, where he sings snatches of different airs, he was very successful. We hesitate not to say, that we have now greater hopes of Mr Wilson than we had before.

Probably the finest music of this opera is arranged for the choruses, and Mr Murray has more than surprised us by the very excellent band of chorus-singers he has contrived to muster. Certain folks have been raving of late about the operatic force at the Caledonian Theatre, which is middling enough after all, or if it is first-rate, then at the Theatre Royal it is more than first-rate, for we defy the Caledonian people, with all their strength, to sing either the barcarole or the Market chorus, as it is sung at the other house. Be it remarked, however, that it is not upon this point that we rest the infinite superiority of the one establishment over the other.—Miss Phillips, as *Donna Elvira*, sings as well as she can, which is pretty well; and Miss Tunstall, with her high clear pipe, is both of great use in the choruses, and introduces a pretty Tyrolean air, "Green hills of Tyrol," which does not belong to the opera at all. The Market chorus is the most striking composition of the whole. It catches the ear at once, like the Hunter's Chorus in the "Freischütz," and bids fair to become almost as popular.—Having said so much of the music of Masaniello, which we consider fully as good as any that has been written since the death of Weber, it is but justice to add, that the Manager has taken care to give full effect to the melo-dramatic department. The new scenery and dresses are excellent, and the eruption of Vesuvius, with which the piece concludes, is managed with much splendour. Miss Jarman plays Masaniello's sister, "The dumb girl," and of course does the part every justice. The piece altogether is entitled to great praise.

It is a curious fact, that the same gentleman whom we rebuked lately for his too great partiality to the Caledonian Theatre, and who spoke of the "rich and chaste humour" of the performers there, has recently found out that they are almost all Cockneys, and thus expresseth himself concerning them:—"Truth to say, it is only the exceptions who do not sport Donnar and Mariar, with most of the other flowers of the Cockney vocabulary." Our excellent friend is evidently coming round to the true faith, and we are glad we did not give him the shake we meditated.

We saw an absurd paragraph in one of the newspapers this week, stating "that Mr Murray had received a handsome offer from Charles Kemble to perform at Covent Garden, should circumstances oblige him to leave Edinburgh." We hate small bits of humbug like this. Mr Murray has no more intention of leaving Edinburgh than the Register Office has. He is now the sole lessee of the Theatre Royal, and by it he will stand or fall.

©D Cæterbus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

By William Kennedy, Author of "Fifful Fancies."

"VIRTUE is pleasure," said a Grecian sage,
 "And the most virtuous, the happiest far;"
 A nobler sentiment upon the page
 Of Revelation sparkles like a star.
 Men have done much his pure intent to mar,
 Whom many follow, and but few obey;
 But truth will laugh, however fools may jar,—
 Tired Reason shall at length spurn Falsehood's sway,
 Exulting like the sun, when storms have roll'd away.

"Who seeks the general weal, secures his own"—

Such the arch-precept of the latest school
 Of Ethical discovery—alone

Varying in sound from the Athenian's rule.

The gentle creed of Nazareth is full

Of a like spirit—fairer and more free—

Then cease to cry Eureka! haste and cool

Thy crazed disciples' neophytic glee,

Utilitarian Priest—word-wedding Jeremy!

Who doubts the maxim of the Benthamites?

'Tis co-existent with the human soul,
 And of its shrine one of the sacred lights—

Though oft-times clouded by the gross control

Of the dust's opaque demon—he, the sole

Keeper of the multitudinous cells,

Wherein earth's anticks, miserably droll,

Make mouths at Heaven to smirking Folly's bells,
 Shaming the voiceless brute that in the desert dwells.

In morals 'tis an axiom—here—even here—

Upon this slippery "bank and shoal of time,"

With hell-fire in abeyance—noon-day clear,—

The worst like not to be the sport of crime,

Drench'd by their own foul vintage—every clime

To sins peculiar adds their punishment—

The unity of Justice is sublime—

I should have said of Mercy—for 'tis meant
 To urge them back to peace, whose steps are woward bent.

And dismal were this globe were it not so!

'Tis bad enough; but it is Paradise,

Compared to what it would be, were there no
 Terrestrial scourge for the salt blood of Vice—

Lust, flame-respiring, homicidal Pride,

And all our household devils running wild,

Would roam, high-fed and rampant, far and wide,

Making that hideous, yet but half defiled,

Trampling each shoot of good on arid life that smiled.

Of sermonizing we have had enough—

If this besotted land will not awaken,

It is not framed of penetrable stuff—

Cobbett himself hath to the rostrum taken,

Teaching Britannia how to save her bacon—

Cool Owen lauds his parallelogram

With pertinacity, by sneers unshaken—

And would therein all sorts of people cram,

Penning, in common fold, ass, lion, wolf, and lamb.

But Ill will keep its throne, till doomsday steal,

Thief-like, upon the prowlers of the world;

They who to abstract equity appeal,

Will find the general lip derisive, curl'd.

In vain, Philanthropy! thy flag's unfurl'd

On distant Harmony's Millennial heights;

Dissension's blazing brands shall still be hurl'd,

And maugre all that honest Bentham writes,

Laws will be Knavery's tools, and suitors hapless wights

Marshal, Old Truepenny! a chosen band,

And let them furnish practice to thy preaching—

Actions, the shallowest brain can understand,

Examples, the sure mode of moral teaching—

Proclaim a truce to threatening and beseeching,

In streets and highways plant each partisan,

Purified from the itch for over-reaching,

Sworn foes to every ceco-selfish plan,

Warm and undinching friends to the old house of man.

And then—"God speed the cause!" pray I for one—

A worthier never link'd true hearts together—

The faint may fall before the harvest's done—

The stoutest hardly brave the wayward weather.

But more than Mammon's gem, or Honour's feather,
Shall the survivors of the field repay,
When Sorrow's children round a glad hearth gather,
To speak of those who chased their griefs away—
Who flinty Custom crush'd that ground them in the clay.

A SONG,

Not entirely Bacchanalian.

To Woman!—a bumper! come pledge me, my boys,
And pledge me with heart and with soul;
Give the pedant his learning, the statesman his toys,
But ours be the smile and the bowl!
Though it needs not the glow of the generous cup
To make woman's presence divine,
Yet, where bumpers are drunk, be the highest fill'd up
To the Goddess who hallows the wine!

We love the dark juice of the ruby-hued grape,
For the bright thoughts it wreaths round the brain,
Like the stars which at twilight from bondage escape,
And come forth in the blue sky again;
But the thought of all thoughts is of her we love best,
The fond one whose heart is our own,—
A thought whose effulgence obscures all the rest,
As the sun walks through heaven alone!

Then to her, boys, to her be the bumper now crown'd,
With feelings which tongue cannot tell;—
If the tone of her voice be a magical sound,
If the glance of her eye be a spell;
If the flush of her cheek be the fairest of sights,
If her lip be the holiest shrine,
Then, believe me, the toast which her beauty invites,
Turns to gold every drop of our wine!

If life be a good, 'tis to her that we owe it,—
If genius a gift, 'tis that she is the theme,—
If love be a bliss, 'tis through her that we know it,—
O! without her this world were a wearisome dream!
Then, a bumper! a bumper! if ever you fill'd it,
A bumper to her, both our hope and our pride!
A scheme for the future—if ever you build it—
Fill a bumper to woman and make her your guide!

H. G. B.

SOLITUDE—A SONNET.

With silence for my comrade, and the chance
Of varying moods and scenes to be my guide,
Again let me ascend thy rugged side,
Paternal mountain! and in joy advance
Along thy ridges, where the wild-flowers dance
To the wind's music,—where the vapours glide
Slowly at noon-tide, or in stillness bide
In thy deep clefts, as in a holy trance,
Which the wide skies and landscape share with them!
Blessed reward, my upward toil shall crown;
And though I wait till th' evening sun go down,
Yet for no loss of time shall truth condemn;—
'Tis not in labour only and in strife
That hearts acquire their wisdom and their life.

E. O. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

Our readers will learn with pleasure, that Mrs Hemans is preparing another volume for publication. It will probably be called *Songs of the Affections*, and will include much not originally claimed under that title in the Magazines or other periodicals to which Mrs Hemans contributes.

Sir John Sinclair has a work in the press likely to prove exceedingly interesting. It is to consist of his Correspondence with all the most distinguished Personages of his Time, together with his own personal Reminiscences of them. In this work will be included Letters from many of the crowned heads of Europe, from the most distinguished statesmen, both of this and other countries, and from a great variety of literary characters of the highest eminence.

Among a list of seventy-six new works announced by Messrs Colburn and Bentley, we observe the following:—*Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks.*—The Oxoniens, or a Glance at Society.—*Personal Memoirs of Pryce L. Gordon, Esq.*—*The Heiress of Bruges*; a Tale, by the author of "Highways and Byways."—*Travels in Kamtschatka, Siberia, and China*, by Peter Dobell, Esq.—The 3d and 4th volumes of Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I., by I. D'Israeli, Esq.—New works by the authors of "Brambletye House," "Sayings and Doings," "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and "Flirtation."—*East and West*, by one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses."—*Musical Memoirs*, from 1784 to 1829, by W. T. Parke.—*An Account of the Subversion of the Constitution in Portugal* by Don Miguel, by Lord Porchester.—*Notes on Haiti*, by C. Mackenzie, Esq.—*The Tuileries*, an Historical Romance.—*The Life of Titian*, by J. Northcote, Esq. R.A.—*A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the Commoners of England*, qualified by landed property to become County Members of Parliament, but undistinguished by any hereditary title of honour.—*Stories from the old Chronicles*, by the late Barry St. Leger, Esq.—*The Life of John Hampden*, by Lord Nugent.—*A New Tale of the Sea*, by the author of the "Red Rover," &c.—*Letters from Switzerland and Italy*, by John Carne, Esq.—*The Private Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq.*, edited by Dawson Turner, Esq.—*Basil Barrington and his friends.*—*The King's Own*, a Tale of the Sea.—*The Life and Works of Henry Fuseli*, by John Knowles, Esq.—*Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass*, written by himself.—*The Spanish Novelists*, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.—*The History of the Bible*, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig.—*St James's*, a Satirical Poem.

Valence, the Dreamer, a Poem, by John Phillips, M.A., is announced.

The Penese, a selection of original poetry, by a Young Lady, is in the press.

Captain Sherer is engaged with a *Life of the great Gustavus of Sweden*.

M. de Chateaubriand has announced a new work on the state of France, which will appear shortly.

MR YANIEWICZ'S CONCERT.—This concert took place in the Hopetoun Rooms, on Tuesday last. It laboured under the disadvantage of being a Morning Concert, which, in this city, is always a dull affair. It was well attended, but the audience were cold and listless. Why they should have been so, we do not exactly know, for much of the music was excellent. Though Mr Yaniewicz is not so brilliant a violinist as Murray, he is perhaps his superior in delicacy of expression, and his two solos were very admirable specimens of his abilities. Miss Yaniewicz is a mistress of the piano-forte, and Miss Paulina not inferior at the harp. The Misses Patons exerted themselves with their usual success; and Mr Boyle, who made his first appearance in Edinburgh, if he did not electrify, at all events, proved himself a sweet and pleasing singer.

THE LATE HUGH WILLIAMS.—We understand that this lamented artist left behind him a very valuable and complete collection of all the drawings made by him when in Greece, and, that they may be made serviceable to the public, and the profession, it is the intention of his executors, we believe, to offer them at a fair price to the directors of the Royal Institution in this city, who will probably willingly avail themselves of the opportunity to make so interesting a purchase.

MR KNOWLES'S LECTURES.—We have been astonished to find that these lectures have not as yet been very crowdedly attended, and can attribute it only to the more than usual number of gaieties which have this week distracted public attention. We certainly know of none who could give to the important subject of dramatic literature a higher degree of interest than that with which Mr Knowles invests it, whether we regard the fine genius which he brings to bear upon it from the stores of his own mind, or the admirable manner in which he illustrates his remarks by his powers of elocution, as exemplified in his readings and recitations. Every lecture is full of varied attractions, but we are inclined to believe that the three he has yet to deliver—to-day, on Monday, and Wednesday—will be the most popular of all, because they relate almost exclusively to the modern drama, and will be enriched by many anecdotes and illustrations, which, from the lips of the author of "Virginia," come to us with tenfold force. We seriously advise those who take an interest in the drama, not to deprive themselves of the present opportunity of hearing it discussed by a master of the art. We are willing to stake our own credit that they will not be disappointed.

ELOCUTION.—(From our Glasgow Correspondent.)—While you are enjoying in Edinburgh the admirable disquisitions of Mr Knowles upon an art he so much excels in—the DRAMATIC—we are led to anticipate, in this city, at least one pleasant evening in the deve-

lopement of some new principles in another art, to the study of which he was the first to give an impulse among us,—namely, Elocution. Mr Knowles, since he gave up being an instructor here, in the Art of Reading, has been followed by many ambitious of being his successor. Of course, few could justly aspire to be so; but, from the appearance of a Mr J. H. Aitken, a protégé of Dr Chalmers, who announces himself as about to lecture in this town, after having devoted seven years to the study, and reduced its principles to just that number of rules, we hope a fresh impulse may be given to the study of so delightful an accomplishment.

CHIT CHAT FROM LONDON.—It is said that Messrs Colburn and Bentley are about to commence a new work on the plan of the Family Library and Constable's Miscellany.—A new Sunday newspaper, called *The Intelligencer*, has made its appearance, under the auspices, it is believed, of the Treasury.—The exhibition of pictures by the Society of British Artists, opened a few days ago, and is better than it has ever hitherto been.—The London Literary Union already extends to 800 members; but what its distinct purposes are, is not yet generally made public.—Mr Westmacott has now concluded his course of lectures on sculpture, all of which have been received with much applause.—Mr Brougham is said to be in a very precarious state of health.—The ensuing exhibition of pictures at Somerset House is to be enriched by eight pictures by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence; and at the close of the present exhibition in the British Institution, the gallery is to be filled with his most finished productions, to be exhibited to the public.—Mr O'Connell has left London to attend his duties in a cause (*Blackwood v. Blackwood*), in which he is retained with a fee of 800 guineas.—A new dioramic exhibition, containing views of Venice, of the Pass of Briançon, the Thames Tunnel, and the interior of Durham Cathedral, has been recently opened.—What occupies one-half of London? a *dwa*. What occupies more than one-half of Paris? *sa ris*.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.—At Drury Lane, Kean has been playing *Hamlet* with great *clat*. Two new farces have also been produced successfully, the one called "Popping the Question," and the other, "Perfection, or the Lady of Munster;" the latter is by the popular song-writer, Thomas Haynes Bayly. At this theatre, likewise, a new singer of the name of Anderson has made a favourable impression on the public.—The London critics differ as to the merits of Miss Kemble's *Portia*; but they seem generally to agree that her father's *Shylock* was very bad. Miss Kemble, whatever be her talents, has been the chief means of adding to the treasury of Covent Garden a sum exceeding £25,000, in about seventy performances. Her own salary is only £10 per night.—As Drury Lane has no lessee at present, it has been suggested that either Mathews or Macready should enter upon the speculation next season.—A new opera is in preparation at Drury Lane, in which it is said that Miss Stephens, Vestris, Sinclair, Phillips, and the new singer Anderson, will all have parts.—A new Italian opera is reported to be in preparation at the King's Theatre, which has the novel attraction of being the entire work of an English amateur.—A gentleman of the name of Goldamid, a name well known in the commercial world, is about to appear on the London stage as a comic actor; his abilities are highly spoken of.—At a meeting of the friends of Mr Arnold, on Monday, a plan for rebuilding the English Opera house was submitted to them. It was found that, on the most moderate computation, it could not be rebuilt for less than 40,000*l.*; of which it was intended to raise 30,000*l.* by debentures of 25*l.* each. Ten thousand pounds were subscribed in the room, and the whole sum, it is computed, will be subscribed in a fortnight. The English operatic company will open in the Adelphi. Before this, however, Mr Mathews will give his annual entertainment—a new one; and the Elephant will be marched off to the country.—It would seem, that the *seducante* Sontag still adds to her other attractions that of being a spinster. Count Rossi, her alleged husband, has written to some of the French papers to deny the "soft impeachment" of ever having held any lordship over her but that of love! She arrived at Berlin a few days ago, and is now singing there.—Hummel, the pianist and composer, has arrived in Paris, where he is to give several concerts before setting out for London.—Miss Smithson is going to play pantomime and melo-drama in Paris, for which her talents are certainly much more adapted than for the higher walks of either tragedy or comedy.—Macready has repeated, with increased success, his performance of *Werner* in Dublin, where Miss Kemble is shortly to appear.—T. P. Cooke is at Glasgow, and will come here immediately on the termination of Liston's engagement, which commences on Monday.—Miss Jarman takes for her benefit this evening the play of "Know your own Mind," and the operatic melo-drama of "Mazaniello." The house will be crowdedly attended.—The following is the Farewell Address, written for Mrs Henry Siddons by Sir Walter Scott, and delivered by her on Monday last:

The curtain drops—the mimic scene is past—
One word remains—the saddest and the last;
A word which oft in careless mood we say,
When parting friends have pass'd a social day;
As oft pronounced in agony of heart,
When friends must sever, or when lovers part;

Or o'er the dying couch in whispers spoken,
When the frail thread of life is all but broken—
When all that ear can list, or tongue can tell,
Are the last mournful accents, Fare-you-well!
Such is the spell the Actress must divide
From dutes long her pleasure and her pride:
So brief the syllables that must bid adieu
To public life—to Scotland—and to you—
To hopes—to doubts—to efforts—and to fears,
And all the business of my scenic years.
Yet ere we part—and even now a tear
Bedims my eye to think our parting near—
Fain would I speak, how deeply in my breast
Will the remembrance of your kindness rest—
Fain would I tell, but words are cold and weak:
It is the heart, the heart alone can speak!
The wanderer may rejoice to view, once more,
The smiling aspect of her native shore;
Yet oft, in mingled dreams of joy and pain,
She'll think she sees this beautiful land again;
And then, as now, will fond affection trace
The kindness that endear'd her dwelling-place.
Now then it must be said, though from my heart
The mournful accents scarcely will depart;
Lingering, as if they fear'd to break some spell—
It must be utter'd!—Friends, kind friends, farewell!
One suit remains;—you will not scorn to hear
The last my lips shall falter on your ear—
When I am far, my Patrons, oh! be kind
To the dear relative I leave behind!
He is your own, and like yourselves may claim
A Scottish origin—a Scottish name.
His ripen'd talents—let the truth be told—
A Sister in a Brother's cause is bold—
Shall cater for your eve of leisure still,
With equal ardour and improving skill.
And though too oft the poor performers' lot
Is but to bloom, to fade, and be forgot,
Where'er the mimic sceptre they resign,
A gentler destiny I feel is mine;
For, as the Brother moves before your eyes,
Some memory of the Sister must arise;
And in your hearts a kind remembrance dwell,
Of Her who once again sighs forth—Farewell!

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 27—April 2.

SAT.	<i>All in the Wrong, & A Roland for an Oliver.</i>
MON.	<i>The Provok'd Husband, & The Youthful Queen.</i>
TUES.	<i>The Soldier's Daughter, & Mazaniello.</i>
WED.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor, & Do.</i>
THURS.	<i>Rob Roy, & Do.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Scape Goat, A Concert, & The Day after the Wedding.</i>

ENIGME

Sur la belle Prisonnière d'Edimbourg.

Je commence à vieillir, et suis un peu fêtré;
Quant à la chair, aux os, je n'en eus de ma vie.
Cependant, tous les jours, d'une foule d'amants,
Je reçois de vifs, doux, et tendres compliments.
Eprise de la gloire, avide de conquêtes,
Je ne songeais qu'aux jeux, qu'aux triomphes, qu'aux fêtes,
Lorsqu' une âpre rivale, envieuse de moi,
Par de lâches détours me fit subir sa loi.
Quelque prosaïque, esclave, oisif et languissant,
Chacun me trouve encore aimable, intéressant;
Et tel est le pouvoir de mes charmes vainqueurs,
Que, comme Hélène qui subjuguait tant de cœurs,
Sans les nombreux Argus, dont je suis entourée,
Je serais en danger d'être un jour enlevée.*

G. S., Nelson Street.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall present our readers, in next Number, with some novelties, or, what the Circus people would call "a change of performances."

We can assure "A Friend" that he will find us every thing he could wish ere long.—We are afraid the communications of "G. M." though sensible, would be considered a little heavy.—The Sonnet by "N. C." of Glasgow, shall have a place.

"Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg," by Mr David Tweedie, in our next.

* The explanation of this enigma will be given in our next Number.

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TO OUR READERS.

It is as pleasant a number of the *Literary Journal* as one could wish to read on an April day. We have taken advantage of a temporary dearth of new works of interest, to supply our friends with an assortment of miscellaneous articles on various subjects,—some grave, and some gay,—some instructive, and some amusing, but all possessed of a degree of merit rarely met with in any other periodical now existing. If there be any one who turns away in morose dissatisfaction from the perusal of this sheet of royal octavo, we can only say of him, in the words of Shakspeare, "Let no such man be trusted."

THE DILEMMA.—A TALE.

By H. G. B.

My native vale, my native vale,
How many a chequer'd year hath fled,
How many a vision bright and frail
My youth's aspiring hopes have fed,
Since last thy beauties met mine eye,
Upon as sweet an eve as this,
And each soft breeze that wander'd by,
Whisper'd of love, repose, and bliss;
I deem'd not then a ruder gale
Would sweep me soon from Malhamdale.

ALARIC WATTS.

"By St Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. He stood upon the neighbouring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and he saw the last beams of the setting sun, playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and, a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her, he sighed. I wonder why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plight of their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence, many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild-flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself; "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler Morgan ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer-bitch Juno, and so will my pony Troilus;—a pretty figure, by-the-by, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstacy as soon as I present myself before him;

—and Julia—*poor* Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heigho!—I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I *did* give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but, now—O! Rosalind! dear—delightful!"

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was *not* the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed.—"The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. Yes! though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honour. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenliest object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence!"

Here his voice became again inarticulate; and, as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for, notwithstanding his gout, the Baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence: "My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Yours, Fitzclarence."—Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rung the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons. "La! Ma'am," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget."—"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady, languidly, and at the same time slightly blushing. "O! yes, Ma'am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before he went to the wars."—

"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I'm sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable!"—"To be sure, ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr Dalton, with his swords and guns."—"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he looks upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning?" History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements, but notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly,—"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters." Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence. "How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart."—"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also, and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation. "Miss Appleby!" said he at last. "Sir?"—"It is two years, I think, since we parted."—"Yes; two years on the fifteenth of this month." Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—"There was a pause."—"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia. "O! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a vast mouthful of courage. "I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."—"Generally speaking, I believe they are."—"Sir!"—"That is—I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose." Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and, though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuous on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how?—the minia-

ture! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; but I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you?—By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you. I swear to you by"—

"Do not swear by any thing at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have both been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St Agatha! I am sure of it. Only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her irresistible."

"Well, I believe you are right; and, besides, *de gustibus—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin.*"

SPRING HOURS IN PERE LA CHAISE.

JADED as I was in body and mind by the gaieties of a Parisian winter, the first vernal buds which studded the trees growing into my windows, on one of the most frequented divisions of the Boulevards, were welcomed as harbingers of a season that promised repose. My object in going abroad had been to see life; and in the Parisian saloons humanity may be studied in all its varieties. Unflinchingly did I follow the giddy round of fashionable entertainments. How strange! that he who once wooed retirement, and thought himself devoted to solitude, should take pleasure in a career so new, so much at variance with quiet habits! But my life was more one of observation than of actual enjoyment. If I mingled in the dance, or seated myself at the card-table, it was less for the pleasure these amusements yielded, than for the opportunity they afforded of indulging my favourite propensity—the study of character. So much had I become immersed in this disipation, so interesting was the mighty book Nature opened up to me, that I no longer heeded aught unconnected with my immediate engagements. Books, home, friends—all were neglected. My habits were thoroughly changed. Time flew on—week hurried after week, month after month. The gleaming of "some bright particular star," as I stepped into my cabriolet long past midnight; a glance at the fair moon, as I waited till the drowsy porter answered our imperious summons—was the only intercourse I held with that lovely firmament, on which I had erst bestowed whole nights of contemplation.

But winter was now about to terminate, and the first glimpses of reviving vegetation reproachfully carried me back to Scotland—"her hazel and her hawthorn glade"—to that country life which long habit had rendered dearer than that which I had recently led. Like the sight of land to the unaccustomed voyager, the early signs of spring gave hope of respite from the new labour to which I had condemned myself. I began to long for a look at nature, and sighed to breathe a purer air than can be inspired amid those "exhalations" of a large city, so feelingly anathematized by Cowley. With him I was ready to exclaim—

"Who that has reason and has smell,
Would not amidst roses and jasmine dwell?"

It is true, that the rose and jasmine were not yet to be

found among the cypresses and yews of Père la Chaise, yet it was there alone, in all the vicinity of Paris, that the approach of early spring could yet be discovered. To this burying-ground, therefore, I resolved to pay a visit. A month or two later, and the varied heights of Saint Cloud, the enchanted labyrinths of Versailles, the purpled walks of Fontenay-aux-Roses, or the yet more lovely vale of Montmorency, where nature reveals fancy-free, might have attracted my steps. But in the beginning of March, the only visitable spot is that one seemingly least suited to excite pleasurable emotions. For me, this crowded place of repose (which has been so often written about) ever has a fresh interest. Never have I entered it, without feelings of sadness; never have I left it, without being more reconciled to change, less heedful of worldly things. The sleep of death here seems so sweet—the living pass through this abode of the departed with such a reverential tread—that one feels not hurt by the thought of its being, perhaps at no distant period, his last resting-place. Some complain that there is too much of show, too much of ornament—but the care taken by the living in tending the frail flowers planted round the graves, which I have often seen watered by burning tears, is surely more consoling to those who may soon require such sad service, than if the sepulchre were at once abandoned. May not the departed soul look complacently on the friend who guards the sod that covers the earthly tabernacle it so lately tenanted? Nor is it a mere show of grief that is here exhibited, for no one can have often visited Père la Chaise, without witnessing sorrow the most poignant: tears, bitter as ever flowed, sobs from the very heart, are the tribute frequently paid on the grave of some lamented friend. Oft in passing through this impressive scene, has my sympathy been excited, on finding a lonely mourner by the side of a newly-covered grave. Such instances—I have met many of them—completely removed from my mind any objection I might at first have had to the seemingly ostentatious display here made of the regret felt by the living. Nothing can be more painful than the sight of a man in tears, yet I have involuntarily arrested my steps, on seeing the bereaved father shedding floods of tears on his son's cold grave. That worst of agonies, tearless grief, has also struck my attention; and the very want of this "vain dew" but excited a stronger compassion. During my early visits, I frequently saw a female of elegant appearance, clad in the deepest mourning, leaning on a nameless tombstone. Day after day she took up her sorrowful watch. Grief was imprinted on every feature, yet not a sob was heard, not a tear seemed to roll along her parched cheek. I never passed the spot, without thinking how appropriately the language of Hermione would have sounded from her lips:

"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are;

but I have

That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown."

That these exhibitions of genuine sorrow are not numerous, I am willing to admit; but the occurrence of a few such cases might suffice to remove the impression, which is too general in this country, that every thing in French burial-grounds is "got up" for show. That much of the frippery and mere neatness of Père la Chaise is the work of the florist or of the stonemason, cannot be denied; but to see there a single case of unfeigned sorrow, is enough to sanctify it in the eyes of a stranger. To my having beheld there such scenes, may be owing much of the melancholy pleasure I always felt in visiting this unusual place of resort. On the present occasion, I had an additional inducement, from having as a companion one who had long wished to accompany me thither. Born beneath an eastern sky, the varying climate of Europe, to which she was removed at a very early age,

had seriously impaired her health. The ravages of disease, however, extended not to her vigorous mind. Her spirits were frequently as light, her laugh as free, as if pain had never visited her gentle frame. Accomplished, and, like Wordsworth's "conspicuous flower,"

"Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised,"

she was thought to enjoy all that could make life pass happily. But even in those moments when strangers believed her most to be envied, the canker-worm was at work within. This, too, she herself knew well, and the saddening conviction would bring a cloud upon her brow even in the gayest hour. Often did she retire to weep while the circle she had delighted was yet loud in her praise, or envied that cheerfulness which could enliven the most saturnine. She feared that her numbered days were soon to be exhausted. I had tried to remove this impression, but all my efforts were vain. After being some time in Paris, she became more than ever persuaded that the struggle could not long be supported. Repeatedly did I reason on the subject, but she grew daily more fixed in her first belief, and, anxious to select a spot where her remains might be interred, often urged me to go with her to my favourite burying-ground. Fearful that so near a contemplation of the realities of death might be too much for weak nerves, I used every argument to dissuade her from making the attempt, but at last had promised to accompany her thither as soon as the opening of a milder season should render exposure to the air less dangerous.

The spring at Paris dawns most sweetly. Some of its early days are perhaps the finest, certainly the most delightful, of the whole year; and on one of these did we drive to the melancholy scene we had long proposed to visit. The sky was partially clouded, but only so much as to excite that not unpleasant anxiety which enhances our enjoyment of a fine day. The air was so light as scarce to weigh perceptibly on those just escaped from the severities of a frosty winter; and the feeling of awe ever experienced on entering a place connected with so many solemn thoughts, gradually subsided into a pleasant melancholy as we began to climb the declivity on which stands the simple chapel. Our task was less difficult than I had usually found it at the close of winter. Instead of being covered with heavy clay, which frequently renders them impassable, the well-beaten footpaths were firm to our tread. We passed from tomb to tomb, pausing now by that of some warrior who had once filled the ear of terror-struck Europe, but here occupying as little space as the obscure citizen who passed through life without fame, and died without having done aught by which his name might be remembered; now arresting our step beside the last home of one who had reached the extreme stage of human existence, and a few paces farther contrasting his fate with that of some infant recorded to have parted with life before encountering those trials humanity must endure. At one time we lingered by the grave of the artist, who had made the world forget the obscurity of his birth, by the commanding influence of genius; at another we hurried by that of one who had disgraced his high rank by vices the most base. Here we met with the last record of one who had died in the midst of numberless friends;—there stood a monument to him who had expired a stranger amongst strangers, with scarce a voice to soothe him in his last hour. One stone was dedicated to the memory of two sisters, who died within a few weeks of each other. As if separation had been insupportable; the younger had fallen a victim to the violence of that affection

— "which bade them be

True to each other, as on the sea

Two loving birds, whom a wave may divide,

But who float back soon to each other's side."

Amid all this havoc, amid all these proofs of Death

undistinguishing sway, the mind becomes firmer. We learn to look on the tyrant with less fear on finding before us immediate proof that all must submit to his decrees. Familiarity with what may at first terrify, weans us from an undefined fear. Thus, so far from being frightened by a visit to which I had looked forward as too much for her, my companion gradually became more cheerful. She talked gaily of the past, thought hopefully of the future. The fears which once dwelt upon her mind disappeared—like the clouds imperceptibly dispelled by the sun from the landscape at our feet. The sluggish Seine shone more brightly to the beams, now glittering along its surface, and gilding at the same time the majestic dome of the Invalides. Throughout the vast wilderness of buildings stretching indistinctly in the distance, tower after tower successively stood out more boldly to the eye, till, as we loitered on the chapel steps, the whole of that wide-spread city was displayed to our gaze, with scarce a speck to conceal the heights beyond. A view more imposing can scarcely be enjoyed. There lies the immense capital of one of the greatest nations of the world, lulled, as it were, to rest,—for little but a low confused hum reaches the ear. Yet, even from this point, some of its darkest as well as brightest features are seen; though the princely Tuilleries fills some of the landscape, it scarce attracts so much attention as that humble bridge, near which stands the last receptacle of misfortune, that gloomy charnel-house of guilt, the foul Morgue, which I could never pass without a shudder, thinking by what crimes it was filled. The assassin's steel, the gambler's despair, the wretchedness of his ruined children, ever rose to view as I glanced at the loathsome structure. These associations were less endurable than all we had felt while moving through the silent tombs of the dead, and were only effaced when our eyes fell on an edifice devoted to nobler purposes, the Salpêtrière, where aged females are comfortably sheltered from the ills of poverty and years. The excited feelings were soothed by reflecting on this more grateful subject, and we resumed our survey with renovated strength. The spirits of my companion improved with the day. She talked cheerfully of all we had seen, and looked calmly to the time when she too might dwell in this house of death, which was now deemed so sweet and inviting, that the prospect of reposing within its precincts was no longer unwelcome. The opening buds that gemmed each grave carried her forward to a land

"Where souls do couch on flowers;"

and a few leaves were gratefully plucked, to be cherished as memorials of this interesting visit. She had got over a secret unacknowledged fear of beholding the grave, and her mind became serene. We departed almost reluctantly from a spot which I had dreaded to approach in her company. From that hour her health improved;—such was the happy effect of contemplating that which at a distance seemed so forbidding! The cause of this improvement is obvious. Imagination was no longer on the stretch, and another proof was thus afforded, that

"To please the fancy, is no trifling good
Where health is studied; for, whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame."

Morayshire, March, 1830.

JOSEPHUS AND HIS STYLE OF WRITING.

By William Tennant.

JOSEPHUS, of all the Jews the most celebrated for his genius and learning, was the son of Matthias, an honourable citizen of Jerusalem, who was connected, by descent, both with the regal and priestly branches, and hence transmitted to his son a twofold honour, that was doubly dear in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. His son soon dis-

tinguished himself by his inclination for learning; and what was remarkable in a Jew, he confined not himself to his own contracted sphere of Hebrew literature; but boldly bursting through the prejudices that fettered his countrymen, he expatiated abroad into the more ample and diversified fields of Greek and Roman science. He made himself an eloquent master of the language of Athens, and became thereby enabled to defend, and do justice to, his country, and to celebrate, in the universal and harmonious language of Homer and Herodotus, the institutions, manners, and achievements, of his sublime and extraordinary countrymen. He was not only an accomplished scholar, but an ingenious and accomplished general; he, for a long time, checked and baffled, by his talents, the victorious arm of Vespasian; and when, at last, necessity compelled him to philosophize on the advantages or the expediency of submission, he had already secured the esteem and admiration of his noble opponents, who knew virtue too well in themselves not to value it in at once an accomplished and undaunted enemy. Like the Grecian General Palæbius, to whom his character and circumstances bear considerable resemblance, he, after fighting bravely against the conquerors of the world, and sharing at last the fate of a captive, was at once admitted into their friendship and most familiar confidence; and, at last, with his pen, commended that magnanimity and skill in arms which he once had extorted his admiration and compelled his submission. Happy had it been for his countrymen had they been influenced by his excellent counsels, as the Greeks were by those of the virtuous general of Megalopolis!

The works of Josephus are voluminous, and bear testimony to his diligent and persevering genius. His largest, though not his best, work, is his *Archæology*, or *Jewish Antiquities*, in twenty books, wherein he deduces the History of Judea from the creation to the age of Nero, and which is chiefly valuable from its filling up the chasm that separates Old and New Testament History. His *Jewish War*, in seven books—his most eloquent work—details, along with some preliminary recapitulation, the terrible incidents of that singular war that commenced under Nero, and terminated in the extirpation of the Jews, and destruction of their capital by Vespasian and Titus.

It is only of the style of the Jewish historian that the writer of these remarks means here to speak, and not of the credibility of his statements as compared with the Bible, and as inducing or justifying against their author a charge of credulity or of incredulity. The style of Josephus in his *Archæology* is somewhat irregular and discrepant. His mind and his pen seem to vacillate between the redundancies of Grecian eloquence, which, being fashionable in his day, he rather affected, and the simplicity of Hebrew narration, as presented to us, unadorned and unaffected, by the historians of the Old Testament, to which his mind, as it necessarily resorted to them for information, had also a propensity to adhere, as a native, in laudable imitation. There is a perpetual conflict, as it were, between the concise simplicity of Judea and the splendid exaggeration of Greece; a heterogeneous mixture of the splendid with the simple in writing, as, in architecture, the intermixture of Palestine plainness with Grecian magnificence in the tombs of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Accordingly, the naked narrative of Moses is in many places spoiled, as it passes through the hands of this historian, by unnecessary exuberance. The story of Joseph, so exquisitely impressive by its touching and forcible simplicity, where every word is, as it were, a weapon; the dedication of the temple by Solomon, one of the finest passages to be found in any writing, are vitiated and reduced in their effect by the cumbersome and spurious eloquence with which the sentiments are overloaded. It is in the history of times less ancient, and of transactions within the compass of his own experience, that his mind, making no reference to the simple annals of Judea, and left free and unfettered to its own scope of splendid illustration, manifests its peculiar power. In his *Archæology*,

his account of the divisions that rent, tormented, and dispeopled the palaces of Herod; of the death of King Agrippa; in his Jewish war, his description, most masterly in its kind, of the siege of Jotapata; of the attack in the streets of Gamala; of the entrance of the Idumeans by night, during a storm, into Jerusalem; of the naval battle on the sea of Genesareth; of the captures of the fort of Masada; of the bloody conflicts in and round about Jerusalem; of the triumphal entry into Rome of Vespasian—are not surpassed either by Livy or any other Greek or Latin historian. He is undoubtedly the most sublime of all historians; his genius being decidedly Jewish, and partaking largely of that fervency and soaring exuberance which characterise the writings of his extraordinary countrymen. Perhaps he is too sublime for history: his narrative flows along in epic pomp and dignity, broken sometimes into bursts of tragic vehemence: it is like the long and richly-flowing river of gold and silver, to which he himself likens the triumphal entry of Vespasian. As his narrative part is thus splendid, the argumentative portion, consisting of his orations, is, in a corresponding degree, eloquent; more discursive, perhaps, but not displaying less ratiocinative invention than the speeches of Livy. Indeed, of the Greek or Roman historians, Livy is the only one that may pretend to rival him in vivacity or splendour; and, if the Roman historian at all exceeds him, it is in the compression, the condensed force and invigorated majesty, of the language, rather than in the brightness and magnificent flow of the images. Of modern historians, or of modern writers, there is only one *great living name* that can aspire to an equality with him, or with the historian of Rome, in vivid expansion of imagery, all-illuminating splendour, and graphic energy of language.

As connected with the Old and New Testaments, and as throwing light on the incidents, characters, manners, and localities noted in Scripture record, the works of Josephus cannot be too much valued by a Bible student. They are by far the best commentary and expositor one can use in reading the Old and New Testaments.

Decongrove, *Clackmannanshire*,
26th February, 1830.

THE APOLOGY.

IN THREE PARTS.

By Thomas Aird, Author of "*Religious Characteristics*," &c.

Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.—*Othello*.

PART I.

ONE afternoon in May last, being on a pedestrian excursion through the south of Scotland, I was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, which drove me for shelter to a small village inn. It was evening ere the tempest raged, and judging it inexpedient to pursue my walk further that night, I set myself to look for some amusement to help me to beguile a tedious hour or two. After watching from my window awhile the village children, some of whom busied themselves in damming up the little water-courses by the wayside, while others churned with their bare feet the puddles on the road, I sauntered forth, and found my way into a small garden behind the house. The warm reeking rains had freshened and broadened every leaf; plant and tree stood surcharged with moisture, and seemed perceptibly to vegetate into more luxuriant growth; the lizard rustled through the green fresh moss, and the loathsome toad trailed his lazily stretching limbs from the fat loamy bed of rank weeds. By degrees, however, I became unobservant of outward things, and fell into a reverie of "sweet and bitter fancies," which kept me pacing. I know not precisely how long, the oozing mists of that remote garden. I was startled and aroused by a gleam of lightning, and, after listening a few seconds,

I heard the thunder growling in the skirts of night, and rolling its burden round on the dark heavy rooms of the west. Gross white mists were detached from the low-hung clouds, and crept lazily up the channels of the streams. Then came the sound of rain from over the southern fell, rushing and sonorous. It was altogether such a night as makes the traveller spur on to reach his inn, while he fancies, in the low-hung shadows, relieved by the incessant twinkling in the air, those shapes that blast the unwholesome night by blue forest or cave, or wide moorish fen, and his heart quails beneath the brooding sense of mysterious danger, of things dim and unreconciled, the helplessness of night, and the angry spirit of the storm.

Admonished by the above signs of the coming storm, I made for the door of my little hostelry, and was on the point of entering, when the nearing voice of some one crying bitterly made me pause and turn. The person in distress I soon saw to be a little bareheaded and bare-footed boy, who came running along the twilight road, and who, as I questioned him of the cause of his crying, gave me to understand that he had seen the fire in the west, and was horribly frightened, as he had yet two miles to run to get to his home. He had been sent, he farther told me, to a town some miles off, to fetch a surgeon for a gentleman who had fallen from his horse, but had been unsuccessful in his quest, as the only practitioner of the place was not at home, nor would be at home that night. On hearing this, I instantly determined, as I had instruments in my pocket, to follow the boy, and see the bruised gentleman, to whom I might be of some service. To satisfy my hostess, lest I should not return to her house that night, was the work of the same minute; and instantly I was off with the boy, who, though the steep-down rain now began to smooth his dun and weather-bleached hair, and almost in the same moment to drop from his long forelock, whilst the fire-haunted shadows darkled against his face, yet seemed so glad at my accompanying him, as to have forgot all his fears. Despite the horrors of the storm, we soon reached a small range of thatched cottages, near which, the boy told me, the accident had happened; and a horse tied at the door of one of them, led us at once to the proper place. On entering, I saw my patient, a gentleman apparently about thirty years of age, leaning back pale and exhausted upon a bed, and ministered to by a woman far advanced in life, whose appearance, notwithstanding the visible poverty of her present habitation, seemed to speak of better days that she had seen. I introduced myself as a graduate in medicine, who, having heard of the accident, and their messenger's want of success in procuring the aid of a surgeon, had volunteered his services if necessary. The gentleman, on hearing this, sat up and tendered me his arm, which I instantly bled. I then bound up his head, which I found bruised on one side almost to a fracture, and cut by the stones of the road, upon which he had fallen. The storm had now subsided, and my patient, contrary to my advice and the earnest entreaties of his hostess, expressed his determination to ride home without delay, as his house was distant only three miles. After giving the little messenger, who lived in the next cottage, his due guerdon, he turned to the kind old woman, who fluttered over his departure with an earnest blessing, and an entreaty to know of his welfare on the morrow, and said to her—"I will not offend you by speaking of remuneration, but God bless you for your kindness; I will see you often. Yet, meanwhile, may I request to know to whose motherly care I have been so much indebted at this time?"

"I was proud of the name of Bonnington," was the old woman's answer, "when I was a wife, and the mother of my own Harry and Emily; but they are all gone from me long ago."

At this her wounded guest started as if he had been struck to the heart with a barbed arrow, and, trembling like a leaf on a high tree, he turned half round imploringly

to me; then, fixing his gaze on the old woman before him, he gasped forth, "Good God! what has brought me into this house! Do you know who I am, my kind hostess?"

"I think not, sir. But I am afraid you are yet very unwell."

"No wonder—no wonder, if you be indeed his mother—that boy Harry Bonnington's. Dare you guess who is in your house this moment?"

"Mysterious Providence!" said the woman, returning his gaze with equal intensity; "who is this one before me?"

"My name was Hastings once; do you know me now?" cried my patient, sinking back on a chair, and covering his face with his left hand, whilst he extended the other. "There is the bloody right hand," he added, "which made you childless."

There was here a deep pause. The unhappy man sat with both his hands upon his face. Before him stood the bereaved mother, perplexed in the extreme, yet evidently struggling to overcome her strong emotions.

"If God has brought about this meeting, unhappy man, to me," she at length said, "let us each be wiser and better by it. This cannot be without perfect repentance and forgiveness; and we must mind our respective parts. What would you have me say to you else?"

"In truth, I do not know," was his answer. "I could tell you, indeed, why my face has long been pale; but it more becomes me to go out of your presence without any parade of repentance. It was an awful deed, thou poor mother! But yet the blow that has ruined us all was not meant for him."

"So she told me, my child Emily, when she pled for you before this heart, and gave a mitigated name to your offence. We are two in a strange relation to each other; but if both may find the same mild Judge in Heaven at last, why should we farther distress each other on earth? Yours is the guilt of dreadful rashness, and mine is the sore bereavement."

"Will you give me a pledge of your forgiveness?" asked he eagerly.

"Name it," said the woman, evidently surprised.

"I have no mother," proceeded the unhappy gentleman; "and never knew a true mother's care; I have no relatives; I am a desolate man; and would have you become a mother even to me. And if I might be something like a son to you, it would give me a taste of happiness; and I owe the duty to you a thousand times. I have wealth enough, and I think I could fulfil some offices of kind attention. Now, if you judge me aright, if you care not over much for the opinion of the world, if your heart can bear the sad memorial which my presence must ever be, will you become a mother to me? Will you give me a chance for a little joy, by allowing me to redress somewhat the wrongs I have done you, in cutting off the natural stay of your age?"

"You are strangely generous," said the old woman, after a pause; "yet I believe not the less truly so. Your proposal, however, is so striking, that I confess myself afraid to take it."

"I dare not urge you farther at this time," said the gentleman; "but will you permit me to see you again ere long, and renew my request?"

"God's best peace be with you, sir!" said the old woman, in a kind voice, yet not answering his question directly.

"Amen," said the gentleman, and added nothing farther, beyond taking a simple leave of his hostess, who followed him to the door, and assisted me in helping him to his horse.

"And now," said he, turning to me with a kind smile, "what must be done with you? whether shall we dismiss you?"

"I believe I must see you safely home," was my reply; "or, in other words, I must tax your hospitality for a night. My name is Calvert, and, if you please, Doctor is a good travelling addition."

"My name is Bremner," said my companion, "and we are brothers, it seems, in the profession. But I trust you will never need my services as you have kindly given me yours to-night. As for your proposal to accompany me home, it is exactly what I wished, and I trust we shall not part so soon."

I made it my farther duty, as we proceeded, to keep my hand upon his horse's bridle, lest any of the occasional flashes which were yet visible far off might provoke the spirited animal to any sudden plunge, which his rider, in his present exhausted state, was less able to guard against; and in this way we went on till we reached Mountcoln, the place of Bremner's residence.

On the morrow, instead of taking leave of my new friend, I agreed to stay with him a month; before the expiry of which term, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr Bonnington's first scruples yield to his generous solicitations, and her rest set up for life at his house. It was a lofty and heart-touching sight to see him act towards her in all respects like a good son; and his attentions were specially valuable, as her health was very feeble.

On the evening previous to the proposed day of my departure from Mountcoln, Dr Bremner voluntarily opened up to me the following particulars of his life.

(Part II. in our next.)

STEPHEN KEMBLE AND THE SON OF NEPTUNE AN ANECDOTE.

KEMBLE was perhaps the best Sir John Falstaff which the British stage ever saw. His fine countenance and his commanding figure fitted him admirably for the part, for Sir John was a "proper man;" while the natural protuberance in front made him the very *beau idéal* of the inveterate sack-drinker. The following anecdote was told me by a person who frequently heard Kemble tell it himself.

Kemble was performing with a company in a seaport town somewhere on the coast of England, when a ship, which had been long at sea, came into port, and sent her crew on shore, with plenty of money, and full of fun and frolic, to enjoy themselves, after their long cruise, according to their various tastes and pursuits. "One of this kidney" found his way to the box office of the Theatre, which at this time was open only three nights a-week, and, enquiring for the Manager, told him, with all the characteristic bluntness of a British sailor, that he "wanted a play!"—"Very well," replied the Manager, "come to-morrow evening, my good fellow, and you shall have two plays." This, however, did not at all accord with Jack's fancy. He was not disposed to wait till to-morrow evening; he wanted his play performed that night. After a good deal of wrangling, and seeing that the sailor was bent on having his own way, the Manager touched upon the expenses, telling him that it would require a considerable sum of money. "Money!" said Jack, with a look of the most infinite contempt, "Damme, how much will it take?"—"About thirty pounds," answered Stephen. Jack said not a word, but, drawing his purse from his bosom, counted down thirty guineas in the calmest manner possible. The bargain was now of course fairly concluded, but a question remained to be asked. "What play should you like performed, sir?" said the obsequious Manager, as he pocketed the gold pieces with evident satisfaction. "Play!" said Jack, chuckling at the idea of being "sir'd." "Let me see. Ay, ay, give us Falstaff, Sir John Falstaff—You have a fellow here who does that devilish well. Ay, ay, sir," said the tar, with increasing good humour, as he ran over his theatrical remain-

* I have written the expletives with which the sailor garnishes his discourse in *full*, as I dislike the glaring and shamefaced modern manner of printing them thus—"&—me." At the same time, I regret, in common with all who think rightly on the subject, that the general character of the British sailor should be so interwoven with this inveterate habit and degrading vice.

ceases, "let me have the old boy with the round forehead, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea. Damme! give me Sir John Falstaff! What a prime commodore the old fellow would have made had his worship lived in them times. Shiver my timbers! but I could have sailed the whole varsal world with him, and stood by him in wreck or fight, damme, to the last plank!" Having pronounced this eulogium on the character of stout Sir John, the affair was closed, and all the arrangements made to Jack's complete satisfaction. One clause in particular was most pointedly urged, that not a single soul was to be in the house but himself! "Remember," said Jack, "not a lubber of them must be seen, either in the hold, the shrouds, or the tops, or, by the Diomedé! I'll have him keelhaunched by the lubbers!" So saying, the tar departed, mightily pleased with his bargain, with himself, and with the whole world.

Night came; a few of the orchestra people took their accustomed places; the house was well lighted, and every thing in readiness, when, just at the hour, Jack burst into the lower gallery, and, running across the seats, much in the way in which he would have run along the jolly boat, he placed himself, with hat on one side, and arms akimbo, in the centre of the front bench. By way of overture, he called for "Jack's Delight" and the "Sailor's Hornpipe;" and these being played to his liking, he bawled out, "Now, my lads, dew up your mainsails, and pipe all hands aboard!" The curtain immediately drew up, and the play of "Henry Fourth, Part First," commenced. Jack sat out the first scene with a good deal of patience; but when his favourite made his appearance in the second scene, along with the Prince,

"Three cheers our gallant seaman gave!"

in a tone which would have drowned a dozen Brahmans. Sir John bowed low to this token of marked approbation, and the play proceeded, while Jack sat with his whole soul in his eyes, enjoying the rare humour of the "unlimited and inimitable Falstaff." He continued in evident delight as long as Sir John remained on the stage, but whenever he made his exit, the play was performed in dumb show, and amid a torrent of reproaches from "the audience," who kept bawling at the top of his voice to his Grace of Northumberland and other distinguished characters—"Avast there! sheer off, ye lubbers! Belay your jawing tackle, you there with the carving knife! Sheer off! sheer off! Bring Falstaff in, and be damned to you!" Thus did Jack alternately applaud and condemn during the whole performance. When it was finished, and the green "mainsail" had been once more dropped "on deck," he rose and was preparing to depart, when one of the players met him at the door of the gallery, and informed him that all was not over, for that the "After-piece" was yet to be performed. "Is Falstaff to be in it?" "No, sir."—"Oh! then, damn the afterpiece! Good night, good night!" And so saying, he walked out, perfectly satisfied with his thirty guineas' worth.

Stephen Kemble used to relate this anecdote with infinite glee and humour; and it certainly affords an amusing trait illustrative of the character of a class of men whose equals in bravery and absurdity cannot be found on the face of the globe.

Nature have begun "their work of gladness to contrive," who would sit still within doors, nor hasten, at the earliest call, to participate in the general joy? Not I—

"For I have loved the rural walk, through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds."

Dear as are the inland scenes of merry England, which none knew better to paint than her beloved Cowper,—with all her happy homes "bosomed high in tufted trees,"—her rich, level meadows, enclosed by well-kept hedges, and bounded by brooks, cottages, and alder-trees—what are they in the power to soothe, to elevate, and purify the soul, compared with the silent majesty and sterner beauty of Loch Ness, now spread before me, with her vast expanse of deep and waveless water, her towering and variegated rocks, her numerous glens, opening up like narrow gullies or ravines, yet filled with smoking huts, falling streams, and waving trees—a wild, and beautiful, and populous solitude!

The scenery of the Highlands is usually described after the style and fashion of British painters, by portraying the most striking and prominent objects, without regard to those minor graces and embellishments which soften and adorn, if they do not individualize, the scene. By a few powerful and masterly touches, the leading traits are "bodied forth," a general resemblance is attained, and neither artist nor author seeks for more. One splendid exception, indeed, is to be found in our literature—the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, which has familiarized thousands with every bush, and brake, and dell within the range of the Trossachs. But there the spell rests—it extends not farther north. Hence, though strangers, visiting our scenery, are prepared to gaze upon mountains, capt by mist or snow, and to luxuriate by the side of lakes and waterfalls, few anticipate wandering through wildernesses of native birch and oak, or of witnessing the myriads of Alpine plants and shrubs which here climb the loftiest steep, and lend an indescribable sweetness and beauty to the landscape. Standing by these lonely rocks at sunrise, or in a calm summer evening, and contrasting their bare and rugged peaks with the profusion of green, glossy plants, flowering shrubs, and tangled brushwood, which clothe their sides and cluster round their bases, a fresh wild fragrance is breathed from cliff and dell, a thousand times more delicious than the richest perfumes. This exuberance, though most predominant in the inland glens and passes, is seldom far distant. Even in the most dreary and desolate tracts, Nature, as it were, redeems herself, and nooks and alips, watered by some solitary rill or spring, blossom forth, like the "happy island" amidst the Sands of Lybia, to humanize the desert. In the midst of the gorgeous fertility of the south, these oases of the wild would bloom undistinguished, but here their soothing and vivifying power is deeply felt. They are (speaking fancifully) like the dew and flowers of Milton's genius sprinkling the hoar austerity of his creed; or like that exquisite touch of tenderness and beauty with which Shakspeare relieves the dense horrors brooding over Macbeth's castle—

"This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breast
Smells woefully here."

One only drawback is felt in traversing these mountain scenes. Go where we will, we meet with the low black huts of the peasants,—“murky dens,” as Johnson calls them,—which never fail to convey a dull and painful feeling to the mind. How different from the snug, cleanly, white-washed cottages of England! Nor is this impression illusory. The condition even of the crofter, or small farmer, is inferior to that of the English peasant,

HIGHLAND SCENERY AND PEASANTRY.

By the Editor of the Inverness Courier.

Who has not felt his heart expand and his fancy kindle at the first warm suns and cloudless skies which tell of the coming spring? Rough and variable as the season has hitherto been, we have now a glimpse of "better days." The snow has disappeared from all but the steepest mountains and deepest dells—the sun is not only visible, but is felt. A new spirit has gone forth, as certain of our reformers say; and when all the powers of

and he is destitute of the consolation, poor as it is, which the latter possesses, that his old age will be sheltered, or his offspring reared, by the humane institutions of his country. In winter, too, his exertions are paralyzed by the rigours of the climate, and during this stern blockade, confined day after day in a dark smoky hut, destitute of the means of employment, and often of the necessities of life, his situation must be deplorable in the extreme. Very frequently, in such cases, if money can be begged or borrowed, or raised by joint contribution, smuggling is resorted to; and though much has been done to suppress this illegal traffic, it still holds undisputed sway in the wilder straths and glens. The nature of the country offers such facilities for carrying it on, and all classes of the people, high and low, are so partial to the beverage, that one need not wonder at its continuance. In many places, the exciseman dare not venture his neck among the cliffs and dens where Donald is at work; frequently, too, like the mole, he labours under ground, and in winter the heights and fords are impassable. The only chance of seizure which the revenue officer has, is to intercept the men and women as they sally forth from the "bothy," to vend the spirits,—a mean catchpoll employment, yet one which the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland, of a former day, thought not unsuited to the genius of Burns.

With all his left and right-handed policy, Donald grows not rich—"with all his thrift he thrives not." The elder cottars, and those burdened with large families, may be said to vegetate rather than live, and hundreds are at this moment, I am persuaded, suffering hardships and privations, at which, in the sister country, Captain Rock and his followers would rise *en masse*. Still they are strongly attached to their native hills: let them but remain in their huts, and they ask no more. The feudal chain is broken, but the force of habit and early associations bind the Highlander as firmly to his native strath as if it were impossible for him to gain a subsistence elsewhere. Perhaps this is but another proof of the abjectness of his condition; so low has he sunk, that even the desire to rise, to enjoy, or to excel, is dead or stagnant. It is only, however, in large crowded cities, that the poor are truly miserable. When men are congregated together in large masses, and every avenue to labour seems closed, then the wretched being whom want is staring in the face, feels the utter helplessness of his situation, and becomes the prey of despair. Then it is that the iron enters his soul, and deeds are sometimes done at which humanity shudders. But the Highlander is never so wholly destitute. On the hill-side, bleak though it be, he sees around him the means of future subsistence—the elements of humble comfort. Spring will again unlock the stores of the earth, and winter withdraw the last of his lingering forces. Then, when our burns and streams, instead of being choked with snow-wreaths, and silenced by frost, are again murmuring by bank and brae—when the larch and birch trees are full of leaf, and every "broomy knowe," moistened with genial showers, is redolent of spring, the poor Highlander forgets his load of suffering, and, hoping all will yet be well, exults in the change which scatters joy among the rational and irrational creation.

Inverness, April 2d.

GOSFORD-HOUSE AND ITS PAINTINGS.

Ours readers probably are not aware that the Earl of Wemyss, with a spirit and liberality worthy of his rank, has intimated to the artists of Edinburgh, through Allan, that they are welcome to visit, and even to take copies from, his pictures. Had he refused such a permission on application being made for it, or had he even waited to be requested, we should have heard enough of innuendoes about wealthy men who shut up from the man of taste treasures they themselves cannot appreciate. As it is, scarcely any one knows of the generous offer;

and, what is worse, not one of the artists, as far as I can learn, has yet availed himself of it.

The old house of Gosford, where the noble proprietor resides, is a large irregular building, with all that air of neatness conveyed by white-washing, surrounded by various small enclosures formed by tall clipped hedges, that give an appearance of snugness to the whole. Immediately in front, on the opposite side of a lawn, of no great extent, stands the main body of the new house—a building of more architectural pretensions than beauty. It was built by the late Earl, but never completed; and, as there is some defect about the materials, probably never will. The length of the house is too great in proportion to its depth; the eastern façade is plain and heavy; the western more ornamented, and, but for the excessive slenderness of the pilasters and antæ, well designed. The old house, plain as can well be conceived, but massive and solid, on the one hand, and this unsuccessful attempt at something fine on the other, are no unapt representations of our British noblemen in the earlier and later periods of last century. The former proud and dignified, yet withal affecting a sturdy deportment, that distinguished the wealthy independent baron from the empty-pocketed, title-gilded creature, whose only element is a court. The latter more highly educated, and attempting to superinduce upon himself that Continental polish, of which God and Nature never meant an Englishman to be susceptible. The two houses stand there as monuments of a change in the tone and manners of society.

The new house is, of course, not inhabited; and the three large public rooms, which constitute almost the whole body of the house, are occupied by the late Earl's large collection of paintings. These rooms—three in number—are very large and beautifully proportioned. Left, as they now are, it is difficult to say how they might look with the necessary additions of carpets, ottomans, chandeliers, and all the other requisites of magnificent apartments. At present their bare floors and white ceilings have rather a desolate appearance; and the gilding along the springs of the arches contrasts tawdrily with the whole. The pictures likewise suffer from each room having a large side window instead of a top light.

It would be absurd, or worse, to pretend, on the strength of one visit, to appreciate such a numerous collection of paintings. Some pictures there are which arrest us at once, and impress us more deeply the longer we examine them. Some there are which blind even the most practised connoisseur at first to their inherent emptiness; and others, at first rather repulsive, win upon us insensibly, like a homely but amiable woman. Besides, some thirty of the best pictures have spent a winter in town, and have not been unpacked since their return. If, however, the reader do not think an old man's prattle tedious, he may follow me through the different apartments. I begin with the dining-room:

The first painting that arrests the eye, which, on first entering a room where there are a number of works of art, wanders in uncertainty from one to another, is a crucifixion by Imperiali. On closer inspection, we find it a respectable, but by no means a masterly painting. It is only when we return to the door, that we discover it is the prominent manner in which the crucifix stands out from the dense body of darkness, that struck us. It is a kind of panoramic painting. The next is a painting by Gentileschi, over the fire-place—Bathsheba in the bath. It is in the bold, unsubdued style of the Italian masters, where no one colour fades into another. The drawing is less powerful. There is a finicalness in most of the attitudes. Even Bathsheba, although the trunk is finely drawn, and truly coloured, is not quite exempt from this. The easiest figure is the negro standing behind her. There is in this room a picture of the triumph of Constantine, attributed to Julio Romano; but, to judge by the style and execution, it must be the work of some earlier artist. There is also a "stag-hunt," by Snyder, re-

pecting the authenticity of which we decline giving an opinion, until further examination. Four portraits, by pagnolotto, are characterised by an exaggerated contrast of light and shade, that would almost lead us at first view to set them down for mere daubs. A closer inspection shows, however, transparent colouring and fine drawing, rich occasionally (as, for example, in the portrait of the tarry Galileo and his woes) great nobleness of expression. A landscape, near the Bathsheba, is said to be by Salvator Rosa; and, whether genuine or not, is valuable, for its mellow tone, and admirable disposition of light and shade. The lover of broad and rich humour will find a high treat in the Flemish Epicure of Jordanaens. His face, broad and round, literally shines (under the influence of music, rich dishes, and noble wines) with the ill of gladness.

The Saloon contains some pieces of sculpture, which do not afford much room for remark. There are two noble paintings, of which I could neither learn nor guess the subjects, nor the master; for they are evidently from the same hand. Not the least interesting portion of the contents of this apartment, are some drawings by Sir Robert Strange.

We now come to the drawing-room. The Vertumnus and Pomona of Rubens is a fine painting, but requires no far gone in the love of the art, not to be startled with the homely, though characteristic, features of the pair, and the anachronism of their dress. Near this is "a composition"—fruit and game by Snyders, figures by Rubens—worthy of a longer perusal than I could afford it. There are two Murillos—one, the flight into Egypt—the other, St John, the good shepherd. Both have the artist's warm colouring and delicacy of tint. The figures in the former are exact copies of every-day life—there is no elevation about the expression. It would have been a gem, had it merely undertaken to represent "peasants resting;" but there wants that dignity and grace which we require in the incarnate Deity and his mother. The St John is more ideal, and betrays a finer feeling of the poetry of the art, than any other work of Murillo's that we have seen. The "Elijah, fed by ravens," of Teniers, is chiefly valuable, on account of the beautiful clear landscape which we see through the mouth of the cave in which the prophet is seated. There is also in this room a landscape by Claude Lorrain, of which I could speak from morn till dewy eve; but my limits will not admit, and he must rest unnoticed, till I can devote a whole essay to himself.

There now remain only two paintings, of which I intend to say any thing; and they are both portraits. There are, no doubt, paintings of this class, which have an independent value of their own: but their chief interest arises from the completeness which they give to our ideas of distinguished characters. The pictures, at present alluded to, are a portrait of Masaniello of Naples, and what is said to be an original portrait of Shakespeare. The former is a full-length. Masaniello stands with a hatchlock in his hand, and a silver sword by his side, in a dress of many and strongly-contrasted colours. His body is not bent—only slightly inclined forward. There is "a listening fear in his regard"—his eyes have the ferocity and keen watchfulness of the cat—his mouth wears a vacant animal smile. The brow is lofty and commanding. The upper part of the face indicates capacious and powerful intellect—the lower, strong animal passions. His story forms the comment on it. He rescued his country like hero: he fell into habits of excess; and his followers added to kill him, like a mad dog, lest he should do mischief. I would give a good deal to know, upon good authority, that the other really is an original portrait of Shakespeare. It is just such a face as I could fancy him to have had. The brow is broad, high, and beautifully formed. The clear eyes beneath it swim in quiet delight. The mouth is rather large; the vermilion lips lie apart, indicating a quick perception of all pleasurable sensations.

The hair, moustaches, and beard, are of the softest texture; and their beautiful arrangement is evidently natural and involuntary. The face is all thought and feeling—all repose, and full of enjoyment—yet indicating a capability of exertion far beyond ordinary mortals.

THE WRECK OF A WORLD.—A DAY-DREAM.

By H. G. B.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live.—I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurl'd
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessible
Its circles?

SHELLEY.

THE impression it left upon my mind will never be effaced, yet I cannot describe it. It was a vision of fearful, but glorious sublimity. I know not whether it was a waking or a sleeping dream; it came upon me for the moment with all the overwhelming force of reality. There are mysteries in the unfathomable soul of man, over which, either in the calm of noon, or the solitude of night, we may well brood with awe, starting even from ourselves, as if we carried within us a spirit to whose omnipotence we were forced to bow, and over whose wild and wayward will we in vain attempted to assert an influence.

It was Sunday, and I was up by myself among the mountains. Not a human habitation was in sight, not a human sound was floating on the hushed atmosphere. But, through the deep stillness, a low thrilling voice appeared to fill all space, a voice that seemed an inherent part of the creation, for ever ringing on the finer nerves of sense, like the distant and dying hum of bees, or the far-off murmur of the summer ocean. The more you listened to convince yourself of the profound quiet of animated nature, the more you were aware of a certain rushing noise,—the whirl, perhaps, of a revolving world, or the audible breathing of every living blade of grass, and humble flower, and majestic tree, and primeval forest. Or might it not be the invisible passing of ten thousand souls, eternally moving on and on in two uninterrupted currents—the one towards the heaven they have gained, and the other to lighten up for a while the pure shrine of infantile bosoms? It matters not; it is a sound to be felt, not reasoned on. I threw myself down at random upon a spot unshaded by a tree, green and bright, under the immediate eye of Heaven. I lay like a swimmer afloat upon his back in the blue solitude of some favourite bay. The mighty skies seemed rolling on above me, with their gorgeous cavalcades of cloud, tier after tier, in every great and fantastic shape that imagination coins,—palaces with domes of diamond and gold, immeasurable pyramids, thrones radiant with chrysolite, leviathans of the deep, monsters of the air, glorious and colossal forms of bards, and silver-haired prophets, and monarchs on their majestic steeds careering across the sun.

Suddenly a change came over the face of the firmament. Its rainbow lights faded away. Its blue fields seemed to wither in the poisoned air. They grew pale, and yet paler; a filmy veil appeared to have been cast before them; and when I looked again, they had died away into a wan and sickly white. The whole firmament was in rapid and tumultuous motion. The winds were still speechless; the same dead repose pervaded nature; but far, far above me, the stormy rack was wheeling round and round in its inextricable confusion. The brightness of the sun-lit empyrean had passed away for ever. Darker and darker,—every thing was quickly lapsing into gloom. Along the whole horizon my eye rested on the melancholy edge of a rising canopy of black. It spread upwards with a slow, regular, ominous

motion;—upwards, still upwards, across the whole arch of heaven. The light fled before it, but it pursued, and buried it up in its sullen folds. Not a ray, not a single ray was left; not one luminous particle floated through infinite space. But a change had been wrought upon my sense of sight. I could now distinguish objects in the darkness, as well as I could do before in the light.

I turned towards the earth, and looked round. I scarcely knew it to be the same as that on which I had lived. I could see for miles,—for leagues,—away through the deep obscurity that overshadowed it; but it was only one vast, unbroken, barren, lifeless waste. Its mountains, its woods, its streams, its cities, its moving and breathing things, were gone—gone like a cloud from the surface of a lake. Of all the human race, I only survived. The desolation had been complete—too complete, too terrible for tears. I felt that a curse was upon me—the curse of loneliness. And the silence—that dreadful silence—worse, a thousand times worse than the roar of earthquakes, still continued. There was nothing to break it. The air had lost the attribute of motion; the instinct of life had perished, and there was not even the stirring of a growing flower to relieve the ear, though but with the mockery of sound.

Whither was I now to see? Was I doomed to a wretched immortality, wandering over a shipwrecked and deserted world?—All at once a disembodied shape passed by me. For the first time fear fell upon my soul. The curtain of immateriality was withdrawn, and I stood in the visible presence of the mysterious dead, whose nature was different from mine, and in whose feelings I had no sympathy. Perhaps they were the evil spirits of the former world, who, now that it had been changed into a charnel-house, were condemned still to flit along with it as it rolled its spectral and rejected form through the remotest regions of chaos. I was left in doubt, in ignorance, and I trembled. Shadow after shadow appeared in the distance, came rapidly through the dim air, and glided by me. All were of gigantic magnitude, and frequently a wild unnatural expression was on their unsubstantial countenances. Their numbers, too, seemed perpetually increasing, and the speed at which they went was becoming greater. It was a tremendous, but magnificent pageant. Some were mounted upon visionary steeds, black as ebony; others moved on in chariots and triumphal cars, like Roman generals at a triumph; unreal ships came sailing through the abyss above me, with all their white sails set, and apparently full in the wind. Noiselessly they came, and noiselessly they again vanished afar off. They were followed by prodigious birds, larger a thousand times than the South American condor, who soared in solitary pomp away into the darkness.

I wandered over the illimitable desert, and these shapes and sights of awe grew familiar to me. Unexpectedly, like flakes in a snow-storm when its fury is wellnigh spent, they became less frequent and less confused. At length I saw no more. A faint red light, as if diffused from a few glimmering lamps that hung far up in the black concave, spread a dim sepulchral glare around me. I looked, and found that I was on a boundless plain of ruins, stumbling over huge fragments hid among the rank and withered grass. Heaped together in strange overthrow, I recognised the fallen towers of Athens, of Tyre, and of Balbec, the crumbling fane of Jerusalem and of Babylon, the eternal pyramids, the sculptured obelisks, the mutilated sphinxes, and the jasper tombs of Palmyra, of Memphis, and of Thebes. They were all cast from their once immovable bases, and like the statues and images of a sacked city, they lay prostrate along the earth, disfigured, broken, dishonoured, and neglected. It was a world's churchyard, and these were the monuments that were piled upon the grave of man. I could see them all in the dim lurid light.

Suddenly a meteor broke forth, far away in the east,

with a fierce and fiery glare. The solid earth heaved in convulsive throes. The pyramids were rent asunder, and the buried dead walked out. They were still dead, but their glazed eyes rolled horribly in mysterious meaning. Their countenances fell spontaneously from them, and their livid carcases looked yet more horrible in the gloomy and dismal light. Their features were those of every nation and tribe that the sun had ever shone upon—the brown Arabian, the black African, the red Indian, and the white Frank. They formed themselves into a long, an interminable procession, and in the middle I could distinguish a tier covered with black. Upon it lay the body of one who had been alive for four thousand years—the wizard Time. He had witnessed the world's birth, and he had ceased to exist on that very hour in which it had been destroyed. They were carrying him to his tomb in eternity. They passed me, but I heard not the tread of their many feet; their lips moved, but the funeral chant came not to my ears. Perhaps it was the imperfection of my senses which cabined the powers of my soul. The meteor in the east moved on as if to meet them, flinging down at intervals a shower of dying stars. They journeyed away beyond the limits of sight, and all around me became again dim and uncertain. I saw no more. It was now evening—a thunder-storm was gathering on the mountains, and I hastened homewards.

These wild fancies, they say, are often the prognostic of coming madness. If so—the decrees of destiny must be fulfilled.

“WHAT'S A' THE HURRY?”

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

My excellent friend, now generally known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a member of the Forum, then a popular debating society. He had taken it into his head that he was an orator, and, in order to give greater effect to his speech, had planted himself in a conspicuous and commanding situation in the gallery. The church (in Carrubber's Close) was crowded to excess. The President had proposed, and I had opened, the question;—it was, as I well remember, upon the comparative happiness of the Married and Single State. Hogg was then unmarried, and a staunch antagonist. I had espoused the side of matrimony, and found that the cause I advocated was not unpopular. Hogg rose in reply. For a space, his appearance, though somewhat doric and uncouth, was rather imposing, and he dwelt amongst “squalling weans and scolding Kates” with all the address of the Gude-man of Auchtermuchty. I began, in fact, to fear that the audience was disposed to go along with him, when, all at once, he paused, and, after some instants of breathless suspense, pulled from his pockets the contents of his seemingly extempore address. A gentleman, who occupied a situation in the body of the church, having observed the pause, without seeing the occasion of it, and imagining that the speaker had stopped as a mill pauses—from the want of an encouraging moving force—exclaimed, in a tone and manner ludicrously resembling those of the orator—“Go on, honest man!” Hogg coolly snuffed the candle, which was attached to the adjoining pillar, and, opening out his papers slowly and deliberately, said, with the utmost composure, “What's a' the hurry?”

When I see the whole world agog, and a-drive, and a-push, and a-struggle, in every direction into which perverted genius has sent it a wool-gathering, I am ever and anon disposed to exclaim, with my old friend Hogg,—“What's a' the hurry?”

LORD BYRON AND MR MOORE.

In the last Number of the Westminster Review, there is an article, not very well written, on Moore's Life of Byron. It contains, however, the following passage, in which there is a great deal of force, because it attacks Mr Moore on the most vulnerable part of his work. We

heartily agree with the sentiments of the Westminster Reviewer in this particular :

"We find, in the letters of Lord Byron to Mr Dallas, Mr Hodgson, and Mr Gifford, replies to expostulations and arguments which these gentlemen had addressed to him on the subject of his infidelity. Now, if any of these gentlemen, after his death, had lamented his infidelity in writing of him to the public, it would have been consistent with their conduct towards him during his life. But in his letters to Mr Moore, and in all Mr Moore's account of their intercourse, there is not a vestige of any expostulation or argument on the subject addressed to him by Mr Moore. He, therefore, comes forward now with a very ill grace, saying that of Lord Byron, after his death, which there is no evidence to show, and not the least reason to believe, he ever said to him during his life. We think it quite of a piece with Mr Moore's general system of acquiescence with the influential in all its forms, to conclude, that, having first courted the favour of Lord Byron by silence, at least, on the one hand, he now courts that of the public by talk on the other. 'The staple commodity of the present age in England,' says Lord Byron himself, 'is cant : cant moral, cant religious, cant political ; but always cant.' How much of this staple commodity there may be in Mr Moore's lamentations, we shall leave our readers to judge. Lord Byron's letters to Mr Moore contain not a syllable of replication to any shadow of an expressed solicitude on the subject of his infidelity. It was assuredly very unkind in Mr Moore not even to offer his hand to extricate him from the 'labyrinth in which he was bewildered,'—'the eclipse in which he was labouring ;' more especially as, from the confidence with which Mr Moore ascribes error to Lord Byron, he must be himself in the possession of something very nearly approaching the infallibility of the Catholic church. A man cannot say, unhesitatingly, that another is grossly wrong, unless in the confidence that he himself is perfectly right. We think it, therefore, a very unfriendly measure on his part to have withheld his 'short and easy method' from his delictal friend, while he was yet living and able to profit by it ; and now to come forward shaking his head over him, and pelting his infidel memory with a hailstorm of metaphors, by way of making a good orthodox presentment of himself in the eyes of the religious community. And we do not think that any direct-dealing man, be his religious opinions what they may, can admire the figure which Mr Moore makes on this occasion."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

Saturday, 3d April.

PROFESSOR JAMESON in the Chair.

Present.—Drs Hibbert, Gillies, and Greville ; Henry Witham, Patrick Neill, Esqrs. &c. &c.

A VERY able and interesting account of the internal structure of the Sturgeon was read by Dr Craigie ; in the course of which he exposed several errors that Dr Munro, *secundo*, and Sir Everard Home, have committed in their anatomical details of this fish. In the absence of preparations and drawings, it would be a vain attempt to render Dr Craigie's paper intelligible to the public.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES FOR THE EYE OF MR JAMES HOGG, SOMETIMES TERMED THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Our readers will recollect, that we some time ago published some highly poetical lines on the living herds of Britain, which were so contrived that they appeared to come from the pen of Mr David Tweedie. We have since ascertained that they were the production of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, and that Mr Tweedie has been in a state of high excitement and most just indignation ever since he saw them. He has at last, however, forwarded to us a reply, in which he certainly gives the Shepherd a Roland for his Oliver, and all we wish is, that he had paid the postage from the Crook Inn. But poets continually forget these minor details.—Ed.]

Yr powers of retribution ! Dark avengers
Of innocence and genius degraded,

Assist my quill ! Assist my labouring muse,
That, like the sovereign trout of Tallo's flood,
Struggles as dragged out by the rude horse hair,—
Assist me all, to hurl the vengeance due
On Hogg's audacious and devoted head !

Was it a little thing to take the name
Of one, his senior in the vale of life
And lists of fame, and tie a fiery brand
Unto his tail to set the world on flame,
As Samson with the foxes ? To bring all
The host of poetasters on my head,
Who of them nothing knew ? And, worst of all,
My best and warmest friend the Borderer,
He of the nut-brown hair and hollow voice,
Whom I esteem as brother. I have fish'd
With this same Hogg in Tweed, even to its fountains,
Core water, Froode, and Tallo's sluggish stream,
Yet nothing knew of him more than I saw—
A rash and inconsiderate plunging blockhead,
And a most awkward handler of his lister.

I've prick'd the salmon out by tens and dozens,
While Hogg stood scratching his audacious pate,
And cursing his bad luck.—Alas ! how oft
Misconduct so is term'd ! But, at the last,
I parted all and equal with poor Hogg,
Because I liked the lad. Nay, I have sat
Till midnight, teaching his unwieldy fingers
To touch the tuneful chords. Plague on the wight !
And this is my reward ! With doggerel rhymes
To charge my guiltless name ! Well, after all,
I grieve for Hogg, and wish he had not done it,
For I would rather be ten men's warm friend
Than one man's enemy. I charged him with it,
And, like an honest man, he did confess
The perverse deed. He wanted some home-thrusts
At certain poets, and he chose to place
Old David of the Lin 'twixt them and him.
I call upon the literary world
To say if this was fair ? But having now
Clear'd up this matter, here I let him see
How an old man can write with his own pen :
This is my own, and freely I subscribe it.

DAVID TWEEDIE.

Linhouse, March 31.

GEM OF MY SOUL.

By Laurence Macdonald.

GEM of my soul ! my thoughts are still with thee
Where'er my steps may wander,—near or far,
O'er the blue mountains, or the trackless sea ;
'Mid life's high revelry, 'mid this world's war,
Thou art the light—the solitary star
That gleams in beauty spiritually bright,
Shedding a ray divine 'mid things that mar
The harmony of life, till to my sight
Thou seem'st the soul of day, the spirit of the night !

Gem of my soul ! the ocean's pearl, though pure,
Sinks into dimness on that neck of snow !
And I've beheld that spotless brow obscure
The brightest jewels that earth's mines can show ;
And when thy soul, deep in those eyes, would glow
With glowing thought—with eloquence—with love !
They more than match'd the fairest things below,
And even outshone the brightest things above,
Mingling in one wild glance the eagle and the dove !

Gem of my soul ! be ever what thou'rt now,
By genius polish'd, and by nature fair ;
Were ought like thee accorded to my brow,
'Twould never be again the seat of care,

But heaven and love would rest for ever there !
 Light would illumine my path, and the lone hour
 Would never more be mine, my life t'impair ;—
 The darkest clime on earth would be a bower
 Of heavenly bliss, with *thee* its light—its love—its flower !

31st March, 1830.

THE COMING OF SPRING,

Not in the manner of Mrs Hemans.

SPRING comes in with pinks and parties—
 Night is forced upon mid-day ;
 Every cake, and dish, and tart is
 White with sugar—green with bay.
 Cold and headach—cough and hoarseness,
 Sometimes coach'd, and sometimes drown'd,
 Wealth and beauty—wit and coarseness—
 Oh ! the everlasting round !
 Laughing, dancing, flirting, speaking
 Horrid nonsense all the night ;
 Lovely dark-eyed damsels squeaking
 Songs,—enough the French to fright ;
 Servants breaking fine cut crystal,
 Fiddlers libelling dying cats,
 Old maids, stiff as boards of Bristol,
 Puppies marching in with hats.
 Syllabubs and salutations—
 Negus, ices, smiles, and cakes—
 Love, and pride, and long flirtations—
 Silly girls and heartless rakes.
 Harps, guitars, and huge pianos,
 Grandeur than their empty sound,
 Blent with songs of Julianas—
 Oh ! the everlasting round !
 " Will you valtz with me, Miss Tiptoe ?"—
 " May I have the pleasure of
 Drinking wine with you ?"—" I'm up to
 All your tricks, my lord, by Jove !"—
 " May I trouble you, Miss Lily ?"—
 " Have some goose, sir ?"—" If you please."—
 " Pray, do take a little jelly."—
 " Ices always make me sneeze."—
 " Were you at young Jewson's concert ?"—
 " Let me read that motto, dear ;"—
 " Where's the *creme rouge* ?"—" Here is *one* sort ;"—
 " Drink wine, Monsieur ?"—" *Thank you, sere.*"—
 " When Miss Wrymouth sings, just watch her
 Shocking faces !"—" Oh ! tremendous !"—
 " I've lost my hat !"—" Bring up your coach, sir !"—
 " How it rains !"—" Good heaven defend us !"—
 Thus the spring comes into fashion,
 Where the gay and glad are found :
 Gods ! it puts me in a passion—
 Oh ! the everlasting round !

SONG.

TO-NIGHT ! to-night ! when the moon's in the sky,
 And the owl hoots from the tree,
 The light, the light of thy clear blue eye
 Will gently shine on me ;
 Where the little fish leaps in the running stream,
 And the foolish fly dips his wing,
 Alone we'll stray by the secret way
 That leads to the elfin ring.

The stars ! the stars ! will twinkle above,
 And the flowers will twinkle below ;
 The birds ! the birds ! will be dreaming, love,
 And the night breeze will kiss thy brow ;—

We'll speak not much, but in joy I'll fold thee
 Close to my beating breast,
 And there is not an eye in the world shall behold thee,
 But the eye that loves thee best.

The heart ! the heart ! O ! deep bliss lies
 Unseen in its crystal cells ;
 The heart ! the heart ! in delicious sighs
 Its tales of pleasure tells ;
 And the chainless soul resolves into light,
 Like a cloud at the dawn of day,
 And love, with a smile that makes all things bright,
 Mocks at the cold world's sway.

Then, to-night ! to night—when the moon shines bright,
 And the owl hoots from the tree,
 The hours, the hours, all wreathed with flowers,
 Will fly over you and me ;
 We'll speak not much,—but the spirits of bliss
 That dance round the moon in mirth,
 When they see me steal from thy lips a kiss,
 Will wish they were still on the earth.

H. G. B.

THE GENTLE STREAM ! THE HAPPY STREAM !

THE gentle stream ! the happy stream ! that through the
 greenwood strays !
 How many thoughts are link'd with it, of early golden
 days,
 When by its winding course I roam'd, and twined its sim-
 ple flowers,
 A joyous, thoughtless, merry heart, in childhood's rosy
 hours !
 O ! what would I not give once more upon its bank to be,
 A wanderer by its waters blue, as careless and as free !

The gentle stream ! the happy stream ! that through the
 greenwood sings !
 Time passes noiseless o'er its head, nor change nor sha-
 dow brings ;
 How many a tear has dimm'd my eye, how many a cloud
 has past
 Across my brow, since on its breast I fondly look'd my
 last !
 How many rainbows youth calls forth, how many hopes
 I nurst,
 Like bells that float upon its tide, have glanced since then
 and burst !

The gentle stream ! the happy stream ! that through the
 greenwood shines !
 When falls the sunlight through the trees in rich and
 fairy lines !
 I see it dancing on its way, I hear its voice of song,
 I feel the summer breeze that plays its bordering flowers
 among !
 Alas ! 'tis but in memory now, its devious course I see,
 It shines, it wanders, and it sings ; in vain—in vain—for
 me !

The gentle stream ! the happy stream ! though sad and
 worn my heart,
 Methinks, at sight of it, once more, all sorrow would de-
 part ;
 And calm and holy thoughts would shed their moonlight
 o'er my mind,
 And, wandering by its course again, lost happiness I'd find !
 Away, fond dream ! youth cannot come in freshness back
 to me,
 I'll never roam, as once I roam'd, as careless and as free !

GERTRUDE.

THE
EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 75.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1830.

PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Walter Colyton. A Tale of 1688. By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. &c. 3 vols. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

HORACE SMITH, though a respectable, is only a second-rate novelist. He is one of those who have been called into existence by Sir Walter Scott. He aims at combining the united interests of history and fiction in his books. But his head is scarcely strong enough for the higher walks of the former, and his heart is hardly enthusiastic enough for the more delightful creations of the latter. His "Brambletye House," and "Tor Hill," are both pretty good; but we are not aware that they have made any lasting impression on the minds of the reading public, or that any of the characters they contain are likely to live very vividly in the memory of his readers after the volumes are closed. The new work now before us indicates no improvement on the author's usual style, while the story, we think, is heavier, and not so well put together as in some of his preceding novels. One error into which the imitators of Sir Walter Scott have almost universally fallen is, that provided characters, historically interesting, can be introduced into their pages, they do not seem to think it a matter of much consequence whether these characters have any thing to do with the main plot of their novel. Thus, Mr Smith, because his hero, Walter Colyton, lived in the year 1688, evidently considers that he is fulfilling the most important part of his task, provided he huddles together all the eminent names of that period,—politicians, literati, beauties, lords, ministers, and kings,—and contrives to give us hasty sketches and unsatisfactory glimpses of their different characters and habits. Now, this is not our notion of what a historical novel should be, nor is it according to the better species of model which Sir Walter Scott has, in one or two instances, afforded to his votaries. When celebrated persons are introduced into a work of this kind, they ought to be intimately and necessarily connected with the advancement of the plot,—so completely interwoven with it, that without their aid it could not be brought to the point proposed. The unskilful writer, whilst he cannot but acknowledge the truth of this rule, is puzzled when he attempts to carry it into practice, and his book too often degenerates into a piece of mere patchwork, which wants the connected interest of a work of pure fiction, and feebly atones for the desideratum by a succession of ill-digested notices of the leading personages of the times.

Another fault we have to find with "Walter Colyton," is the deficiency of incident. The two first volumes are, in consequence, particularly heavy. Indeed, the story possesses but little interest throughout, partly because it is too much diluted with extraneous matter, and partly because, with only one or two exceptions, none of the characters are fully or completely filled up. They are mere outlines—not finished drawings. Of two young men, and three young ladies, all of whom are brought a good

deal into the foreground, it is impossible for us to say which is the hero and which the heroine; and we do not think a novel should have *two* heroes and *three* heroines. We shall not enter into an analysis of the tale; but we have, of course, Catholics and Protestants, from James II. and William Prince of Orange, down to the humblest of their respective retainers. We have James's corrupt minister, Sunderland, and his tool, Captain Seagrave, a swaggering, reckless bully, one of the most spirited portraits in the book. We have the witty and profligate Countess of Dorchester,—the old rough soldier, Jasper Colyton,—his daughter, the sensitive and impassioned Edith,—her friend, the gentle and strong-minded Agatha Shelton,—and Stanley Forrester, the gallant and enthusiastic lover of the latter lady. It is upon this same Stanley Forrester, who has ardently espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, that in our opinion the interest of the story mainly depends. Both Edith and her friend Agatha fall in love with him simultaneously. His affections, however, are irrevocably placed on Agatha. This, Edith at length discovers, and upon her enthusiastic and sensitive temperament, the discovery produces the most distressing consequences. The description of the change it wrought upon her whole feelings and character, we think among the best written passages in the book, and we shall accordingly extract it:

"From this day a marked alteration became evident in Edith's character and deportment. That extreme sensibility which had occasionally subjected her to hysterical attacks, and to the most painful fits of nervous excitation, became gradually deadened; the fine tremulous and exquisite delicacy of her impressions was now but rarely manifested; even her intellectual perceptions appeared to be blunted, and she sank into a calm and torpid, but deep melancholy, under the influence of which she often sought some retired spot, where she would sit for hours together, twitching the forefinger of her left hand, her eyes riveted to the ground, and her faculties enchain'd in such a profound abstraction as to render her totally insensible to surrounding objects. All her customary amusements and avocations were now neglected; Agatha, Hetty, her friends and her family, were now forgotten; she neither read nor worked, nor recreated herself with music,—solitude seemed to be her only enjoyment. A languor, a lassitude, a listless and morbid apathy, continually oppressed her; and she resigned herself to that stupor of melancholy and dejection, which is infinitely more distressing than the passionate sorrow which finds relief in weeping and tears. Edith's eyes were dry, she uttered no complaint; but it was evident that her heart was ever weeping, that she cried without a voice. An habitual sense of propriety would not allow her to neglect her personal appearance: she was always neatly attired; but she now betrayed, for the first time, an inconsistency that showed how unconscious she was of her own proceedings, sometimes coming down to the breakfast-table in a full dress, or presenting herself to every visitant in a morning hood and scarf. When these little oversights were pointed out to her, she would assume a languid smile, express wonder at her own inadvertence,—retire to her chamber for the purpose of changing her garb, fall into a new reverie, and return to the drawing-room in the same state as before. If surprised, in her solitary rambles, on the lonely seats upon which she loved to muse and talk to herself, she would conjure up the same faint smile, converse for a short time, but

presently relapses into silence and melancholy, and seek an opportunity of escaping from her companion. It was not easy, however, thus to surprise her; for she became watchful and cunning in avoiding notice; and even in performing the most common and innocent actions, would affect great mystery and concealment."—Vol. iii. p. 58-5.

In this state of mind she determines to sacrifice her own wishes to those of her parents, and to accept as a husband one whom she had always hated, but whom they had destined for her. The author then presents us with the following touching picture:

"A few days after this conversation, the unhappy girl wandered to a spot, a small distance from the house, which, from its seclusion, and its possessing some superior attractions in point of scenery, had latterly become her favourite haunt. A footpath, deviating from a long uninteresting lane that led towards the moors, conducted the village boys, in the nutting season—before the return of which period, the last year's track had generally become imperceptible—to a quiet sequestered dell, planted with sycamores and young oaks, wove together, in parts, with a thick bed of hazel-bushes. The banks on either side the descent were clothed with fern, broom, and other luxuriant vegetation, topped with bushes of hawthorn, briar, and maple, forming natural arbours, beneath which the children would sometimes seat themselves to banquet upon their nutty spoils. Through this unfrequented glen ran a streamlet, clear and pellucid, although the water, from its having traversed the peat land of the moors, had acquired a dark brown hue. Towards the centre of the recess, the runnel, falling over a rocky ledge, not more than two yards in height, spread itself into a shallow pond of some extent, fringed with water-lilies, and overhung with alders, and, gradually contracting itself to its former narrow limits, was betrayed by its music, or the more vivid green of its rushy margin, until it worked its way out through an opening at the opposite extremity of the dell. On a mossy crag, beside this murmuring waterfall, Edith delighted to sit for hours together, indulging the mournful reveries by which her mind was now haunted, and yet occasionally soothed by sweet as well as bitter fancies, while, in the loneliness of the place, she listened idly to the rustling of the boughs, as the wind stole nestling amid their leaves, or the sound of the waters that seemed to warble responsively to the breeze.

"On the morning in question, she had gathered a rose before she left home, and, deliberately plucking off the leaves, she committed them, one by one, to the stream, exclaiming, as they were torn away from her,—‘Thus have the happy years of my life been rudely torn away from me,—they are gone, and I know not whither,—they are whirled about and agitated, and then wafted away into invisible, unrecoverable darkness, leaving my heart, like this poor leafless stalk, bare and withered, and surrounded with nothing but thorns. I remember when the very odour of a spring morning could develop future, conjuring up to my imagination, nay, almost to my senses, a paradise of flowers, and perfumes, and sunny landscapes, fanned with gentle airs, animated with the melody of birds and all the cheerful sounds of busy life. It was as if the precocious breeze blew aside the veil of nature, and showed the laughing features that were to remain hidden from others until the coming May. I was happy then, and my fancy soon quickened pleasant images into life. I am now miserable;—it is autumn, and methinks, in the fading hues and falling leaves that announce the coming torpor of the winter, I see the prefiguration of my own approaching death. The smell of the grave is in my nostrils, and the brawling of this brook among the pebbles sounds in mine ears like the rattling of the gravel that shall soon be thrown upon my coffin, before it is covered up for ever. Yea, earth is preparing to die, and it is time that I should do the same. Hark! what sound is that? It is the noise of the merry squirrels, chasing one another from bough to bough, amid the hazels. And now I hear the whistle of the plover, and the tender note of the wood-pigeon, and the cawing of the rooks returning to their roost trees near the church, and the twittering of the smaller birds, as they behold the winter feast of rare-coloured berries, that make the hedges gay in spite of their diminishing leaves. The waters, too, that quiver before me in the beam, seem to tremble with delight; each blade of grass that flutters in the sunshine, assumes a semblance of enjoyment; and yonder gold-skirted clouds float through the crystal fields of ether with a happy and a tranquil air. Why am I with these sounds and shows of uncongenial glad-

ness?—why are all things happy except myself?’”—Vol. iii. p. 63-7.

Our readers will be somewhat surprised to learn, that Stanley Forrester, being apprized of the death of Agatha, and receiving her last commands to unite himself with her friend, marries Edith after all. But they will be still more surprised to learn, that after he has lived some time with her very happily, and beheld her at length fall a victim to consumption, he unexpectedly finds out that Agatha is not dead, and the novel concludes with his espousing her,—thus enabling the same gentleman to do justice to both ladies.

On the whole, "Walter Colyton" is a respectable book of its kind; and in these days of mediocrity, we shall be glad that its author continues to write.

The Historical Evidence of the Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy: A Sermon, preached at Stirling, on Sunday, the 7th March, 1830, at the consecration of the Right Rev. James Walker, D.D., to the office of a Bishop in the Scottish Episcopal Church. By the Rev. M. Russel, LL.D.

WE do not think any nice point of Historical Enquiry can fall into abler or safer hands than those of Dr Russel. With much learning and research, he fixes on the strong parts only of the position which he undertakes to establish, and does not encumber it with extraneous circumstances. The reader, too, comes away impressed with the candour and fairness of his argument, because he never pushes it too far, and while he has all the ingenuity of an advocate, no judge can appear more unbiassed and impartial. Qualities of this kind are peculiarly necessary in those delicate enquiries which affect the purity of the constitution of churches, and in which the spirit of the controversialist is so much more commonly discernible than the charity of the Christian. It is necessary, perhaps, from time to time, for every body of Christians to state the grounds of their distinction from others, especially when they are not in unison with the established church of the country in which they are resident. Dissent has always an ugly aspect, and we therefore like to discover in each class of our fellow-Christians, such sound reasons for their separation, as, though they may not be sufficient to prove to others that they are in the wrong, are yet such as we can very easily conceive are quite convincing to themselves that they are in the right. The difficulty is, to do this in a spirit of temper and moderation;—that this is Dr Russel's aim in his defence of the principles which the church to which he belongs dissents from our venerable establishment, is apparent from the following admirable passage of his discourse; and we can assure our readers, that he maintains the same firm but dispassionate tone throughout:—"I state these things, not to unchurch other sects, for with others we have no immediate concern, but solely to explain the grounds upon which every Episcopal communion is established, and upon which every well-informed Episcopalian rests his preference of that communion. I mention them the more readily, too, because they form the basis upon which our own church must stand, in the midst of others more powerful, and supported by a larger proportion of the people. Doctrines, or rather the mode of explaining doctrines, differ from time to time, and one style of preaching succeeds another in the favour of the multitude, but the Apostolic institution from which the clergy derive their authority to minister at the altar, and which confers the stamp of validity upon their ministrations, the fixed and immovable rock upon which the church is built, and against which we must never allow either ignorance or caprice to prevail. Nor is there in this spirit and determination on our part the slightest encouragement to illiberality towards others: On the contrary, you will find that the most enlightened persons are always the most liberal, in the true sense of the word."

and I will venture to add, that the pretended liberality of an ignorant man, is either indifference or folly. No one is more disposed to respect conscientious firmness in others, than he who can give a good reason of the faith which he himself entertains; and for this cause knowledge will always be found accompanied by a truly tolerant Christian spirit—by compassion where error is inveterate, and by forbearance where prejudice and obstinacy shut the ears to conviction."

Our readers are not ignorant of the controversy between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches,—it has, in former times, been maintained with great bitterness, where secular interests were more mixed up with it; but of late years concessions have been made by the sounder opponents on both sides, that have greatly narrowed the debatable ground. It will not, for instance, be disputed by Presbyterians, in the face of St Paul's Epistles, and of every thing that we know of the first establishment of the Church, that the apostles held a species of superintendence over all the various churches which they founded; and there is every appearance that such men as Timothy and Titus succeeded them, with similar powers derived from them. This will carry us on to nearly about the close of the first century. It is as little disputed, that in the second century the Episcopal form of government, in which (we use the words of Dr Hill) "the name of Bishops was appropriated to an order of men, who possessed exclusively the right of ordination and jurisdiction, and who were the overseers of those whom they ordained," was universal over the whole Christian world. Here, then, comes the tag of war in this narrow slip of time, in which it has been attempted to be shown, that there was no superintendence resembling either the Apostolical or the Episcopal; and that, therefore, there is no reason to suppose that the latter is the continuation of the former. Dr Campbell battles the point to obtain the rescue of some twenty or thirty years from this ecclesiastical domination, which Dr Russel, we must own, with much better success, is as determined not to grant him; and from the intermediate authorities of Ignatius, Polycarp, and Clement, proves, as it appears to us very distinctly, that there was no interruption of the Episcopal succession. And this, according to his reasoning, is by no means a matter of slight moment. "The distinctive characteristic of Episcopal government," says he, "is the exclusive power intrusted to the bishops of ordaining ministers for the service of God's Church. From the day that St Paul authorized and commanded his two spiritual sons, Timothy and Titus, to ordain presbyters in every city, to exhort and to rebuke, this privilege, it is believed, hath appertained to the first order of clergymen, as the successors of the apostles. Even St Jerome, who has been viewed as the advocate of parity in the ministers of the Gospel, acknowledges that the bishops possessed a power which belonged not to the order of presbyters, namely, the power of ordination."—"This," he afterwards adds, "is the ground upon which Episcopal churches differ from those who have extinguished the first order of clergy. It is not the form of worship, nor the dress, nor the music, nor even the keeping of those fasts and festivals which commemorate the past events of our holy religion, that constitute the real difference between Episcopals and other Christians; for in many parts of the Continent the Presbyterians use a Liturgy as we do; and there, as well as in England, they observe the principal festivals and fasts of the Church as regularly as do the Episcopals among whom they live. These points then, important as they are, do not form the leading and distinguishing characteristic of Episcopacy, as separated from the other forms of ecclesiastical polity. The essential difference, I repeat once more, respects the power of conferring orders,—a power which we believe to have been originally vested in the bishops, and during 1500 years to have been exercised by them exclusively,—so exclusively, at least, as to imply that no ordination was held valid at which a bishop did not preside and officiate."

We think, then, that Dr Russel has fairly made out a case which must entitle his communion to the sympathy and respect of the nation, from the majority of which it has the misfortune to differ in its conception of church government; and it is not to be considered as a chimera of no consequence, to maintain with firmness that model of polity which carries us up to the times of the Apostles, and which has been universally acted upon throughout the Christian church, except in the case of a few of the reformed churches. Attached, as we are, to the Presbyterian establishment of our land, we confess that we are pleased to see a specimen of Episcopacy amongst us, which comes as near the primitive model as can well be imagined, in which the Bishops are raised above their presbyters by no invidious wealth or dignities, but stand to them much more in the relation of fathers to sons, than as lords to vassals. Nor are we at all indisposed to admit that it was the "evil days" into which the church fell, more than any sound or enlightened principle, which occasioned the fearful rent in that coat which was at first "without seam, woven from the top throughout." But the rent has been made, and we see no reason why a liberal Presbyterian should give himself much trouble to make out that he is wronged by Swift, in his humorous representation of the effects which followed from an undue eagerness to tear off the tawdry ornaments with which the simplicity of the original texture was defaced. Dr Campbell might fairly give up his thirty or forty years, and admit Dr Russel all that he asks. What would follow?—That a convulsion has taken place, which it might have been more seemly to have had otherwise managed. But, out of this chaos, a beautiful and well-ordered system has arisen, which is wound round the hearts of an attached people,—which a gracious Providence has protected and fostered,—and which, if, in its origin, it has seemed to make "the kingdom of Heaven suffer violence, and to take it by force," has yet, we trust, been not unsuccessful in the invasion, but, by means of an efficient and zealous Priesthood, has long brought, and is now bringing, "many sons and daughters to righteousness." For it ought to be considered in all this matter, that though there is something extremely venerable and sacred in the continued order of church government from the first times to the present, yet there is no actual command against the infringement of it; and the deviation in this point is by no means to be considered as similar to giving up the sacraments, or any positively divine institution.—It may, perhaps, amuse our readers to be told, that we recollect, some years ago, a worthy lady of the Episcopal persuasion, on whose brain the absolute necessity of Episcopacy had so wrought, that she at last fell into a species of Quixotism, which consisted in forming plans for its establishment in this country. She was a truly charitably disposed woman withal, and could not think of shuffling off the present establishment, which contained so many good people, and whose clergy were such excellent and distinguished men. So she had contrived a splendid comprehension-scheme, in which she was very impartial in her distributions, and very generous, too, in her provision for the new establishment. We believe Mr Alison was appointed, by her, Bishop of Edinburgh, with a salary of £2000 per annum,—Dr Inglis was made Bishop somewhere else. We do not think Dr A. Thomson was raised to the Episcopate, his dislike to the order being so notorious; yet the good lady would not leave him out, so she made him a Dean. The worst thing in the business was, that she was a little variable in her selections. After she had fixed upon Mr Alison or Dr Walker for the important see of Edinburgh, one day, she would issue a new *congé d'élire* the next, removing them, and putting Dr Inglis or Dr Lee in their room.

We have no expectation of seeing any thing like this beautiful scheme ever brought to bear; nor, indeed, is there any great need for it. "Yet," says St Paul, "show I you a more excellent way." It is to be found in the affec-

tionate respect which the clergy and laity of different denominations may entertain for each other, and the deep feeling that they are all, according to their peculiar views and apprehensions, carrying on the same glorious plan of Divine Providence, for the present happiness and the future salvation of the world. We believe that these mutual sentiments are very cordially entertained by the Established Church of this country, and its Episcopalian dissenters; and they will not be the less so, when they each come to appreciate fully the grounds on which they differ from each other, and can give and take in their turn. Much was done, we believe, to produce this feeling of respect and kindness throughout the two bodies, by the unassuming and Catholic temper and demeanour of the late Bishop Sandford, and we are fully prepared to subscribe to the few words of eulogium on the present bishop, with which Dr Russel closes his discourse:—"As a member of the diocese over which the new bishop is to preside, I may be permitted to express, in the name of my clerical brethren, the satisfaction with which this event is contemplated, and the unbounded confidence which they repose in his wisdom, his principles, impartiality, and, above all, in the knowledge which he possesses of his own duty and of theirs, and in his ardent devotedness to that cause, which they are equally disposed and equally bound to maintain. In the step which it was their duty and their privilege to take in electing their diocesan, there was not only unanimity, there was also affection, combined with an earnest desire to mix their individual regard for his person with their professional respect for his office. In this case, too, the choice of the clergy has been amply and universally approved by the suffrages of the laity; by those whose spiritual welfare depends upon the due and rightful ministry of an Apostolic Church."

The Athenæum; an Original Literary Miscellany. Edited by Students in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow. Robertson and Atkinson. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 242.

AN honourable and praiseworthy ambition has led to the production of this little volume. It contains a variety of contributions, both in prose and verse, calculated to reflect credit upon the youthful writers. The prose, however, is decidedly superior to the verse. Indeed, we are rather disappointed in the latter, for, with the exception of one or two pieces by Mr Atkinson, who is not, and never was, a student at the University of Glasgow, but who, nevertheless, is one of the Editors of the *Athenæum*, we cannot find anything in the shape of verse that much delighted us. We observe that a rival publication, of a similar kind—*The College Album*—is announced;—if it contains nothing better in this department, we shall be forced to confess that the gods have not made the present students at the University of Glasgow poetical.* But some of the prose articles redeem the poetry. We have, in particular, read with pleasure "Persian Sketches," the paper on the "Character of Aristotle as a Critic," "A Legend of the Covenant," "The Punished Raid," an excellent story, "The Carnival of Venice," a cleverly-told tale, and "The Student, or a Night in my Landlady's." It is from this last sketch, which we think one of the best in the book, that we shall make an extract:

A NIGHT IN MY LANDLADY'S.

"The evening came, and as the bells were ringing the hour of six, I found myself seated by a blazing fire in Mrs M'Aupie's, Dobbie's Land. I was scarcely seated, when my landlady entered. 'Ye'll be a collegener, nae dout?' said Mrs M'Aupie. To this I answered in the affirmative. 'I was jalousing aye,' she replied; 'and whaur cam ye frae?' she continued. 'From Kirkmichael,' I answered. 'A' the way frae Kirkmichael!' she exclaimed: 'Losh

me, but ye're a young traveller, and a far traveller; an' what's yer name, gin ye please, na?' I answered, 'Grahame.'—'Weel,' said my landlady, 'it's a bonny name, weel respectit, and far kent, and no for ony ill; are ye ony friend to the Grahames of Leddiescleugh?'—'I fear,' said I, 'I must be content to have my origin from a meener source.'—'Whaurfore meener?' said she; 'isna the wee spring as frae, and mair aye, than the brown torrent that comes roaring frae the hills?'

"A sicht o' you,' continued my landlady, 'brings back to my mind things no to be minded, without baith grief and joy. I mind weel the day when I first cam frae the Netherton to the auld brig o' Glasgow, whaur I was feed as bairns-maid to the Rev. Mr M'Whirter o' Galsplindie; I was then a gilpen lassie o' seventeen, and momey a summer and winter's come and gane since that, and yet, loch me, it seems nae mair than a dream in the darkness of the night! I was then young. I'm now auld and grey, and, mair than a' this, I'm a lanely widow.' A tear at this moment started into her once bright, but now time-dimmed eye. I was led to enquire here several things touching the history of my landlady, and, among other things, the term of her widowhood. 'It's noo sax years and mair,' she replied, 'since David M'Aupie was laid in the Hie Kirk-yaird. Five-and-twenty years David M'Aupie was a meal-dealer in the Briggate, as honest a man as ever walked on the causey o' Glasgow, and weel respectit. An' I was an honest woman aye, else I had ne'er been made his marrow. It's an altered world now!—but things are no at our ain disposin', an' it's maybe just as weel.'—'How long is it,' I replied, 'since you removed here?'—'It's five years come Whitsunday,' she answered. 'During this period I've had collegeners, writers, and officers, and though I say it myself, nae e'er gae'd aff frae Dobbie's Lawn wi' an ill word o' Widow M'Aupie. The last lodger I had in this same room was an auld Hieland officer, that had been lang a fechter in the wars with the bluidy French. He was a discreet man, but unco gien to late hours, drinkin', and galra-vishin', which was no for me, so we parted. Late hearn, Mr Grahame, is neither gude for body nor soul, and as example is better than precept, as the Reverend Mr M'Whirter used to say, I've tell ye an anecdote respecting one who was a collegener like yourself. He was a wee laddie frae the Mearns, no muckle past fourteen. Weel, sir, that wee laddie, unless when the bell rang for the class, would scarcely gang out ower the door-step. Sometimes frae mornin' till nicht he would sit drivin' awa' at the table among his papers and books, till he grew a complete heremite, and was na many months till he became as white's a ghast. I dinna wonder that it was sae. For lang I said naething; till at last I thought it my duty, and told him it wadna last lang, that if he didna exercise himsell mair, he would soon mak' himsell a corp; it was even sae as I jalousied it would be. He began to decline awa' till an autumn; the blue veins becam mair and mair veeisible in his hauns; and his dark een began to glimmer far awa' ben in their sockets. As the season was weel gane, I got him advised to gang hame. It was with great difficulty; for, by gaun hame aye sune, he lost a chance o' a prize, at the thoct o' which he grat lang and sair. Twa lang months passed awa', and during a' this time, I heard naething frae the Mearns about the wee laddie. It struck me he was waur, and though a lanely woman, I resolved to gang out and see. Rising early ae mornin' in June, lang before mid-day I was on the Mearns Muir. There couldna be a finer day. The sun was shinin' without a cloud; the birds were singing in the hedges; the plovers was chiming aboon the heather; the laverock was in the lift; while the bumbee was humming in the sunshine. Awa' ower the muir while daunerin' on at my leianre, I foregathered wi' a decent-looking man on the road. 'How far am I, gin ye please, sir,' I said, 'frae Braehead?'—'Youner it's,' said he, 'on the face of the knowe; there's many a sair heart at Braehead this day.' My fears told me at aince what was the cause; but, as if ignorant, 'Is ony thing wrang?' I enquired. 'Ane o' their callants, wha was a great scholar and a collegener,' he said, 'died last Monday, and this is his burial day.'—'Wae's me! wae's me!' said I; 'it's the wee laddie.' And though he was neither kith nor kin to me, I was a sair-hearted woman: farther I didna gang, but turned my steps hameward; and after I had reached hame, and for many a day after, I couldna get that wee laddie out o' my mind.'—'Such,' said I, 'is the fate of thousands—born in obscurity,—cradled in adversity,—and laid in an early grave.—So perish the dew-drops of the moral world; but what withers on earth shall bloom in heaven!'—'It's weel that it's sae ordered!' said

* Since writing the above, we have received "The College Album," which we shall review next Saturday.

Mrs M'Aupie, and withdrew, leaving me to my own meditations;—and such was my first night in my landlady's."

We should have had no objections to have seen somewhat more of a classical air about this volume. With the exception of a spirited translation from King Lear, into Greek verse, there is nothing about it that breathes particularly of *alma mater*. The two Latin mottoes on the title-page are commonplace and poor, and the last sentence of the Preface exhibits a positive blunder in the use of a Latin word. The sentence is;—"We now take our leave of the public, assuring them, that should they smile on our efforts to gain their approbation, we shall not be backward to renew our toils in another session,—*Vale!*" It should have been *Valete*, young gentlemen.

The Listener. By Caroline Fry. 2 vols. London. J. Nisbet. 1830.

THE fair authoress of these volumes deserves to be better known to our readers than, we have reason to believe, she is at present. Education and religion are the subjects which have chiefly employed her pen; and although her views do not always coincide with our own, we have no hesitation in saying, that upon both subjects she has written pleasingly and instructively. We have no wish to place the name of Caroline Fry on the list of our most distinguished female writers, but neither must we confound her with the mediocre spirits of her own sex or of ours, (if we may speak of spirits being of any sex,) whose literary spawn seldom merits the attention of the critic, otherwise than as a nuisance. In all the writings of our authoress, there is much shrewdness of observation, correctness of taste, and soundness of principle. This is no mean praise; and we hope that it will have the effect of directing the attention of such of our readers as can relish a good book, though its author be no Phoenix, to the unpretending volumes before us. The "*Listener*" is of a decidedly religious cast, but it is written with considerable liveliness and spirit. It is in Numbers, and, if we mistake not, was published as a periodical; and a pleasing little periodical it must have made. We know not a work less exceptionable, as a present for young ladies, than the "*Listener*." With much instruction, they may derive from it no small portion of amusement. Some of the eight sketches of character are happy; and there are one or two prettily told tales. Of course, a book of this kind, consisting of a great number of short essays upon a variety of subjects, admits of no analysis, but we shall give our readers, what they will probably like much better, a short extract. It is the concluding part of a story told on her death-bed by a wretched woman, who had trapped her husband to engage in what was called, before Mr William Huskisson so judiciously appropriated the term to his own favourite system, the *free trade*—in other words, smuggling. The husband and his son had gone out one night on a perilous enterprise:

"They went, and surely something in my heart misgave me of what was coming; for I felt I could not go to bed that night. It was already dark when they went away, and many a time I opened the casement to look out upon the night. The wind howled frightfully; I heard the waves thundering upon the rocks, as if they would have rent the firm earth in pieces; and so dark was it, that when in my restlessness I went out to try it, I could not find my way across the road. Not a star was there in all the heavens, nor a bit of moon to light them on their perilous way,—I was ever such nights as these they chose to do their boldest deeds. Hour after hour I listened, though I knew not for what, for they were miles away. I shuddered at the silence. I started even at the noise I made myself, as from time to time I threw on a log to keep the fire burning, that they might warm and dry them when they came. I saw my neglected Bible on the shelf, and remembered the time when it would have consoled me,—but not now; I remembered when, in times of fear and danger to those I loved, I should have betaken myself to prayer,—but not now. I could but sit and watch the dial-plate, and long, and long

for the hours of darkness to be gone. And when they were gone, and the daylight opened, I liked it no better. I looked out upon the damp cold landscape, and thought it was like my desolated bosom: the very light was hateful to me; for surely the truth was in my heart, though yet I knew it not. The morning grew apace; the people in the surrounding cottages came forth to their honest labours. I saw one and another making ready the breakfast for her husband; and giving a parting word to her boys,—but where were mine? Nine o'clock struck, ten, eleven; and still they came not. This was no uncommon thing, but there was a presentiment of evil in my bosom. The clock was just upon the point of twelve, when I heard a noise of voices. I went out, and saw a crowd about Dame Willums's door. I knew her husband had been out with the party, and guessed the rest. 'Where is Jim?' I said to the first who would hear me, 'He will be here presently,' said the man, in a sullen tone. I had no more to ask,—every body was talking, and every body was eager to tell the worst they could make of the fearful story. All murdered, all drowned, all prisoners. And soon there was not even need to listen, for my eyes beheld the worst,—the dead body of my husband borne upon the shoulders of ruffianly-looking men, whose downcast looks bespoke that even they felt pity for his fate. And where was my boy? Him the cold waters held, and would not give me so much as his lifeless body. The smugglers had been attacked in endeavouring to remove their cargo; they resisted; some were slain on the spot, and the rest were drowned in attempting to escape. Who will tell out the story? Who will tell the wife,—the mother's agony, when she received of her husband no more than the disfigured corpse,—of her son, not even so much as that! Tell who may, I cannot! But you see me what I am,—I have told you what I was. Want, and disease, and remorse, and agony, have brought me to the grave. What is beyond, you may know; I do not. I believed once, but now I dare not believe."—Vol. i. p. 170-2.

Perhaps the most spirited and interesting essay in the whole book is No. 18, "The Two Invitations;" but we cannot afford to make any more extracts. We hope that enough has been said to give our readers a good opinion of the authoress and her work.

Memoirs of the Rev. William Wilson, A.M. Minister of the Gospel at Perth, one of the four brethren—the founders of the Secession Church, &c. With a brief Sketch of the State of Religion in Scotland for fifty years immediately posterior to the Revolution; including a circumstantial Account of the Origin of the Secession. By the Rev. Andrew Ferrier. Glasgow. Robertson and Atkinson. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 388.

THAT the Secession Church of Scotland is a numerous, important, and truly respectable body of Christians, the sternest stickler for the unbroken integrity of our venerable establishment will not deny. Beyond the pale of their own communion, however, we suspect that, for the last thirty or forty years, the precise origin and manner of its separation from its elder sister has been lost sight of, as the kindlier feelings of Christian communion gradually superseded the fiery zeal which, before the middle of the last century, and, indeed, throughout the greater part of it, arranged those fond of polemical discussion in two opposite ranks. While we are, in one sense, not sorry that this oblivion has wrapped up, from the present generation, all that was intemperate in the history of the discussions of those days, we yet are well pleased to see a volume like the present appear, holding, as we do, the opinion, that it is a sacred duty to conserve the memory of those pious men who have stood forward in good faith, and with a Christian spirit, in the attitude of reformers of those abuses which, without unceasing vigilance, would soon corrupt the practice of what may, for a time, have been the purest of religious institutions. If charity be one of its elements, we cannot but look with a degree of veneration upon the abstract character of an ecclesiastical reformer. From what we gather of the subject of this Memoir, from his biographer, and from his

own diary—deciphered from shorthand with a spirit of unsubdued devotion to a sacred task.—William Wilson, one of the four brethren, as the fathers of the Secession Church are endearingly called by their followers, was worthy of being so viewed, and his memory preserved in honourable remembrance. The affectionate and able chronicler of his life—son to one of the most learned and accomplished theologians and men of letters of the time, Dr Ferrier of Paisley—besides participating in these sentiments, had the honourable claim of lineal descent from Mr Wilson, to entitle him to undertake a task which he has judiciously performed; and he has thus given a personal and domestic interest to a volume which has intrinsically a general and intense one to a large section of the Christian public. The Memoir is divided, in the old style, into periods, and proceeds in a lucid manner, only broken by copious and interesting extracts from the correspondence, &c. of its theme. We presume the volume will command a wide circulation.

The Portfolio of the Martyr-Student. London. Longman, Lees, Orme, and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 191.

We presume this is the production of a very young man. It indicates the possession of a poetical temperament, and it is not unlikely that, with a little more experience and study, the author may produce poetry of a superior kind. Some of the minor pieces are pretty, and there is a good deal of vigour in several passages of the longer poem.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE APOLOGY.

IN THREE PARTS.

By Thomas Aird, Author of "Religious Characteristics," &c.

Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.—*Othello.*

PART II.

Or my parentage I can say nothing: a mystery overhangs my childhood, which I have sought in vain to clear up, and which I now believe must for ever remain dark to me. There is nothing more common than to hear it remarked, "How short seems our bypast life!" but to me, sir, this moment the days of my boyhood appear so far remote that they seem to belong to some other earlier world. Such are my farthest recollections of a sunny world of yore, and of my being led out into the pleasant fields by some kind playmate, of whom I remember only the little feet that went before me. Would I could forget these early passages altogether, or knew them more distinctly! Sometimes my spirit is so earnest, and, as I think, so near falling into the proper train of pursuing them, that in my anxiety—I may call it my agony—the perspiration stands upon my brow. I see the dim something before me, yet never can overtake or unmask it—

"You might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream."

The first point in my childhood which I clearly remember, is, that I was sitting alone plucking the blossoms from a fine bush of budding broom, when a crow alighted near my feet, and carried off a large worm. Then came a woman, whose face I cannot recall, with a little red shoe in her hand, which she put upon one of my feet; and then she took me up. Probably it had fallen off by the way, and I had been set down on the grass till she went back to seek it.

The next point, and that to which I can follow back my continuous recollections, is my being in a room with an elderly lady, who took great pains to amuse me in

giving me little books of pictures, and explaining them to me. The appearance of this patroness of my early youth I have from that day clearly remembered: and it seems to have been impressed upon me in rather a whimsical way. On the lady's cheek was a small spot streaked with those wavy threads of red, to which immoderate sorrow, or indulgence, or natural decay, often attenuates the tints of a florid beauty. A leaf had fallen from one of my little books, and I remember to have asked a scarlet thread from her cheek to sew it again into its proper place.

I omit farther record of my boyhood as common and uninteresting, and advance to deeper and more perilous details.

One evening, in the eighteenth summer of my age. I was crossing on horseback a river about twenty miles from home, when the animal on which I rode was mastered by the force of the current, which was heavily flooded from previous rains; and horse and rider were rolled down in the strong stream.

From the first rush and thunder of waters in my soul, a dim blank was over me till I awoke to a confused sense of what had befallen me, and of my now being kindly ministered to. To this succeeded a heavy sleep, which must have lasted during the night, for when I next distinctly awoke, the light of the sun through a green curtain fell with a fine haze upon my face as I lay upon an unknown bed, and the song of swallows from the eaves was as if it were the matin hour. "It is certainly morning," said I to myself, as I lay still, trying to remember how I had come thither. I was interrupted in my calculation, by the entrance of a good-looking man, apparently a farmer, who, after satisfying himself that I was fairly awake, began to congratulate me on my escape from drowning in the river, and then told me, in answer to my enquiry, that I had been saved by a young niece of his own, who having seen the failure of my horse, watched me as I was rolled down the river, till, on being borne near the bank where she was, she rushed in and drew me out at the peril of her own life. "I am sorry to say," he added, "that your horse perished; but this is comparatively nothing since yourself are safe. I must now go for our sweet young surgeon, for, do you know, you have got an ugly gash on your head against some rock in the water, and it is needful now to have it dressed." My host retired for a few minutes, and then returned, followed by a fair young creature, with salve and bandages for my head, whom, moreover, he introduced to me as his niece, Emily Bonnington, who had saved my life. After I had fervently thanked my young preserver, I submitted to her farther kindness, and she bound up my head with the most tender care. I was then left alone, under the recommendation of my kind host, that I should try, if possible, to sleep again, as I felt a most violent throbbing in my head, and accordingly I lay back upon my bed, trying to compose myself anew to slumber. What was it that invested my lovely preserver with such an interest to me as I lay for hours, sleeping none, but thinking only of her? Love—sudden love, it could not be, for my heart and soul were inalienably devoted to another. Nor yet could the strongest gratitude exhaust the mysterious regard which brought that young woman, Emily Bonnington, so near my heart. Had I seen that face of hers before? I could not say that I had; yet it haunted me less in reference to late things, than to a cloud of early reminiscences which came over me, as I lay without passion, without control, my spirit becalmed on a still sea of remembrance. About noon I awoke, and joined my host in a short walk through his fields. In the afternoon I had an opportunity of questioning Emily Bonnington a little farther as to my preservation; and the graceful modesty with which she recounted the particulars, bettered the sweet impressions which her beauty was entitled to make on every heart, whether young or old, and left me to wonder how, in her humble sphere of

metic service, she had attained, or could preserve, her simple but true elegance. In accordance with my host's kind entreaties, I agreed to stay with him till the morrow, resolved then to take a seat homeward in the mail, which passed by near his house at an early hour.

This night, after I had slept, as I thought, for several hours, I awoke from confused dreams with an over-laboured spirit. My ears had not yet got quite rid of yesterday's watery visitation, and I felt my head heavy and benumbed, whilst my stomach was oppressed with disagreeable nausea. To relieve myself a little, I arose and went to the window, which I opened to taste the pure breath of the night. The moon was shining clearly down from the zenith, and no cloud stained her blue noon. The stars were aloof and fainting from her glorious presence. My attention was, however, soon drawn from the beautiful wilderness of heaven by a low whispering beneath me, and looking down, I saw Emily Bonnington come muffled in front of the house with a young man.

"Fear not, Emily," I heard him say, "my heart and love could afford to blazon you before the whole world."

"Enough for me," was her low sweet reply, "that I have staked my all on your good opinion,—honour my pledge."

The youth now bade her passionately adieu, which she returned evidently with the most confiding affection; and after she had watched him for some time as he hasted away through the green dewy parks, she turned with some low murmuring exclamation, and retired behind the house. Had I not known that young man, an interview like this, which I had undesignedly witnessed, so common betwixt lovers, might not have given me a thought beyond the moment; but I had at once recognised the youth, and what I knew of him made me anxious and unhappy in calculating the probable consequences of such a love to my young and beautiful preserver. He was a young gentleman of the name of Julius Wardrop, the only son of an old squire, who had an estate a few miles from Mountcoin, and another in that part of the country where Emily Bonnington resided with her uncle, the quick recollection of which circumstance made me better assured that I had truly recognised young Wardrop. I knew him to be bold, artful, and unprincipled; and even had it been otherwise, my knowledge of the disparity of their fortunes was entitled to justify my vexation to have found him the lover of Emily, and my fears for my beautiful little preserver, who had assuredly in return given him her heart.

In the morning, when I saw her alone for a few minutes before my departure to join the mail, I was almost on the point of being so friendly, or so impertinent, as to warn her against him; but I dreaded so much the latter imputation, that I forbore. I did indeed give one vague and general caution. When about to go, I took a ring from my finger, and pressed her to keep it as a slight memento that I wished to be grateful.

"I will keep it," said she, taking the gem with graceful modesty, "and be proud when I look at it to remember that Heaven made me the instrument of saving the life of a worthy young gentleman."

"And may it be the ring of an elder brother," said I, willing to insinuate a general caution against Wardrop's possible villainy; "and may the memory which it recalls of thine own noble heroism, fortify thy soul to challenge and defeat the betrayer, should any one, presuming on his wealth or his wiles, ever tempt thy excellent honour!"

To this appeal, which living and present apprehension made me utter with much solemnity, young Emily answered only with a keen and half-blushing look, and I bade her adieu.

After finishing my medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, the liberality of my patroness, Mrs Hastings, who had been left with a handsome jointure by an old antiquary, allowed me to visit the medical schools of

Dublin and London, where I spent a year in the farther advancement of my professional knowledge. On my way home from the latter city, the mail left me at an inn about ten miles from Mountcoin, where I resolved to stay all night, purposing to walk home early on the morrow. After I had rested awhile from the dizzy fatigue of travelling, I walked out on a balcony from one of the windows of the inn, to enjoy the beautiful summer evening, which had been freshened by a thick shower. The glittering blades of the green wheaten uplands owned the dropping fatness of heaven; and as the fluttering breeze awoke, a dewy fragrance was shaken from the budded spray of some sweetly-breathed birches that twinkled before me. Away towards the watery east, the rainbow was falling with yellow glory down on the green faces of the woods. The little boy crept from the dropping shelter of the hedge, and renewed his rattle to frighten the birds from the yellow plots of seeded turnips up in the sunny crofts; while back, to cheer his bondage, came the village children, bareheaded, rejoicing beneath the skirts of the summer-shower, winking to the dewy sheen, and oft stretching their arms to the lovely rainbow. Such was the glad scene before me, which within a brief quarter of an hour was, though still fair as before in itself, to grow dark and unheeded from a change which came over my heart—for such indeed is the relative constitution of this world's beauty. As I stood before the window, I saw a carriage advancing along the highway with great rapidity, the harness glittering in the sun, and the glimmering wheels raising a mist which was left behind in a long trail. Onward the carriage came, and having been drawn up before the door of the inn, my antagonist Wardrop stepped from it, and turning, handed out a young lady, in whom, to my infinite surprise and horror, I recognised my own beloved Catherine Slinton. I say *horror*, for the air of necessary gallantry with which Wardrop did his devoir,—the confiding tenderness with which the lady leaned on his arm, and that peculiar softened and mellowed halo of beauty, of which the saffron robe is the emblem, and which, shadowing the warm and blushing brow, weighing the eyelid, and heightening the blooming honours of the cheek, leaves us never to mistake a young bride, carried to my heart, as with a stroke of lightning, that the lady was lost to me for ever, and was become the wife of another. No sooner were Wardrop and his young—(well, it must be so)—his young wife fairly into the inn, than I hurried down stairs to take my departure, not having magnanimity enough to stay an hour near so fearfully-interesting a party. A single question to the coachman as I passed through the court-yard, brought down upon me an answer confirmatory of my suspicions, and without another moment's delay, I took my homeward road adown the river side, my crowding thoughts unable to arrange themselves, and my whole heart swallowed up in the overwhelming conviction that I had indeed lost all claim to my Catherine. She was the daughter of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and I had loved her for many years with a growing passion, which, however, I never revealed to her; but this I had determined to do without further delay, and my departure from London was hastened even for this very purpose, as I could endure my absence from her no longer. So then I was too late! So then Catherine was lost to me for ever! With the burden of these bitter thoughts upon me, I wandered homewards, I know not how. I was not, however, so selfish in my own loss as altogether to forget Miss Bonnington, and my heart boiled with double indignation against Wardrop, as I could not but think that he must have deceived and forsaken poor Emily. Were we to refine and enquire curiously for motives, the emphasis which I laid on this part of his misconduct, might perhaps argue that my heart, on account of its own private feelings, was eager to find a just cause of anger against him.

The very next day, by chance I met Emily's uncle, as he was on his way to a distant fair, and, on my enquiring for

my fair preserver, he gave me to understand that she had now left him; and this he did with such a sorrowful reluctance, that I dreaded the worst. He seemed angry, when I attempted to follow up my enquiries a little farther, though I did it as incidentally as possible; but when I apologized, by stating the deep interest which I took in my beautiful preserver, whom, in her joy or her sorrow, I could not but be bound now and then to see, I saw the tear start in his eye, and, after a pause, he said:—"She may be in sorrow, poor child, for aught we know, though God forbid! The truth is, sir, she left us some three months ago, and we know not how to find her. We have had two letters from her, however, in both of which she says she is well, asks pardon for her strange departure, begs our forbearance for a little longer, and promises soon to return to us without dishonour. Would to Heaven that day were come, my little Emily!" I was on the point of mentioning my suspicions, from what I guessed of her love for Wardrop, but I refrained, because I might be wrong, and because, in the event of my suspicions being just, I thought it better not to give occasion to precipitate matters, by directing the interference of her fiery kinsman. I resolved to see her myself, if possible, without delay, anxious to redeem her gently from any error. I think there was no priggish impertinence in this wish of mine to interfere. I would but warn Miss Bonnington of Wardrop's marriage, and leave it to her good sense to do or avoid the rest. Having learned that he had gone back with his bride to Edinburgh, I followed, determined to make him tell me where Miss Bonnington was, (for I doubted not that under his auspices she had left her uncle's friendly roof,) and, moreover, to let him know that I would do my utmost to save that maiden from his farther villainy. The accumulated grief and indignation of my spirit threw me into a violent fever a few hours after my arrival in Edinburgh, and it was nearly a month ere I was again able to walk out. The very first evening after quitting my chamber, I saw, by chance, in the dim twilight, Emily Bonnington walking alone in an obscure street, forlorn and wo-begone, pale of countenance, slow and irregular in her step. She did not seem to recognise me as I passed by; and why did I pass by without addressing her? Oh, God! I wanted to see if she had not become one of those miserable women who give their beauty and their embraces for hire. She walked forward, however, without offering, or meeting with, interruption, and I followed, till, as she was about to be admitted into a house in a mean part of the city, I touched her on the shoulder from behind, announced my name, and asked if I might talk with her for a few minutes.

"Certainly, sir, in virtue of former acquaintanceship," replied she, with proud alacrity.

We were accordingly ushered, by a woman of decent appearance, into a small room, when Miss Bonnington, turning to me with a somewhat peremptory look, as if, without delay, to know my business, I felt myself obliged to state at once for what reason I had sought her. She was angry and proud, and haughtily rejected my plea that I saw her unfortunate.

"If so," she said, "my misfortunes are my own, and of my own free choice. I must be rid of your ring," she continued, "for I see that, in virtue of my having accepted it, you think yourself warranted in very unnecessary interference." Suiting the action to the words, she drew it forth, with peremptory haste, from a small box into which it had been carefully put, and was about to throw it into the fire, when I interposed. "Pause—hear me for one moment, Miss Bonnington," I cried. "I am newly redeemed from the gates of death, and my heart, when I saw you, could not be so callous, as not to prompt me to follow you, and ask whether you are unhappy. But I shall leave you this instant, if you will still preserve that little pledge."

Her trembling pause, and the big blinding tears that, despite of her efforts to be firm, began to drop fast from

her eyes, were a prelude to the subdued and softened heart, which thus burst into sad flow. "God knows, Mr Hastings, I have much need to keep it, since it is the only little pledge left of my own self-respect. You must leave me, sir; I am dishonoured, God knows, enough. I cannot endure your kind care. But remember, sir, I am not dishonoured as you perhaps suppose. Hark! hark! there comes Wardrop, my cruel—O, no! no! —But he promised to be here to-night; and what must be done with you?" Ere I could turn from the maid, the door of our room was burst open, and I was suddenly assailed and struck down by a blow from behind. I recovered myself, yet reeling, but was again struck down. A second time I rose;—a knife came to my hand with fatal facility;—through mists, and the blood which came over my temples, I saw my own arm raised flashing aloft;—I heard the greedy knife gashing the side of that woman's seducer.

"If you are dishonoured, so are you avenged!" I remember to have cried, panting. I cleared the mist and blood from my eyes. A loud yell was in my ears. Emily had fainted, and fallen back on a chair. The face of my prostrate antagonist had been towards the door;—he was now turning round to look for Emily, and I was horrified to see the bright blue eye of a stranger youth quivering in death.

"Help me to my sister," I heard him say, with an awful look to me of pathetic reproach. I was petrified; I could not move. With an energy that made the purple drops of life spirit and bubble from his side, he raised himself up, and, twisting himself twice round, was at the feet of Emily. He clasped them to his bosom, and kissed her ankles convulsively, with a fearful energy of love. Again he panted forth the name of his sister; then turned upon me his eye, in which death was mingled with a curse. I was brooking the last look which still glared, stiffening, against me, when, in a moment recollecting myself, I sprung to his ear, crying aloud, that I was not his sister's seducer. It was too late. There was no motion of doubt or belief. The film of death had fallen for ever on his eye. And judge me, Calvert, friend of mine, if the cloud of eclipse did not then fall on my heart, which no time shall lift or blot away! You may wonder, but I remember all these particulars distinctly, for I was calm in despair; I see the whole thing by night and day like a dark phantasmagoria; I have gone over the particulars, in my mind's eye, a thousand times, winning each one to its proper place, and arranging the whole like a dance, till the order is at length fixed inalienably before me. I think my cries brought the mistress of the house into the room; and I think it was the voice of her reproaches that first induced me to flee, which I did more from horror at my deed, than fear from my responsibility. I descended a stair, and hurried along the crowded streets. Every eye seemed intent upon me; and I heard the sound of men's feet, as if hurrying away to some judgment—some great verdict against me. The coaches seemed to be rolling along the night-streets with greater speed and a louder sound of wheels than usual; and they were filled, methought, with men who were in haste on my account. Lamps and torches, as I passed, flashed brightly in my face, as if for the wicked purpose of detection; and every motion of the crowded metropolis seemed instinct with earnestness in relation to my bloody offence. Without any formal choice of route, I made my escape from the city by a south road, merely because I had happened to fall upon it most readily. Three or four miles away from the last din of the town, I sat me down on a green bank, weary and bewildered, and there fell fast asleep. I must have slept for several hours, for when I sat down, I saw the moon broad and red coming up above the horizon, and when I awoke she was riding high and clear. I have often wondered how, in my weakness after late fever, I could stand such fatigue and exposure; but such is the fact, that, despite of these untoward circumstances, I

gained, upon the whole, my bodily strength very fast. When I awoke, as stated above, I was pretty calm in spirit, and could calculate the meaning and farther direction of my flight. I was indeed sorry that, in a weak and irritable mood, I had been induced to flee at all, which would be construed into an absconding from justice, and would thus bear the face of the worst guilt; and I had some thoughts of returning back to the city and surrendering myself up to justice; but again I thought it better to go home and explain my unhappy predicament to Mrs Hastings, and there quietly abide the pursuit of the law.

On reaching Mountcoin, I learned that Mrs Hastings had the day before set out to see me on a third visit since my fever began, and that, moreover, she meant to proceed onwards to Glasgow, there to stay for a few weeks. Scarcely had a day gone by when, as I had hourly anticipated, I was apprehended at Mountcoin for the murder of Mr Harry Bonnington, and conveyed to jail in Edinburgh.

In the course of a few months, my trial came on. The main witness in the case was the landlady of the house in which I committed the rash deed. According to her deposition, the deceased (Harry Bonnington) came furiously into her house on the evening in question, and she saw him knock me down violently, and the blood spring from my head. She saw nothing farther, having retreated to her own apartment in great alarm. Emily Bonnington was named as a witness; but, alas! alas! she had died—I presume of a broken heart—ere this day of trial. This was a thing to make my heart grow old in an hour! And then there was the second awful explanation, made in the course of the trial, with farther particulars, of which I shall not trouble you—that I had slain that brother of hers, a brave and manly sailor-boy, at the very moment when, with a brother's piercing love, he had found out his unhappy sister's retreat, to win her back from the spoiler! Under circumstances, it would seem, of strong palliation, a verdict of Manslaughter merely was found against me, and my sentence was three months' imprisonment. So soon as my confinement was over, I went to wait on Mrs Hastings, with a confusion of feelings, in reference to her, which I cannot well express. About a week after my first lodgement in jail, I had written to her, explaining my unhappy situation, and praying her to come and see me; in answer to which, I received a letter from her, stating that she could not comply with my wish; adding, moreover, that I was not her son, that my real name was Bremner, that she had bought me, when I was a child, from my mother, a vagrant woman, who was unable to support me; that she had done very much for me, but that I had testified my wild blood by my late horrible act, and that she was determined to outenance me no longer. With this letter of hers in my hand, I now made my way, without ceremony, to her residence, and thus bitterly began:—"So, madam, in addition to your many excellent lessons, which have yet been insufficient to reclaim my savage nature, you must now teach me where to find this worshipful mother of mine."

"My son! my own son, still!" cried she, weeping and embracing me. "It was these greedy interested relations of mine who made me write that cruel letter. Oh! say on forgive me, Edward, for you have been indeed a kind son to me!"

In whatever may be the mere force of blood, there is at least equal power in long habits of reverence and affection; and now, in my turn, I embraced and forgave at once the weak, but kind, old lady. "But yet," said I, with severe solemnity, "there is something strange and awful in this relation of mine to an unknown mother, who may yet be alive, and whose name at least, if you cannot instruct me how to find her, I am determined ereforth to bear, to honour the being who gave me a body and a spirit. But, O! there must be more—far more! You have blessed me, lady, with good instruction, for which I thank you. But you must now instruct me

how to find that true mother of my life; and it must be my sacred duty to take care of her, for perhaps—By Heaven! you have done grievously wrong, lady! Perhaps—Who knows what may be her habits? Now, speak quickly—where am I to seek her?"

There was a pause, as Mrs Hastings seemed alarmed at the earnestness of my manner and her own responsibility; but when I repeated my question with somewhat of sternness, she replied, meekly, that she knew nothing of the woman; that she had not seen her for fifteen years. She owned, moreover, with tears, that she had made it one condition of keeping me as her own son, that my wretched mother was not to see me more than once a year, and that she was never to make known her relationship to me; wherefore, as she had not come to see me during all these fifteen years, it might be inferred she was long ago dead. I had to assent to this conclusion. But when Mrs Hastings, weakly and with little tact, promised at this moment to do any thing for me, and to leave me, when she died, all her substance, I declared it my purpose now to make my own way in the world, and never to keep her property from her natural heirs.

Accordingly, in a few weeks, I proceeded to sea, in the capacity of a surgeon's mate, after taking an affectionate leave of my kind old patroness, and promising to open a punctual correspondence with her, and in all respects to be her son, save in so far as regarded my name, and the ultimate possession of her property. I was soon advanced in my new occupation, and at length, after many years of hard service, was appointed physician to a military hospital in the Isle of Wight, where I remained till about six months ago, when I was summoned to attend the death-bed of Mrs Hastings. According to my former resolution, I would accept none of her property in bequeathment, save this mansion, which she forced me to take as a pledge of my gratitude for the comforts which, in my boyhood, I had therein experienced. And here, having lately given up my professional duties, and retired on half-pay, I mean to spend the remainder of my life. I have lived here for three months now in almost perfect solitude. No one seeks my company, for it is generally reported, I believe, that I am fearfully distressed in mind for the murder (grant the term) which I committed in my youth. Nor is this altogether an idle report; for though I have forgot, in a great measure, Catherine Sinton, and others whom I loved as the friends of my youth, that boy Harry Bonnington haunts my soul day and night. I have travelled in various lands, "seen many men and many cities," been in sea-fights many a one, yet, despite of all change of place, despite of every circumstance most likely to render a man callous, the guilty rashness of that early blow of mine troubles me still.

(Part III. in our next.)

ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ—"WINGED WORDS."

By William Tennant.*

Wing'd words, that flew from babbling Babel forth,
As from their centre, round the spacious earth;
As birds that flit from land to land sublime,
Their notes or plumage vary with their clime,
So breath-created words, as round they range
From clime to clime, are doom'd to suffer change;
Yet, though disfigured, they are still the same,
And a small voice yet mutters whence they came.

I CANNOT help considering the Hebrew plural terminations *IM*, *IN*, and *UTH*, as the origin, not only of the plural symbols *EN* and *S* of our northern languages, but also of those of the Greek and Latin, and all the other languages, ancient and modern, on both shores of the Mediterranean. For the Latin language had, like the Greek, only two plural terminations, *I* and *ES*, as *FENNAI*, *DOMINOI*, *SERMONES*, *FRUCTUS*, *ARES*; and when we know that the Hebrews, Babylonians, and Syrians, suppressed the *x* in

* See a former Article, of a similar nature, in the *Lit. Jour.* Vol. II. p. 35.

a frequently-occurring construction of their substantives, as did the Latins always before a vowel, as their poetry still testifies, the permanent loss of the omisable *x* need not be a matter of marvel. But the identity of the Hebrew plural *UTH*, with the Greek and Latin *es*, or *s*, is not so obvious; yet it is, with great probability, deducible from the many manifest mutations of a similar kind that have taken place in other words. For we find, that in many, if not in all languages, the sound *th* is commutable with *s*, proceeding, as it does, from this cause, that that particular conformation of the enunciative organs which is necessary to pronounce *th*, most easily and naturally lapses into the utterance of *s*. An example of this exists in our own language, in the third person singular, *pres. indic.*—as *HATH*, *HAS*, *LOVETH*, *LOVES*. And if this happens in the vocables of one language relative to itself, much more is it likely to happen in words transmitted from one language to another, and exposed, in passing from land to land, to many dangerous accidents of change. Accordingly, we find the Hebrew *ATHUN*, an *ass*, metamorphosed into the Latin *ASINUS*; the Greek *αἰθῆρ* adulterated into the Latin *ANIMUS*, *ANISE*: so the Latin first person plural *MUS* is formed from the Greek *μῖθᾱ*, *λεγειμῖθᾱ* (in one of the dialects *λεγομῖθᾱ*) becoming *LEGI-MUS*. So also the fusion of the particle *θη*, the original sign of the genitive singular, into *s*, as *Πυθωνέθῃ*, *Πυθωνέσῃ*, *γῆθῃ*, *γῆσῃ*.^{*} The alternation of these letters may also account for the diversity of the imperative of the second aorist, which appears to trepidate between the particle *θ* and *s*, as *γῆθῃ*, *γῆσθῃ*, *δῶθῃ*, *δῶσῃ*. And some words in Greek are written indifferently, as it would seem, with a *θ* or *s*, as *Εὐδοθῆς*, *Εὐδοσῆς*, whence *AEYSSUS*; nay, the Spartans seem to have pronounced the *θ* of nearly all Attic words, where that letter occurs, as an *ε*, as *παρῆντες*, *ἀγῶν*, *ἐφεῖς*, for *παρθῆντες*, *ἀθῶν*, *ἐφῆς*. And, with regard to other languages, we may remark, that the Arabians and Persians have a letter of nearly the same written symbol, but pronounced by the former people as *th*, by the latter, who like softer sounds, as *s*. Moreover, the Chaldeans changed the *th* of Hebrew words very frequently into *sh*. From all these instances, tending to prove the commutability of these apparently different sounds, we think we have warrant enough to infer the original identity of these plural terminations.

It is an amusing, and not unprofitable, exercise to note, connected as it is with the origin and cognition of nations, the devastations committed on words by emigration. Some retain the first syllable; some retain the last; some the middle; some, in vagabonding thousands of miles, retain their principal consonants; some only one; some are so completely recast, that they retain no similitude to their originals, but are only to be recognised as the same, or as cognates, through the intervention of some middle language, which is the connecting bond that betrays them. But, amid all the numerous metamorphoses—more wonderful than those of Ovid—effected on far-travelled words, the most extraordinary and inexplicable is, that they should be pronounced and spelled backwards to their original formation. Of this there are so many examples, that amid the infinite multiplication of sounds in human speech, such a coincidence cannot be deemed fortuitous: it must be founded, we know not how, in nature. The Latin word *TERRA*, *earth*, is nearly the Hebrew word *ARETS* backwards. The Hebrew words *AN*, *AM*, signifying *FATHER* and *MOTHER*, are either in their backward or straightforward spelling the origin of nearly all the words in the European languages denoting *FATHER* and *MOTHER*. In Chaldee, several words are just the Hebrew written backwards. The Latin *PLUMBUM*, *lead*, is from the Greek *μολύβδῃ*—*FORMA* from *μορφή*—*NUM* from *μῦθος*—*LIGNUM* from *ξύλον*—(English, a *LOG*)—*WARRIS* from *ῥα*. Our English words, *cow*, *LAMB*, are from *VACCA* and

μῦθος—*PEEL* from *ἀλεω*—*GRIN* from *μῖνγω*—*TOE* and *ROT* are from the German *Butt* and *Topp*, with many others unnecessary to particularize. It has been remarked, that young persons, beginning to spell and read, frequently, and without being conscious of it, pronounce the words backwards; but it has never, so far as I know, been observed that children, or uneducated persons, do, in their ordinary speech, utter words in their backward spelling.

To an observer of mental phenomena, it is interesting to trace the words significative of mind, its operations and affections, to their primitives, and to note how, in different languages, these relationships correspond. The word signifying *WIND* is the root, I believe, in mostly all languages, of words signifying *SPIRIT* or *MIND*. The Sanskrit syllable *AN*, denoting *breath* or *wind*, is the root of the Greek *αἶμας*, (and *ἀν* *ἀμας*), whence the Latin *ANIMA* and *ANIMUS*. We have a very old Scottish word, *AYND*, or *END*, denoting *breath*, which is evidently from the same origin. The Greek *πνεῦμα*, a *spirit*, is from *πνι*, to *blow*—*ψυχή*, the *soul*, is connected with, or most probably derived from, *ψυχῆ*, *cold air*;—our word *SPIN* is from *spiro*, to *breathe* or *blow*;—the Hebrew word, denoting a *SPIRIT*, are all of similar signification, *AN* or *BREATH*. Our word *GHOST*, or *GHAIST*, is of Saxon origin, and the same with *GUST*, a *blast* of *wind*. Again, many of the words denoting acts or affections of the mind appear to have been originally agricultural terms, expressive of rural labour. The Hebrew word *ALACH*, to *think* or *meditate*, means properly to *FLOUGH*—the Latin verb *PUTARE*, to *think*, signifies properly to *PRUNE* them—the verb *CERNERE*, to *discern* or *distinguish*, denotes properly to *SIFT CORN*—the verb *LEGERE*, to *read*, seems to have its primary signification to *GATHER FRUIT*, *FLOWER*, or *LEAVES*, (whence *LECTUS*, a *bed*, as being originally of leaves.) The Hebrew word *AMER*, a word of *SATIS*, denotes a *branch*; and the Latin word *SERMO* appears to be a derivative from *SERO*, to *sow* or *plant*. The word *SOLICIT*, *SOLICITIOUS*, denotes *TUNING UP THE SOIL*; the word *TRIBULATION* is from *TRIBULA*, the *dray* with which they threshed their corn. But once more, the Latin *SAPIENTIA*, *wisdom*, is derived from *SAPIO*, to *TASTE*; the Hebrew word *TOME*, *GOOD SENSE*, or *DISCRETION*, is derived from *TOM*, to *TASTE*; the word *GUST* seems to have been used in Scotland in the sense of *KNOWING BY EXPERIENCE*. When we say a *MAN OF TASTE*, we mean also a man of intellectual discrimination and *GOOD SENSE* or *LETTERS*.

The Sanskrit word *MAN*—the Hebrew words *CAL*, or *KIR*, or *KIRTE*, a *city*, and *BAL*, a *possession*, or *possest*, are to be found scattered nearly through the whole earth. The last word, *BAL*, is used both as a prefix in the sense of a *possession*, and as a suffix in that of *possessor*;—prefixed to names of places, as *BAAL-GAD*, *BAAL-HERMON*—postfixed to many proper names, and particularly to several famous persons in Tyre and Carthage, as *ASDRETHAL*, *HANNIBAL*, *ITHABAL*. The word *CAR*, or *KIR*, or *KIRZ*, a *town* or *city*, is used also both as a prefix and suffix, in the same signification of *city*, as in the words *CALATHAIM*, *KIR-JATHJEARIM*, *CAR-THAGE*, *CAR-THIA*, and other names of towns in the north of Africa and south of Spain;—in a suffix state it is to be found in *TIGRANACRISTE*, the *city* of *Tigranes*, and other towns of like termination near the Euphrates;† and it is very remark-

* I would beg leave to suggest, with all becoming humility, to Professor Dunbar, whether this root is not the etymon of the Greek participle *αἰσῶν*, *SENS*. It is certain that the Sanskrit *ASTHAN* (Greek *αἰσῶν*) signifies *BRATE*, *SOUL*, *SPIRIT*, *SELF*; and it is certain that the Oriental *WISSEN*, signifying *BREATH* or *SPIRIT*, appears to be used in the Hebrew, as it undoubtedly is in the Arabic, for *سَاف*. Sir William Jones suspects that our word *SELF* is synonymous with *SOUL*, but I do not know if it can be traced to any root having that import. It is the German *SELBST*, and there, I believe, it ends.

† This word *CAR*, *KIR*, *KIRTE*, seems to have had the same extensive sweep of possession from the southern shores of the Caspian

* Of this change we have manifest proof in *καθῆν* becoming *καὶ*.

ble, that these same Hebrew monosyllables, BAL and CAR, are to be found as prefixes to so many names of our own, and even of our farm-standings, as CARLSLE, CARBORPHIN, CARHURLIK, BALCARRAS, BALCOMIE.—As to be word MAN, it is certainly one of the oldest and most venerable in the mouths of men. In the Hebrew, and in numerous dialects, it is not, I believe, to be found; but it may be discovered lurking amid the BRAHMANES, in that name, given them three thousand years ago, well attests: From these respectable gymnosophists, it wound its way to Europe through CARMANIA, till it finally issued among the MARCOMANNI, ALKEMANNI, and GERMANI, leaving traces of its transition in ARTAXERXES CODOMANNUS, the poet ALICMAN, and sundry other notable persons. It now flourishes in most reputation in Germany and our own British Isles.

The words SUN, MOON, and STARS, are of great antiquity, and deserve to be held in much reputation among us on that score; yet, what is strange, the moon seems to be of more celebrity than the sun, and the stars are of more reputable nobility and territorial possession than the other two. For the sun seems to have only had the rule in Germany and the North, where, by the by, he appears somewhat discredibly to be feminine; whereas the moon blazes not only as a masculine luminary in the North, (DEE MOND,) but must have extended her name and influence both in Greece and Latium, as the words LUN and LUNIS (which are also both masculine) still testify, though these two words are deflected a little, and lenite not the moon, but her month, or time measured by her. The original root of the name lies in the Sanskrit, MAS, a month. As for the STARS, they seem to have extended themselves in a sort of galaxy all the way from Indus to Iceland; for we first perceive them twinkling in the Persian SITARAN; then they shine out more in the Greek *στυρα*, *στυρα*, and glimmer but a little in *τυρις*, *ταυρις*, (many started); again they appear in the Lætan ASTRUM, and at length sparkle out in the German STERN, GESTERN, the Scottish STARN, the English STARS, and at last die away in the farthest North, under the celestial STORNA.—Our domestic words, MILK, CHEESE, and BUTTER, are likewise to be venerated for their antiquity. The first word has been variously dislocated and mutilated in its passage down the stream of time to us. It first appears in Homer's *αμολα* and *αμολα*, which is moulded into the Latin MULGO, MULCTUM. A different form of it appears in *γλα*, *γλαστω*, of which the Latins by amputation have made their LAC, LACTIS. Our MILK is from the German *milch*, and more resembles the supine of the Latin verb.

There are words of contrary significations to be found in all languages, yet without any contradiction or obscurity occasioned by their use. In Arabic, there are a good many; in Latin, about eight or ten; in Greek, nearly as many; in English, but a few, and these are, I think, mostly denominative verbs, or verbs derived from nouns. In Latin, English, and Hebrew, such denominative verbs are generally employed in the sense of giving, seldom that of depriving; yet, instances there are in English and Hebrew, of their being used in both senses; and sometimes in one language the verb is used in one signification, and in a contrary signification in another, as the Latin verb *populatio*, which is only used in the sense of strippling, and in our English verb to *people*, which is only used in the sense of stocking with people. In English, we have a few such denominative verbs of opposite significations, as TO HEAD, TO SKIN, TO DUST. TO HEAD A MAN, is to deprive him of the head, but TO HEAD A PIN, or a MOB, is to give either of these objects heads.

brought Palestine, to Mount Atlas, and the Straits of Hercules, that he word BUMO, BABA, BAIA, BAIGA had from the same Straits, brought Spain, Germany, and Scythia, to the northern shores of the Indian.

Of this uncommon class of verbs appears to me to be our misunderstood English verb to LET, which in our lexicons is represented, according to its two opposite meanings, as two distinct and unconnected verbs, whereas it seems to be but one and the same verb, derived from the noun LET, an obstacle, and signifying either TO PRESENT AN OBSTACLE, OR TO REMOVE ONE.

In a former article, I suggested the probability that the Egyptian word OLD, an island, an eminence rising from the sea, a mountain, was the origin of the name ALBION, given to an island, by the earliest navigators. It may be, moreover, in all humility, suggested, that this same vocable is not only the Latin ALB and ALP, a title given to so many mountains, but also the Grecian OLYMP, which seems, from its general use, to have been a general name for any eminence or mountain, for we find it in Thessaly, in Cyprus, Lycia, and Mysia, wherever the Greek language was spoken. The insertion of the servile consonant M took place in other words transplanted into Greek, as in the Hebrew and Egyptian MOPH becoming MEMPHIS. As for ALB or OLD, we find the name given to HILLS, or HILLY COUNTRIES, from ALBANIA, near the Caspian Sea, whose neighbourhood was colonized by the Egyptians (an additional reason for believing it to be the Egyptian OLD,) to the towns ALBUM and ALBINUM, at the foot of the Alps. I think it is Strabo that mentions somewhere that, from the frequent occurrence of the syllable ALB in names of towns near the Alps, he suspects that those mountains themselves had been originally called by that name, and not by ALP, thereby identifying it with ALBA LONGA, ALBANUS, ALBURNUS, &c., which are all either mountains, or cities placed on mountains. It may be also noted here, that the other appellative IDA, given by the ancients to so many mountains, is but the Hebrew or Phœnician ID, denoting a pillar, column, or monument. The two eminences near Cadix, the farthest limits of the west, called the PILLARS OF HERCULES, prove that these hills had originally obtained the same Phœnician designation, but that the Oriental appellative was translated so as to be understood by the Greeks and Romans; as the Hebrew name GOLGOTHA, that it might be intelligible to the Romans, was translated into CALVARY, and as we translate it, THE PLACE OF A SKULL.

The Latin language appears to me to be indebted to the Hebrew, as it undoubtedly is to the Sanskrit, far more than the Greek is indebted to either. Probably the Greeks had many of their words, through the intermediate islands, from Egypt, of whose ancient language we unfortunately know so little. The Latin substantive verbs *esse* and *ui* may be obviously traced to the Hebrew substantive verbs *היה* (*IAH*) and *נשח* (*NEUA*.) The very similarity of sound, as well as signification, is sufficient to prove the identity of the first verb *IAH*, with *esse*; and as to the latter verb, the change of the gentle aspirate into *r*, is well known to have been practised both by the Æolians and Latins; and in other Hebrew words transplanted into the Latin language, the strong vowel or the aspirate is in like manner changed into an *r* or *v*, as *אמול*, a workman, becoming *FAMULUS*—*נחמה*, life, becoming *VITA*—*ידע*, to know, or see, becoming *VIDEO*. We may remark, that these Latin verbs, *esse* and *ui*, though, owing to their similar signification, they are classed together in our Latin Grammars, are quite distinct, and have no more family cognation than *fero*, *tuli*, *latum*, or *feras*, *feracul*. In fact, *ui* belongs to *rio*, not to *sum*; in proof of which, the parts supposed to be wanting to *rio*, and applied to it in our Grammars by tenses compounded of the passive participle *factus*, are all filled up by the tenses derived from *ui*, and now classed under *sum*, who has, like a thief, purloined what was not her own. *Rio* may be thus completed;—

FIO (or Fuo) FUL, FUTUM, (not used) FUERE
or FORE.

Indic. Pres. FIO or Fuo (φω)

Imp. FIERAM.

Perf. FUL

Plup. FUERAM.

Fut. FIAM, FUAM.

Subjs. Pres. FIAM, FUAM.

Imp. FIEREM, FOREM.

Perf. FUERIM.

Plup. FUISSEM.

Fut. FUERO.

Imp. Pres. FI, or FITO (φν.)

Infin. Pres. FIERI, or FORE, FUERE (not used.)

Perf. FUISSE.

Fut. FUTURUS ESSE.

Partic. Fut. FUTURUS, from the disused supine FUTUM.

The verb ESSE is, however, defective, and seems to have only five tenses. It is to be found in Sanskrit, in some of its parts, of nearly the same form as in Latin. It appears to have been originally written thus :—

ESSUM, . . . ESSE.

Indic. Pres. ESSUM, by abbreviation, SUM.

ESIS, . . . ES.

ESIT, . . . EST.

ESUMUS, . . . SUMUS.

ESITIS, . . . ESTIS.

ESUNT, . . . SUNT.

Imp. ESAM, or ERAM, by the change familiar to the old Latins, of R into S, as in ARA for ASA, ARBOR, ARBOS.

Fut. ESO, (ισμαι) ERO, ERIS, &c.

Subjs. Pres. ESIM, by abbreviation, SIM.

Imp. ESSEM.

Infin. Pres. ESSE.

Devongrove, Clackmannanshire,
1st April, 1830.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Monday, 12th April.

DR CARSON in the Chair.

Present.—Sir Patrick Walker, Rev. Dr Blair, Dr Hibbert; James Skene, T. Allan, P. Neill, James Maidment, Donald Gregory, Esqrs. &c. &c.

THE Assistant Secretary noticed a letter he had received from Captain Richards, R.N., a corresponding member, mentioning that he was about to forward, amongst other donations, some Masonic Emblems of undoubted antiquity, found in a Sarcophagus, at Thebes, in Egypt, along with a detail of the manner in which they were discovered.

Dr Hibbert then proceeded to read a communication from M. D. Greville,* of Valognes, Dept. de la Manche, Normandy, a corresponding member, entitled, "Recherches as to some stations of the Pirates of the North, on the coasts of France and England." The chief novelty in this interesting communication, was the idea supported, successfully, we think, by the learned author, that many of the Tumuli, so common in Britain and in France, and which are, for the most part, found near the intrenchments of the Northmen on the coast, or of the fields of battle more inland, where these ruthless invaders encountered the natives of the country, are referable, not, as is generally supposed, to the Britons, but to the pirates of the North. Dr Hibbert stated that this view of the origin of the Tumuli was confirmed by the ornaments of jet discovered in many of them, that substance being a well-known production of the shores of the Baltic.

No remarks were made by any of the other members on this Essay, and the meeting then adjourned.

* This gentleman is now publishing a valuable work on Antiquities—viz. "Recherches sur les Anciens Châteaux du Département de la Manche"—in which he traces, among others, the original Norman residence of the illustrious family of Bruce.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SUMMER THOUGHTS AND SCENES.

By Alexander M'Laggan.

NIGHT pass'd me on the mountain—a lone maid,
With cheek all sadness, and with brow all shade;—
She had been weeping; the soft tears she shed
Fell through the midnight hour
Where, wrapt in mist, the little flower
Had pillow'd its fair head.
And all the brilliant stars that burn'd about
Her high dark coronet, were dwindling out;
The moon, that gemm'd her sadly-solemn breast,
Sunk in the soft folds of her vest,
While cloud roll'd down, like velvet soft, on cloud,
Wrapping her glory in a misty shroud;
And, as her noiseless footsteps cross'd the plain,
Appear'd fast hurrying onward in her train,
Gloom, silent sleep, and dreams of joy and pain.

She passes, and lo! like a youthful queen
Morn comes, and the light of her glowing smile
Gladdens our land for many a mile!
A summer morn! with rainbows bound,
In a wreath of sunshine, her forehead round!
Her robes of gold are wide unfurl'd,
Her glory is gushing o'er all the world!
Summer! remember'st thou the day
When far from our homes you pass'd away?—
We look'd to the woods, we look'd to the hills,
For thy golden glance so pure and fair;
We look'd in the face of the singing rills,
But sadly they told us you were not there!
We look'd to heaven, and then there came
The pealing thunder and lightning flame,
And quick and dark the ponderous shower
Fell heavy upon the ruined tower,
And rushing through the decaying grove,
Unmade the blooming bed of love;
High rose the river swell on swell;
Down from the tower the turrets fell;
The bird of the forest, helpless thing,
Dared not trust its shatter'd wing,
For the blast raved ruthlessly through its nest,
And tore the kind down from its breast,
While drooping fell its songless bill,
And its gleeful voice was hush'd and still;—
But Summer! dear Summer! that day is past,—
Thou hast come again from thy home at last!

O, sweet 'mid the glory of noon to be
A wandering one on the silent shore,
When summer is sailing upon the sea,
And the winds are asleep on its emerald floor!
When the sun bounds up in the morning sky,
And every gentle falling fold
Of the curling wave, that rolls brightly by,
Seems the flutterings on a flag of gold!
Then bounds the glowing breast to view
Ocean's face and varying hue,—
The light, the dark, the blue, the green,—
The silver path where the keel hath been,
And the sea-wash'd tower in the distance seen.
O, thoughts from heaven spring lightly round
The soul at every sight and sound,
When the lute on the land, and the song on the sea
Are blending in glorious harmony!

Now, fruit, and flowers, and song, and mirth,
And love, and peace, live on our earth;
The buds are springing, the rivers are singing,
And echo is ringing the notes around;
How glad and glorious the sights before us,
While music floats o'er us in every sound!

O, deep the joy and fine the feeling,
The true heart owns through its quick veins stealing;
The start, the thrill, the pleasing flutter,
The deep emotion it cannot utter.

The ripples are rising upon the lake,
By the wandering zephyrs upward blown,
Like the aspen fit we sometimes take,
When beauty's breath blends with our own.

Here we may wheel in the merry dance,
Twine the rose wreath—watch each glance
Flashing like lightning from many an eye,
Where love, and youth, and beauty lie;
Here we may feel the young blood start,
And watch the bosom's silken lace
Heave, as if our partner's heart

Was rising up from its resting place;
Here we may chant the tuneful lay,
And echo will sing it far away,
Till evening comes, with serious look,
And darkens the face of the little brook;

Then we shall bid our kind adieus
To all, save the lovely one we choose
To walk with through the leafy grove,
And whisper of joy, and song, and love.

O! sweet in such an hour to trace
The working of thought on Beauty's face!
When o'er the brow and changing cheek
Emotion flits, O! sweet, I ween,

To know that every word you speak
Can lighten or darken the lovely scene!
O! sweet to look on the midnight sky,
And watch each bright star's changing hue,
Then turn to earth to meet an eye,
With a pure soul beaming as brightly through!

O! sweet to part the locks that wreath
Darkly on a maid's white brow,
And into a willing ear to breath

The burning sigh—the faithful vow;
To touch the lips so like the rose,
That rich, and ruddy, and bursting blows!

How cold and stony the abject heart,
Can live 'mid scenes like these unmoved,
And boast, as a high and manly part,
“Those trifling things I never loved!”

The glorious draughts the soul receives,
When the dews come rolling down the leaves,—
The feeling that flies from the heel to the head,
When o'er the soft couch of the flowers we tread,—
The shiver of bliss that shoots through the frame,
Is a rapture his bosom can never claim.

The music of the mighty deep,
When o'er its waves the wild winds sweep,
The heaving of its waters high,
The glory of the midnight sky,
The roaring of the thunder loud,
The bursting of the fiery cloud,
The high dark grandeur of the storms,
The blending of their awful forms,—
Are joys his soul, withouten light,
Can never know in its starless night,
Dark as the lump of mortal clay,
That wraps it round so clumsily!
My glowing heart, be ye ever warm,
For Summer's smile to cheer and charm!

A LETTER TO MY COUSIN.

THE Fancy Ball?—of course, dear coz,
I could not help being there,
Though I mingled in all the gaities, coz,
With a heart that had many a care;
But I hid them beneath my mantle, coz,
For I went as a Spanish Don,

And I look'd as proud as a bridegroom, coz,
When his marriage dress is on.

And in sooth the sight was a pleasant sight
For those who love such things,
And who peep not under the rosy wreath
Which mirth o'er her votaries flings;
'Tis better to catch the spirit, coz,
Of the passing hour as it flies,
Than walk by yourself to a corner, coz,
And begin to philosophize.

I did all I could to be pleased, dear coz,
But I own that I search'd in vain
For a face whose features might bring me back
The light of thy face again;
Oh! beauty is often talk'd of, coz,
But very rarely seen,—
Beauty that looks like a seraph, coz,
And moves like a starry queen.

And the men were worse than the women, coz,
They were all so pompous and dull;
And some look'd as awkward as if they had spent
Their lives in the Isle of Mull;
And each seem'd painfully conscious, coz,
That he wore a fancy dress,
Which he knew had cost him twenty pound,
As nearly as he could guess.

The Scotch are too grave a people, coz,
To enjoy a Fancy Ball;
They lack the gladdening sun that shines
On the Tuscan Carnival.
Their misty climate affects their blood,
And acts like a witch's spell;
They cannot fling their reserve aside,
And sing “*Vive la bagatelle!*”

Oh! 'twas only a shadow dim and faint,
Of what it might have been,
Had a livelier spirit ruled o'er the hour,
And danced through the glittering scene;
Even I could have felt the influence, coz,
Of souls more warm and free,—
Souls which, like thine, could have left the earth,
And gone up to the sky with me.

But the souls lay some in a necklace, coz,
And some in the style of hair;
And some in the peak of a stomacher,
And some—heaven best knows where;—
From a feather or two, peep'd the souls of a few,
From a turban that of others;
And some had never got souls at all
From their fathers or their mothers.

Doubtless there were exceptions, coz,
If one could have found them out;
And 'tis always a thankless task at best
To grumble, and sneer, and pout;
Amongst so many smiles, dear coz,
What had my sighs to do?
Where every one was looking sweet,
Why the deuce should I look blue?

Then, live the Fancy Ball, dear coz,
With its terribly sour champagne;
And if there be another next year,
May we all be at it again!
And may none of the ladies who glitter'd there
Be angry at what I've said,
For, rather than anger a fair lady,
I'd let her chop off my head.

H. G. B.

TO VIVIAN.

BELOVED! I am not sad to-night,
Though from my eyes you see
The gentle tears, like stars, all bright,
Now falling fast and free;
'Tis bliss that calls them from my heart,
As Memory brings to me
The thought of all thy tenderness,
And all my love for thee!

Beloved! it is the holy eve,
And, in the hush divine,
Deep, nameless feelings o'er me steal,
To soften and refine!
Oh! never 'midst the glare of day
Such pure emotions rise,
As when the sunset, far away,
Is fading from the skies!

Beloved! see these two silver streams,
Their gentle waves unite,
And see! two fairy clouds that join
In one their amber light;
Ah! even thus, our placid souls,
In this sweet hour of even,
Are mingling in one tide of bliss,
As calm as yonder heaven!

Beloved! it is a sacred trust
That we were born to hold!
Oh! what to it is fame or power,
Or all the wide world's gold?
Our hearts! our hearts! with all their hopes,
Their truth, their deep devotion,
Each yielded to the other free,
With every warm emotion!

Beloved! it is no time to speak
The thoughts that crowd the mind;
Oh! let my tears flow on, they'll leave
A heavenly quiet behind!
Behold, the moonbeams on the lake
In mild sad beauty sleep;
Come, let us wander silent on,
And heed not though I weep!

GERTRUDE.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among other novelties which have been laid upon our table this week, but which we do not consider it necessary to review at length, are, 1st. The fifth volume of Dr Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, containing a *Treatise on Mechanics*, prepared by Captain Henry Kater, Vice-President of the Royal Society, and Dr Lardner himself;—it is a beautifully printed and embellished book; and we have no doubt will be found highly useful and correct.—2d. The second edition enlarged, of Christopher Anderson's *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish*, a work of a popular and practical character, calculated to do much good.—3d. The 12th number of the *Family Library*, being a new edition of Southey's admirable *Life of Nelson*, illustrated by a number of spirited wood-cuts.—4th. The 5th number of Valpy's *Family Classical Library*, containing Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, translated by the Hon. Maurice Ashley Cooper.—5th. A very distinct and finely-executed *Panorama of the Maine, and the adjacent country from Mayence to Frankfurt*, published by Samuel Leigh of London, well known for the excellence and variety of his travelling maps.—6th. *Nuga Semitæ, or Metrical Sketches, descriptive and moral*, a little work in which the author's good intentions are much more conspicuous than his poetical abilities.—7th. *Specimens of a new Version of Homer*, containing the whole of the first book of the *Iliad*, the Parting of Hector and Andromache, and the Description of the Shield of Achilles, very spiritedly executed in heroic verse, by that excellent translator and talented scholar, William Sotheby.—8th. *A New Treatise on the Rules, Principles, and Manner of Playing Écarté*, the game of chance most in vogue at present both in London and Paris, but an ignorance of which is no great crime.—9th. *A View of the Origin, Objects, and Utility of Freemasonry*, by the

W. Substitute Master of St David's Lodge, Edinburgh, a pamphlet wherein all the advantages accruing from the Masonic Mysteries are clearly pointed out.

We have received, too late for review this week, Mr David Syme's ably-executed translation from the *Chronicles of Gataro*, entitled, "The Fortunes of Francesco Novello da Carrara Lord of Padua, an historical tale of the fourteenth century." We shall notice this work at length next week.

The *Olive Branch*, for 1851, will be published in October next. It will be elegantly bound in rich crimson silk, and embellished with a highly-finished portrait on steel of Robert Pollok, A.M., author of the "Course of Time."

Sir Walter Scott has undertaken an interesting new work for Mr Murray, being a History of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Witchcraft and Democlogy in Scotland.

BOTANY.—Dr Hooker, who has been employed during the last autumn and winter in printing his *British Flora*, has just brought his labours to a close, and the whole of the *Phænogamæa*, or Flowering Plants and Ferns, will be published during the present month. These will be comprised in one moderately-sized duodecimo volume; and as the work is especially intended for the use of students in botany, the greatest pains have been taken to render it as simple as possible. The whole is written in the English language, and all unnecessary technicalities are avoided. The same general plan is pursued as in the author's *Flora Scotica*, where, by omitting a load of needless synonymy, and by confining the remarks to such as are essential for an understanding of the genera and species, or to a notice of the uses and properties of the plant, a much greater quantity of really valuable matter is included in a small space than has been accomplished in any other *Flora*. As a still farther improvement, a definition is given of all the classes and orders, and of the genera. The names throughout are accented,—the natural order to which each genus belongs is expressed,—and the generic character, in every instance, stands at the head of the species—a practice frequently lost sight of in our *Floras*, but which appears of great importance to the student, although it was not adopted in the *Flora Scotica*. The whole of the descriptive matter has been carefully revised, by a comparison of authentic specimens; several new plants have been added to the list, and Dr Hooker has been materially aided by many of the ablest British Botanists. In particular, he has to acknowledge the services of Mr W. Wilson of Warrington, than whom no one has studied nature with greater enthusiasm and success; and of Mr Bæverfjord, who has kindly undertaken to write entirely the genera *Myrica*, *Rosa*, and *Rubus*—tribes to which, it is well known, he has paid the most devoted attention. In the *Willows*, too, he has given much valuable assistance. A short account of the more important of the natural orders will be appended to the end of the volume, and mention made of the most useful plants belonging to them; and the whole, it is confidently expected, will form an indispensable manual to all who wish to render themselves acquainted with the wild flowers of their native country. The price will be about 12s. A future part will comprise the *Cryptogamic Flora*, for which the author has collected extensive materials, and the printing of which will be forthwith commenced, so that this may be equally considered the continuation of the *English Flora* of Sir James E. Smith as of Dr Hooker's *British Flora*, since it will contain all that is necessary to the completion of either; and thus will be accomplished, what has long been esteemed a great desideratum, an entire *Flora* of the British Isles.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—Mr Macaulay, known as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, has been lately brought into Parliament, and seems determined to make a noise if possible. Doubts, however, are entertained of his ever rising so high as his ambition may prompt; but he is a young man, of decided talent and extensive information.—At the Anniversary Festival, a few days ago, of the Scottish Hospital, the Duke of Clarence presided, and the subscription in aid of the funds was very liberal.—Mr Haydon's admired picture of "Euclea, the Athenian, telling the news of the battle of Marathon," has been disposed of by raffle.—There was a report a short time ago that King's College was to be given up, but this report has been contradicted on authority.—Mr Goodwin's scheme of a vast national cemetery on Primrose Hill, seems likely to meet with encouragement.—Prince Leopold has departed for the Continent, to make a round of P. P. C. visits to his friends in France and Germany previous to his departure for Greece.—They are very busy with Temperance Societies in Ireland;—there was a great meeting of what is styled the Hibernian Temperance Society in Dublin a few days ago.—It is said that Murray prints 15,000 copies of each volume of his *Family Library*.—A Collection has just been published of Croly's poems, in three volumes; and also, a Selection, entitled the *Beauties of Shelley*.—Lockhart's beautiful ballad from the *Spanish*, "Arise, arise, Xerife," has been dramatised for the private theatricals at Bridgewater House, in which Lord and Lady Normanby, Lady Frances Leveson Gower, and many other ladies and gentlemen, perform.—Newton, the artist, has recently completed three fine new works.—A Contemplative Abbot.—Shylock's Parting Charge to Jessica,—and the Grisette, at Calais, measuring her gloves across the hand of Sterne.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Doom of Devorgoil; a Melodrama.—Auchindrane; or, the Ayrshire Tragedy. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edinburgh. Cadell and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 337.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has arrived at that high summit of reputation, that he may publish what he chooses, without the chance—we may even say without the possibility—of adding to, or detracting from, his celebrity. He is as high as he can be in the literary world, and he is too strong in his position, too resolutely guarded by a whole nation, to run any risk of being driven from it. This being the case, Sir Walter perceives that he may lie upon his ears when he has a mind, and that, having so long been accustomed to speak real pearls, nobody will find fault with the deception, should he now speak a few paste ones. In his old trunks and writing-desks, he has a good many manuscripts, which he wrote either very hastily, or when he was a young man, and which maturer judgment taught him the wisdom of suppressing. He *did* suppress them for a good while; but knowing that he is now the *rage*, and that he can get for them more than their weight in gold, he considers it prudent to bestow the good-will of his old trunks and writing-desks upon his publishing friends. The very first page in the volume before us informs us that “These dramatic pieces, or at least the first of them,” (we do not very well understand this mode of expression) “were long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr Terry, then manager of the Adelphi Theatre,” but that the “Doom of Devorgoil,” in particular, had faults “which rendered it unfit for representation.” Sir Walter farther mentions, that he is sorry he did not call the piece an *extravaganza*, rather than a melo-drama. This is candid enough, but certainly such a statement is not exactly calculated to convince us of the propriety of giving to the world now, what the author himself has so long felt to be inferior. It is true that the inferiorities of a great mind are often superior to the best efforts of a little mind; but surely the literary republic is not yet in so very deplorable a condition as to be thankful to pick up the crumbs that fell from the breakfast-table of the late Mr Terry of the Adelphi. “I know these dramas are bad,” says Sir Walter Scott, “but they were written long ago.” Then, why were they not put into the fire long ago? “It is difficult to tell; but I can have a large sum for them now, and so here they are.” Here they are with a vengeance; and a great deal duller than either “*Halidon Hill*” or “*The House of Aspen*.”

In sober earnest, though we are perfectly willing to allow that the name of Sir Walter Scott is a sunbeam which can convert darkness into light, we must not allow it to dazzle us so entirely as to prevent us from seeing that he sometimes sleeps, as Homer did. Here are two plays which would have damned most men, or set them down for life as very good part of mediocre writers, —a fate which we consider equivalent to damning. But they will not affect Sir Walter's reputation a jot; nay,

they may perhaps strengthen it for aught we know. We are willing to bet a trifle, that there are critics who will find out new and unthought-of beauties in these dramatic productions, because, having for years been accustomed to tie the great man's shoe-string, they are now prepared to worship its shadow.

Both of these plays are in three acts; the plot of both is exceedingly bare and meagre; and in both, the *dramatis personæ* are far from being sketched with a powerful and commanding pencil. The “Doom of Devorgoil,” is in particular woefully deficient in interest, and the catastrophe clumsily and abruptly brought about, while the attempt at humour in the characters of *Gullcrammer*, *Owlspiegle*, and *Cockledemoy*, we cannot help thinking an entire failure. The plot is simply this;—Oswald of Devorgoil is a decayed Scottish baron, living in his solitary and ruinous castle on the Borders; he is married to a good sort of woman called Eleanor, and has a daughter Flora, and a niece Katleen, both residing with him. Leonard, a handsome young ranger, and Gullcrammer, a conceited divinity student, are admirers of Flora, who, of course, prefers the ranger. His friend and follower, Lancelot Blackthorn, is the lover of Katleen. She and Blackthorn disguise themselves as two mischievous spirits, and play off some foolish pranks on Gullcrammer, greatly to his discomfiture. The last scene introduces us to an old hall in the castle of Devorgoil. There is a prophecy, that, on the fiftieth year from the decease of one of Devorgoil's ancestors, who had committed several murders, his ghost will return, and the doom of the family be fulfilled. Accordingly, the time has now come. The spirit of Lord Erick enters, and, after terrifying all the family, strikes the wall and discovers the treasure chamber. But a heavy portcullis falls before the door and bars our approach. The door, however, must be opened within an hour, else it is the decree of fate that the waters of the lake, which are already rising, will overwhelm the castle. This is a *dignus vindice nodus*, which, however, is not long of being solved, for the spirit of Lord Erick had obligingly taken an opportunity of giving the key of the treasure chamber to Katleen, who now hands it to Leonard, and he unlocks the door. The waters immediately recede, and the treasure remains. The family of Devorgoil is once more rich, and every body is happy.

Now, this is a poor plot; and but little additional interest is communicated to it by the persons with whom it is interwoven. None of the characters are well, or fully, drawn. The three females are positively disagreeable, for they are made to talk in a petulant and unbecoming manner, quite foreign to the gentleness usually belonging to their sex, and consequently effectually checking our interest in them. Leonard has little to do; Blackthorn, who is meant to be witty, is, on the contrary, “melancholy,” without being “gentlemanlike;” and Gullcrammer's absurdities fail to elicit from us a single smile. Durward, a palmer, is introduced, and one expects him to turn out somebody, but he is nobody after all but a simple palmer. The decayed, but still proud Baron Oswald of Devorgoil, is, on the whole, the most interesting person in the piece, and the following passage from the scene in

which he is first brought upon the stage, appears to us about the most spirited in the drama :—

OSWALD (*whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap.*)

Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet
And peasant's plaid. I'll noble it no further.
Let them erase my name from honour's lists,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege,
To match a new-coin'd viscount, whose good grandaire,
The Lord be with him, was a careful skipper,
And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt Leith and Campvere—
Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap,
And knew the coast by moonlight.

FLORA.

Mean you the Viscount Ellondale, my father?
What strife has been between you?

OSWALD.

O, a trifle!

Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about—
Precedence is a toy—a superstition,
About a table's end, joint stool, and trencher.
Something was once thought due to long descent,
And something to Galwegia's oldest baron—
But let that pass, a dream of the old time.

ELEANOR.

It is indeed a dream.

OSWALD (*turning upon her rather quickly.*)

Ha! said ye? Let me hear these words more plain.

ELEANOR.

Alas! they are but echoes of your own.
Match'd with the real woes that hover o'er us,
What are the idle visions of precedence,
But, as you term them, dreams, and toys, and trifles,
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice upon?

OSWALD.

Ay, 'twas for you I framed that consolation,
The true philosophy of clouted shoes
And linsey-woolsey kirtle. I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive
Than what is link'd with honour—Ribbands, tassels—
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled tinsel—
The right of place, which in itself is momentary—
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file, be steep'd so richly
In that elixir, honour, that the lack
Of things so very trivial in themselves
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them
O'er the wild waves,—one in the deadly breach
And battle's headlong front,—one in the paths
Of midnight study—and in gaining these
Emblems of honour, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labours, deeds, and dangers.
What then should he think, knowing them his own,
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil for,
The formal and establish'd marks of honour,
Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence?

ELEANOR (*who has listened to the last speech with some impatience.*)

This is but empty declamation, Oswald.
The fragments left at yonder full spread banquet,
Nay, even the poorest crust swept from the table,
Ought to be far more precious to a father
Whose family lacks food, than the vain boast,
He sat at the board-head.

OSWALD.

Thou'lt drive me frantic!—I will tell thee, woman,—
Yet why to thee? There is another ear
Which that tale better suits, and he shall hear it.

[*Looks at his sword, which he has unbuckled, and addresses the rest of the speech to it.*]

Yes, trusty friend, my father knew thy worth,
And often proved it—often told me of it—
Though thou and I be now held lightly of,
And want the gilded hatchments of the time,
I think we both may prove true metal still.
'Tis thou shalt tell this story, right this wrong :—
Rest thou till time is fitting.

[*Hangs up the sword.*]

There are, of course, some pretty passages and happy thoughts scattered here and there to relieve the general

dulness; and a good number of songs are introduced, mostly of an inferior quality. The following, however, is good :—

SONG.

"When the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

"Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure,
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

"Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy."

"Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy," is founded upon some occurrences which took place in Ayrshire during the reign of James VI., and for the detail of which Sir Walter seems to be indebted to the forthcoming number of Mr Pitcairn's publications from the Scottish Criminal Records. We must say that the Preface to this drama, in which is given a prose account of the crime of Mure of Auchindrane, appears to us much more interesting than the attempt which has been made to put them into the shape of a play. The reason of this is that the prose narrative gives us an account of the whole series of wickednesses committed by the Auchindrane family, whereas the play limits itself to one incident which is by no means sufficient for a whole drama. John Mure of Auchindrane, whom Sir Walter denominates "a Richard the Third in private life," began his career by compassing and procuring the death of Sir Thomas Kennedy, the uncle of his hereditary enemy the Earl of Cassilis. He escaped being prosecuted for this crime, for there was only one person knew of his being its instigator, and that person, a lad of the name of Dalrymple, he contrived to send out of the country for some years. Dalrymple, however, at length returned, and Mure now considered it necessary to murder him, which he did on the sea-shore, with the aid of his son Philip and a vassal of his own called James Bannatyne. To divert public attention from this murder, he renewed his feud with the Earl of Cassilis, and made an assault upon one of his followers. He also laid a scheme for the destruction of his accomplice Bannatyne; but public suspicion being now fairly roused, he and his son were apprehended and brought to trial. It was not without much difficulty that sufficient evidence was procured against them; but it was at length obtained, and they were both publicly executed. We are not sure that anybody could make a very good drama out of this story; certainly it has not been done by Sir Walter Scott. He confines himself to the single incident of Dalrymple's return and subsequent murder, which is not of itself sufficient fully to arouse our interest, and arrest our attention. One of the best scenes is that in which Philip Mure describes to his father the mode of Dalrymple's death. It is necessary to observe that the name of Dalrymple is changed in the drama into that of Quentin Blane, and the vassal Bannatyne is metamorphosed into Niel MacLellan:

A remote and rocky part of the Sea-beach. Enter Auchindrane, meeting Philip.

AUCHINDRANE.

The devil's brought his legions to this beach,
That wont to be so lonely; morions, lances,
Show in the morning beam as thick as glowworms
At summer midnight.

PHILIP.

I'm right glad to see them,
 As they who'er they may, so they are mortal;
 For I've contended with a lifeless foe,
 And I have lost the battle. I would give
 A thousand crowns to hear a mortal steel
 Ring on a mortal harness.

AUCHINDRANE.

How now!—Art mad, or hast thou done the turn—
 The turn we came for, and must live or die by?

PHILIP.

Tis done, if man can do it; but I doubt
 If this unhappy wretch have Heaven's permission
 To die by mortal hands.

AUCHINDRANE.

Where is he?—where's MacLellan?

PHILIP.

In the deep—
 Both in the deep, and what's immortal of them
 Goes to the judgment-seat, where we must meet them.

AUCHINDRANE.

MacLellan dead, and Quentin too?—So be it
 To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,
 Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
 Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
 Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
 Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.

PHILIP.

Hear me, old man—There is a heaven above us,
 As ye have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
 Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
 Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
 Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
 It rides the waters like a living thing,
 Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear him.

AUCHINDRANE.

Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is most required.

PHILIP.

Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
 With all the coolness of a practised hunter
 When dealing with a stag. I struck him overboard,
 And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
 Under the waters, while the ranger tied
 The weights we had provided to his feet.
 We cast him loose when life and body parted,
 And bid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
 As in defiance of the words we spoke,
 The body rose upright behind our stern,
 One half in ocean, and one half in air,
 And tided after as in chase of us.

AUCHINDRANE.

It was enchantment!—Did you strike at it?

PHILIP.

Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
 Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
 The column for a moment, which unites
 And is entire again. Thus the dead body
 Sank down before my ear, but rose unharmed,
 And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance!

AUCHINDRANE.

Twas Hell's own work!—

PHILIP.

MacLellan then grew restive,
 And, desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
 Calling us both as authors of his ruin.
 Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
 By this dread shape, upon whose ghastly features
 The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
 And, baid thus, I took the nearest way
 To smother his silence, and to quell his noise;
 I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
 And half expected his dead carcass also
 Would join the chase—but he sunk down at once.

AUCHINDRANE.

He had enough of mortal sin about him,
 To sink an argosy.

PHILIP.

But now resolve you what defence to make,
 If Quentin's body shall be recognised;
 For 'tis ashore already; and he bears
 Marks of my handiwork; so does MacLellan.

AUCHINDRANE.

The concourse thickens still—Away, away!
 We must avoid the multitude. [They rush out.]

The two Auchindrane are apprehended, and the drama ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily.

We have spoken of this volume freely, because we have pledged ourselves to give the public our honest opinions upon all occasions. We know there are many who cannot bear to hear a single word uttered against Sir Walter Scott, and do not scruple to accuse a man of unworthy motives should he dare to raise his voice for a moment against any of the perfections of their idol. Now, so far from objecting to, we honour this enthusiasm; but at the same time we cannot help seeing its fallacy. If we are to talk generally of the brightness of the sun, none shall use more glowing language than we; but if it be asserted that there are no spots upon its disc, we should wish to separate ourselves from those who cannot, or who will not, see the difference between indiscriminate flattery and judicious admiration. Sir Walter is sure of his immortality; but it will not depend on "The Doom of Devorgoil," or "The Ayrshire Tragedy."

Life of Sir William Wallace of Elderslie. By John D. Carrick. 2 vols. Constable's Miscellany, vols. LIII. and LIV. Edinburgh. 1830.

THE Life of Wallace, the gallant and uncompromising champion of our national independence, will always be read with interest by every true-hearted Scotchman. Unfortunately, the details which have reached our day are neither so numerous nor so authentic as could be wished upon so important a subject. With the exception of those more distinguished exploits by which Edward the First's government in Scotland was first shaken, and finally overturned, and which, accordingly, occupy a prominent place in the legitimate history of the period, the personal career of the Scottish hero is involved in considerable obscurity. Some of our ancient chroniclers, indeed, have recorded various strange adventures, in which Wallace is said to have been engaged, and national tradition has preserved the memory of others; but the evident exaggeration, or, as sometimes happens, the manifest absurdities of such legends, have destroyed their authority. Under these circumstances, judgment to discriminate, as well as industrious research, are indispensable to a biographer. The latter qualification Mr Carrick possesses in an eminent degree; he has also proved, in more instances than one, that he is by no means deficient in the former, though his plan of a popular biography does not bind him down to the strict rules by which the historian is fettered. We do not mean to say that the biographer is at liberty to depart from truth in his statements, any more than the general historian; but the former may very properly attach importance to the traditions of the country, to strong probabilities, and to documents not strictly of historical authority, though their admission might affect the credit of the graver annalist. Our author, accordingly, where other authority is deficient, has sometimes adopted without scruple the statements of Blind Harry's narrative; and when the anecdotes recorded are characteristic of the actors and the times, we think he is fairly entitled to do so. No doubt, the Minstrel is partial to his hero, and to his countrymen in general; his facts are, probably, in many instances greatly exaggerated, and his colouring, if not that of a poet, is often enough that of a zealous party-man; yet, as he professes to adhere strictly to a narrative written by Wallace's chaplain and friend, John Blair, and this, too, at a time when it must have been easy to detect any imposition by collating the Scottish version with the Latin original, we think that they are not a little unreasonable who insist upon our throwing aside the work of Harry as altogether an idle romance, whose statements are of no value. We conceive our author has made a very judicious use of the much-abused Minstrel's delightful work, and that he has not claimed for it a higher authority than it is fairly entitled to.

With regard to local tradition, also, we are of opinion

that its evidence ought not to be rashly rejected. But, while we believe that it seldom, perhaps never, is without a foundation in truth, we acknowledge that it is extremely apt to exaggerate, extenuate, alter, and misrepresent particular circumstances. Its evidence must, therefore, be received with caution, and its averments must generally be taken *cum grano salis*. This, however, is an objection that we may safely extend even to those venerable chroniclers of both countries, from whose pages our historians have gleaned the only tolerably authentic records of those times which we possess. What, for instance, shall we say of Hemingford, (quoted by our author,) who, on the authority of eye-witnesses, gravely asserts that "fifty thousand Scots were slain in the battle (of Falkirk), many drowned, three hundred thousand foot taken prisoners, besides a thousand horse!" For our own part, in reading the histories which treat of this period, we have derived considerable benefit from the following method, which we heartily recommend to our readers: If the historian be a Scot, we subtract five from every six men who are said to have fallen by Wallace's own hand—we double the number of Scots said to have been engaged, and reduce the opponents by two-thirds—then, substituting the words *skirmish for battle*, and *petty advantage for great and decisive victory*, we are satisfied that we have arrived pretty near the truth. If the historian is an Englishman, we, of course, just invert the proportion, and arrive at nearly the same result. Even Mr Carrick's excellent work must, we suspect, be read with some little allowance for national bias. We are not aware, indeed, that this partiality exists to the extent of invalidating his general accuracy; but where he meets with conflicting statements, he very naturally leans to that which is most favourable to the character of his hero. But this is the privilege of all biographers, and it is a privilege of which few have neglected to avail themselves.

Our author has admitted into his work many of those statements, which, since the days of Lord Hailes, have been generally abandoned by our historians. We entertain great respect for the name of Lord Hailes—his strictures on the apocryphal parts of our history are always ingenious, and often extremely just; but we question whether he has not sometimes pushed his doubts too far. The fear of being charged with credulity or national prejudice, seems to have driven him occasionally into the opposite and less pardonable extreme. Mr Carrick is often successful in pointing out the fallacy of the learned annalist's reasoning, and the unreasonableness of his historical scepticism. These animadversions are principally confined to the notes, which form a large, and certainly not the least valuable, part of the work. There are also two large appendices, containing some interesting illustrations and biographical notices of the principal characters introduced in the body of the work. The most interesting and valuable feature of the Appendix to Vol. II. consists of an original letter, addressed by Sir William Wallace and Sir Andrew Murray, in the year 1297, to the citizens of Hamburg and Lubec,—a very important writing, which has not hitherto appeared in the works of either English or Scottish historians, nor even been alluded to in any former account of Wallace. Altogether, our author appears to have given us as full and as authentic a Life of Sir William Wallace as can be collected from the scanty and uncertain authorities upon this obscure period of Scottish history, that have escaped the ravages of the First Edward, of Cromwell, and of that more extensive destroyer—Time. This being the case, we can the more easily pardon Mr Carrick's minor faults of authorship, the principal of which we conceive to be a somewhat heavy style, deficient frequently in elevation, and sometimes, though rarely, even in correctness. But such faults weigh little against the genuine merits of the work.

The following extract from our author's description of Wallace's person and character will not, we dare say, be unacceptable to our readers:

"Thus fell this great and exemplary patriot, a martyr to the rights and independence of his country, than whom, if we consider his extraordinary personal and mental endowments, joined to his inextinguishable and disinterested love of liberty, a greater hero is not to be found in the annals of any people. Born to a slender inheritance, and unconnected by birth with the opulent families of his country, he derived no advantage from those circumstances which often assisted other distinguished characters in attaining that place in the temple of fame to which their ambition was directed. To his own genius he was indebted for a system of tactics eminently calculated for the contest he had in view; and with his own arm he gave the first impulse to the cause of freedom, which afterwards, on the field of Bannockburn, was crowned with such glorious and decisive success under a kindred spirit—on whom the inspiring mantle of our patriot descended, as he winged his flight to the regions of immortality.

"In person, Wallace was admirably fitted to grace that elevated station among mankind, for which his genius and talents so eminently qualified him. His visage was long, well-proportioned, and exquisitely beautiful; his eyes were bright and piercing; the hair of his head and beard auburn, and inclined to curl; that on his brows and eyelashes was of a lighter shade; his lips were round and full. Under the chin, on the left side, was a scar, the only one visible, although many were to be found on his person; his stature was lofty and majestic, rising the head and shoulders above the tallest men in the country. Yet his form, though gigantic, possessed the most perfect symmetry; and with a degree of strength almost incredible, there was combined such an agility of body and fleetness in running, that so one, except when mounted on horseback, could outstrip, or escape from him, when he happened to pursue. All-powerful as a swordsman, and unrivalled as an archer, his blows were fatal, and his shafts unerring. As an equestrian, he was a model of dexterity and grace; while the hardships he experienced in his youth made him view with indifference the severest privations incident to a military life. In common intercourse, his accents were mild, and his manner grave and urbane. In the field, when addressing his soldiers, his discourse was brief and animating, and the sound of his voice thrilled through their hearts like the spirit-stirring notes of the clarion. Great and varied, however, as were the accomplishments nature had lavished on his person, the graces with which she had enriched his mind threw a radiance over all the rest of her gifts. Untaught himself in the military art, he became the instructor of his countrymen, and his first efforts were worthy of the greatest captain of the age.

"If we may judge from his regard to the sanctity of an oath, his ideas of morality appear to have been much at variance with the corrupt practice of the age. Unostentatiously by the pernicious example of the great men of the country, he rather chose to bear hunger and every other privation the unsheltered outlaw might be exposed to, than purchase the advantage so much prized by others, at the expense of taking an oath he had no intention of holding sacred;—still this inflexible rectitude of soul could not shame the aristocracy from their convenient perjuries; for the bands by which he strove to unite them together became like ropes of sand in the hour of trial. Notwithstanding, however, all the difficulties that were thrown in his way, the vigour of his own character, and the wisdom of his measures, enabled him to achieve the deliverance of his native land. To the charges of ambition and usurpation that were brought against him, he gave the noblest refutation, by resigning the bauble of power into the hands of those little spirits, who would otherwise have betrayed the cause of national independence, or involved their country in all the horrors of civil war. Thus his virtuous self-denial preserved the people whom his valour had set free."

Mr Carrick's Life of Wallace is highly creditable to the author's industry and talents; and it contains the best history with which we are acquainted of those important events which, under the auspices of that hero and patriot, led to the re-establishment of Scottish independence.

The College Album for 1830. A Selection of Original Pieces. Edited by Students of the University of Glasgow. Glasgow. John Smith and Son. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 239.

If there was ever a pleasant man in this world, it is

the Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, when he is in a good humour. We see ourselves at this moment standing in the centre of the inner Court of Glasgow College, our hair, which is beginning to acquire an almost imperceptible silvery tinge, escaping from under our hat, and playing in the zephyr over our placid brow and calm benevolent countenance. We see the bright-eyed students either crowding round us with irrepressible delight, or keeping apart in groups, fixed in silent admiration, not unchequered with a small touch of awe, as they gaze upon the man who has so often instructed them in their hours of application, and solaced and delighted them in their moments of leisure. We see them watch our every movement, dwell upon our every look, and as we at length pass away into the domicile of Milne, or Sandford, or Buchanan, we hear a shout that makes the old stones of the University quake, and many a deep-breathed resolution, that at the next election of a Lord Rector, we shall be the person.

Shall we wantonly destroy so pleasant a dream as this, by cutting up the "College Album?" Forbid it! ye reminiscences of happy boyhood! when we ourselves wrote trash unparalleled, some of which, we blush to say, survives even to this day to witness against us. Though the "College Album" were twenty thousand times worse than it is, it could not be half so bad as what we ourselves did when at College. It would be easy for us to rap young gentlemen over the fingers now; but were we not egregious idiots ourselves once? One thing, however, we are sorry for;—the poetry of the College Album is not better than the poetry of the Athenæum, except that it is printed upon better paper and in a neater style, and we therefore now say, what we threatened to say last week, that the gods have not made the Glasgow students poetical. Had "W. E. A.," the author of "A Venetian Tale," no compunctions visitings when he ended his poem with this couplet,

"And wish their loves may savour less of woe
Than that of Agnes and her Ju-li-o?"

Did "Y. Z.," who has committed "A Drinking Song," so far to be immolated on the shrine of Cockney vulgarity, when he gave birth to such rhymes as the following—

"Which makes their pretty faces glow, and look more red and rosier,

Than if they tippled nought but unadulterate ambrosia"(!)
Or,

"Well let them drink, though I'm not there, I'll not refuse, or murmur,

While goddesses and nectar too I find on terra firma."(!)

Yet let us not judge too hastily. There may be at this very moment among the students at Glasgow College geniuses destined to illumine the world,—young men who, perhaps, shun notoriety, and who write neither for the *Athenæum* nor the *Album*, or who perhaps write for both, without distinguishing themselves, the mysterious principle and hidden powers of their nature not being yet developed. Who shall dare to say to one of God's creatures—"Thou art a dunce?" Jeffrey said it to Byron, and the slumbering mind of the poet, as if in scorn, started at once into life and action more glorious than Hector in his day of triumph, when, radiant in his burnished armour, he issued from his father's halls to stretch the bravest of the Grecians prostrate before him. Jeffrey said it to Byron, and away soared Byron, with a rush of wings, far into the blue empyrean, leaving the pigmy critic to follow his lofty flight with straining and bloodshot eyes.

The prose articles in the College Album are pretty respectable. The best are, "School Recollections," "Fragments of the Chronicles of Cambus-Kenneth Abbey," "The Catastrophe," "A Legend of the Wild Rider," "The Aucht Years' Plea," and "The Tutor's New-Year's-Day." From this last we shall take an extract.

We have first, however, a small crow to pluck with the author, Mr "W. X." In the course of his sketch we find the following sentence:—"It was in 1788 that the gallant young officer came, and was allowed to 'jump, feathers and all,' as somebody has said, into the heart of the blooming girl of eighteen." "Somebody," indeed! Was this a way to treat us, Mr "W. X.?" We beg to inform you, sir, that we are the *somebody* alluded to, and in your next edition we request, that you will couple our name with those epithets of praise to which it is so justly entitled. You found the phrase, Mr "W. X." in the last Christmas Number of the *Literary Journal*. But be not downcast; we are not angry with you; we offer you our hand, and shall be glad to see you in our study. Now for your sketch, which is pleasant, though mournful:

THE TUTOR'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"Ah! happy, ever happy may they be, and blessings on their happiness!" said I, as I returned from the formal party in the drawing-room, to my own quiet chamber and crackling fire, in much sadness of spirit. "Why should they be otherwise than glad?—they are at home."

"I had just been thinking of my friends, from all of whom I was far distant. There was magic in the name of 'home,' and my imagination instantly took flight, wafting me at once into the midst of the merry group.

"The cousins are assembled, and a few select friends mingle with them, around the plain but cheerful ingle. A joyous band do they form in the dear snug little parlour, in which, as long as my memory can serve me, has met our happy family-party on New-year's Night. The merry song alternates with the joke, which, however homely, never fails to excite the mirth of hearts tuned only to cheerfulness. There is a sparkle in every eye, and a smile on every lip; yet, perchance a tear may trickle down a mother's cheek, and a sigh break forth amid a father's smiles, as they think of their only absent one. The sisters, too, and the only brother, and the cousins, and all, may think, as they observe his violin, which has long been suspended in silence, that his presence might have added to the enjoyments of the evening. But the cloud raised by these kind remembrances soon passes away; and why should it not? Friendship and love have harmoniously blended all their affections. They have had their cares and crosses; but where the heart is not withered by continued disappointments, the presence of those with whom its sympathies are entwined, can never be without gladness. Blessings be with them all!—and though a son—a brother—a relation—who is far from every object on which his affections can calmly rest, or by which his rankling cares can be soothed, may, with a bursting heart, and a tear in his eye, claim a place in their memories, yet, would he not for worlds disturb the peace and the pleasure which now breathe around them!

"Such was the vision which glided rapidly past as I sat down before the fire, placed both my feet upon the fender, and then pulled my arm chair, and with it the old rug, backward and forward, till I got it adjusted to a comfortable sitting distance. My exterior arrangements were completed, by taking up the poker in my right hand, leaning my head on my left, and my elbows on the respective elbows of the chair. The fire was burning as beautifully as abundance of fuel, and a sharp frosty atmosphere, could make it, so the poker could be applied to no reasonable purpose. Nevertheless, I could not help taking it up, and swinging it backwards and forwards like a pendulum; as I watched its oscillations, I began to contrast the present New-year's day with those that were past.

"I had just left the drawing-room. All, I suppose, who can afford to entertain a party, invite their friends, or are invited by them, on New-year's-day. Accordingly we, that is Mrs —, the mother of the three young urchins whom I have the felicity to instruct, had a party;—and such a party! The young ladies and young gentlemen, who composed the majority of the company, mutually absorbed one another's attention; and as they thus formed a separate society, they will not be distressed at being excluded from my sketch. Of old gentlemen there were none, though abundance of elderly ladies; and to the society of elderly ladies, therefore, was I confined during the whole of the evening of New-year's-day. Between two of them I was seated at dinner, with the laudable determination that I would, by patiently attending to their conversation, endea-

your to banish the thought of distant friends, which too painfully contrasted with the scene around me.

"I have often wondered why it is that tutors are supposed to know nothing but what every one else has forgotten. He whom fortune has doomed to this servile situation, may sit at meals of every kind, among men, women, and children—for all are alike in this instance—without being once spoken to for months together, unless something be under discussion, the particulars of which no one else can remember. It is true, that once in my life,—and I have sat at table in professional silence for many long years,—a maiden lady, who happened to be placed next me at dinner, having long waited in vain for an opportunity of addressing some one else, asked me 'if I was a botanist or a fiddler.' But such a case of despair may not happen again in a century. I was so surprised and confused at the singular occurrence, that I stammered out the wrong monosyllable,—a blunder, however, which was of no consequence, as the lady only wanted a listener; and I so satisfied her in this capacity, that, although I never had time to thrust in more than a monosyllable, she complimented me once or twice very handsomely on my sense and discretion. She was astonished, I think, to find that a tutor could even listen well. Of the ordinary topics of conversation, however, a tutor generally knows something; less, perhaps, sometimes, than those whose conversation he hears; but frequently, it is to be hoped, much more. Theology, for instance, is, in this age of bold speculators, a standing topic of discussion; all, especially ladies, are Doctors in Divinity; self-constituted, it is true, but this is evidently considered to be of no importance by them, as, unconscious of their ignorance, they dogmatize on the highest and most sacred subjects with disgraceful temerity. In statistics, chronology, and history, however, even ladies are sometimes conscious of their deficiencies, and refer to the poor tutor, whom they sometimes seem to take for Itinerary, Almanack, and Universal Encyclopedia; for an Index, in short, of whatever is detailed and uninteresting. A political economist has forgotten the population of Sheffield,—a politician, the member for Kilkenny,—a poetical gentleman enquires when Spenser commenced his Fairy Queen,—a traveller, the height of Mount Rosa or Great St Bernard,—a would-be literary fair one, the length and breadth of the vale of Tempe,—and a painting lady, the when-and-where of Salvator Rosa's birth and decease;—a dumpy widow wishes to know the name of the parish of which the celebrated Mr — is minister,—and a lean old maid, the name of the woman whom he married. The poor tutor has probably never had the means of becoming acquainted with a tenth part of these subjects; yet he is expected to be ready with answers to each one of these questions;—and by queries such as these, and a thousand others a thousand times more unreasonable and absurd, which are from day to day put to him, is he, poor soul, tormented and harassed.

"My cogitations, however, upon this subject also soon received an interruption by the removal of the cloth, and a call to join in the annual exchange of the compliments of the season. Though fashion has long dispensed with the drinking of healths, yet, on New-year's-day, the custom was not to be passed over, and a bumper was accordingly claimed to mutual good wishes and glad congratulations. This was to me the hardest trial of all. I wished to grant the boon as frankly as it was kindly craved; but as I looked round the circle, my eye lighted not on one whom my heart could love. I was a stranger in a foreign land. There might be an interchange of words, but none of feeling with me; all was unmeaning and heartless ceremony. My spirit sickened at the remembrance of the past came over me. I had, precisely a year before, witnessed the sacred observance of this good old custom, and then partook of that hallowed tenderness which it ought always to diffuse. The old, the young, and middle-aged were there, but their spirits were harmonized by the gentle hand of friendship. The blessing of the old and grey-headed fell in solemnity and something like sadness on the ear; and the smile of elastic youth was rendered doubly significant by the tear which obtruded itself on the sparkling and eloquent eye. The little girl climbing upon your knee, and putting her lovely cheek close to yours, while she softly breathed her prayer-wish of 'Many and happy years!' seemed an angel come to woo you to another world; and you felt as if you could lay aside this mortal frame, and fly away with her, and be at rest for ever. There is a solemnity in such a scene, which would be profaned by the presence of a stranger,—there is a sanctity of feeling, by which hearts are more closely and warmly

united than before,—there is a religious awe, by which we are made better men and devout Christians.

"Alas! a dream of such happiness is all that remains to me, for we can never meet so again. The wasting hand of time is upon us all, and the arm of death has since that day been brought threateningly before us. But I will cherish the dream, forlorn and melancholy as I am; and when it becomes dim, I will go to the song of the captive Psalmist, and will drink its spirit thence in all its present freshness."

We are glad to see at the end of the volume a long and respectable list of subscribers to the College Album. Publications so rational and useful should always be encouraged. We shall be happy to meet with our young friends again in 1831.

Osmyn, the Renegade; or, The Siege of Salerno; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By the late Rev. C. R. Maturin.

(Unpublished.)

A NEW Tragedy, from the pen of Maturin, must be highly interesting to the literary world. We are not aware, therefore, that we can do better this week, than devote a part of our space to the following account of this work, which we find in the *Dublin Literary Gazette* of last Saturday—a highly respectable periodical, which can hardly fail to be successful, because it *deserves* to be so. Our readers are already aware, that, through the exertions of Mr Macready, "*Osmyn*" has been lately performed with great success in Dublin; and it is to be brought out, we understand, ere long, in one of the leading theatres in London. Meanwhile, the Editor of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, having had an opportunity of perusing the MS., presents us with the following analysis of the piece:

"The opening of the tragedy presents us with the Christians of Salerno besieged by the Turks, and reduced to the last extremity. The time of action is supposed to be somewhere about the year 1480. About this period there was a siege of Otranto, on the opposite shore of Italy, which the author informs us, in a note, suggested to him the groundwork of his plot, and is the only historical foundation for any of the incidents. *Osmyn*, a celebrated renegade, arrives to take the command of the Turkish forces. He learns that Manfred, Prince of Salerno, whom, for reasons not yet explained, he hates with unrelenting hatred, has been long dead, and that Guiscard, the son of Manfred, leads the Christians. He resolves not to delay his purposed vengeance, and rouses the Turks to the conflict with the following energetic appeal, which concludes the first Act:

'Where are ye? Gather round me, sons of blood!
Sons of the war, where sleep your scimitars?
Round me—come round me—faster—faster come—
Spah! and Sangiac, and Tanizar,
In all your fell and varied ranks of carnage.
Ye, who with naked reeling step have trampled
Crush'd limb, and spatter'd brain, and gushing blood—
Ye, who have rent the infant from the breast—
Ye, who have plunged the mother in the flames—
Ye, to whom shrieking beauty pleads in vain—
I need you now—come, in my soul's need, come—
Sons of the Koran, worthy of its page;
Hither, ye slaves—look to the prize I point—
Behold you towers—ere night they must not be.
On—on—with heart and life, and arm and brand—
On to the ruin, to the carnage on!
Pour like a flood, o'er bastion and o'er battlement—
On like an earthquake, towers are dust before you;
Up with the cry—For vengeance and for *Osmyn*!'

"In Act the second, the Turks are repulsed in a desperate attempt to storm the city. *Osmyn* wanders among the ruins of a dilapidated cathedral, in the outskirts of the place, moody and chafing with his defeat: he recognises the spot as one familiar to him in the days of his boyhood, and finds himself surrounded by the tombs of his ancestors; he hears the voice of Matilda, Princess of Salerno, chanting a *miserere* in the distant aisles. As he says in a subsequent passage:

'After a lapse of twenty years, I heard it,
Like the remember'd music of a stream
That lull'd our sleep in childhood.'

"His words convey some deep, though unexplained, interest in her, and he pauses as she approaches. Matilda enters, sees Osmyn, and recoils in terror. Finding that she does not recognise him, he falls at her feet in an agony of despair.

"Act the third discovers Osmyn, still in the ruined cathedral, recovering from his trance; he resolves to spare Salerno on conditions, and dispatches officers to summon the Christian leaders to his presence. He then discloses to Syndrac, a faithful adherent, the circumstances of his past life. Twenty years before, he was Guiscard, Prince of Salerno, and the husband of Matilda. Manfred, a neighbouring potentate, seized his territory, and plunged him in a dungeon, where he was supposed to die of famine. A slave furnished him with the means of life: after six years of captivity, his dungeon is rent by an earthquake, and he escapes; so one knows him, and he wanders through the city unrecognised. One day, on a solemn festival, he sees Matilda come in triumph, attended by shouting multitudes, acknowledged as the wife of Manfred, and with a child, whom she calls on the people to protect, as the son of his enemy. Convinced of her perfidy, he flies, abjures the Christian faith, and, as Osmyn the renegade, after an absence of many years, returns to gratify his long-delayed vengeance. The following passages, taken from this scene, are among the most striking and poetical in the play:

— 'There is a choking agony

When the heart's torture labours for confession,
Even though confession's torture; and we tell
To friend—or foe—or stranger—or the winds—
That which they mock at, all alike—and feel
Their mockery as a respite to the pang
That rent us ere disclosure—Listen to me.

Oh! when the tide of ruin swept my towers,
Whom did I grasp at in the wreck?—that woman!
Whom did my last appealing groan invoke?
Whom did my bursting eyeballs strain to see—
(Would they had burst)—whom did the blood I shed
Drench to her shrinking bosom?—that—that woman!
They seized me when I could no longer strive—
They plunged me in a dungeon of these towers—
I cannot tell my dungeon agonies—
No time—no space was there—nor day—nor midnight—
I knew not that I lived—but felt I suffered—
Synd. Didst thou not live for vengeance?

Osmyn. No; I lived for her—
Amidst those horrors lived for her alone—
She was the moonbeam of my maniac cell,
That, lighting me to madness, still was light.

I look'd on her, as on his banish'd heaven
The apostate look'd in his despair—and fled.'

"In the next scene, Osmyn receives the Christian deputation in his camp, surrounded by his troops; Benteleb, another Turkish leader, urges him to show them no mercy—Osmyn replies as follows:

'*Osmyn.* They've wrong'd thee, then?

Benteleb. They're Christians, and I hate them.

Osmyn. And thou hast wondrous reason—mighty cause:

A helmet hides their heads—a turban thine—
And when ye mutter o'er your heartless prayers,
They bend them to the East, and thou to Mecca.
'Tis reason strong and just as'er
Distorted conscience gives to evil passions.
Thou art a fool in vengeance—a blunt fool,
Who knows the weight a fleshy frame can bear,
And lays it on with strong unpying hand,
But forms no exquisite engine for the soul.
Canst thou, o'erlooking matter's paltry pangs,
Forge agonies for the heart of man within him?
Bro'd down the viewless and impalpable spirit,
To writhe in tortures body never felt?
Thy vulgar cruelty, thou fool in torture,
Cries out—I hate thee, and will kill thee;—mine
Exclaims—I hate thee far too much to kill thee.
If thou wouldst make man wretched, make him vile,
Scar up his conscience, make his mind a desert,
His heart an ulcer, and his frame a stone;
Countryless, friendless, wifeless, childless, Godless;
Accursed of Heaven, and hated—make him Osmyn!

"Guiscard surrenders himself to save his country. Osmyn accepts the sacrifice, and determines to bear him away as a slave. Hating him as the supposed son of Manfred, he admires his heroism, and addresses him as follows:

'I've sought thy ruin, have o'erthrown thy power,
Have flung thee captive into bonds of iron,
Yet there is here a nameless wandering feeling—
I know not how to utter it—to image it—
I came to curse thee like the prophet old—
Like him, o'erlur'd by a supernal power,
Lo! I return to bless thee—be thou bless'd!

Men shall speak of us in the after ages;
Thus will they say of thee: He was a star
That sail'd on smiling through the deeps of Heaven,
Mocking all clouds—whose brightness was within.
Thus will they say of me: He was a meteor,
On whose dread light pale faces doubtful gazed,
As he swept on his path of desolation.
Glorious shall be thy light, and bright thy setting—
My track is terror—and my end is darkness.' [*Exit.*]

"Matilda rushes in as Guiscard is on the point of being carried away in bondage, and declares that a secret in her possession will release him from the hatred of Osmyn, to whom she demands to be conducted. The fourth Act opens with the most touching, and the most dramatic, scene in the play, between Osmyn and Matilda. In the course of this interview, she proves her fidelity to her first and only husband, and that her acknowledging herself the wife of Manfred, after his death, was a subterfuge, to save the life of Guiscard, her son, and to secure for him his just succession to the sovereignty of Salerno. Osmyn can no longer command his feelings, but discovers himself to Matilda. This passage is extremely beautiful:

'*Osmyn.* Wouldst thou behold thy husband?

Matilda. My husband?

Osmyn. Ay—the husband of thy youth.

Him long deem'd dead amid the vaults we tread on—
Darest thou see him? He wore no turban once—
The glow of youth was on his cheek—'tis faded;
The light of hope was on his brow—'tis quench'd;
The strength of hosts was in his arm—it trembles—
Trembles to lift this veil—this was thy husband.

Matilda. Risen from the dead! Away, and save thy son!

Osmyn. The son of Manfred mine?

Matilda. Talk not, but save him. He is thy son.'

"Osmyn dispatches his signet to Benteleb, with orders to surrender his prisoner. Benteleb refuses obedience—excites the troops to mutiny—seizes Osmyn as a traitor, and plunges him in a dungeon. The fifth Act is short, but contains quite enough of incident to sustain the tragic interest of the piece. Guiscard is released by Syndrac; the Christians overthrow the Turks; Benteleb, though foiled, seizes a moment in which he effects the murder of Osmyn, who dies repentant in the arms of his wife and son.

"From the passages we have quoted, our readers will perceive that the poetry is characterised by all the peculiarities of Maturin's genius. Both on the stage and in the closet, Osmyn will add to the reputation of the author, and its production on our national boards is highly creditable to all parties concerned. Maturin and Knowles, both Irishmen, have produced the most successful modern tragedies. Both are entitled to a high place in the list of dramatic authors—opposite in style, but kindred in genius. The writing of Knowles is distinguished by strength and simplicity—that of Maturin, by gorgeous ornament and splendour of figures. Knowles was more fortunate in his selection of subjects. *Virginus* and *William Tell* are hallowed in our memories by long and fond associations. The story of each strikes home to every heart; the incidents belong to the situations, and every one can feel their truth and probability. The more romantic imagination of Maturin searches among the dark and stormy recesses of the human soul, and produces scenes of guilt and agony, and characters of terrible passion and energy, more powerful and appalling, but less natural and affecting. They command, perhaps, our admiration, rather than our sympathy—our wonder, rather than our tears."

Chronicles of a School Room. By Mrs S. C. Hall, Editor of "The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not." London. Westley and Davis. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 243.

THIS publication alone, were all her previous efforts obliterated, would elevate Mrs Hall to the first rank as an elegant and delightful instructress of youth. If we place her second to Miss Edgeworth, we certainly think she is pressing close upon that lady's footsteps, and is second to no one else. We hold her already superior to her friend, Mrs Hoffland, to whom she has dedicated her present volume. Besides the information which they convey, and the fine moral lessons they inculcate, there is a warmth, a sincerity, an enthusiasm, an *Irishness* about Mrs Hall's writings, admirably calculated to win the youthful mind. It is impossible for any young lady, from ten to twenty, to read the Tales composing the "Chronicles of a School-room," without being made wiser and better, without having her heart softened, and her dispositions improved. The tales are supposed to be told to the authoress by a pleasant elderly lady, called Mrs Ashburton, who had long kept a boarding-school of the highest character in the neighbourhood of Little Hampton, a village in Sussex. There are seven stories, and they are entitled "Marie de Jarlot," "Millicent O'Brian," "Sweet May Douglas," "The Two Indians," "The Painter's Sister," "Zillah Penrose," and "The Deaf and Blind." We love all these, but the three last are special favourites with us. Of course the heroine of each narrative is one of the young ladies, who had been placed under Mrs Ashburton's care; and we are thus presented with a succession of beautiful portraits, each distinct in itself, yet each more attractive than another. The tender interest attached to the French lady Marie de Jarlot, is finely relieved by the still higher fortitude and happier fate of Millicent O'Brian. The merry and sweet May Douglas, transplanted into the richness of England, from her father's castle, far away among the Highland hills, dances before us like one of her own harebells in the light and dew of a summer morning. Nor are the two Indian maidens less interesting, with their magnificent black eyes, and glorious features, telling of remote intermarriages among the princes of the Eastern land; nor the Painter's Sister, that pale and delicate girl, with a face to which genius lent its own peculiar beauty, and an undying affection and admiration for the brother of her childhood, the friend and companion of her riper years; nor Zillah Penrose, the Quaker's daughter, shutting up in the recesses of her own bosom an enduring treasure of meekness, patience, gentleness, and lofty mental firmness, which yields not even to the terrors of the storm upon the mighty deep;—nor Clara and Anna Damer, sisters in beauty, and sisters in affliction, the one blind and the other deaf, yet both capable of adorning and enjoying life, and of winning for themselves a purer inheritance, where all films will pass away from the eyes, and floods of music swell upon the ear. It is delightful to dwell, though but for a few hours, among creations such as these, for there is something in the very atmosphere in which they move, that refines the grosser spirit, and purges away the impurities contracted by an intercourse with the selfish world.

Nor are the tales the only attraction of this excellent little volume. They are interwoven with much useful information and instructive discourse. We are presented, for example, in one place, with some pleasant anecdotes, illustrative of the habits of the birds; in another, with sea-side meditations, and a few glimpses into the science of Conchology; in a third, with remarks on Botany, and so on throughout. As we cannot afford space for any of the separate stories, we must be contented with an extract of a different nature, which, though it conveys no notion of the merits of the "Chronicles," will afford some idea of Mrs Hall's lively and agreeable style. We may entitle the passage

FIRE-SIDE ENJOYMENTS.

"I dearly love what may be called fire-side enjoyment. Music!—yes, it decidedly is, or ought to be, one; and a young lady employed in the exercise of that exquisite talent, for the purpose of soothing or enlivening the dear home circle, is ever an object of interest and affection. How delicious are some of our sweet ballads sung in the soft twilight,—papa and mamma tranquilly listening to the well-remembered notes of 'The Winter it is past,' 'The Barks of Endermay,' or the thrilling combination of voice and sound in the 'Exile of Erin,' and then blessing God for having given them an unspotted child, who, though it may be rich, and young, and beautiful, derives more delight from their approval, than from the applause of the gay and brilliant.

"Books!—what pleasure do they not impart? Quick—draw the curtains,—the circular table a little nearer the fire; Emily, the dear little Emily, on her own particular stool at mamma's feet, her fine doll in her lap, which she is stealthily undressing, lest papa should be shocked at seeing it *en robe de nuit*; Martha, the good-natured Martha, arranging some flowers in her *hortus siccus*; Rebecca, the sage, the wise young woman of the family, pondering over 'The Foreign Review,' or the last 'Quarterly,' or the sound yet laughing 'Blackwood,' or my especial favourite, 'The British Magazine'; mamma investigating the contents of a 'Tidy,' that newly invented receptacle of torn clothes, sighing over portions of the dilapidated wardrobe of seven children; papa turning the leaves of a musty folio, the stock-book of the household, for various purposes; while Alfred, the eldest hope of the family, stretches his feet on Pompey's silky coat, and tosses over and over an aged newspaper, from which (silly fellow) he knows he can derive no information. Gentle reader!—fancy such a scene, in a country mansion, some forty or sixty miles from London, at the beginning of November; and fancy, also, old Daniel, or old Joseph, or old Samuel—any old servant will do—entering with a parcel, a London parcel of books! Just fancy the delight such an event must occasion to such a party, who are all, with the exception of mamma, who has too much to think of, and Emily, who does not think at all, somewhat *book-wormish*; how charming! A parcel containing the best of Colburn's publications, for those seniors of the party who ought to know how the proceedings of the literary world are conducted; books from Westley and Davis, fit for the Sabbath and the serious; and such charming pretty-looking things from Haile and Harris, as make even Emily forget her doll. A heap of delightful Annuals for those who love pretty pictures and rational amusements. How much are we indebted to them during the winter evenings, when out of doors the snow is deep and the wind piercing!

"I might say, and with truth too, that, for very little masters and misses, a quiet game of blindman's-buff is seasonable at Christmas time, particularly when a steady person is present to call 'fire' and prevent mischief; though I almost fear that to express such an opinion is likely to bring me into disrepute with the young *élégantes*, and those very smart juvenile gentlemen who come under the denomination of *little dandies*—troublesome monkeys! I could better, by a thousand times, endure a good romping boy, than a mis-cing, finikin, perking, bowing, simpering Jimmy Jessamy, with kidded hands, perfumed handkerchief, and empty head. But I am sure all little creatures, roly-polys under eight, will forgive me, ay, and love me too, for tolerating blindman's-buff.

"I am sorry that needlework goes out of fashion; it is a gentlemanly amusement, and ought not to be neglected, particularly by those who have many brothers and sisters, and whose parents are not rich. Many girls, I am sorry to say, despise their needle, and affect to think work unfit occupation for genteel or intellectual beings. I both grieve for, and am angry with, such misses. I can tell them, that many of our high-born noble ladies employ their fingers in framing clothes for the poor and desolate widows and orphans of our distressed country. And I can also tell them that the sensible and instructive Hoffland, the playful and highly-gifted Mitford, ay, and even the graceful and elegant Landon, think it no disgrace to form themselves the garbs in which they are always fascinating, because always unaffected. One advantage of the generality of female occupations is, that the mind can be engaged, either in bearing or reflecting, when the fingers are employed in plain work, or even in embroidering; and nothing is more delightful than a party enlivened by alternate reading and music, where the greater number are not too fine to be industrious."

We earnestly recommend this volume to the attention of all parents, guardians, and teachers, who are anxious for the moral culture of the female part of their charge, for the growth of those graces which pass not away, which charm in this life, and prepare the way for a better.

Gertrude; a Tale of the 16th Century. 2 vols. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE reign of Henry the Third is one of the periods in French History which abounds in incidents well calculated for the purposes of the novelist. The character of the reigning Prince was a strange compound of levity, fall, and vice. Surrounded by a young and thoughtless nobility, and abandoned to all the effeminacy of a court, he augmented, says Millot, the scandal of his manners, "par les grimaces de devotion." The Protestants and Catholics were at this time striving for the ascendancy, and France was in a state of perpetual agitation, to the continuance of which the ambitious spirit of Catherine de Medicis not a little contributed.

It is in this period, so fertile in events, that the tale of Gertrude relates. Gertrude was the daughter of Count Guy of Frontenaye, in Provence. During the troubles which followed the massacre of St Bartholomew, the family to which Gertrude belonged was destroyed by a band of villains, enemies to the Huguenots. For some time after this catastrophe Gertrude lived in a retired manner, until a party of the Royal Family happened to pass near her residence. Among this party was Duke Beaumont, King of Navarre. His heart was touched at the sight of the "Violet of Provence," as she was termed; and he soon afterwards sought her dwelling again in the character of a wandering Troubadour. Having ingratiated himself into her favour, he disclosed to her his real name and rank, and, induced by his importunities, together with the repeated invitations of the Duchess of Moubaux, Gertrude left the castle of Frontenaye, and set out for Paris, to accept of the office of maid of honour to Maïam Catherine, the sister of Henry of Navarre. Our heroine bore a distinguished part in all the balls and festivities which took place at the junction of the two courts of France and Navarre. She surpassed in beauty all the other ladies, and her accomplishments did not fail to engage the attention of even Catherine de Medicis. It was amid the splendours and gaieties of the fashionable circle, that the affection of the Duke for Gertrude increased so much, that he proposed to divorce his own wife, Marguerite of Valois, in order to make way for Gertrude. Her regard for the Duke was equally sincere, and she would probably have become the wife of the future King of France, had not prudence seemed to oppose the alliance. She was advised by her friends to abandon all thoughts of it, both on account of the vast difference in point of rank, and also from the envy and hatred which such a union would excite among the different members of the court. This prudent counsel, after a severe struggle, Gertrude followed. The court was soon afterwards transferred to the castle of Pau, in Bearn. During the war with the Huguenots, Catherine here beguiled the time by numerous fetes and amusements. It was after one of these pastimes that the Princess and Gertrude, wandering through a wood near the river Adau, were rescued by a stranger from the attack of a ferocious bear. The stranger, known by the name of "Le beau Chevalier Anglais," was Lord de Gray, an Englishman by birth. He had left his native country at an early age, and had entered the army as a simple volunteer. Gertrude felt grateful to her deliverer, and he fell in love with her; but a certain prophetic presentiment of the bitterness of her existence brooded over the feeling mind of Gertrude. Nothing could induce her to marry Lord de Gray. Oppressed by a religious melancholy, she fled to the convent of her friend Preciosa, and arrived

just at the time when Preciosa was about to take the veil, and retire from the world for ever: Impressed with the solemnity of the ceremony, a sudden stupor seized our heroine, and she fell motionless at the foot of the marble pillar. "They raised her up; they bathed her pale and lovely face,—lovely even in death; but it would not do,—it would not do! With that last strain of harmony the immortal soul had fled for ever." Such is a brief outline of the incidents upon which the story of Gertrude is founded.

We may now present our readers with a specimen or two of the style of the fair authoress of Gertrude. The massacre of St Bartholomew took place, August 24, 1572, during the reign of Charles IX. The following is a graphic and interesting description of that direful catastrophe:

THE MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW.

"For six days the massacre of St Bartholomew had continued in Paris. Five hundred noblemen perished, with many thousand persons of every sex and age, from the infant on its nurse's breast, to the grey-haired old man, who, standing on the brink of the grave, was hurried into it. For virtue, science, religion, beauty, no claim was heard; no pity was shown. Almost every province in the kingdom followed the example of the capital; and, during the whole of September, France was divided into two parties, executioners and victims. The names of the King of Navarre, and of his cousin, the Prince of Condé, were, after much deliberation, effaced from the list of those distinguished victims, who were marked for slaughter by Queen Catherine de Medicis: that of the King of Navarre principally on account of his relationship to the King, and of the alliance which he had contracted with his sister; while the Prince of Condé was saved through the interest of the Duke of Nevers, who became surety for his fidelity and submission. We are told that King Charles looked from the windows of the Louvre, and seeing that the sun shone brightly, observed that the weather itself was rejoicing at the murder of the Huguenots. As if Heaven had heard the infamous remark, the sky became clouded, and a storm arose. With a glance of horrid satisfaction, the monarch strained his eyes over the scene which presented itself before him. Mingled with the thunders, arose the blasphemous voices of the murderers, traversing the city like demons unchained before their time—the continual firing of arquebuses and pistols, each sound of which gave signal that an immortal soul had taken its flight to another realm—the lamentable cries of those who in vain endeavoured to escape—the groans of the dying wretches whose bodies were thrown from the windows, or dragged through the dust with savage yells of triumph, while showers of stones were levelled against the doors and windows, and six hundred houses given up to plunder. In the evening of St Bartholomew's-day, the King, followed by his brothers, by the three Queens and their ladies, and by all his court, went to the 'Cimetière des Innocents,' to see a honeysuckle, which, having blossomed that day, was regarded as a prodigy. On their return homeward, they walked gaily through rows of dead bodies, and the next day repaired to mass in solemn procession, to render thanks to God for the success. History does not record that any voice faltered while singing this Te Deum; but, from the hour of Coligny's death, sleep refused to visit the eyelids of the French King. Surfeited with human blood, the royal assassins at length stretched forth their hands, saying, 'It is enough; and a short calm succeeded this frightful hurricane. According to Perèfixe, a hundred thousand people perished. 'Execrable action!' he adds, 'which never has had, and, please God, never will have, any parallel.'"

Among the numerous *mignons*, or favourites of the King of France, there was one Monsieur de Balzac, who had lately returned from his travels in Scotland. The following passage, in which the *coxcomb* gives an account of what he had seen, is amusing:

"Give us an account of your travels, Monsieur de Balzac?" said Madame Catherine.

"Beahrew me, if your Highness be not too severe," lisped the favourite, "as if a few minutes would suffice to relate the dangers and adventures which I have gone through, since the hour when an evil genius first tempted me to visit that accursed land, where I have scarce escaped starving, drowning, and every manner of privation; their wine is

wretched, their pastry uneatable—the men are ruffians—the women unmannered, dowdy savages! If your Highness will believe me, I breakfasted with the Countess of Mar, or rather saw her breakfast, upon a chine of beef and a gallon of ale!"

"The ladies expressed due horror at this enormity. "And not a drop of cool claret," continued de Balzac, "pon honour! not the smallest possibility of getting one's ruff properly starched. That I have escaped alive is next to a miracle. By the mass! I have been forced to tighten my girdle by two inches."

"And their town of Edinburgh?" said the Queen-mother.

"Dull as a provincial town, 'fore Gad," replied he; "nothing going on—every thing in confusion. A savage creature called Knox, thundering in every body's ears against the abominations of Popery. Coarse rustics, with lank hair, and shining faces, listening with wonder to his tire-some shouting. I paid my devoirs to the Regent Murray, and he asked me to dinner. By my lady! I went with an appetite, but the sight of his unsavoury viands was more than sufficient. A house trumpet, the sound of which nearly annihilated me, summoned us to the banquet. I was placed next to a hideous hairy savage, called Lord Ruten, or Ruthven, or some such name. I merely intended to hint to him that his ruff was scarce sufficiently stiff, and beshrew me, if he did not grin upon me after the fashion of a hyena!—But I pray you, ladies, question me no more; it irks me to think of it."

Throughout this novel, we meet with many pleasing and interesting passages, not unfrequently reminding us of the touching pathos which pervades the beautiful story of Louisa Venoni, by the Man of Feeling.

In this age, when every intellectual pursuit seems to be tending to extravagance and excess,—“when,” in the language of Johnson, “the rage of writing has seized the old and the young, when the cook warbles her lyrics in the kitchen, and the thresher vociferates his heroics in the barn; when our traders deal out knowledge in bulky volumes, and our girls forsake their samplers to teach kingdoms wisdom,” it is pleasant to meet with so chaste and simple a production as *Gertrude*.

The Fortunes of Francesco Novello de Carrara, Lord of Padua, an Historical Tale of the Fourteenth Century, from the Chronicles of Gataro, with Notes. By David Syme, Esq. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 1830. 8vo, pp. 257.

We have read this work with much pleasure. It contains a faithful and vivid picture of the manners of the Italians in the fourteenth century. Gataro, the principal historian of the House of Carrara, possesses a style full of simple eloquence and natural vivacity; and is fortunate in having for his subject the vicissitudes of an ancient and noble family, whose successes and power, so constantly alternated with harassing sufferings and hair-breadth escapes, and finally ending in a very sad and bloody tragedy, afford materials for the chronicler almost as interesting as could be found in any work of fiction. In reading Gataro, we are not unfrequently reminded of Froissart, and he interests us almost as much in the principality of Padua, as the French historian does in the affairs of his own nation. We had intended to have presented our readers with a more elaborate analysis of this work, and some extracts from it; but as we find that its interest mainly depends upon its continuity, we prefer simply recommending it to those who enjoy a peep into the stirring events of the past. Mr Syme, the translator, or rather the compiler, has executed his task with great judgment. “As the excessive prolixity,” he says, “of honest Gataro has with justice been complained of, I have melted down the original narrative, and re-cast it in a smaller mould, preserving as much as possible the fashion of the old workmanship.” Mr Syme has also given some explanatory extracts in the shape of an Introduction, and has added a number of useful notes. The work altogether indicates the hand of a scholar, and will be read by scholars with much satisfaction.

Hoyle made Familiar, with the Rules of Practice. By Eldrah Trebor, Esq. Edinburgh. Stirling and Kenney 1830. Pp. 106. 32mo.

HAVING examined this neat and comprehensive treatise, on no less than thirty different games of cards, with considerable care, we are free to state, that it is written with both accuracy and judgment. Of the editor, however, we know nothing; and being somewhat curious in genealogical pursuits, we were rather anxious to ascertain the family of Eldrah Trebor, Esq. At length we hit upon the expedient of reading the letters backwards, and found them to make *Robert Hardie*—the same patronymic as that of the ingenious printer of the book. This is a discovery which none but an editor of first-rate talent could have made, yet we shrewdly suspect that Mr Hardie has received important assistance from some practised hand, and that there has been an *imperium in imperio*. The work rejects all games not played with cards; but comprises distinct rules and instructions for playing many games, directions for which were hitherto to be obtained only in separate treatises. The editor explains his object more specifically in the following preface:

“The very high reputation which Hoyle’s Games have deservedly maintained for nearly a century, has led to innumerable editions of his treatises—all, as the phrase is ‘revised, corrected, much improved, and considerably enlarged.’ But it seems to have escaped the observation of his numerous editors, that Hoyle wrote for those who were previously in some measure acquainted with the mode of playing the various games of which he treats, and that his work was intended rather to enlighten the already instructed than to instruct the wholly uninstructed. In this edition an attempt has been made—successfully, it is confidently hoped—to incorporate the ‘Reading-made-easy’ with the ‘Grammar’ and ‘Philosophy of cards’;—in other words, to give such a plain and perspicuous description of each game from the cutting for deal to scoring the last point, as will enable the person who never saw a pack of cards, by perusing the three or four prefatory pages, and the treatise on the game he wishes to acquire a knowledge of, to understand its principles, and, with a little practice, to play it well. A number of new games, never before published, have been inserted in the present edition, among which may be mentioned, the fashionable game of *Ecarté*, freely translated from the French treatise, with ‘Catch the Ten,’ or *Scotch Whist*, and the Irish game of ‘Five and Ten;’ besides several new Round Games, and varieties of some of the old ones.”

This work is adorned with a frontispiece, very neatly engraved by Lizars, but from a most ungallant design by J. Stewart, from the land of the West. An elderly person—evidently a *gourmand*, “with spectacles on his nose and “in fair round belly, with good capon lined,”—the very image of Mathews in the character of Mr Wiggan is represented at table with a “Bold Dragoon” for his partner, and with *tricks before each of them!* whilst they are opposed in the game by two ladies—spinsters—as partners! Mr Stewart should have recollected that Shakespeare says,

“Two women placed together, always make cold weather.”

This treatise carries with it, besides our recommendation, the virtues of being neatly printed, handsomely covered, and moderately priced; whilst its size is adapted either for a lady’s reticule, or the waistcoat pocket of gentleman. It would be well were a copy of the book laid on every card-table, along with the cards; for it may safely be taken as an umpire in all companies, disputed points.

FINE ARTS.—*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.* Engraved by William and Edward Finden. Part I. London: Charles Tilt. Edinburgh: Thomas Ireland. 1830.

JUDGING by the present specimen, this promises to be a beautiful and interesting work. “From the numerous

Historical Illustrations," say the conductors, "which have appeared to embellish the Novels of the Author of *Waverley*, it is matter of surprise that no attempt has yet been made to convey an idea of the scenery, which, beautiful in itself, has been rendered doubly interesting by the descriptions of the distinguished author. To supply this deficiency is the object of the present undertaking." A number of distinguished artists have been engaged to furnish drawings; and those views will be selected which have been dwelt on with admiration by Sir Walter himself. The work is to be published in parts, each containing four plates, of a size to bind up with the new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, but the impressions are also taken off on paper sufficiently large for any of the collected editions. Part first, comprises views of Arran, of Doune Castle, of Penrith, and of Windermere, illustrative of passages in the "*Heart of Mid-Lothian*," "*Waverley*," and "*Guy Mannering*." All these are finely executed, and are a good augury of the success of the work.

Mercator and Felix. By John M'Cay, Member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh. Edinburgh. MacLachlan and Stewart. 1830. *Stitched*. Pp. 23.

This is a neat and classically-written brochure, illustrating and inculcating the fact, that wealth is neither the surest nor the best road to happiness.

THE DRAMA.

We have seen T. P. Cooke in the redoubted drama of "*Black-eyed Susan*," to have a peep at which the Cockneys squeezed themselves to death for a hundred nights. The acting of T. P. is, of course, excellent; but in so far as the writing is concerned, the piece is greatly below par. It wants the true sea smell; it savours too much of Wapping and Grub-street. One may discover pretty easily, that though the author may have more than once taken a wherry at Blackfriar's Bridge, he has never weathered a storm in the Bay of Biscay. His nautical phrases have been culled from books, not picked up on the fore-castle. Although entitled a "*Nautical drama*," there is not a single really nautical character in the whole piece except *William*, and, if we are not much mistaken, T. P. Cooke has, in a great measure, made that for himself. There never was a set of more complete non-descripts than *Doggrass*, *Gnatbrain*, *Jacob Twig*, *Blue Peter*, *Racer*, and *Hatchet*. The three last look, speak, and act just as like coal-heavers as sailors; and were it not that Stanley contrives to give to the part of Gnatbrain a humour which the author never foresaw, the whole set would be as stupid as a score of marines riding at anchor in a wet night. The truth is, that this piece is indebted to Gay, the author of the fine ballad of "*Black-eyed Susan*," for its principal attraction. His *William* and *Susan* are two persons who have taken a hold of the popular feeling, and whom many a long association has endeared to us. All that Mr Douglas Jerrold has done, is to add a few vulgar excrescences to the far more simple and elegant production of the poet. Had he entrusted his hero to any other actor than T. P. Cooke, the whole thing would have been forgotten in a week. As it is, the veriest booby sees at once that it is to the pains of the performer, not of the author, that he is indebted for the enjoyment he receives. Cooke rejects altogether many of the flimsy sentimentalities which Cockey scribblers are too apt to put into the mouths of sailors; he softens down others, or rather braces them up into a manly vigour; and he does all he can, and what no other person could do, to infuse into the whole personification the hardy, boisterous, warm-hearted, and salt-water spirit of a British sailor. He succeeds so well, that after he has cut down his officer for being rude to his wife, and has been tried and is condemned to death, the illusion becomes nearly complete, and it is impossible

to witness his parting with his comrades, and then with Susan, without being melted almost to tears. But all this, as we said before, is entirely done by T. P. Cooke, and the effect is feeble to what it might have been had the composition of the drama been entrusted to an abler pen,—to Cooper, for example, the American novelist, who can put his hand upon the ocean's mane, and vault upon its back, and sway it to his will. *Long Tom Coffin* and *Fid* are sailors worth seeing; but the sailors of Douglas Jerrold are diluted into the insipidity of five-water-grog.

T. P. Cooke's motto may well be,

"Nothing in him
But doth suffer a sea-change."

His ordinary melo-dramatic performances are middling enough, for whenever he tries to look like the brigand or the hero, he is sure to look a thousand times more like the coxswain or the boatswain's mate. Even when he plays the *Monster* in "*Frankenstein*," we oftentimes fancy we see him chewing his quid, and whenever he turns his back, we invariably look for his pigtail. Could the blue apparition sing, we never doubt for a moment that he would strike up, "*Bound 'prentice to a waterman*;" and were it consistent with the creature's dignity to dance, you may rest assured that it would be an "*admired naval horn-pipe*." Mr Cooke's range is therefore limited, but he is on that account only the more natural. Was there ever a more limited being in point of character than a genuine tar? His whole being is adapted to the range of the wooden walls within which he lives. He moves as they move; he rocks up and down as they rock; he is buffeted by the winds and splashed by the waves as they are; if they go gaily on their course, so does he; if they founder at sea, Jack for a certainty founders too. He knows the technical terms of his own art, and, in all other respects, language is to him a mystery. He knows a little of the very outskirts of the earth, as it were—the very rim—but the ocean is his home; he is happier on its bosom than the sea-bird. Now, how could T. P. Cooke—we like the letters T. P., they distinguish him—be a good sailor were he a good actor of other parts? The thing is an absurdity; when was a sailor an actor? T. P. is not an actor; he is a sailor—every inch of him, "all as one as a bit of the ship." It is as good as a long voyage to see him for a night or two now and then. The Theatre becomes a seventy-four, and, if rightly rigged, its sky-scrapers, and moon-rakers, ay, and even its grog-stopper, should be distinctly seen from the Register Office; whilst the ladies in the captain's cabin below may thank their stars if they are not all pitched out of their berths by a sudden lurch. If the wind be fair, heaven only knows in what part of the world the people in the hold may find themselves when they expect to step out at the pit door, and walk quietly home to their own houses. As for the Captain himself, William Henry Murray, we have no doubt he always makes it a rule to keep a good look-out-a-head; and when he has T. P. Cooke at the helm, he need be under no apprehension.

OLD CERBERUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Ah! sir, the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket! WORDSWORTH.

THERE came no vision girt with glorious pomp;
No seraph stood reveal'd; nor heavenly choirs
Pour'd their full harmony around the bed
Where she lay down to everlasting rest:
Yet were her virtues there,—array'd in light,
And shedding radiance round her clammy brow;
Yet was the voice of Memory loud and clear,
Singing the lofty song of deathless praise

For days well spent, and years not given in vain.
Her charity was there, with dove-like eye,—
And Faith stood light, with eyes and arms upraised,
And wings outspread,—to mount amid the skies.

Her grave was made,—for her, as for the worst!
We past away, and left her to her God.
Wrapt in the bosom of the silent earth,
She sleeps; and, if athwart that saintly sleep
A dream can flash,—'twill be a dream of joy;
Beaming presentment of eternal joy!
Is life a blank? Has death's intruding step
Startled the inward peace, without whose song
Of never-ending mild security,
Our lives were tortures? No! I look around,
And all the bright world shines as heretofore;
Only its turbid noise hath roll'd away,
Farther than ever, from an ear averse.
I hear the melody of early days,
Pure as if hymn'd by angels! still 'tis sweet,
And my lone bosom echoes back its tones,
As a cave murmureth to a quiet sea.

Held on thy course, irrevocable fate!
Thou stayless action of the world, hold on!
Empires, and thrones, tribes, customs, and the world,
Tremble before thee! From thy chariot wheels
Man's institutions, creeds, conventions, sects,
Are scatter'd far and wide, like summer dust.
Successive ages, at thy stormy breath,
Tower up like mists,—glide on like flying rain
Along th' Autumnal hills, and disappear
In the void skies! Their millions without strife
Obey thy voice; and shall a lonely one
Appeal from thee,—spurning what gifts thou giv'st,
In bootless grief o'er what has been withheld—
The only victim of a general woe!
Hold on! the sternest doom thy power inflicts,
And ne'er deprive me of a dearer blessing.
She walk'd on earth beside me like the morn,
Cheering the early traveller.

Now unbound—
My love no longer chains me; and in part,
My heart is harden'd for that intercourse
With stern or selfish natures, which requires
Resolve, high hopes, and patience; and though oft
A lingering look I yield, where once abode
The household idols of my early love,—
Yet onward, seems a path to nobler ends;
And thither, beckoning me, thy spirit leads—
Thither, where Fancy paints upon the clouds
Her fond chimeras, fading while we gaze.—
In youth we build majestic piles of hope,—
Mighty, though vain—the toil of precious days,
And mockery for all future time. Each pile
Stands in thy wastes, O Mem'ry! dark and lone,
The monument of feelings ne'er express'd,
And thoughts sublime but shadowy; and we gaze
Back on it, as the wandering Arab looks
On Egypt's solemn tombs, while dimly grand
They glimmer through the dusk; and oft the voice
Of mournful winds, in fitful tones comes down
From where it sweeps along each ledge of stone,
And sings the requiem of departed kings.

E. O. B.

LINES

ON MR LAURENCE MACDONALD'S STATUE OF THE GIRL AND
THE CARRIER PIGEON.

By J. S. Knowles.

THE maiden holds a letter to her breast—
Would'st oon its secrets?—Read them in her face!
It is the proper glowing page of Love!
It voucheth for a heart beneath that breast,

And in that heart the virgin's tender wish
She velleth with a blush, which, like a veil,
Emblazons but the thing 'tis ta'en to hide!
A dove, you see, her other hand doth perch—
How meet a perch for such a gentle bird!
I warrant that's her answer 'neath its wing.
'Tis Love's own messenger, that does Love's wish
With speed, and seems to know it scrupeth Love,
So eager to be gone—'twill fly—'tis stone!
Back to the face again, and mark the lips!
Methinks I hear a sigh upon those lips!—
So lovers' lips do part that breathe a sigh—
"I knew not that fine chisel could cut air!"
But there it is!

SONNET TO THE MEMORY OF GRAY.

By the late Alexander Balfour.

SWEET Bard! who sung "the rosy-bosom'd hours;"
Who loved thy retrospective eye to fling
O'er classic Eton's "spires and antique towers,"
While former days "waved fresh their gladsome wing;"
Who sung "Adversity, resistless power!"
Poetic "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;"
Whose "Bard" sublime could "life indignant spurn."
And "Cambria's curse" hurl in the "arroyo shower."
But chief, "who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,"
Could pensively thy twilight vigils keep;
And musing sigh above the "lowly bed,"
Where "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"
Thy name shall live, on Fame's broad pinions borne,
And on thy grave shall smile the "incense-breathing
morn."

TO MEDORA.

By Laurence Macdonald.

MILD as young zephyrs in their gentlest hour,
Commission'd forth by Spring from Flora's bower,
To clothe the earth with garlands, and infuse
Into each flower the spirit of its hues,
Art thou, Medora! faultless as thou'rt fair,
Divine as music's soul, and pure as childhood's prayer!

'Tis sweet to watch the day-blush burst on high,
Chasing the darkness both from earth and sky—
To view the blending tints of night and day,
Softening and hallowing all things with their ray,
But sweeter far, to watch Medora's smile—
The soul!—the heaven!—that brightens o'er that face
the while.

It is as if the waves on ocean's breast
Were by some spirit soothed—not quite to rest,
But, to that state, which is nor rest, nor motion,
That state, when bosoms feel some soft emotion
Mantling the blood, as if an angel's breath
Pass'd o'er the summer waters, else all still as death.

THE TORWOOD OAK.

By W. M. Hetherington.

THE Torwood Oak! How like a spell
By potent wizard breathed, that name
Bids every Scottish bosom swell,
And burn with all a patriot's flame!
The past before the rapt eye brings—
Forth stalk the phantom shades of kings,
And loud the warrior's bugle rings
O'er gory fields of blood!

I see the Roman eagle whet
Its hungry beak, I see it soar;
It stoops, I see its pinions wet,
Ruffled and wet with its own gore:

I see the Danish Raven sweep
O'er the dark bosom of the deep,—
Its scatter'd plumage strews the steep
Of rugged Albin's shore.

Lo! England's Edward comes!—the plain
Groans where his marshall'd thousands wheel,—
Grim Havoc stalks o'er heaps of slain,
Gaunt Famine, prowling, dogs his heel!
Ah! woe for Scotland! blood and woe!
Fierce and relentless is the foe,
And treason points the murderous blow,
Edges the ruthless steel!

But who is he with dauntless brow,
And dragon crest, and eagle eye,
Whose proud form never knew to bow
Its lofty port and bearing high?
Around him close a glorious band—
Few—but the chosen of the land;
Beneath the Torwood Tree they stand,
Freedom to gain, or die!

Tis he, the bravest of the brave!
Champion of Scotland's liberty,
Whose mighty arm and dreadful glaive
His mother-land could thrice set free!
That hero-patriot, whose great name
Justly the foremost rank may claim
Of all that grace the rolls of fame—
WALLACE OF ELDERSLIE!

Yes, oft the Torwood Oak has bent
Its broad boughs o'er his noble head;
Oft, in his hour of peril, lent
The shelter of its friendly shade;
And though rude Time and stern Decay
Its moulder'd stem have swept away,
The Hero's name there dwells for aye—
A name that cannot fade!

MARY'S EYES.

By J. W. Ord.

Wild as the gazelle—
Now brightly bold—now beautifully shy—
Woe as they wander—dazzle where they dwell.

There are who doubt that Jove doth live at all,
Or that he made this many-peopled ball,
They gaze upon the rose's golden rim,
And look into its heart, and list the hymn
Of Telus' myriad birds, and view the flight
Of the far eagle to the realms of light;
They walk into the woods, and see the trees
But on their summer robe, and hear the breeze
Softly, sweetly, night and day, like one in love,
And still deny great Jove doth dwell above.
Approach, vain sophists! and behold the brow
Of heaven all diadem'd with stars; and now,
Holding your breath so that it touch her not,
Come nearer to this sweet secluded spot,
Here I with Mary sit, and view her eyes,
That ye can; and if there do not rise
Sweeter and higher thoughts within your breast,
The gentle winds, that slumber in the west,
Kindling soul have ye—no high and far behest.

For have loved to dwell within the light
Of woman's eye,—it hath so much delight.
Oh, Mary, though thy brow is clear and high,
And though thy words are full of melody,
Nay, roses sit upon thy speaking face,
And all thou dost is full of ease and grace,
And though young loves do wanton on thy breast,
Thine eyes!—thine eyes!—I love thine eyes the best!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS OF BONAPARTE.—A translation of this interesting work, by James S. Memes, LL.D., is preparing for Constable's Miscellany. The Memoirs of Bourrienne are to be regarded as the most authentic and impartial documents yet given to the world on the subject of Napoleon. This preference is claimed on the grounds of the opportunities of information enjoyed, and of the qualifications, literary as well as moral, exhibited by the writer. For six-and-twenty years, commencing with the eighth year of Bonaparte's age, Bourrienne possessed the unlimited confidence of that extraordinary personage, and this during the most eventful period of his career. From all beside, the mask of ambition first, of policy afterwards, concealed entirely the man, and, in a great degree, the ruler also. To the writer of these Memoirs alone were bared the genuine features of his mind and conduct. At school, Bourrienne was the chosen companion—the sympathising comforter of the youthful and melancholy Corsican. At Paris, amid poverty and disappointment, he continued the sole confidant of the hopes, fears, and schemes of the young officer of artillery, sharing the contents of his own scantily furnished purse with him who was to sway the destinies of Europe. He witnessed the various turns, or was informed of them by letter, which raised his former comrade to general, and finally commander-in-chief in Italy. No sooner had Bonaparte obtained this elevation, than he invited Bourrienne to come to him and share his prosperity. Henceforth, in the capacity of secretary and confidential friend, in Italy, in France, at sea, in Egypt, in Syria, during the struggles and triumphs of the Consulate, he was constantly by Bonaparte's side in public—ever a party to his private thoughts and plans. From the closet of Napoleon, where his secretary and himself alone laboured, proceeded, from the dictation of the former, and in the handwriting of the latter, those documents, which, now forming a portion of history, then awed or astonished Europe. In the last volume of the work, even when Bourrienne, from being too unbending in principle, had ceased to be secretary, he was often employed, and sustained offices of importance. He was also employed under Louis. Here some of his narrative is peculiarly interesting. In every case of moment he refers to original documents, very frequently autographs in his own possession. These he was enabled to preserve by a singular display of courage and address, by which he foiled first Fouché, and even Bonaparte himself; subsequently the Bourbons, who, in succession, sought to deprive him of his treasure. He now enjoys powerful protection in the Netherlands, where he has drawn up his Memoirs, or rather transcribed his journals; for seeing from the beginning that history was making, he wrote down the transactions as they occurred. To these advantages of situation and opportunity, such as no other writer on this subject ever enjoyed, Bourrienne adds excellent talents, great good sense, and, above all, a most reverential regard for truth. This he searches out, and displays at all hazards. Prejudices he has, but they are of the right kind, in favour of humanity and liberty. Even these sentiments, however honourable their excesses might be esteemed, are never allowed to oppose truth. But with all these advantages, the work, to be valuable at once, and interesting to the general reader, will require care in the translation. The style is light and elegant, but very loose, diffuse, and full of repetitions. These give great room for condensing, and indeed require it. From following the order of time, too, the facts are often perplexingly intermixed and repeated. This clogs the narrative. These superfluities must be lopped off, the diffuseness condensed, and the facts arranged, in a translation; and it is evident that this cannot be ventured upon except with the utmost care, and by a responsible translator. We look, however, with confidence to Dr Memes. Besides his well-known talents and discrimination, he visited most of the scenes of Bonaparte's operations in Europe, in Italy, Germany, and Holland, collecting information on the spot, with views, long since laid aside, of doing something on the same subject. Under his superintendence, the work can hardly fail to be well executed.

A History of the Western Highlands and Hebrides, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Donald Gregory, Esq. Assistant Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, is preparing for publication. This work is meant to be one of more research than any that has hitherto appeared on the subject of the Highlands; and, from what we know of the talents of the author, we are inclined to augur very favourably of its contents.

An interesting Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, author of the *Mystery of Godliness*, &c. by the Rev. John Brown of Whitburn, is in the press.

Obedience, a Tale, by Mrs Sherwood, is announced.

Our able friend and contributor, William Kennedy, who has already displayed so much poetical genius in his "Fifful Fancies," and other works, has a new volume in the press, to be entitled, *The Arrow and the Rose*, and other Poems. Mr Kennedy is also engaged with a prose work for one of the Family Libraries.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr Tennant is about to pub-

lah, in a separate pamphlet, all the articles upon the Psalms which have appeared in the Literary Journal, with some additions, which may probably yet be made through the medium of our pages. The pamphlet will be ready previous to the meeting of the General Assembly.

A disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map; and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getae, and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr, is in the press.

Colonel Bory de St Vincent has been appointed by the French Minister of the Interior to prepare a work on Greece; and, having directed the first expedition to the Morea, he will probably be able to furnish many interesting particulars relative to that country.

A Second Voyage round the World, translated from the German of Otto von Kotzebue, is in the press.

We understand that the new work now in preparation, by the author of "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," (Thomas De Quincey, Esq.) will not be published before next winter.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S FOURTH CONCERT.—The fourth and last Concert given by the Society this season, took place in the Assembly Rooms, on Friday, the 18th inst. It was respectfully, but not crowdedly, attended. The instrumental music was, as usual, very good; and among the vocalists, Miss E. Paton especially distinguished herself, her "Ah, compir" being one of the most brilliant efforts she has made this season. Our readers will find some able remarks upon this concert in the *Weekly Journal* of Wednesday last. We do not always agree with the musical criticism in that paper; but on the present occasion it has our sincere approbation.

MR MURRAY'S CONCERT.—This Concert took place in the Hope-town Rooms last Tuesday evening, and was well attended. We have seldom heard at a benefit concert a more pleasing selection of music. The orchestra, though not full, was well selected and admirably drilled; and Murray's solos on the violin, especially that in which he introduced the Scotch air, "Here's a health to one that's awa," were in themselves a treat of no mean order. Miss Inverarity sang her *chef d'œuvre*, the *Serena* composed for her by Murray from "Il Sacrificio d'Abraham," and her efforts were, as they deserved, rapturously applauded. Miss E. Paton was no less successful in an exquisite piece of music by Niedermeyer, never before performed in this country, but which we hope to hear her frequently sing again. Her fair sister, Miss I. Paton, sang her favourite song, "In infancy our hopes and fears," very beautifully. Mr Wilson was unfortunately so hoarse, that it was difficult to say what sort of music he sang. The principal novelty of the evening was the debut of Miss Orme, as a pianist. She performed variations on a favourite theme from the opera of Semiramide, and a fantasia of Czerny's from the *Siege of Corinth*. We question whether more difficult and chromatic music could have been selected; but Miss Orme's articulation and touch are both excellent,—her style is full of expression and feeling,—and she certainly bids fair to be a distinguished ornament to the musical circles of Edinburgh. If her object be to teach the piano-forte, we know of no young lady to whose care we would sooner entrust any pupils in whose progress we took an interest. Two MS. songs by Murray, and one by John Thomson, were also produced at this concert, and were all well received.

MR TAYLOR'S CONCERT.—This concert, which took place in the Hope-town Rooms on Thursday evening, was crowdedly attended. Mr Taylor, of course, distinguished himself as the first harp-player in Edinburgh. Miss Louisa Jarman sang two songs, "Elena oh tu," and "My own Blue Bell." We never heard this young lady to greater advantage. In the last song she was honoured with an unanimous encore. Miss E. Paton and Miss Inverarity were also encored in their respective songs; and the audience generally seemed to be well satisfied with the entertainment which Mr Taylor had prepared for them.

CHAT FROM LONDON.—There is a good article in the last number of the *Literary Gazette*, exposing what the editor calls "the cut and dry system of criticism," or what he might have termed, "the art of reviewing books without reading them." It has of late become customary for publishers to pick out a score or so of what they consider the most striking passages of any new book, and to print them on a loose separate sheet of paper, which they forthwith transmit to all the journals and newspapers, in order to save reviewers the trouble of making their own extracts. The consequence is, that we see the same extracts in all the papers, and run a great chance of being nauseated with the new work before we have cut up the leaves. In common with our contemporary, we protest against such sallow work, and are confident that no such *helps* will ever be resorted to by the conductors of the *Literary Journal*.—It is said that Moore does not intend to take any notice of Campbell's late attack, his friends being of opinion that it does not deserve the compliment.—Colburn and Bentley continue to publish with great spirit, but the other booksellers are not doing much at present.—Mr Charles Nicholson, the celebrated flute-player, challenged a few days ago Mr James, the editor of "The Flutist's Magazine," in consequence of an article which appeared in the last number of that periodical, entitled "Death of Charles Tootle Too, Esq." Both gentlemen, however, were apprehended, and bound over to keep the peace. The

magistrate before whom they were taken had the wit or impudence to quote to them the well-known couplet,—

"Strange that such difference there should be
"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

—Madame Vestris has been applying to Sir Richard Birnie for assistance because she has missed the other evening at Drury Lane, when she made her appearance in the part of *Captain Mackintosh*. Madame Vestris had been missed a little more frequently in the course of her career, it would have been better for her.—From the last published statement of the number of students at the English Universities, it appears that Cambridge has now a majority over Oxford, having increased by 118 students in the last year. The present total of the members of Cambridge is 5263, while that of Oxford is 5228.

Theatrical Gossip.—The Easter melodrama at Drury Lane is called the "Dragon's Gift, or the Scarf of Flight and the Mirror of Light." It is very splendid, and was completely successful. That at Covent Garden is called the "Wigwam," and is founded on Cooper's novel the "Pioneers." Astley's has re-opened with "an equestrian romantic tale," entitled "The Spectre Monarch and his Phantom Steed." It gives Ducreux an opportunity of exhibiting his unrivalled skill.—At the Surrey, they have made a melodrama of young Burke's exhibitions.—The Cobourg rejoices in *Monsieur Gouffé*, the man-monkey, and a piece of spectacle bearing the captivating title of "Charles the Terrible."—Sadler's Wells has brought out something after the model of "Tom and Jerry."—The stupid old twaddler Colman has just given a new specimen of the manner in which he exercises the functions of Dramatic License. In the English version of the opera of "Cinderella," brought out a few nights since at Covent Garden Theatre, the following dialogue originally occurred:—"Dandini. Pray, Master Alidoro, help me, for I am a great man now, and can do nothing!—Alidoro. How, sirrah! is that one of our privileges!—Dandini. Certainly; what do the great do but live by the labours of the little?" Mr Colman struck out the whole of Dandini's last answer. Surely Mr Colman must be a goose, or an old woman in disguise.—Lalande has made her debut at the King's Theatre, and been well received.—Mrs Waylett leaves the Tottenham-street Theatre shortly; she is engaged at Vauxhall.—Miss Foss will shortly make her appearance at Covent Garden.—Fawcett and Mrs Davenport take their farewell benefits this season.—T. P. Cooke commences a three months' engagement at the Surrey, at White-tide, at L30 a week, and three clear benefits.—Mr Goldsmid comes out as *Monsieur Morbleu*.—Braham and Miss Paton are engaged for both the Liverpool and Norwich festivals.—Macready, who visited the Giant's Causeway during the Easter Holidays, has been playing for a few evenings in Belfast.—The benefits will commence here on the termination of T. P. Cooke's engagement.—Miss Jarman has been exciting great admiration in Glasgow. She has played there the part of *Alopec*, with much success.—Mackay goes to Glasgow for a few evenings next week.—During the Glasgow sacrament a tolerable company performed at Douna.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

April 17—23.

SAT.	Paul Fry, & Deaf as a Post.
MON.	Black-eyed Susan, Monsieur Tomson, & Gilderoy.
TUES.	Do., Luke the Labourer, & Cromwell Brig.
WED.	Do., & The Pilot.
THURS.	Do., & Præsumption.
FRI.	Do., & The Pilot.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are reluctantly obliged to postpone "The Apology, Part III." till next Saturday.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. VII. in our next.

"The Beuties of the Tay and its Tributaries" shall have a place as soon as possible.—"T. B. J." shall hear something about himself next Saturday.—We are not aware whether the Prospectus of the "Medical Provident Institution of Scotland" is meant as an advertisement or not. It could not conveniently appear in the *Literary Journal* in any other shape.—The Letters of "Frambyter" and of "J. N. B." of Dundee, shall be forwarded to Mr Tennant.

"Our fair correspondent, "Amelia B." will, no doubt, be shocked to hear that we still remain inexorable.—We shall endeavour to find room for the verses by "Alpha;" if he has any better, he may send them to us in the meantime.—There is promise of future improvement in the lines by "Juvenia."—Neither the "Song" nor the "Serenade" by "F." come up to our standard.

ERRATUM.—In our last report of the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, for "M. D. Groville," read "M. De Groville."

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THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS;

OR,

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

NO. VII.

"Stulta, iocosa, cœmenda, dolentia, seria, sacra,
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;
Quicquid es, hic aliquid quod delectabit habebis;
Trior an levior, selige quicquid amas."

FRIENDS, readers, and contributors! May has come once more!—the "merry month of May!"—smiling in the blue skies, and on the feathery clouds, sparkling on the broad breast of the placid sea, and greatly rejoicing the hearts of all the fishes in brook, stream, lake, and river. Many a pair of slippers that formed the solace of the winter fire-side, are now stowed away far back under a huge chest of drawers, or behind a great trunk, or in a rarely-frequented closet, covered with dust, neglected and forgotten! Such is the world's gratitude. It is attentive to its friends as long as they can be of any service, but its attachment ends with the chance of some reciprocal advantages arising out of the connexion. *Fie on't!* Such is not our mode of treating the companions of by-gone days;—

"Come, ye SLIPPERS, fair and free,
In Heaven worn by Euphrosyne,—"

come once more unto our willing feet, and albeit the grate sparkles in the brightness of its own well-tempered metal, unconscious of a fire,—albeit our easy-chair, into which we sink as into a bed of elder-down, be now for a time discarded,—albeit the air is soft and balmy, and when we throw open the casement of our suburban retreat, the perfume of a thousand flowers hurries the sense into Elysium,—still we are prepared to address our SLIPPERS in the language of Goldsmith, and say,

"Eternal blessings crown our earliest friend!"

In the long, frosty, blue, coal-consuming nights of winter, how often have they met us smilingly after the fatigues of the day, and, with the gentle pressure of mute affection,—a pressure like unto that of a maiden's soft and thrilling hand,—how often have they restored our wounded spirit to the conviction that some small portion of peace and happiness was still left for us in the world!

It was in such moments as these that the better portions of our nature awoke within us, and all the scorpions of our heart laid themselves down to sleep. The petty cares, the contemptible jealousies, the perpetual wabbles, which agitate the literary world, and in the vortex of which even we are sometimes involved, faded away like the mist of morning upon a mountain brow, and we felt prepared to love and to be beloved by all mankind. Then came tripping forth, like fairies in the moonlight, our affections and gentler feelings;—a single stanza of divine poetry,—a tone or two of pensive music, perchance one of our old accustomed melodies, loved from childhood, and loved now a thousand times more because those whom we love, love them too,—the glance of a kind eye,—the sound of a familiar voice,—each or all

of these has wellnigh brought our mother's weakness to our eyes, and we blessed God, that though inured in all the cold and artificial habits of the common earth, we were still capable of casting the stiff mantle of manhood away, and recalling to ourselves the nature of a boy who lies among the heather on a bright hill-side, and dreams of the crystal world he is about to enter. And what is man, or the life of man, worth, if he cannot continue to throw, at intervals, a rainbow light over the dulness of reality? Woe unto him who scoffs at the existence, and ridicules the enjoyment, of all pure and lovely emotions!

We speak not of the bolsterous mirth of nocturnal conviviality, though even that hath its redeeming points;—we speak not with the view of painting a fabled Utopia, which hath no being in the nature of things. All that we stand up for, (and now that our SLIPPERS are on, we do not stand so high by a full inch as we did before)—all that we stand up for is, that no poet has ever exaggerated the value and the might of friendship, or the glory and the rapture of woman's love. Poets, with all their inspiration, have but limited powers. They can describe but what they see, and what they feel. They may express feelings, which, in the particular case alluded to, did not belong to them, but which other circumstances either have called or will call forth. Hence all the privileges they enjoy;—friendship is with them a passion, and a glad delirium;—love, a transport and a splendour. Let it be granted that the friendship dies out, and that the love may in time grow cold. It matters not; better to be loved by them for a day, than by all the rest of mankind for a hundred years! We speak no rash and hasty paradox. What is friendship? What is love? It is a succession of feelings towards another, existing within the recesses of our own nature. To a certain extent, these feelings may be expressed by outward signs, and made palpable to the object beloved,—but only to a certain extent, and in noble natures to a wretchedly limited extent. By far the higher part of the mystery remains unseen. The movement of the outward wheels may be discovered, but the delicate mechanism of the interior, productive of the acutest nicety of perception, is hid from the vulgar eye,—is for ever incapable of being communicated even to the object on which all our regard is lavished. But the mechanism, or, to use a higher and a better word, the soul, with its concomitant emotions, exists, though the weakness of the material senses cannot discover them to others. They exist, and for ever hallow to the mind of the poet the subject by which such emotions are called forth. Is this a matter of little moment? Is it a small thing to be a poet's friend,—a poet's love?—not for what he writes or says about his friendship or his love, but for what he *feels*, and what he could not ever attempt either to write or say? Words are but feeble types of thoughts. They are not thoughts itself,—they are but symbols of it. Can a symbol ever be so good as an original? Think you that the language of a book, or even the syllables which drop from the tongue, are equally fervent and expressive as the throbbings of the unseen heart? or as those lights and shades of feeling, which cause neither a thrilling nor a throbbing, which pass like a sun-blink, or the reflection

of a cloud upon the water, but which stamp the character and elevate the individual into something far different from the multitude? O ye men of genius! wear SLIPPERS, and commune with your own hearts, and be still.

Not having read over the above paragraphs, we shall not be too positive, but we are certainly inclined to think they contain some very splendid writing. A set of dolts will assert that it is vain in us to say so. Nay, it has even reached our ears, that the EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS is thought at times rather conceited and egotistical! Good God! (as Mr Brougham says in the House of Commons when he wants to be very eloquent,) what an idea is this to enter into the mind of a rational human being! Because we sometimes make our own popularity the subject of a good-humoured joke, must we be therefore classed with the petty coxcombs of this and former ages? By Jupiter Ammon! and likewise by Jupiter Tonans, and also by the Capitoline Jove! the day will come when we shall shake that notion out of the minds of our worst foes! Proud of being the Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, forsooth! What is it, after all, but a mere sixpenny periodical, very neatly printed, to be sure, by Ballantyne, and in very universal circulation and esteem, but still only a weekly Gazette of sixteen pages? Heaven and earth! who is it fancies that periodical writing of any kind would satisfy our ambition? Look at the editors of all the periodicals,—they are mere nobodies, unless they have done something distinct and apart from contributing anonymous articles to Reviews, Magazines, or Literary Journals. Does Lockhart owe his reputation to that most respectable and heavy concern the *Quarterly Review*? What has Jeffrey made by the *Edinburgh*, except that he fretted his hour upon the stage, and then departed? Who ever thinks of Campbell as the editor of the *New Monthly*, with its Cockney sketches and little bits of unreadable trash of poetry? Will not a single page of the "Isle of Palma," or the "City of the Plague," or "Lights and Shadows," or something he will yet write, do more to perpetuate the name of John Wilson than all *Blackwood's Magazine* put together? Is Dr Bowring better known as a poetical translator from the modern languages, or as the conductor of that able and suspicious review the *Westminster*? As for the scribblers in *Frazer's Magazine*, the *Monthly*, and others, which nobody ever sees or hears of, unless through the medium of a newspaper advertisement, their very names are unknown; and though they were, they would not live one week longer than their own periodicals, which will be short enough. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal* ranks, we believe, higher than any other weekly miscellany now in existence; but what kind of satisfaction is it to know this, when we also know that we could, if we chose, rise to as great a height above the *Journal*, as the *Journal* is above Cobbett's *Register*, or the *Cork Quarterly Magazine*? Vanity, indeed! We shall see, before five years elapse, whether the EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS is a person to be sneezed at in this way. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, like a rock rolled from the top of a mountain, shall go on to prosper with increased celerity and quickly accumulating influence, but it shall be confessed, ere long, to be only the smallest gem in our coronet. So much for egotism. Let the small fry sneer and snarl if they will. We have said it.

Revert we once more to the pleasant fact, that this is the first morning of May. Where hast thou been, dear reader?—away up on the mountain side, gathering the sweetest and the brightest dew of all the year,—or down by the stream, catching a score of the biggest trout it boasts,—or lying in bed, amidst a profusion of shattered dreams dancing round thee like motes in the sunbeam, till the breakfast bell rang for the last time, and you knew that all the rest would be in the parlour before you, and that the eggs would be cold, and the *Literary Journal* half read before you got down? Well, never mind;

whatever you have been doing, we have a regard for thee. But if thou art a man, then, O man! away with thee to the country for as long a period as thou canst—a day, a week, or a month. Thou knowest not how fresh and lovely it looks at this moment. Couldst thou but get one glimpse of the blossoms upon the cherry-trees, we should have a greater respect for thee. Thou smilest with a grave serenity, and thinkest to thyself—"I am a lawyer, and lo! I wear a wig; what have I to do with the blossoms on the cherry-trees?" But again, weary unto thee, O man! fling thy wig to the four winds of heaven, take unto thyself the feelings of a boy—a rosy blossom newly shaken from the tree of life—and away with thee to the blessed green fields. We should have rejoiced to have taken thee with us to Roseneath, that fairest peninsula in the Firth of Clyde, which we visited but a few short days ago. We should have rejoiced to point out to thee the beauties of Helensburgh, and the loveliness of the Gair Loch, with its towering amphitheatre of hills in the background; nor should we have asked thee to have thrown thyself after us, when we were foolish enough to tumble out of the steam-boat into the water, for well we know that it is only the ignoble and the undistinguished who die the death of a blind puppy,—therefore we smiled in the water with a calm smile, and, after a brief space, regained the boat.

Reader! perchance thou art a lady! If so, Heaven bless thee! Art thou fond of flowers? Thou art perhaps the lady who wrote the lines in the style of Miss Landen on a tuft of early violets, which are as follows:

"The first that grew this season!
I have been miles for them! How many miles?—
Just two!"

Well, it must have been a pleasant walk, whether short or long. Have you a passion for primroses? Here they are in living groups,—most lovely and gentle things! Do you like cowslips, whose perfume is like the beautiful thought of an innocent girl? If so, there is a bank all golden with them. But are not all flowers alike? They are nature's eternal jewels, and their odour oppresses the heart with a joy that weighs it down almost as if it were a sorrow. We hate a lady who looks coldly upon flowers; we love her best who is affected by them even unto sadness.

Come, sit thee down beneath this pleasant tree, whose tender and feathery leaves quiver in the passing zephyr, and we shall furnish thee with an hour's reading that will make thee remember with delight the EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS all the rest of thy days. Here is a scrap, in the first place, which we abrewdly suspect was written by ourselves as we walked in the garden yesternight, and had our attention attracted by the melancholy object which forms the subject of our poem.

TO A WITHERED CURRANT BUSH.

What is the reason, thou currant bush,
That there is not a leaf upon thee,
Although there are leaves on the gooseberry bushes,
And leaves on the old apple-tree?

Art thou asleep in thy winter sleep,
Or art thou a stubborn thing
That will not be woo'd by the April sun,
Nor the breath of the gentle spring?

The heart's-ease looks up, with a smile, in thy face,
And the primrose is silent with joy,
And the butterfly flutters from flower to flower,
Like a happy, but truant boy.

The blackbird is singing among the boughs,
And the lark 'neath the rainbow's zone;
All nature is full of the spirit of joy,
But thou art dejected alone!

Good luck ! I hope thou'rt not dead, currant bush,
 For a doleful thing 'twould be,
 To have no red currants when August comes,
 And no red jelly at tea !

'Twas pleasant to pluck the luxuriant strings
 Of the ruby beads that hung
 In tempting clusters, ruddy and ripe,
 Thy fresh green boughs among.

O ! never glanced gums upon beauty's neck
 With a richer glow of light,
 Than the coral fruit upon thee, currant bush,
 When autumn's skies were bright.

And I mind me well, six months ago,
 How glad some it was to see
 The busy group of sisters small,
 Who prattled and danced round thee.

And surely thou wert right pleased, currant bush,
 To be rified by such sweet fingers ;
 And of them, perchance, 'midst thy withering boughs,
 Some faint remembrance lingers.

Poor bush ! I pity thee much ;—and more
 That thy fate has a touch of my own ;
 The April sun now shines on us both,
 But not as it once has shone !

In the whole range of creation, there is nothing more truly beautiful than a noble river ; and what country more rich in rivers than Scotland ? There is the Forth, which takes its rise from a small clear pool at the foot of Benlomond, and, after winding, for miles, like a silver thread through the wild and beautiful scenery of Stirlingshire, expands below Alloa into a broad and majestic sheet of water, rolling on slowly and silently to the German ocean. There is the Clyde, glittering in silver cascades through Lanarkshire, sweeping past Glasgow, giving beauty to Duglass and Erskine House, laving the deep foundations of Dunbarton rock, supplying water to a hundred lochs, and at length mingling with the mighty Atlantic below the Cumbray Isles between the peaks of Ailsa and of Jura. There is the Tweed, the very Avon of our land, with its classic tributaries, the Gala Water and the Teviot, whose "wild and willowed shore" lives in immortal song. There is the Esk, or rather the Easke—the north and the south—tracing their origin up to the Grampian Hills, and, after finding their way, by different channels, through their native shire of Angus, meeting for the first and last time, just as they are passing into their common grave in the neighbourhood of Montrose. There are the Don and the Dee, the noblest of our Highland streams, whose course lies among rocks, and moors, and glens, and heathy hills, softening the stern aspect of the mountains of Mar Forest, and giving a softer beauty to the vale of Braemar. There are the Nith and the Annan, rolling on in placid quiet to the westerous Solway—the streams which Allan Cunningham loves, and which we love too for his sake. There is the Devron, a river which hath for us a thousand happy associations, awaking at every turn the romance of youth, the chief ornament of Banffshire, making luxuriant the sweet valley of Forglenn, sweeping round the foot of the green hill on whose brow stands the cottage of Eden, winding among the woods of Mount Coffre, sleeping in liquid crystal under the bridge of Alva, and finally meandering on through the noble parks of Duff House, as if loth to leave them for the rude billows of the Murray Frith. And last, though not least, there is the Tay, taking its source in the distant mountains of Breadalbane, and, after gliding under the nine-arched bridge of Perth, enriching the Carse of Gowrie, and flowing through a Caledonian Arcadia, until it swells into a frith, and ceases to exist "betwixt St Johnston and bon-

nie Dundee." As we are desirous that our readers should not exist a month longer without unravelling the wanderings of this princely stream, we are glad to present them with the following graphic sketch of its beauties by one who knows them well.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE TAY, AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land !—*Marmion.*

Is there a Briton who has visited the Alpine scenery of Switzerland, the Italian lakes, or the banks of the Rhine, and who yet remains ignorant of the beauties of the first of British rivers ? Let him take the earliest opportunity of correcting his omission, and of making himself acquainted with the loveliness of the *Tay*, and its tributary streams.

If he follows my advice, he will convey himself, on foot, should he really wish to enjoy his tour, to the comfortable inn at Tyndrum, which I would recommend as the starting-post. Here he may watch the infant Tay struggling through the wild and romantic solitudes of Strathfillan, and coming into existence, as it were, under the guardianship of the saint, whose memory is still preserved in the recesses of Breadalbane.

Proceeding eastward from Strathfillan, the traveller gradually finds himself in Glendochart. In the upper part of this glen, there is much variety in the scenery ; the woods of Innerardoran, Lochdochart, with its island and ruined castle, and the stupendous masses of Benmore, by which the valley is bounded on the right, combining to produce a very diversified landscape. The lower part of Glendochart is more monotonous in its character, but the eye is at length relieved by the striking, yet simple, grandeur of Macnab's burying-ground, with its dark grove of pine-trees standing in the midst of the foaming torrent. After passing the bridge of Killin, the rude but sublime scenery of Glendochart is almost instantly exchanged for one of the most lovely landscapes which can be seen in Scotland. In front are the beautiful grounds of Kinnell, and beyond them Loch Tay, winding to the eastward, round the base of the lofty Benlawers. On the right, the eye is arrested by gently-swelling banks, clothed with rich plantations, among which, and looking to the lake, is the delightful residence of Auchmore. On the left, the Lochay slowly winds its way to join the lake through the gorge of a valley, almost unequalled in beauty, overhung by the magnificent woods which crown the heights of Finlarig, with the frowning ridge of Ben Cailllach in the back-ground. The Lochay is the first tributary of any consequence received by the Tay ; and in the lower part of its course, it forms a remarkable contrast to the fierce impetuosity which characterises the descent of the Dochart.

Perhaps it is owing to the extreme richness and variety of the scenery at the west end of Loch Tay, that the middle part of this fine sheet of water does not possess such attractions as might be expected ; but, as if to compensate for this temporary and comparative deficiency, (for it is only comparative,) the eastern extremity appears to vie with the west in beauty, although the character of each is essentially different ; that of the former being, perhaps, more artificial, but not the less pleasing on that account, while that of the latter is altogether more wild and natural.

Following the course of the Tay as it issues, now a noble stream, from the lake, we pass the princely grounds of Taymouth, and find ourselves in the finely wooded valley of Strath Tay, studded on every side with various ancient castles and modern country seats. Here, on the right, the Lyon joins the Tay. Glenlyon, a very long and narrow valley, running from the most western part of Breadalbane, nearly parallel to Glendochart and Loch Tay, contains, within itself, some fine specimens of Highland scenery ; and the banks of the Lyon at Fortingal, where the vale widens, previous to the junction of the

Lyon and the Tay, may, for romantic beauty, challenge a comparison with any similar scene in the island. Further down the strath, on the right, the Tay receives the waters which have hurried to join it over the rocks and among "the birks" of Aberfeldy. At length we reach Logierait, at the junction of the Tay and the Tummel. The situation of this ancient residence of the Earls of Atholl is magnificent beyond description—just what we should expect in the castle of a Highland baron of old, guarded by two broad and rapid rivers, and at the same time watching, with jealous care, two of the principal entrances to the Highlands. The course of the Tummel is, comparatively speaking, so little known, that it merits a more particular description.

The traveller who has journeyed from Dalmally or Tyndrum to the King's-house, on his way to Glencoe, will recollect, between King's-house and Inveroran, a black, dismal-looking moor, with several small lakes scattered through it, stretching far to the east, and bounded on the south and north by lofty mountains. That desolate moor is the moor of Rannoch, and from these lakes a river proceeds, to lose itself at last in Loch Rannoch, which receives also, near the same place, the waters that flow from Loch Ericht. Loch Rannoch is the least known, but not the least beautiful, of the Perthshire lakes;—the view to the south, when travelling along the northern bank of the lake, is particularly fine; for, besides that the southern shores are clothed with a great variety of beautiful wood, there is to be seen on the rising grounds behind, the remains of one of the ancient pine forests of Scotland, while, at a greater distance, Schiehallion rears his beautifully conical peak to complete the landscape.

Issuing from Loch Rannoch, at the village of Kinloch, the river proceeds through the district of Bunrannoch to Loch Tummel, exhibiting, in its course, all the beauties which are usually found in Highland rivers. Soon after leaving this lake, and foaming down Strath Tummel in a number of cascades, it is joined at Faskally, by the united waters of the Garry and the Tilt, after they have escaped from the romantic Pass of Killiecrankie, and a little further down it meets the Tay at Logierait.

From this latter place the majestic river rolls along, through a succession of splendid landscapes, to Dunkeld, where it is joined by the Brand. The scenery here is too well known to require description.

It will be sufficient to mention the names of the remaining rivers which join the Tay before it reaches the sea. These are, on the left, the Isla and the Ardlie, and, on the right, the Amond and the Earn. Were I to attempt to describe the scenery on each of these branches, it would savour of repetition, as all Highland straths and glens have a certain resemblance to one another, although, doubtless, each has its own peculiar beauties. I shall, therefore, content myself with drawing the attention of the stranger to the situation of Perth, as seen from the heights to the southward of that town. When gazing on this scene of matchless beauty, containing all the various features that a painter could desire, from the rich cultivation in the neighbourhood of the town, to the blue Grampians in the distance, with the Scottish Tiber rolling at my feet, I found myself involuntarily spouting the stirring lines which I have placed at the head of this paper; and I would now, in the words of the same poet, ask him who has surveyed, as I have done, the beauties of the Tay and its Tributaries, commencing with the rugged fastness of Breadalbane and the desolate bleakness of the moor of Rannoch, and ending with Perth and the Carse of Gowrie,

"Where shall he find in foreign land"

scenery to surpass that to which I have thus feebly attempted to introduce him? G.

There is nothing which pleases us more than to meet with a fresh poetical mind. There is a poetical mind in Forfar, else the following verses could never have emanated

from that town. Even with the full recollection of Campbell's magnificent address to the Rainbow, we fear not to present our readers with the following lines by Mr John Nevay on the same subject. They came to us with the letter which we subjoin:

Forfar, March 17th, 1830.

Sir,—If you condescend to look at these verses, I devoutly pray the Muses that it may be in that merry, but sacred hour, when the tragi-comic drama of poets and rhymesters is performed, wherein some, for their intrusion "behind the scenes," receive a mortal drubbing, whilst others, for their fair and honourable wooing, are wedded each to the Muse he loves, by the power of your immortal SLIPPERS. I am, sir, your very humble servant,
J. NEVAY,

TO THE RAINBOW.

Ethereal child of dark and bright,
Clasping the heaven as in delight,
While in thy soft and balmy arms
Glad Nature smiles with fresher charms,
And man and beast, and tree and flower,
Feast on thy shining and thy shower;
Thou coronal of summer's sky,
What art thou to poetic eye?—
An arch tri-coloured, rich and rare,
Whence hallow'd saints and seraphs fair,
In joyous bands, may view delighted
The genial earth with heaven united;—
The grand harp of the Deity
With music in its chords for me,
Still pouring from its golden strings
An anthem to the King of kings;
While earth sends up her breath of balm
To mingle with the holy psalm;—
The matchless banner-flag of Him
Who quell'd the rebel seraphim,
And in its stream of glowing hues,
Inwoven the verse of the holy Muse:
"Love, and peace, and felicity,—
Follow ye Christ, and these will be,
When sun and stars have pass'd away,
Your portion in eternal day."

Rainbow! thou art like the rapt bard's thought,
Sublime 'midst the light and cloud of his lot,—
The radiant Iris that spans his soul,
In a heaven of fancy from pole to pole;
A thing all beauty, and softness, and fire,
Where hangs in glory his own loved lyre.

We are inclined to think that the living poets of the "west country" have been brought into notice principally through the medium of the *Literary Journal*. A few of them write occasionally elsewhere, but never so well as when they write for us. Their efforts seem to be paralyzed unless destined to come into contact with the genial light which emanates from the *EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS*. From the many compositions which have reached us of late from the western shores, we proceed to select a few with which we think the public will be pleased. We have already introduced Mr William Mayne to our readers. We think the following one of his most successful efforts, poetical as they all are:

THE OVERWHELMED ISLE.

By William Mayne.

Oh, how the fancy loves to brood
Upon those islands of the sea,
Where nature dwells in solitude,
Amid her own fair imagery;
Where the sweet earth for ever blooms
Among the purest of perfumes;
Where the rich fruits adorn the bough,
And bend it gracefully below,

That on the soft grass they may lean,
And blend their crimson with its green ;
Where scarce a sound is ever heard,
Save some sweet insect's hum at even,
Or the soft warble of a bird,

Or the most tender sighs of heaven ;
Where, on each mild and blissful scene,
The tread of man has never been,
To make its healthy glow depart,
And fix foul cankers in its heart :
Oh, how the soul would swiftly flee

To one of those delightful isles,
And leave the deadly misery

Which round man's dwelling darkly coils ;
Where sorrow's wall, so wild and drear,
Would never thrill upon the ear ;
Where we would never know again
The world's neglect—the world's disdain.

One of those islands was my own,
Placed in a mild and friendly zone ;
In it I found that mellow peace,
And joy, and sacred fruitfulness,
Which I had thought was never given
To any but the loved of Heaven.
Nor was I all alone,—forsaken
Of those dear beings who awaken
Those fond affections in the soul,
Which bend it under their control,
And make the loveliest places lie
More dearly beautiful on the eye !
For from the far-off shore I brought
A gentle maid of kindred thought,
Who was content to tread with me
Unto the world's extremity,
In search of some secluded spot,
Where peace would bless our earthly lot.
One of those islands was our own,
And there we nestled all alone ;
Nor was the world so far away
From where our lovely island lay,
But that we could perceive, when on
The heaven day's clearest radiance shone,
Beyond the dark and potent tide,
Which spread around us calm and wide,
Its outline on the sky defined,
Soft as a shadow of the mind.
And often, at the close of even,
When sleep's soft shades embraced the heaven,
Would we forsake our cheerful toil,
And from some fair spot of our isle
Look with a long and ardent view
Upon its dim and distant hue,
Until we had forgot that hour
And helpless misery roam'd it o'er,
And that it ever drove us forth
As sickly creatures, nothing worth.

Three children grew our steps around,
As fair as aught which blooms below,
And from their guileless hearts we found
Still sweeter streams of gladness flow :
They grew around their mother's breast,
And clung there, like the smiles of morn,
Which on the rose's soft leaves rest,
And even its loveliness adorn.
How oft I fancied they would spring
'Neath Nature's tender cherishing,
And other feelings never know,
Than those she kindly might bestow ;
And though our bosoms were their source,
Be like those streams so calm and clear,
Which first begin their quiet course
From a dark lake, unblest and drear,

Then, after journeying a time
Along a fair and flowery shore,
Are cleansed of that dark lake's slime,
And brightly wander evermore.
Oh, we were happy ! full of bright
And pleasant thoughts, from morn till night ;
We seem'd like that pure family
Which God first planted on the earth,
Whose days as sweetly journey'd by
As though they own'd a heavenly birth.

Alas ! alas ! who could have thought
That island's breast, which seem'd so fair,
Was with the earth-curse deeply fraught,
That death in secret revell'd there ?
Who could have thought, who saw it lie
Upon the sea so peacefully,
Appearing, through the calm moonlight,
Like a soft slumbering creature white,
That it was doom'd to pass away,
As from a lake the April ray ?

'Twas evening, and sleep's gentle wing
Was o'er us softly hovering ;
But ere the middle of the night,
Among my dreams so sweet and bright,
There came a hoarse and heavy sound,
As if the sea had burst its bound,
And was on-rolling, fierce in wrath,
Shattering all objects from its path.
I started up, confused and wild,
And, horror-smitten, back recoil'd ;
I saw our dwelling's outward wall
A moment reel, then forward fall,
As if to ope a fearful path
For the dark messenger of death.
I saw no more ; one moment o'er
My wife my arm was fondly thrown,—
The next I heard the ocean's roar,
And its dread billows sweeping on,
And felt the waters round me chill,
And strangling me in their fierce will,
And spurning me their wrath before,
Like him who spurns a worthless foe,
And growling out a jocund roar,
As up I bounded from their flow.
Yet, in that black tempestuous sea,
My soul was wound to agony,
At thought of them, the loved, the fair,
Now rudely driven—I knew not where !
And round my arms I wildly flung
The heavy-swellings waves among,
In hope they might be strongly bound
My wife or helpless children round.
But there were none save I amid
Those mighty waters wild and dread !
I dash'd my head above the waves,
Which o'er me hung like moving graves,
And look'd a moment through the night,
To where I fancied was the isle ;
But, ah ! its fair peculiar light
No longer shed its blessed smile !
Nothing I saw, around, around,
But waves in everlasting bound.

I know no more, for frenzy cast
Its friendly darkness o'er my mind,
And hid the billow and the blast
The ocean had in store behind.
'Twas not the lashing wave o'ercame
The ruling spirit of my frame,
No, 'twas the agonizing thought
Which there, even there, with madness smote,
That those, my joy, my life, my light !
Would bloom no more before my sight,

Which made my wild regardless soul
Back from my heart's embraces roll.

The beams of the succeeding morn
Upon me threw their calm disdain,
And show'd me cast a thing of scorn
Upon the world's cold coast again ;
The ocean safely roll'd above
That solitary isle of love,
And hid it in its secret breast
With all the wealth that made me blest !
Oh ! often I have sail'd alone

O'er where that isle was wont to be,
Once smiling like a flowery throne,
Where peace might sit and rule the sea ;
And I have fancied out the spot
Where rose our flower-encircled cot,
And o'er the calm wave I have hung,
And look'd the waters clear among,
In hope that cot I might behold,
Deep, deep amid the ocean's fold.
Alas ! it was a fancy fond,

Which sometimes made me strangely start,
As if I saw, the waves beyond,
The wife and children of my heart.
Away ! the ocean wrapt them deep
Within a dark unbreaking sleep.

Since then I've wander'd lone and long
The places of the world among,
An object of its careless scorn,
A thing for any foot to spurn :
The hope is dead within my breast,
Which made me seek the isle of rest ;
And if it still existed there,
What kindred spirit, young and fair,
Would cheer me with her friendly smile,
And seek with me that happy isle !
Glasgow.

Mr Thomas Brydson is a poet full of soft and gentle feeling. He has sent us the following lines from Oban, where he now resides :

DUNOLLY CASTLE—BAY OF OBAN.

By Thomas Brydson.

The breezes of this vernal day
Come whispering through thine empty hall,
And stir, instead of tapestry,
The weed upon its wall,—

And bring from out the murmur'ing sea,
And bring from out the vocal wood,
The sound of Nature's joy to thee,
Mocking thy solitude.

Yet, proudly 'mid the tide of years
Thou lift'st on high thine airy form,—
Scene of primeval hopes and fears !
Slow yielding to the storm.

From thy grey portal, oft at morn,
The ladies and the squires would go ;
While swell'd the hunter's bugle-horn
In the green glen below.

And minstrel harp, at starry night,
Woke the high strain of battle here ;
When with a wild and stern delight,
The warrior stoop'd to hear.

All fled for ever ! leaving nought
Save lonely walls in ruin green,
Which dimly lead my wandering thought
To moments that have been.

Oban.

From another Glasgow bard, whose sonnets in general find acceptance in our eyes, we have been favoured with the following communication :

Sir,—Slippers have long been appropriated to the feet, and for you it has been reserved, to show of how great benefit they may be in the more dignified service of the head. In your SLIPPERS, you have found room for both brains and feet,—a rhymester and a punster may be pardoned for making the remark. I have heard they are all *sole* ; and no one can doubt there is the principle of life in them who judges from the *last*, and indeed from *all*. Perhaps, when you next resign the editorial pen to your SLIPPERS, you will be kind enough to recommend the prefixed Sonnet to their notice and indulgence. I am, sir, &c. NEIL CROSS.

Here is the sonnet alluded to :

SONNET TO MY NATIVE STREAM.

By Neil Cross.

Strange fancies oftimes take the poet's brain,
Which some, whose sympathies are less refined,
Deem but the work of madness in his mind.

As even in days gone past, to-day again
I've listen'd to thy music, gentle stream !
Until mine ear hath caught, or, in a dream,
My own wild fancy, and the love of thee,

And this dear spot together, so have wrought
On my young heart, that what, in sooth, can be
But a delusion, is made real to me ;

And I have innocently, without thought,
Believed my finer ear distinctly caught
The airs of those sweet songs which here, in joy,
Oft to myself I've whistled when a boy !

"T. B. J." is another Glasgow poet ; but he has written this time in prose, and poets often write very sensibly in prose. We are not quite sure that we agree with the opinions contained in the following paper ; but as it is fair that all sides of a question should be stated, and as the motto on our title-page shall never be lost sight of by us,—“Here's freedom to him that would write,”—we are well pleased to give a place to this temperate and candid communication :

A DEFENCE OF SACRED POETRY.

Poetry's highest achievements were made long ago by the inspired writers. They breathed and burned from the lips of Job and of the Prophets, and were hallowed by the lyre of David. In after times, they were also revealed in the gloom and glory of the apocalyptic visions. From the admirable adaptation of such subjects to poetry, in imitation of the inspired authors, many writers of sublime genius have taken their plan, and characters, and scenery, from Holy Writ. Against such, however, there has been, and now exists, a loud outcry ; and to show the injustice of the censures heaped upon writers of sacred poetry, is the object of the following remarks.

It is alleged by wise and good men, that works of imagination, founded upon Scripture, tend to hurt the mind of the reader by mingling in his memory Truth with Fiction. To this objection it may be answered, that the poet should never bring forward any thing contradictory to divine truth,—his embellishments should all coincide with, and flow naturally from, those passages on which his plan is founded. If, however, a bold fancy should overcharge the history with improbability, such, from its very nature, must be easily apparent, and have no power to hurt the cause of virtue. Thus, Milton's description of the devil's manner of tempting our first parents,—although not precisely according to the text of Scripture,—if it should assume in the mind of any the place of revelation, is not calculated to produce any evil tendency.

Another and more frequent objection to poetry founded upon sacred subjects is, that it is sinful and dangerous to touch upon, or attempt to embellish, the Word of God.

For this we think it a sufficient answer, that the historical portions of Holy Writ being merely a sketch work of what took place, nothing can be more natural than for the imagination to fill it up; and this can be easily done, without failing to keep in view, at the same time, the grand outlines of the picture. The poet should, however, be very guarded in his expression and invention. He should imitate the Word, as he would copy the works, of the Author of all things, by keeping truth ever before him. He should not only be exceedingly careful of going against what is written, but he should not imagine any thing which is beneath the dignity of his subject. In teaching upon themes connected with the vitals of Christianity, he should feel as if treading on hallowed ground, and walk in the footsteps of the inspired writers with the most high and holy reverence.

Instead of being prejudicial to the interests of religion, we believe sacred poetry, on the contrary, to produce the very opposite effect. Being arrayed in the garb of Fancy, the lessons of Revelation may be, and are, made to recommend themselves to the hearts of the heedless and unthinking. Medicine is administered to perverse children by being mingled with something more palatable; so, also, may be administered the medicine of the mind. In hours, too, of melancholy musing, and even upon still and solitary Sabbaths, have not the best men and Christians found a languor steal over them in monotonously poring upon the Bible? In such seasons, who has not found a pleasing relief in turning to the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, —the *Messiah* of Klopstock, —Gessner's *Death of Abel*, —Pollok's *Course of Time*, —or John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*?

No rule in Aristotle's *Art of Poetry* is accounted more excellent than that in which he states that a fine poem should be founded upon the probable and the marvellous. If this be true, the subjects of Scripture have these peculiar requisites; —the mind having faith in their facts, and wonder at their miracles and events. There is a style of poetry which may be called the intellectual, —it describes men and manners, the power and the pathos of the feelings. There is another, and at present more favoured style, which dwells chiefly among the simple and sublime beauties of nature. But the highest style of poetry, in our opinion, is not that which discloses pictures of real life or of nature. Reality is not the realm in which the fancy loves best to expatiate; she loves to wander amid the unmeasured fields of possibility; to create beings and landscapes beyond the sun and the sphere of day;

"Above the stir and smoke of this dim spot
Which men call Earth."

It is the duty of imaginative writers to be always giving the mind a view of something brighter and better than what is here; to bring forth speculations on the past or the future, and, by their spell, to etherealize them into a dim and shadowy effect. It is as if it were kindly allowed to man, when driven from the paradise of earth by the sky-tempered sword of the Archangel, to awake, by the power of his fancy, a mental Eden of bliss and beauty.

The all-engrossing interest which religious subjects have, fits them admirably for the attention of the poet. Homer seems to have known this when he interwove his nobly-invented Iliad with the mythology of his time. If this was the effect in the heathen writer, how much more must it be so with the more lofty revelations of Christianity! It has been said by the judicious Addison, that to be great in its subject and its character are the first essentials of a fine poem. Where can there be found such store of great subject and character as in the writings of Scripture?

There reigns at present in matters poetical a perverted taste for subjects from ordinary life, for simplicity and familiarity of language, which has degraded the art of poetry in the eyes of many of its most genuine admirers. But it is hoped that the milk-and-water poetry is fast

disappearing; and that language, and ideas, and subjects of loftier character, will take their place. Moral beauty is the greatest and only true source of the sublime. And what can give finer scope for moving the deepest feelings than when the poet shall treat of religious hope and fear, the mysterious and the infinite, death and immortality, the greatness of Truth, and the beauty of Virtue? Let the writer of Sacred Poetry, then, continue with courage, and whatever the cant of criticism may say, let him be assured he will meet with a hearing from the religious and tasteful public. Let him take the advice of the blind master of English song, and seek a fitness for his studies "by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Glasgow.

T. B. J.

Returning now to the vicinity of Edinburgh, the subjoined poem, which we think fanciful and amusing, has come to us from a mysterious place near Dalkeith:

A SONG OF WITCHES HEARD BY A BENIGHTED TRAVELLER IN
A HIGHLAND GLEN.

Huzza for our Prince! —for no Prince is so great,
Ten thousand hobgoblins his mandates await!
They dive into ocean, they mount into air,
The tail of the comet they seize by the hair.

An earthquake's commotion they catch by the mane,
They say, We have raised thee, we'll bind thee again;
If tempest and darkness in fury should lour,
At a word they command forth the sun by their power.

They ransack every cave of the regions below,
Bring joints from the finger, the thumb, and the toe;
Or plunge 'neath the waters, and fearlessly go
Where mermaids are rinsing their garments of snow.

If any one harm them, they swear in their ire,
Their bodies shall waste as the wax in the fire;
Tornadoes, as giants, they send forth to battle,
And murrain that seizes the herds and the cattle.

No rowan-tree can scare them, 'tis popular error—
They burst through the charm, and they strike men with terror;

Into hare, cat, or greyhound, themselves they transform—
One instant a mountain, next moment a worm.

Some dance on a rope; in a twinkling they whirl
A thousand times round it, like freaks of a squirrel;
Now a jackal, a lion, an ape, a baboon,
Now on earth, now away on the rim of the moon.

The tombs are laid open, and, lo! there are seen
Ten thousand clay mansions where spirits have been;
The bodies stand grinning in fearful array,
But the souls have fled far the regions of day.

It is done! it is done! let us up through the air,
Some a cat, some a toad, some a greyhound or hare;
We vault with a bound from the mountain's far summit,
We seize on a moonbeam, we dance on a comet.
Huzza for our Prince! for no Prince is so great,
Ten thousand hobgoblins his mandates await!

Six Edinburgh poets remain upon our list. Come thou first, Mr D. MacAskill, a name we have seen before, though we have never seen its owner. Thomas Haynes Bayly, popular as he is, might have written the following verses with credit to himself:

LINES TO HER WHO BEST CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

By D. MacAskill.

They tell me that another's arm
Hath wreathed that waist of thine;
'That from thy cheek the blush was chased'
By other lips than mine;—

They whisper those ripe rosy lips
Another's lip hath prest,—
That thou hast pour'd thy soul's first love
Upon another's breast!

They say he drew thy curls aside,
And kiss'd that forehead fair;
And in that kiss, that eye met eye,—
And oh, what love was there!
Thine eye did speak in its blue pride
What words to paint were weak;
And the curls that veil'd thy high pale brow,
Fell trembling o'er his cheek!

Hast thou forgot that summer eve,
When skies smiled soft around,
And balmy breath of flowers arose
From woods and blooming ground?
Hast thou forgot my whispering love,
My soft and rapturous kiss?
Thou didst not speak, but, girl, thine eye
Told all it told to his!

You swore by all your hopes of Heaven,
You plighted me your vow,
By your quenchless love, your constancy,—
Where are these tokens now?
False maid! take back thy faithless love,
'Tis now a worthless store;
Thou teachest me that love is breath,
And I shall love no more.

Come thou next, Mr Anonymous;—there is good stuff
in this poem of thine:

THE RUINED ABBEY.

The sullen owl, and man's profane abuse,
Now mock the sacredness of former use
In those grey aisles, where once the song of morn
Swam 'mid the air, from piety upborne;
Where linger'd oft the solemn hymn of even,
In echoed music, ere it rose to heaven;
Where kings and vassals, rank's distinction gone,
In common impotence have knelt before one throne.

O'er the awed soul there steals an anxious dread,
Conscious it moves where worshipp'd once the dead;
And, from the majesty of all around,
It feels that here there must be holy ground;
While each carved chaplet, crumbling into dust,
Each paneless window, and each ruin'd bust,
To man are emblems of his nature's doom,
And with emphatic silence indicate the tomb.

Though hush'd each leaf and living thing around,
Breathes there not here a melancholy sound?
'Tis a suppress'd, yet all-pervading sigh,
As if these columns, as they point on high,
In the sad moonlight's solitary gloom,
Bemoan'd the desolation they entomb.
Or is it not the hum of ever-busy Time,
In this his palace, his unchallenged clime?

Ay, thou remorseless monarch of decay!
Here baffled mankind questions not thy sway;
Yet, therefore strive to shorten thine own span?
Dost thou not know thy being hangs on man?
For, lo! that awful hour steals on apace,
When man—the last survivor of his race—
Shall, with thy venom'd blood, thy white hair lave,
And drag thee down with him to an eternal grave!

W. H.

The author of the following stanzas says, in his accompanying letter,—“ Sometimes I think, in your own words, that ‘ I have never done what I can do,’ and I

think high thoughts, frame high resolves, dream bright dreams, and get wonderfully in love with my own capabilities, till the world comes in with its stern realities, and *licks the conceit out of me entirely.*” Do not be afraid; the world can never “ lick the conceit” out of a true poet. By the Goddesses! he is a match for a dozen worlds:

TO ORYNTIA.

Image of my beloved one, why
Art thou for ever in my sight,
With that calm thoughtful forehead high,
Round which the ringlets, dark as night,
Repose in many a gloomy tree
Of bright luxurious loveliness?

It is thy silver voice I hear,
Replying softly to my own,
And I can fancy thou art near,
And only thou and I alone;
And words of love are breathed, alas!
That never can between us pass.

I fold thee in my arms once more,
Our lips with murmur'd rapture meeting,
And feel, as I have felt of yore,
Beside my own thy bosom beating,
And round me thy young arms are twined,
As death had ne'er the link dijoin'd.

That full bright eye of deepest blue
Is turn'd upon me, and its glance
Comes, thrilling all my spirit through
With its love-lightning radiance;
Yet chaste, even in the fondest hour,
As dewdrop on the lily flower.

My own adored one! thou and I
On earth again can never meet;
And yet, methinks, 'twere sweet to die,
With faith unchanging, at thy feet,
And, breathing out my soul in prayer,
Arise to heaven to meet thee there! W. W.

The three following pieces require no particular introduction. They are by different hands, but are all poetical and pretty:

TO HER I LOVE.

I will resolve you into a thousand similes.

As You Like It.

Lady! the love with which I worship thee,
Is high as Lomond's double-mounted peak;
Pure as the waves which crest the Ægean sea;
Deep as the waters of the silent creek;—
Swift as the eager lover's stolen hours;
Smooth as a river flowing to the sea;
Mild as the sunbeam after April showers,—
The fond, fond love with which I worship thee!

Lady! the love with which I worship thee,
Is fervent as the Eastern sun's high heat;
Jealous as foreign craft upon the sea;
And constant as the vigilant warder's beat;—
Chaste as the moon up in the silent heaven;
Bright as the star that twinkles o'er the sea;
Soft as the dew by summer breezes driven,—
The fond, fond love with which I worship thee!

STANZES TO E—.

I knew 'twould be thus!—'midst my long love for thee
My heart, in its gladness, felt only despair;
Like the poor bird that looks on some bright sunny tree
And sighs from its cage—“ I can never dwell there

Thou art false—thou art changed—and thy purity now
Is o'ercast with a night-bringing cloud, fair deceives

But the gloom in thy breast, and the shade on thy brow,
Will deepen and linger in sadness for ever !

Fare thee well ! fare thee well ! and though lovely thou art,
There's a time close at hand—there's an hour hurrying
on,
When none but dark thoughts will arise in thy heart,
And in vain shalt thou wish for the days that are gone.

Away ! and smile on, in the halls of the gay,
And there feign a gladness thou never canst feel ;—
Smile on, and be happy—foolish maiden, away !
Dost thou fancy these pleasures thy pangs will conceal ?

Though the best and the bravest should worship before
thee,
And fresh vows of fondest affection be spoken,
Even then—even then, the sad thought will come o'er
thee,
Of him thou didst love—him whose heart thou has
broken.

STANZAS TO JULIA.

All things, Julia, here below,
Pilfer from each other ;
Every wayward bard, you know,
Robs his laurell'd brother.
Lilies sip the morning dew,
Zephyr steals the rose's sigh,
Pilfers from the rainbow's hue
The little gilded butterfly !

Echo bids the glades rejoice,
Stealing every pilgrim tone ;
Lovers list their fair one's voice,
Till they make each note their own ;
Poets steal their magic lore
From Grecian Delphi's holy shrine ;
Painters rob from nature's store ;—
But what are all their thefts to thine ?

Sure, the rosebud's beauteous hue,
To deck thy fair cheek, you did sip—
And from her breath of fragrance, too,
You stole the odours of your lip ;
Thy light heart from the skylark's wing,
From wave-reflected stars thy eyes,
And from each lovely laughing thing,
A thousand nameless witcheries.

Z.

Enter Peter, with Coffee.

Then hast come just in the nick of time, good Peter.
The evening is calm and beautiful ; we shall sit here by
the window, sipping cup after cup of thy beverage, for-
getting that we are the Editors of the *Literary Journal*,
and dreaming of those who are far away, or trying to
wreak the out of the past a garland for the future. Let
us have some music. Sing us, sweet sister, "The Bride-
maid," from Bayly's "Songs of the Minstrels." We are
in a mood to sympathize with the feelings of that gentle
girl, whose heart grew desolate when she saw the com-
panions of her childhood leave her father's house for ever.
Or open R. A. Smith's "Select Melodies," and pick out
that Persian air we love so well—"The Dancing Girl's
Song," hallowed as it is in its pleasant mournfulness by
some of the most delightful associations of our by-gone
life. With music, coffee, sunset, and memory, we envy
no one ;—we are ourselves alone.

[*Peter bows respectfully, and retires ; the sound of
sweet music is heard ; and the last golden light of
evening falls upon the EDITOR as he silently sips
his coffee.*

THE APOLOGY.

IN THREE PARTS.

By Thomas Aird, Author of "Religious Characteristics,"
&c.

Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
Nor set down naught in malice.—*Othello.*

PART III.

ABOUT an hour after Dr Bremner had finished his
narrative, we were standing together looking from a win-
dow, to observe the complexion of the night, and to cal-
culate what kind of a sky might be expected on the mor-
row to shine on my departure. A high struggling wind
was abroad, such as might turn the boldest eagle back,—
great black clouds were hearsing the moon through the
sky ; but anon she came forth flashing her light through
white gleaming churchyards, and away over the restless
tops of woods, and up the far hills. Looking down the
old avenue which led up to the house, I caught, during
one of these glimpses through the trees, a view of some-
thing black and indistinct coming moving onwards. I
pointed it out to Dr Bremner, and we watched its ap-
proach till it began to shape itself, distinctly showing a
village hearse, drawn by a single ass, on which rode a
little old man, and attended by two females. Surprised
and horrified, we gazed irresistibly on this strange phe-
nomenon as it came slowly forward, and was stayed be-
neath our window ; but still more were we struck when
the driver alighted, and, with the assistance of the two
women, proceeded to remove something from the inside
of the vehicle, which we instantly saw was a human
being in life, but apparently faint and sick. We waited
till the unhappy figure was carried forward to the door,
and then ran down stairs to see what this uncommon vi-
sitation might mean. The person thus brought, who
was a woman, was so faint that she could not speak ; but
the man who conducted the hearse told us that she was a
stranger, who had fallen very sick at a village about three
miles distant ; that she cried so much to see Dr Hastings,
or Bremner, saying she could not die in peace till she had
seen him, and made a clean confession to him, that the
good folk of the village were fain to yoke the very hearse,
and with an ass too, because every cart and horse of the
village were away for lime for the new house of a gen-
tleman lately arrived from the West Indies. After the
unhappy woman had revived a little, from some cordials
which were administered to her, she asked for Dr Brem-
ner, and beckoned him to draw near.

"Well, my good woman, here I am," said my friend,
stooping to listen to her communications.

"Send quickly," said she, in a low, but earnest tone,
"for an old woman of the name of Mrs Bonnington : You
must be brought together : She lives in a cottage three
miles hence, at the foot of Eildon hills."

"Why, I can inform you," answered Bremner, "that
she is in this very house at present."

"You know it all, then !" cried the woman, with a
sort of shriek, and almost starting up. "Have mercy
on me, Arthur Bonnington ! It was I, indeed, that stole
you away when a child ; but you have found your true
mother, Mrs Bonnington !"

The face of my friend at this grew ghastly white ; he
turned round in silence to me with a look of fearful de-
precation ; then pointing with his forefinger to the wo-
man, who lay covering her face with her hands, he said
to me, after a long pause, "Did you hear that, Calvert ?"

"Hold, good woman !" said I, willing to believe the
whole an error, "there must be some mistake here. You
are in Dr Bremner's house ; and this is Dr Bremner."

Through her first show of fear and repentance broke a
fierce malignant woman, and I had this answer returned
me :—"So, sir, you are a wise one, and would challenge
my pretensions to speak in this fine house of theirs ; but,
perhaps, with all your wisdom, sir, you know not, as I
know, that there is a large mole on his left shoulder there,

which be the pledge that I have had it in my power to vex them all; and that it was I myself who gave him that very name of Bremner, which you seem to rate so highly." Here Bremner took me forcibly by the coat, and pulled me with him into another apartment, where, by the light of the moon, he proceeded to bare his shoulder. "Look," said he, with a ghastly smile, as he showed me indeed a large mole upon it; "what do you think of that now?"

"I know not," I exclaimed, "either what to think or say."

"So," said he, after a horrid pause, during which he glared upon me for my answer.—"So, my name is Bonnington, after all. Say—why can't you say it is a most glorious name?—certainly a good deal longer than Hastings or Bremner! And, for my new crest, O! beyond all question, I am entitled to wear the bloody dagger in a dexter. Who can deny me that,—or, at least, a knife, if the dagger be not appropriate? I have done excellent good service in my day, with the knife, it seems—My own sister! my own brother, too!" Here he fell into some low muttering calculations, from which at length recovering, he pushed me violently out of the apartment, saying, "Calvert, you must leave me for a while to my penance."

Immediately I went to the servants who were tending the unhappy author of all this mischief, and strictly enjoined them to keep the circumstances of the evening secret from Mrs Bonnington, whose very weak state of health made it dangerous for her to hear them. Returning to the door of the apartment in which I had left Dr Bremner, (now Bonnington,) I listened; but all was quiet within, save that I heard his loud and measured breathing, as of a victim dressed and laid out bound, numbering the hours till the appointed sacrifice; when, being unwilling to break in upon him, I retired to another room, and threw myself down upon a bed. About daybreak I was startled by a shrill outcry from Mrs Bonnington's room, which made me haste to see what was the matter; and on entering her room, there I beheld that woman, the evil genius of this family, who, in her malignant wish to triumph over a former rival, (I write from after knowledge,) had crawled from her own sick pallet, to fasten upon Mrs Bonnington's ear, and instil into her heart, the poisonous tale of her fratricidal son.

"Come to me quickly, Mr Calvert," cried the unhappy mother. "Oh! they have broken my heart; for they have bid me go and see the man that murdered Harry Bonnington, and claim him for my son. But I will go—I will go: and I must bid him be at peace; for, oh! he cannot be well. But I'll not believe it: my heart cannot. Away, fast, Mr Calvert, and bid him come to me in peace, and we shall say nothing about that matter. Where is he? where is he? He is not so kind as my Harry, else he would come fast to me; but he cannot be well. O take away that vile woman, and bring Arthur to me before I die!"

In my indignation, I turned to drive the hag, like a wild beast, out of the room; but, conscious of her malignity, she had quitted her post, at which, as I entered, I saw her holding back the curtain, leaning over the pillow, and, more hideous than a nightmare, brooding over Mrs Bonnington's repose; she was now retreating out of the apartment. I then hastened into the next room to seek Dr Arthur Bonnington, and found him, dimly seen in the bleak dawn, sitting on a chair, his shoulder still uncovered, his look and attitude the very same as when, some hours before, I left him there. I advanced, and told him that his mother already knew he was her son, and that she wished to see him instantly. He sat for several minutes gazing on me intensely, yet without seeming to apprehend the purport of my communication, when his mother, hastily attired, entered, and, exclaiming with a shriek, "I know it all, my son!" threw herself upon his neck. Wildly she then began to look for the mark

of recognition on his shoulder, whilst he sat perfectly passive; and when it was found, she laid her head down on his shoulder for a moment, then looked narrowly upon his face, and then passionately kissed his cheek many a time, crying out, "There's no blood here—it's all a lie!" till, her strength being exhausted, she fainted away. At this her unhappy son was roused from his apathy, and, lifting her up in his arms with desperate energy, he carried her to her own chamber, where she soon recovered from her swoon. But the fit was succeeded by a sort of nervous delirium, which, as it continued, accompanied with fever, threatened ere long to reduce her to the grave. With attention unremitting, with intense anxiety, did her son now watch her, feeling her pulse from time to time, and looking incessantly at his watch.

"I hope," he said, turning to me, "this will not be long, both for her own gentle sake, and because I wish her to be calm and clear, that she may answer me some questions relative to that child, Emily Bonnington. My own sister! my preserver! by day and night! But these same heavens above our heads are very wondrous in their ordinations, so to bring us together! Hark ye, Calvert; so soon as that most excellent old woman is a little better, I shall leave her to your care, till I go to London and meet Wardrop. I have some excellent brief words to say to him about that sister of mine. He is there, I know; and, by the eternal Heavens of Justice! I shall now grapple with him. Be he in prosperity, I shall burst into his rooms! Be he in the wild chattering madhouse—for, set it down in your tablets, there is not a man, however high and haughty, but may be traced into mean situations and followed into humble thoughts—through every interval in his malady, through the joints and chinks of the black and blasted harness that invests his soul from moral responsibility, shall I yet find a way to sting his spirit! O! I shall sift the tumultuous revelations of the madman for every grain of truth relative to that Emily! I trust I shall find him at least a mighty and eloquent villain! Would to Heaven he were beautiful and persuasive as a demigod, so might I believe our Emily was not a light and a giddy maiden, to be destroyed by a common deluder!"

I tried to remonstrate with him against this proposed journey to London, arguing that it could only heap fresh calamities on his head.

"And pray, sir, what am I?" was his answer; "or what is my life, that I should nurture myself delicately? Now, speak not to me, sir, unless you can bring her before me in life, that I may bid her weep no more, nor think of her dishonour any more. My beautiful preserver! And I to be—Well, well, would we could wash these hands!"

"It is at least better," I returned, wishing to propose a mitigation of the case, "that she has died before knowing the full extent of the evil."

"But you cannot tell me," he said, "why young Harry Bonnington is lying in his blood, killed by his own brother! Surely, surely there is no good reason for that? There came the bold boy, like a young dragon, to fight against his sister's destroyer! I was there, too, to guard our Emily from dishonour; and yet I slew her best friend! Now, before the just Heavens, show me the moral of that. God knows, I would give a round entire world for the life and love of that bright-haired boy! Oh! had he but known who I was, and for what I was there!—Well, well, they must sleep on!"

Mrs Bonnington recovered so much, that she was able to tell her son many things regarding his sister Emily, and his ill-starred brother; and this she did voluntarily, to the great satisfaction of Dr Bonnington, who, though anxious to gain such information, was yet unwilling to afflict his sick mother, by questions on so sorrowful a subject. Gradually again she grew worse; and now the hour of her dissolution began to draw nigh. Her son sat by her bedside, watching the faint smile that light-

med over her pallid features, as she lay intensely gazing upon him. He laid his fingers softly upon her brow; and put aside a lock of her hair; whilst half up was raised her head, as if to meet and acknowledge this sacred touch of filial love.

"My own mother! my true mother!" said he, in a low mournful tone, "are you going to leave me so soon?"

With a convulsive shudder she turned her eyes from him; but in a moment again her face was towards him, and, starting up, she threw herself upon his neck, crying out, "Come near to me, my first-born one!—And let them all go—my long-lost boy! And tell your mother how it has fared with you in the hard world! Here am I to you—Oh!" Her voice failed, her eyelid twinkled; and in another minute her heart, with all its love, was turned to clay.

In the interval, betwixt Mrs Bonnington's death and funeral, I set myself to question the woman who was the original cause of all this evil, and who was now so well that she could stand examination, without the charge of insanity being brought against me. It is impossible to my distinctly in what mood of mind she was, in reference to her evil doings against this family, unless we can suppose a strong spirit of malignant triumph, compatible with a mixture of penitent remorse, for the means used to gratify such a spirit. The burden of her confession was as follows:—In her early life, she was courted and seduced, under promise of marriage, by Dr Bonnington's father, who cast her off, and married another. This set her upon thoughts of vengeance, and, as the most effectual way of embittering the life of her who had superseded her in his affections, she stole away her first-born son. In her deep purpose of revenge, she had concerted her measures coolly, and had taken provisions to a remote cave in a wood, whither she fled with the child, and there abode for many weeks, without once leaving it, till the heat of search and pursuit was over. She then made her way to Glasgow, where, some months afterwards, as she was begging with the child by the river side, he was seen and coveted by Mrs Hastings, who had no children of her own. To this lady she willingly disposed of young Bonnington, under the name of Edward Bremner, declaring, of course, at the same time, that he was her own son. The conditions of this surrender were, that he should take the name of Hastings, that she should be allowed to visit him at Mountcoin once every year, but that she was never to claim relationship with him, or mention his real name. After giving up the child, she had lived in Glasgow, without once leaving it, till lately, when, believing her health irrecoverably gone, she began to feel the terrors of conscience, and set out to seek Mrs Bonnington, that she might restore her to her long-lost child, if mother and son were yet alive. She was the more confirmed in her purpose, when, on making enquiries in the neighbourhood of the place where Mrs Bonnington formerly lived, she learned how her fortunes had varied after the death of her husband, and by what an unhappy fate she had lost her children.

Such was the purport of the explanations given me by this wretched woman, who, while she professed penitence, could not altogether forbear expressions of triumph over her rival in early love; and whose last haste to bring mother and son together was, if chiefly to make reparation to Mrs Bonnington, yet not without a wish at the same time, as I was led to calculate from the circumstance of her midnight visit to Mrs Bonnington's bedside, morbidly to stab that mother's peace, by showing her son to be a fratricide. I could not refrain from giving vent to my indignation against her.—"But look at me now," she said, interrupting me; "a homeless wretch—every way degraded; and what was I once? In hope, in station of life, in beauty, in innocence, equal to my rival. I had parents, and brothers, and sisters, who loved me; but they cast me off, when I was betrayed to shame and ruin! Do you wonder, then, that I sought the satisfac-

tion of vengeance? Ha! and have I not obtained it? Answer me there!"

Without attempting to palliate the guilty rashness of my friend, Dr Arthur Bonnington, or the malignant vengeance of her who stole him away in boyhood, it must yet be acknowledged, that the first cause of all this ill lay in the cruel folly of his father, who spoiled this woman's young heart, and prepared it for its vindictive purpose, which, besides the intermediate sufferings it entailed on his innocent family, succeeded ultimately in cutting off his lineal name from the earth. Thus it is, that the great Tribunal of Justice above "of our pleasant vices makes whips to scourge us." Thus it is, that a man's sins are visited upon the "third and fourth generations" of his descendants.

I may here remark, that Dr Bonnington caused this wretched woman to be attended in his own house with the utmost care, not sparing to procure for her the best medical skill which the neighbouring town could give;—that ere long she completely recovered;—and that he dismissed her with a very considerable sum of money, enjoining her strictly, however, to quit that part of the country, and never presume again to appear in his sight.

On the third day after Mrs Bonnington's funeral, I prepared to leave Mountcoin.

"So," said Dr Bonnington, "you are going from me too. I am like a man left alone in a theatre when the bustle is over, the music and the company gone, and the lights burning low. Calvert, I am now literally left alone; and darkness, I suppose, in this sorrowful house of mine, must be the barrier of the dead! My mother has told me, too, that Wardrop himself is off this mortal stage, so I have missed some little work which might have kept me for a while from the fearful thoughts that must now hunt me. I am very glad, however, that the poor dear child Emily believed herself in reality his wife, even though the marriage was a sham trick on his part. Madness itself I think shall not deprive me of that satisfaction. Yet oh! my beautiful and sorely-hurt sister! my Emily Bonnington! my young-hearted preserver! She has left me for ever! and my mother has left her first-born! and that boy Harry Bonnington, the most innocent, and most sadly wronged of us all! O that I had known him as my brother but for one year! And God be my judge, would I not fold my arms and lie down in the dust of death for him, if again he might be let up in his shining youth to the sweet sunlight of this world! Day and night, day and night, shall I cry upon him, but he will never come to me at all! Calvert, Calvert, you have approached too near me; no one prospers or lives that has been with me but a day; I am accused of God; you have touched the plague, and cannot live!"

About five months after his mother's death, I visited Dr Bonnington again at Mountcoin. "I shall be with you anon, Calvert," was his first salutation to me as I entered the room where he was sitting. "One moment now—suppose you are my brother Harry—well, where's the knife?—Give me leave and grace now, and don't interrupt me for a little while, John Calvert. I shall soon see it all.—Or suppose I had not met Emily that night on the street."—And on he thus went, arranging and confusing, and again arranging circumstances, by which he might have been prevented from slaying his brother; that fearful and never-ending process, which by day and in the night-watches keeps a man feverish and irritable, till whirling madness o'ermaster his dried brain, which to the outcast spirits must be the very worst mode of hell.

I shall proceed no farther with my unhappy record, but merely state that Dr Bonnington died within a year from the time when I first met him.

And now why have I entered upon this defence? Why have I opened the sacred cabinet of private friendship, and given the story of his life to the public? Assuredly I have not done it to make up a tale for

"Knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave the thread with bones."

I have heard it foully hinted that my late friend, as Jous rival, slew his own brother, &c. &c. And y I have done right in thus publicly stating the main instances of his life, that his memory may never forth be cast out to the shameless dogs of Calumny Disrespect. Yea, so thoroughly convinced am I he was a man of a lofty and tender heart, and so undly do I love his memory, that, were it the only of leaving not one individual in this world doubtful s character, nothing less would satisfy me than to forth this Apology on leaves as numerous and as scattered as the leaves of Autumn that bedim the s of the wilderness.

Now I solemnly swear, that I have set forth the particulars of Dr Arthur Bonnington's life, partly as I witnessed them myself, and partly as he communicated them to me, to the best of my recollection.—So help me God!

JOHN CALVERT.

METROPOLITAN THEATRICALS.

London, Monday, 26th April, 1830.

IRRADIABLE dictum! both our Patent Theatres are now shing; Covent Garden positively, and Drury Lane aratively; since it is no less singular, perhaps, than that the latter concern has done much better since blication, or dethronement, whichever be the more ct phrase, of Mister Manager Price. At the rival ; Rophino Lacy's adaptation of Rossini's "*Ceneren* has been a complete hit; and from the *prima donna*, William Lennox, downwards, does all parties cond very great credit. The scenery and decorations n every respect, well worthy of the music; and the g and acting no whit behind either. To meet and alize this attractive novelty, Drury Lane has an cised version of Rossini's "*Guillaume Tell*," by thé and Bishop, which is announced for Saturday under the title of "*Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol*;" hich a deserved and lasting popularity is most com ly predicted. Miss Stephens's return here has proved s great favourite, though not so good a singer, as she was; and the only other circumstance worthy : at this Theatre, has been the very unseemly squab- of Madame Vestris and Mr Jonathan Rose Ander- he new vocalist, who, on Tuesday last, seemed in- l to make the audience their bottleholders, by acting heir *brouillerie* close to the footlights. Who is right, so is wrong, is a question of such entire indifference, t to interest any body; but as the affair is to undergo investigation, it must be all public enough very ly. So far as oratory was concerned, madame had the best of it, as she has also had in the letter-wri- lepartment since; but Mr Wallace, as stage-mana- certainly showed neither taste nor judgment, in suf- ; them to appear together at all, under existing cir- cumstances, when such a disgraceful result might have so easily foreseen.

urn, however, to a far more pleasant subject, by ing that one of the most attractive dramatic exhibi- of the season will commence this evening, in Ma- s's eleventh single-handed display of his inimitable tions; and though the Adelphi curtain will rise as the mail leaves London with this packet, yet, g been present at his dressed rehearsal to a few pri- friends on Saturday evening last, I am thus enabled ticipate every other criticism, by a slight sketch of ew performance. It is, as usual, in three parts, most priately entitled, "*Mathews's Comic Annual for , with humorous cuts, and other embellishments*;" and, as a whole, is fully equal, if not superior, to all its cessors. Where all is good, it is extremely difficult ake any selection which can be fairly termed the

best, though both the anecdotes of *Monsieur Vintrine*, all the adventures of *Dispepps*,—*Mr Sadjolly* and t milly,—and the Kingston negro ball in the West India will doubtless be the most attractive sketches; and of t songs, the *Zoological Gardens*, the *Corkutter's Festin* and the *Irish Berrin*, will, *par excellence*, become t most popular. The third part is, *selon la regle*, a *mon polylogue*, called "*The Lone House*," which is six mil from a butcher's, six and a half from a baker's, seven from a public house, seven and a half from a doctor's, eig from the post office, and nine from church! In th piece my talented friend performs seven different chara- ters, with a fidelity and excellence which those who kne him may conceive, but which those who do not, nev can; amongst which are the once celebrated highwa men, *Jeremiah Abbershaw* and *Jack Shephard*; the l- ter of whom is a most amusing vagabond. The wh entertainment, which lasts about three hours and a ha is from the pen of R. B. Peake, who has written v- eral of the preceding; and until the English Opera s- son commences in the same Theatre, early in July ne I unhesitatingly predict for it crowded audiences, and t most tumultuous applause.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Monday, April 26.

Dr CARSON in the Chair.

Present,—Rev. Dr Blair; Drs Hibbert and Moncrie John Anderson, John Sim, D. Laing, T. G. R. Alexander Macdonald, D. Gregory, Esquires, &c. &c.

AFTER the announcement of a donation, by Mr Moun- W. S. F. S. A. Scot., of a copy of the Genealogical Memo- of the Royal Family of France, Dr Blair proceeded to n "a Letter intended for the Earl of Elgin and Kincardin- President of the Society, with an account of the abuse s ruin of the Scottish Hospitals in France, given by t bishops and clergy of that realm in General Council as- s- bled at Meaux, A.D. 825, in the reign of Charles the Bol- with many particulars regarding these and other anti- hospitals founded by Charlemagne and his successors."— remarks were made by any of the gentlemen present up- this very learned paper, probably because the subject s new to the members. It is certainly not a little remarks to find, as appears from the laborious researches of the verend author, that at a time when it is usually suppo- our ancestors were a nation of barbarians, the holy n- of Scotland should have endowed Hospitals in France, the comfort and support of the weary pilgrims of their- tion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ONE I LOVE.

By Henry G. Bell.

FLOWERS make me think of thee;—
Thou hast a deep and gentle love for flowers,
Those golden children of the summer sun;
Their beauty and their innocence appeal
With a soft magic to thy happy heart,
And in their dewy fragrance there doth dwell
A spirit like thine own, unseen and pure,
For ever yielding to the perfumed air
A richness like the breathings of fond love,
When, as a flower, the proud high soul of man
Is faint beneath the fulness of its joy;—
Flowers make me think of thee!

Streams make me think of thee;—
Whether they glide midst mossy banks away
In sweet low murmurings to the distant main,

Or with a prattling merriment dance on
In mazy windings o'er the pebbled strand.
Heaven bless the streams! They are like sunny days
In life's long winter. Not a tone have they
That speaks not to my heart, and there awakes
An answering echo of remember'd joy!
And with remember'd joy is ever link'd
Thy queenly form, thy light elastic tread,
Thy voice, that like the wimpling crystal falls
In silvery clearness on affection's ear;—
Streams make me think of thee!

Hills make me think of thee;—
The lights and shadows that alternate blend,
Until the eye rests dazzled in the blaze
Of purple splendour flooding the high peak,
Illumine all my soul, so that it grows
A temple, dearest, not unworthy thee!
Hills are Creation's gift to our own land,—
The peerless feature of its scenery!
If love of nature and of country be
Humanity's prerogative, how can I feel
Their value as I ought, unless there rush
Into my heart *thy* image blent with theirs?—
Hills make me think of thee!

Stars make me think of thee;—
Beneath the silence of their holy beam
The bosom hath its own thoughts to itself,—
Thoughts which through all the day unheeded slept,
Lost midst the cares and false lights of the world;
But in the hush of evening they return,
Like Sabbath music to a sacred shrine,
And in their presence there is deep delight,—
Devotion, and revival of old hopes
That long lay crush'd, and recollections bright,
And feelings to be cherish'd, but not told:
Small is that sister band of starry thoughts,
But one is in itself a galaxy,—
Stars make me think of thee!

When think I not of thee?—
Nor flowers, nor streams, nor hills, nor stars alone,
Recall thee to a heart, in which thou liv'st
As perfume in the flower, light in the stream,
Beauty in hills, and God himself in stars!
I take thee with me wheresoe'er I go,
And in my spirit's wildest flights thy form,
As in a morning dream, shines by my side!
At home, abroad, alone, or in a crowd,
When think I not of thee?

SONG—THOU ART LONELY, MY HEART.

Thou art lonely, my heart, as the lonely star
That shines on the brow of the deepening even,
That sheds her pale light from her throne afar,
Ere her sisters come forth in full glory in heaven!
How many are round thee, yet none may tell
How mournful the thoughts in thy depths that be;
While all have found kindred and friends to love,
There are none, O my heart! who can feel with thee!

Thou art lonely, my heart, as the lonely tree
That stands on the dreary and sunless plain;
Without one bird on its leafless boughs,
To waken the morn with its blithesome strain.
How wander'd long, I have pined for a soul
Like mine in youth's summer as warm and free;
While all have found something to love,
There are none, O my heart! who can feel with thee!

Thou art lonely, my heart, as the lonely wreck
Tossing for ever on ocean wide,
With its canvass shatter'd, its tall masts strewn
In ruin around on the heaving tide!

Yet less dreary the fate of that evening star,
That tree on the wild, and that bark at sea,
Than to roam o'er the earth, unloved and alone,
With none, O my heart! who can feel with thee!

GERTRUDE.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that Mr Pitcairn is preparing for publication a limited impression of an Historical and Genealogical Account of the principal families of the name of Kennedy, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library, written before 1610, with Notes and Illustrations. Mr Pitcairn's object in printing these Memoirs, is to illustrate the Auchindrane Trial, which will be given in Part VI. of his collection of Criminal Records. The narratives interspersed with this trial, afford the fullest account of the deadly feuds which gave rise to a series of bloodshed and violence, of which Sir Walter Scott has afforded but a faint outline in his Preface to the drama of Auchindrane. There are few things more extraordinary in the Scottish annals than this Family History, disclosing, as it does, a state of society in Carrick, of which few persons had any previous knowledge or idea. Literally, every man's hand was "against his brother." The houses of Castells, Bargany, and Colcan, having separate interests, and each struggling for the mastery, were involved in perpetual broils. The story of Auchindrane, interesting and unique as it certainly is, was a mere interlude in the general meise. The mere genealogical portion of Mr Pitcairn's forthcoming volume will form but a small part of the book, which might with more propriety be termed a History of Carrick, during the period embraced.

The Life of Alexander Alexander, written by himself, and edited by John Howell, author of "Journal of a Soldier," "Life of John Nicol," &c. is in the press. This singular piece of autobiography exhibits, most minutely and faithfully, the real adventures of Alexander Alexander, the disowned son of a gentleman in the West of Scotland. It commences with infancy, traverses three quarters of the globe, and comprehends a period of nearly fifty years of the life of a man who has been placed in many trying situations, as a soldier, an overseer in the West Indies, and an officer in the Patriot armies of South America.

Parochial Law; Embracing the Law of Scotland on the following subjects:—Churches—Church Officers—Church-yards—Parish Dues—Manes and Glebes—The Poor—Sacraments, Necessaries for the Administration of—and Schools, by Alexander Dunlop, Esq. Advocate, is announced.

The Practical Planter; containing Directions for the Planting of Waste Lands, and Management of Wood, by Thomas Cruickshank, Forester at Careston, will shortly be published.

The Greek Grammar of Dr Frederick Thiersch, translated from the German, with brief Remarks, by Professor Sandford, is in the press.

Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old servant; with some account of the Writer; and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of uneducated Poets, by Robert Southey, LL.D., is preparing for publication.

The Progress of Society, a work by the late Dr Robert Hamilton, Professor of Mathematics in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, is about to appear. Dr Hamilton was engaged for many years in writing this work, and continued to revise and improve it until within a few days of his death.

Miss Anna Maria Porter's new work, which may be expected in a few days, is entitled the Barony, a Romance.

Mr Charles Heath, proprietor of the Keepsake, is preparing a set of plates similar to those which appear in his annual, to be entitled Heath's Historical Illustrations to the Waverley Novels. Six plates, illustrative of Guy Mannering, will be ready this month.

A new edition of Dr Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry, nearly rewritten, is in the press.

The Denounced, by the author of the O'Hara Tales, consisting of two stories, entitled the Last Baron of Cranagh, and the Conformists, will speedily appear.

The English at Home, by the author of the English in Italy, is announced.

The Anthology, an annual Reward Book for Midsummer and Christmas 1830, consisting of Selections, &c. by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A. will be ready in a few weeks.

MISS INVERARITY'S CONCERT.—Miss Inverarity was perhaps a little too ambitious in fixing on the Assembly Rooms for her concert which took place last Monday evening. The Rooms were not much more than one half filled, and the music, consequently, went off more flatly than it would otherwise have done. Miss Inverarity, however, acquitted herself exceedingly well, and she was ably supported by several of her professional brothers and sisters.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—Hummel has arrived in London, and was to give a concert last Thursday. His great power consists in the beauty and variety of his extemporaneous performances. He is now about fifty years of age.—A very general feeling at present prevails that a reduction on the duty of newspapers and advertisements

should take place immediately. Various meetings have been held by different public bodies to bring the matter, in a proper point of view, under the attention of Government.—Almack's opened for the season a few days ago, and the attendance was numerous.—Joseph Hume has been elected one of the Vice-presidents of the Society of Arts.—There is at present exhibiting in London a curious and interesting specimen of Hindoo sculpture, consisting of a figure as large as life, representing a *doojee*, or lady's tailor, seated at his work. It is a clay model, and evinces considerable mechanical skill, and some taste.—The Exhibition at Somerset House will this year be a very crowded one. It is said there is not room to hang half the pictures that have been sent in.—The Universal Library, announced by Messrs Colburn and Bentley, is a new work of the Constable's Miscellany species, which is to be edited by Mr Gleig. It will, of course, interfere a good deal with Murray's Family Library, but the profits of that work are so great, that there may possibly be room for both.—Messrs Whittaker and Co. are to publish a French Annual for 1831, the letter-press of which is to be supplied by the most eminent French authors, but the plates will be all engraved in this country.

Theatrical Gossip.—Madame Malibran is to appear this evening at the King's Theatre, for the first time this season.—Lalande does not seem to have made a great *M*. The London critics speak of her with cautious admiration. Her voice is a high soprano;—she is not very young, but still in the full meridian of her vocal powers.—Mr Charles Kemble took for his benefit on Wednesday last, the tragedy of "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage," to give his daughter an opportunity of personating the heroine.—It is stated that the clear profits of the season at Covent-Garden, up to the present time, have been £15,000.—A Miss Home, who is said to excel in both tragedy and comedy, has arrived in London from America.—It is reported that Elliston is about to publish his life.—The Shakespearean Festival is now going on with great *acut* at Stratford-on-Avon. Gorgeous processions, concerts, public breakfasts, banquets, and fireworks, are to constitute the Jubilee. The eating and drinking department is under the superintendence of Charles Wright.—There appears to be a good theatrical company at present at Birmingham. Among others, there are Miss Foote, Mrs Humby, Miss F. H. Kelly, Vandenhoff, and a Mr Pemberton, whom we have heard favourably spoken of. The company will proceed to Liverpool shortly.—When Mathews was last in Manchester, he introduced himself to the audience in these words: "Mr PH. Mr Mathews—Mr Mathews, Mr PH." This was thought an excellent joke.—Liston terminated a successful engagement with Seymour in Glasgow last Saturday evening, and has now returned to London.—Miss Jarman terminated a successful engagement with Alexander in Glasgow on Monday last, in the course of which she appeared four times in the drama of "Aloyse." Her benefit was very crowdedly attended. She is now in Belfast.—Miss Fanny Ayton is at present in Glasgow.—We understand that the dispute between Alexander and Seymour concerning the patent is likely soon to be brought to a conclusion, and that the former manager will obtain it.—A new drama, called "The Brigand," was produced here on Wednesday evening. It had been previously performed at the Caledonian, and we regret to say, that it was *better* performed there than at the Theatre-Royal.—T. P. Cooke takes his benefit this evening. Next week the Theatre will be closed on account of the sacrament; but will re-open on Tuesday, the 11th, with Miss Isabella Paton and Wilson, who has been re-engaged. Mr Murray has gone to London to arrange concerning various matters connected with his establishment.—*Powerful reasons*, we understand, have prevented Mr Bass's appearance at the Caledonian for a week or two.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

April 24.—30.

SAT.	<i>Black-eyed Susan, & Nelson.</i>
MON.	<i>Do., & The Pilot.</i>
TUE.	<i>The Red Rover, & Black-eyed Susan.</i>
WED.	<i>The Brigand, & Nelson.</i>
THUR.	<i>Do., & Black-eyed Susan.</i>
FRI.	<i>Presumption, & The Red Rover.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to postpone several notices of interesting new works till next week.

The paper "On Puppies" will be of use to us.—We are afraid that none of the communications of "R." of Migvie will exactly suit us.—The hint of "A Well-wisher" shall be attended to.

The Lines entitled "The Meteor Star" will not suit us.—"Tear" by "Alpha," perhaps.

We beg to remind our Advertising Friends, in order to avoid disappointment, that Advertisements intended for the ensuing Saturday cannot be received later than Thursday evening, as the Journal always goes to press early on Friday.

(No. 77, May 1, 1830.)

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

WORKS ON GARDENING.

Published by WHITTAKER, TREACHER, and Co., Ave-Maria Lane, London; and WAUGH and INNES, Edinburgh.

In foolscap 8vo, price 8s.

1. THE VILLA and COTTAGE FLORIST'S

DIRECTORY; being a familiar Treatise on Floriculture, particularly the management of the best stage, bed, and border flowers, usually cultivated in Britain. To which are added, Directions for the Management of the Hothouse, Greenhouse, and Conservatory, with the different modes of raising and propagating cut-plants. Interspersed with many new physiological observations. By JAS. MAIR, A.L.S.

2. THE GREENHOUSE COMPANION,

comprising a general course of greenhouse and conservatory practice throughout the year; a natural arrangement of all the greenhouse plants in cultivation; with a descriptive catalogue of the most desirable to form a collection, their proper soils, modes of propagation, management, and references to botanical works in which they are figured. Also, the proper treatment of flowers in rooms, and beds in water glasses. In 8vo, with a coloured frontispiece, the 2d edition. 14s. 6ds.

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LISH BOTANIST'S COMPANION, being an introduction to Gardening, on philosophical principles. To which is added a Catalogue of British Plants, in the monthly order of their flowering. By Horticultural Chemist. In 8vo, to be complete in 12 Nos. 1s each.

Three of the most widely circulated Weekly Newspapers published in London, at Sevenpence each. Sold by all Newspaper Agents in Town and Country.

THE OBSERVER,

Price Sevenpence.

A MONDAY EDITION of the OBSERVER is regularly published, containing the Latest News, Clerical Intelligence, the Corn Market, up to the Monday afternoon; always published sufficiently early for the Newsmen to send by the General Post. This edition is read particularly acceptable to persons in the country, and those residing abroad. The price of the Monday edition of The Observer is Sevenpence.—Printed and published by Mr WM. CLEMENT, signing the Office of the Morning Chronicle, in the Strand, London.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON,

Price Sevenpence.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON is the best and cheapest Journal extant for Sporting varieties. It is a large folio twenty-column Weekly Journal, published in London every Saturday afternoon, in time for that day's post, and may be received at the distance of two hundred miles from London on Sunday. This paper combines, with the news of the week, a rich repository of Fashion, Wit, Humour, and other interesting incidents of Real Life. The events in the Sporting Department are copiously detailed, and, for accuracy, stand unrivalled. The embellishments, illustrations, which head the articles on Drama, Poetry, the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, the Police, Cricketing, Pigeon-shooting, the Aquatic Register, and the affairs of the fancy, were all designed by Cruikshank, in his most humorous and happy manner. These cuts alone are worth more than the price of the Newspaper, which is only Sevenpence. The sale of Bell's Life in London, and Sporting Chronicle, is the largest of any London Weekly Journal, except The Observer. Innkeepers and Publicans are likely to benefit by additional business to their house, from taking in Bell's Life in London, and Sporting Chronicle, being a Journal of comeliness and fun, calculated to "drive dull care away," and dissipate the blue devils. Office, 163, Strand, London.

THE ENGLISHMAN,

Price Sevenpence.

This highly respectable and independent Weekly Newspaper is published at No. 170, in the Strand, every Sunday Morning, at 4 o'clock, at the price of Sevenpence only. The Englishman has now been published twenty-six years, and during that long period has invariably pursued the same course in all its departments—that of the strictest impartiality. It may be truly said of The Englishman, that it is "open to all parties—uninfluenced by none." As a Family Newspaper, The Englishman stands unrivalled; not a line, or an advertisement, of an immoral tendency, is allowed, under any circumstances, to stain its pages. The Englishman is a folio twenty-column Journal, the same size and price as The Observer. The paper upon which it is printed is an excellent sort, and the type almost new; indeed for variety, quantity, and quality, it is the most perfect. In speaking of Sunday Newspapers it is proverbial to say, The Englishman is almost a library in itself; and to such readers who do not desire a party paper, a trial of the Englishman is strongly recommended as a neutral Journal, in which such a combination of literary talent as is engaged as cannot be excelled by any Weekly Newspaper whatever. The Englishman is sent from London by the mails on Sunday, and may be had in the country on the blank post day.

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

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The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 11 vols.
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(Unpublished.)

THERE are several interesting features in the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works now in the press, concerning which we have it in our power to give the public information before any of our contemporaries. To the ten volumes formerly published, is to be added an eleventh, which will contain "Macduff's Cross," "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "Auchindrane." The two last of these, which have also been published separately, we spoke of a fortnight ago. The first, to which is prefixed a short Introduction, appeared in a Miscellany, published in the year 1823, by Mrs Joanna Baillie. It is a short dramatic sketch of only one scene, and as we believe it is not generally known in this country, owing to the limited circulation of the volume for which it was originally written, we may probably present it to our readers next Saturday. It is not, however, this eleventh volume which constitutes the most interesting feature of the new Edition. It contains, besides, a set of Introductions, which precede the different Poems to which they refer, and which enter into a minute and highly satisfactory explanation of the circumstances under which they were composed, and through which they attained so extensive a popularity. All these Introductions we have read with nearly unalloyed pleasure. They are written in a delightful and truly philosophical spirit; and they teem with good sense, admirable advice to youthful poets, and the most perfect kindness of feeling towards every body. We are sorry we have it not in our power to present our readers with the whole series, but we are certain that we could not furnish them with so much more valuable reading than they will find in the Introductions to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "The Lady of the Lake," both of which we shall extract entire, the more willingly that it will be some little time before they can meet with these compositions anywhere else. It is always painful for us to have to find fault in any way with such a man; let us say proudly such a SCOTCHMAN, as the Author of Waverley; and nothing makes us happier than to see him in the greenness of his age, with all his intellectual faculties as vigorous as ever, looking calmly back upon the glories of his youth, and talking of them in that fine vein of matured wisdom which characterises the following pieces:

INTRODUCTION TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A poem of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself aloft through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as in the edition of the Waverley Novels now in course of publication, I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the poems for which I first received some marks of the public favour, should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest

along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained, for a season, an extensive reputation.

"I must resume the story of my literary labours at the period at which I broke off in the Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry, vol. iii. p. 92, when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favour, by the success of the first edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The second edition, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant.

"At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipped my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an isolated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, when the second edition of the Minstrelsy appeared, I had arrived at a period of life when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married—was the father of a rising family; and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and, I suppose, everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed, even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

Si nullus erit pulvis tamen excute nullum.

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was, at this time, peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed, in some instances, in this particular; an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend Mr Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President,—

being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister, who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered loss that jurisprudence might be enriched.

"Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page. 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance!' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to 'the toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delights of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law and hold another course.

"I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalled by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had been extremely robust. From infancy, I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most silvan sports also with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed, at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

"On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome employment by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

"In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character,

were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of his period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

"Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper, which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

"With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and lucid draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitter. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from my first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the riving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

"I adopted at the same time another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and in fact I obtained in no long period the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

"Thus far all was well, and the author had been guilty perhaps of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public in my new capacity still remained to be acquired

I have noticed that the translations from Bürger had been unsuccessful, nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr Lewis in the 'Tales of Wonder,' in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the hallooos of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him.

Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempts to revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grumbling hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed the elegiac, have an effect on the same like that of the bed of Procrustes on the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines, and equally so, that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary, is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the 'Gondibert' of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the author of using the measured short line, which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protrude it into the verse properly called heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary. But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the 'fatal facility' of the octo-syllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to its purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure, which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry amongst us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard much of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the

"Thus it has often been remarked, that in the opening couplets of Pope's translation of the Iliad, there are two syllables forming a superfluous word in each line, as may be observed by attending to such words as are printed in Italics:

'Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing:
That wrath which sent to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bones, unburied, on the desert shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore."

"This was Mr Beattie of Mickledele, a man then considerably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will show:—A worthy layman, now deceased, with better good will than tact, was endeavouring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Mickledele, "my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the auld riding days, which are of no lively importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best poems in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about."

story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that county, were firm believers. The young countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

"A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the court permitted so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr Stoddart, (now Sir John Stoddart, judge-advocate at Malta,) who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland.* I was of some use to him in procuring the information he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

"I was already acquainted with the 'Joan of Arc,' the 'Thalaba,' and the 'Metrical Ballads,' of Mr Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory, with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called Christabel, by Mr Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravagance as I, meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this miscalonza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr Wolcott, and others; but it was in Christabel that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master. I observed that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope, that I did not write a parody on Mr Coleridge's productions.† On this subject I have only to say, that I do not even know the parody which is alluded to; and, were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be for the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, these unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them. The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some pains-taking collector.

"I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic subject.

"On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr Stoddart's visit, that by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own, at least, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge,—

'Mary, mother, shield us well.'

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no

* Two volumes octavo. 1801.

† Medwyn's Conversations of Lord Byron, p. 308.

doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who enquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road, but that as they walked home together to the city, they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the Faery Queen, such as,—

'Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed,
The face of golden Mean.
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Her strive to banish clean.'

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the old minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor, by whom the lay might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos, might remind the reader at intervals of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

"The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the *imprimatur* of Mr Francis Jeffrey, who had been for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

"The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation in the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.

"The book was published by Longman and Company, and Archibald Constable and Company. The principal of the latter firm was then commencing that course of bold and liberal industry which was of so much advantage to his country, and might have been so to himself, but for causes which it is needless to enter into here. The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publisher, was not long after purchased by them for £500, to which Messrs Longman and Company afterwards added £100, in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers.

"It would be great affection not to own frankly, that the author expected some success from 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed, at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the Lay were disposed of by the trade; and the author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a calm attempt to account for his popularity.

"A few additional remarks on the author's literary attempts after this period, will be found in the Introduction to the Poem of *Marmion*.

"*Abbotsford, April 1830.*"

In the Introduction to "*Marmion*," we are informed that it was composed at Ashiesteel, on the banks of the Tweed. "The period of its composition," says Sir Walter, "was a very happy one in my life; so much, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed." The author received for this poem the sum of £1000, and its sale having exceeded expectation, his liberal publishers afterwards made him a present of a hoghead of excellent claret. Between 1805 and 1825, thirty-six thousand copies were disposed of. Sir Walter's third, and probably his best poem, was "*The Lady of the Lake*." The Introduction to it is exceedingly interesting:

INTRODUCTION TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

"After the success of '*Marmion*,' I felt inclined to exclaim, with Ulysses in the '*Odyssey*,'—

Ὀὐτως μὲν δὲ ἀνδρες ἀνδρῶν ἐπὶτιθέμεναι
Νῦν ἔστι σπονδὴν ἄλλαν.'

Ody. x. l. 5.

'One venturous game my hand has won to-day—
Another, gallant, yet remains to play.'

"The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

"I had also read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This Poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

"I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of *Mentor*:

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.'

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see me cheap

to my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

'Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a!'

"Afterwards I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the Poem, which reconciled her to my impudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavourable judgment, when recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect but change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

"I remember that about the same time a friend started to 'heeze up my hope,' like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together.

"As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashlesteed one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of 'The Lady of the Lake,' in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was not too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed, that I determined rather to give my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or recitation, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs hrew themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarked with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me no pleasure. He detected the identity of the King with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bule to summon his attendants. He was probably thinking of the lively, but somewhat licentious, old ballad, in which the denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:

'He took a bugle from his side,
He blew both loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping ower the hill;
Then he took out a little knife,
Let all his duddies fa',
And he was the bravest gentleman
That was among them a'.
And we'll go no more a-roving,' &c.

"This discovery, as Mr Pepps says of the rent in his smock, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me; and I was a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which he Irish post-boy is said to reserve a 'trot for the avenue.'

"I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the real circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar toirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and all the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

"After a considerable delay, 'The Lady of the Lake' appeared in June 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who so boldly courted her favours for three successive times had not as yet been shaken. I had attained, perhaps, that agree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly modesty, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than

to increase it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amidst his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

"It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public, or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labour, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, 'they could not say but what I had the crown,' and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

"I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the *negative prescription*. Accordingly, those who choose to look at the Introduction to Rokeby in the present edition, will be able to trace the steps by which I declined as a poet to figure as a novelist; as the ballad says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

"It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as schoolboys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering, that they are, in such cases, apt to explode in the handling. Let me add, that my reign (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage, rather an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

"*Abbotsford, April 1830.*"

"Rokeby" appeared in 1813, three years after "The Lady of the Lake;" and in the Introduction the author explains, very satisfactorily, why its success was much inferior. "The Lord of the Isles" may be considered the last of Sir Walter's poetical Romances; for though the "Bridal of Triermain" and "Harold the Dauntless" succeeded it, they were published anonymously, and the author's attention now began to be directed principally to "Waverley," and the illustrious train of prose compositions that followed in its wake.

We may mention in conclusion, that this valuable edition of Sir Walter's Poetical Works is to be dedicated to the Duke of Buccleuch.

The Three Histories:—The History of an Enthusiast; The History of a Nonchalant; The History of a Realist.
By Maria Jane Jewsbury. London. Westley and Davis. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 322.

We have read this book with much pleasure. Miss Jewsbury is a woman of a very superior mind, and there is in her compositions an excellent mixture of soundness of judgment, warmth of feeling, and liveliness of fancy. What we like least about this volume is its title-page. Had the authoress given to her tales the names simply of their respective heroes or heroines, she would not have raised expectations in the reader which are scarcely fulfilled. Julia Osborne, though a genius, is not more of an "Enthusiast," nay scarcely so much, as most geniuses are; "Nonchalant" is a French word, the meaning of which is sufficiently vague; and "Realist" is not an English word, nor has it any definite meaning at all. It would have been better, therefore, to have avoided attaching epithets to persons, by which, when we come to read their histories, they are not, in fact, distinguished. This, however, is a minor error, and is amply compensated by the intrinsic merits of the work. We are particularly pleased with the first tale, which contains many beautiful passages, and may be read with satisfaction even after the "Corinne" of Madame de Stael, and the "Pour et Contre" of Maturin, both of which highly-wrought compositions it recalls to our recollection. In the person of Julia Osborne, it traces the career of a lovely and gifted woman, from childhood to maturity; and the lesson it seems to inculcate is, that the higher the genius, the less likely is it that happiness will be within the reach of the possessor. The following paragraph describes the heroine just emerging from her childhood, with all the powers of her mind and all the susceptibilities of her heart gathering round her:

"She had by this time outgrown her more childish eccentricities, took care of her clothes, bade adieu to tree-climbing, riding without a saddle, or filling her bonnet with blackberries,—had even learnt to be civil to 'the little Prices,'—was become externally, to use Martin's phrase, 'more like other young ladies;' but the spirit that actuated her as a child was now in stronger and more concentrated, if also in more silent operation. Her mind was thirst for knowledge, and every thing that was offered in lieu, so far from satisfying, disgusted. What the restless, questioning, dreaming power within her was, that made her draw inferences from every thing she beheld, that bade sounds and spectacles, however trivial, 'haunt her like a passion,'—that made nature a vague glory that she loved without comprehending,—that excited high but unutterable longings after lovely, but unimaginable, things;—what the power within her was, which, when she read of heroes and high deeds, clothed them with absolute vitality, so that the dead became the living, the past a presence, and the simple knowledge that such things had really existed, a glory and a joy,—Julia knew not; but making every circumstance as it arose, every person that crossed her path, assist the development of that power, she became, as by instinct, old in heart while young in years. Her mind grasped at every thing, her imagination was in a constant state of attrition; and vague, fanciful, and crude, as her conceptions unavoidably were,—chaotic as was the state of her intellectual being, there only wanted the magician Time, or that more powerful magician, a master passion, to awake from the chaos a world of order and beauty. Her mind was enveloped in twilight, but it was twilight before the dawn of a summer's day."

The following is a passage of a different and more melancholy kind, taken from near the conclusion of the tale, when conquest and success, and all that the young and ardent spirit longs for, had lost their charms:

"Julia retired to her chamber, and there, in the deep gloom of personal consciousness, wept long and bitterly for the past. The fiery dream of enthusiastic yet faithful passion,—the fancy-drawn portraiture of all she might have been,—the quick and subtle, if wordless analysis, of all she was,—the degrading sense of thralldom to artificial tastes and habits,—the mournful impression of energies absorbed in trifles,—vague feelings of duty, with utter dislike of its claims, coupled with a cold abandonment to desolate loneli-

ness;—were there not materials here for torture, and dreams, and tears! But it was her *soirée*; and, after three hours, Julia rose from her couch, decked her person with jewels and festal attire, again locked up her heart, again commanded her thoughts to their own 'vasty deep,' again became like him whose soul inhabited a statue, and, amidst music and flowers, friends and festivity (so called), went gliding from group to group, the presiding and brilliant genius of the whole,—smiling and exciting smiles, gay and the cause of gaiety, never for a moment off her guard or mind-trayed. But a few more hours, and she was once again alone in her chamber, enjoying that ease of the wretched—liberty to unmask. Haggard and diabolical—a Pythoan after the moment of inspiration—cold, collapsed, and still—the play of feature exchanged for rigidity—the full, varying, modulated voice dying into sighs and broken murmurs—even the heart, that seemed to swell and burn sensibly, became heavy in its beating, and the breath, that came and went like flame, subdued to suffocation—anguish exchanged for hopelessness, desperate effort for despair,—thus as Julia; not musing, not remembering, for her physical strength was too entirely exhausted; but perfectly passive and motionless, her whole being steeped in the waking deep of sorrow!"

The two other "Histories" also evince talents of no mean kind, especially that in which the fortunes of Richard Winton are traced, with a fine perception of what is truly estimable in character and conduct. We wish we had more female writers with the heart and soul of Miss Jewsbury; and, lacking them, we wish Miss Jewsbury herself would come more frequently before the public.

Bos' Greek Ellipses, abridged and translated into English from Professor Schaefer's edition; with Notes. By the Rev. John Seager, B. A., &c. London. Printed by Valpy. Sold by Longman and Co. Octavo. Pp. 249.

We confess that, rapacious and never-to-be-satisfied devourers of Greek as we are, we have no great liking for huge two-volumed quartos on Greek Ellipses and Idioms; or thin, wire-drawn, ethereal, never-ending dissertations on that precious vocable of questionable meaning—that pretty, petty bone of critical contention—the particle *α*, which, though consisting but of two letters, has reared upon itself such mountains of debate and discussion. We are indeed happy in our own comfortable congratulations of ourselves, that we are of that guileless primitive sort of people who think there is not any mystery in Ellipse, nor indeed in language at all; that the Greeks, Latins, and Hebrews were all plain, frankly-speaking, honest, unsophistical people like our very selves; that neither in their tenses, nor in their prepositions, nor in their constructions, nor in their relative pronouns, is there any deep and recondite inscrutability, unknown even to the people that uttered them, and requiring all the metaphysical acumen of our modern grammatical mystagogues for their interpretation. In short, we would rather had the simplicity of interpretation of such ancient grammarians as Aulus Gellius, &c.; and would most diffidently presume to say with Mr Schaefer, enlarging however the compass of his words, that Bos and his other metaphysical or fanciful followers, by imagining we know not what Ellipses—by conjuring up we know not what and how many obscurities and difficulties, only to be conjured down by their own big books and subtle argumentations—have rather obstructed than cleared the way to the right understanding of language. The young student, seeing his first initiatory step in a path which ought to be pleasant and plainness itself, preceded and pestered by a host of over-laboured and panting pioneers that can with difficulty grub out a weary way for themselves—seeing before him and around him such enormous mounds of literary rubbish heaped up instead of being levelled down—such immense sky-kissing scaffolding for the purpose of removing straws and prickly bushes, and other scarce visible stumbling-blocks—the poor student, we say, is terrified at the very outset with the appearance of difficulties to

formidable for his patience to encounter. The "mystery" seems to him to be impenetrable; the ancient languages, so dissimilar, as he deems, to the language he himself speaks, appear invested with an obscurity impervious to all minds saving those that carry within themselves the requisite metaphysical lantern; he conceives that, when Homer and Xenophon, two of the plainest-speeched men in the world, wrote and spoke, "*there must have been giants in those days*," and that only some big-boned, gigantic modern soul, one of twenty thousand, can overtake them—all this the poor student conceives, or is very apt to conceive—and begins to lose heart, and falters and despairs. We are sorry indeed that this is so much the case; and we suspect that it is not a little owing to bulky books upon Idioms, Ellipses, and Particles.

We are glad even to express our suspicion that Mr Seager, though he has chosen Bos's voluminous book for the exercise of his excellent understanding, is but of the same opinion with ourselves, and slumbers in his sleeve at the "*great mystery*." He indeed declares, in one of his wondrous notes, that, "*by sufficient reading, vigilant observation, and careful induction, the signification of phrases may certainly be discovered, independently of any means.*" Aworrdly; the same good sense, or skill in language, that unriddled the enigmas of the Grecian Sphynx to Lambert Bos or Peter Schoettgen, will undoubtedly perform a similar good office to any student of ordinary sagacity, *provided he read on*; and, *till he read on*, it is superfluous or absurd to perplex his mind with the cramp phrases which can only be understood in connexion with their context, and which it is *neither pleasant nor necessary to read at all, unless in connexion with their context*. It is somewhat like inculcating upon a man, who is bent upon a long journey through a diversified country, to exercise himself for many days previously in hopping over huge fitches, clambering up sides of hills and precipices, over-leaping great rocks and shaggy bushes, in order, by such experimental exertions, to confirm his knees and knit up his sinews for the great expedition he is about to encounter. It is much better to clasp a plain good staff at once into the man's hand, tuck up his garments for him, furnish his pockets with the necessary *viaticum*, and bid him, *Go, speed*. Set him once a-going, and *Res expedit*; all sense of impediments or trifling difficulties is quenched or overborne by his increasing zeal in the march, and the pleasure which he gradually gathers as he prosecutes his journey.

But enough, or rather, too much, of this. Mr Seager having undertaken a translation of the *aurculus libellus* of Lambert Bos, has shown his good taste and good sense in abridging it considerably, by the exclusion of all repetitions, and all erroneous or irrelevant matter. He has reduced the examples under each word into nearly an alphabetical arrangement, facilitating thereby the student's enquiries, by sparing him, in the longer articles, the trouble of a laborious search. He has also subjoined a number of excellent notes, which we should gladly have seen increased. In short, the numerous improvements made, together with the language in which it is written, next, to the English reader, render the abridgement of Mr Seager a more desirable and serviceable book of reference than the cumbersome and too perplexed original. As an additional recommendation of no little account, it is correctly and beautifully printed at the Valpy press; so that, with all these advantages, we have no hesitation in recommending this book to the teachers of Greek in Scotland, as the best Dictionary of Elliptical Expressions to which, in their desponding difficulties, they can resort.

The Picture of India; Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive. In two Volumes. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1830.

This is a prettily printed, prettily embellished; and

well arranged book. It contains much useful information, compressed into a comparatively small space, and we can safely recommend it as an excellent introduction to the more extended study of Indian geography and history. "The real importance of India," says the Preface, "the exalted opinion which those who have not looked into the particulars entertain of its wealth—the mistakes as to what that wealth consists in—the great extent of country under the dominion of the British—the number of our countrymen that are holding or expecting situations there—the vast responsibility under which the Company have brought themselves, in the governing of so many persons, of whose characters they are ignorant; and the consequent ignorance in which the Governors must be of the necessities and wants of the government—the anomalous fact, that Britons are not allowed permanently to settle in a country, of which the government is British—the enquiries that are already instituted, with regard to the renewal of the Company's charter, and the increasing interest which every thing connected with India will acquire, as the time of the actual debate on the renewal approaches,—all so far justify the publication of a book, which will present the chief outlines of India in a small compass." The first volume is devoted chiefly to geographical and topographical details; the second to an historical and statistical account of the country. We select, at random, one or two extracts, which may amuse our readers, and give them an additional interest in the work:

THE SURF AT MADRAS.

"Upon the coast of Coromandel, farther to the south, the surf breaks with great violence, and there is no place where a ship can find shelter. At Madras, the British capital of this part of India, ships cannot touch the shore, and very frequently they can hold no communication with it. During the months of October, November, and December, they cannot even remain in the roads with safety; nor can they, generally speaking, land in boats of European build at any season, the surf being so violent, that any craft that does not yield to it is broken to pieces. The communication is usually made by country boats, and, where the surf is very violent, by catamarans; and no ships attempt to land passengers, unless the signal from the beach-house warns them that it is safe. In favourable weather, the ships' boats anchor just outside the surf, where the communication is continued to the land by the country boats. These are constructed of three planks, sewed together, with straw in the seams, so that they bend easily. Even with these light and buoyant vessels, a great deal of experience and determination are required, or they would be broken by the foaming surges which follow each other with great velocity and violence. The commander of the boat stands up to beat time, which he does both by stamping and by roaring, to encourage the rowers. When the boat is in the trough of the surge, they pull backwards against the approaching ridge, in order to mount upon it before it breaks, and while they are upon its crest, it carries them to the shore with great velocity. When it breaks, they pull violently forward, in order to keep the way that they have made during the reflux, and the moment that the next approaching surge turns the water, they pull backwards again. Thus they keep advancing upon the crest of every successive wave, and pulling back a little in each interval, till they get so near the shore, that the final surge flings them and their bark upon the dry land, along with the spray. It is by a passage of this kind, that Europeans, of whatever sex, make a landing at Madras."—Vol. i. pp. 66, 7.

The following passage presents a glowing picture of

THE BIRDS OF INDIA.

"The birds of India are equally remarkable for their number and for the beauty of their plumage. The radiant hues of the peacock still gild the thickets in all parts of the country, and they did so in the time of the Macedonian conqueror, who was so much charmed with their beauty, that, under severe penalties, he forbade their destruction by his army. Among the groves and thickets on the Malabar coast, they are still very numerous, and are captured during the night by a torch and a painted canvass, containing an imitation of one of themselves. The parrot tribe are found in all their varieties of form and colour, and the ear is like-

rally deafened by their noise. The birds of India are beset by many enemies, both in their own persons and in the contents of their nests; and this leads to some of the most curious arts of nidification that are any where to be found among the feathered tribes. One of their greatest enemies is the tree snake, which can climb its way to any height, and suspend itself by a very slender support. To guard against that enemy, a little feathered inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Bombay—a thing not much bigger than a cock-chaffer—fixes its tiny nest to the pointed leaves of the palmyra-palm, which the snake cannot reach; and there rears its brood in safety. But of all the winged architects of India, or perhaps of any other country, the Indian gross-beak (*Ioria philippina*) is one of the most ingenious. The bird is rather bigger than the one last mentioned. In bulk, it exceeds the common sparrow of our gardens, and, therefore, its nest would weigh down the tip of a leaf till it came in contact with others, and, therefore, bring the treasure which it contained within reach of the enemy. To prevent this, it has recourse to a very ingenious contrivance. It builds in a variety of trees; but it prefers the Indian fig; and, making choice of a very slender twig, it plait a rope of grass and vegetable fibres, at least a foot and a half long, and to the end of that it fastens its snug and very ingeniously-constructed nest. Externally that nest is formed of the same materials as the cord by which it is suspended, and plaited in the manner of a basket. Internally it differs from most nests, in containing a suite of three apartments, which are partially separated from each other, and yet have one common entrance and a communication with each other. The first apartment is for the male, who keeps watch there while the female is performing her incubation, and, as his beak is powerful in proportion to his size, he offers a bold defence against ordinary-sized foes, while the rope by which the nest is suspended is a sufficient protection against the snake. The second apartment is for the female; and the third and most secure, for the young. This nest is, in itself, abundantly ingenious; but those who are fond of heightening nature with their own fancies, render it a good deal more so. The male has generally a light in his apartment; and thus it is easy for fancy to endow him with the lantern as well as the vigilance of the watchman. In one corner of his apartment there is generally a little bit of moist clay, upon which there are fastened one or more glowworms, which partially illuminate the little apartment. They use these insects in preference to any others, simply because their light betrays them, and they can be caught in the twilight, and they are a supply of food for the young gross-beaks in the nursery behind. There are, in all departments of natural history, more violent and improbable strainings of the fact than the supposition that they are placed there for the purpose of giving light, though certainly there is something very wonderful in a bird lighting up its apartment, as it would be an instance without a parallel in animal history."—Vol. i. p. 170-2.

We conclude with an entertaining account of
INDIAN AMUSEMENTS.

"The numerous religious rites which the Hindoos must perform, and the length of time that they must take before they can support themselves, and satisfy the demands of their rulers, do not leave them a great deal of time for their amusements. They are fond of amusements, however, and they have many classes of persons who are trained to exhibit. The number of these is, indeed, so great, that we can only mention the names of a few of the leading ones.

"Probably the most general of these is the poet. His business is to recite tales and histories, which he does, sometimes with, and sometimes without, a theatrical sort of air. The language of some of those pieces is very flowery; but the story is often very absurd, and at times not over modest.

"Lightly formed and servile as the Hindoos are, their religion forbids them the amusement of dancing. That is performed by the *dwadassi*, or dancing girls, who are present upon all festive occasions. They are a religious order, devoted specially to the gods and the officiating Brahmins. They are generally handsome girls, dressed in the greatest elegance that even the costume of the female Hindoo admits of, and they are very richly adorned with jewels. Their movements, too, are imposing, but they are in gesture much in the same way that the poets are in words. Indeed, it is the genius of the Hindoo religion—for every thing is connected with that—to darken with obscenity that which would be beautiful or graceful, in the same manner as it darkens with absurdity that which would be sublime.

"The professional wrestlers of India are among the most wonderful, as well as unexceptionable, of all the public exhibitions; and the grace, as well as the agility and strength, which they display, could not easily be excelled by Europeans. This is one of the instances in which one gets a glimpse of what they might be, were it possible to break the mental fetters in which they are held; but the more that that unfortunate part of their condition is studied, the less hope there seems in it.

"The jugglers have been often exhibited in this country; and, both in sleight of hand, and dexterity of manipulation, they are much superior to the same class in the west. The great liteness of the Hindoo, the delicacy of his hands, and the exquisite sensibility of his feeling of touch, give him a very decided superiority in every thing that depends upon them. The serpent jugglers, too, are a very singular class, for they certainly do handle the most poisonous snakes with impunity, although not deprived of their fangs. Tumbling, and every other display of personal agility, might be expected among such a people; but, to a stranger, none of their exhibitions appear more daring than the mode in which they swing; and yet, hazardous as it seems to be, it is perfectly safe, and not injurious to health. The swing consists of two pieces of strong bamboo, one fastened securely in the ground, and stended either by stents or gy-ropes, the other lies across the top, and is placed upon the first as a pivot. A rope is fastened to each end of the cross-piece; the shorter having a strong hook at the end, and the larger reaching down to the ground. The person to be swung has a strong bandage passed round his body, below which, on the back, the hook is passed, with the point outwards. By this arrangement the hook is in no danger of slipping, neither does it hurt the swinger. When the swinger is attached by this rope and hook to the one end of the cross-piece, the people below take hold of the rope at the other end, and run rapidly round, till the centrifugal force of the swinger stretches the rope, and projects him right out in the air, in which he seems floating. While the machine continues in motion, drums and other instruments of noise are beat by the applauding crowd, while the attitude of the floating figure and the trappings with which it is ornamented, have a most imposing effect. The same centrifugal force which stretches the rope, not only keeps the body of the swinger in a horizontal position, but prevents him from receiving any injury, if the apparatus be strong enough to retain him. His head being nearest the centre of motion, the tendency of the blood is all the other way, and thus, though the motion be very rapid, he does not feel the least inconvenience.

"With all their pretended love of animal life, the Hindoos have no objection to a little cruelty to animals; for, while they have hospitals for the comfortable maintenance of bugs and spiders in one part of the country, they do not hesitate to bet their jewels, and even their clothes, upon the issue of a contest between cocks, quails, and other birds, which they have trained for the purpose. They are also fond of games, particularly the game of chess, which has been known among them from the remotest antiquity."—Vol. II. p. 330-4.

"The Picture of India," whether to those who are in the country, or to those who, though at a distance, wish for information concerning it, must prove a very acceptable publication.

The Pilgrim's Progress; with a Life of John Bunyan.
By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate,
&c. &c. &c. Illustrated with Engravings. London.
John Murray, and John Mayer. 1830. Royal 8vo.
Pp. 411.

This is a very splendid volume, and yet not more splendid than the singularly wild and beautiful allegory which it contains deserves. "It is a book," says Mr Southey, "which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart: the child perceives it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age." Besides being printed in the most beautiful style, the present edition contains three fine copper-plates, and thirty-three spirited wood engravings. The subjects of the former are a Portrait of John Bunyan, and views of the Valley of the Shadow of Death and of

the Celestial City, both from designs by Martin. The latter illustrate a variety of passages in the work. But the chief attraction of the volume is the Life of Bunyan by Southey, which is, of course, written with great simplicity and elegance, and contains copious extracts from his own diaries.

The events of Bunyan's life were few. He was born within a mile of Bedford, in the year 1628; his parents were braziers, and he was brought up to the same trade. He seems, by his own account, to have been rather dissipated in his youth, but he married early, and soon afterwards acquired decidedly religious habits. Being of a very enthusiastic temperament and vivid imagination, he was continually haunted by what appeared to him visions and heavenly revelations. Having taken means to disseminate his own peculiar notions, he was arrested as a dangerous person, and thrown into prison, where he remained for twelve years. It was here he wrote most of his works, which are very voluminous. He survived his imprisonment sixteen years, during which time he paid regularly an annual visit to London, employing himself in preaching, and superintending the publication of his different compositions. He died in the year 1688, aged sixty. He left behind him a widow, who had been his second wife, and three children. The year in which the first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was published is not known. The second edition is preserved in the British Museum, and bears date 1678. Mr Southey has collated all the published versions of this work, that he might make his own as perfect and accurate as possible, so that in no former edition has so much justice been done to the "Sponsor of the people," as D'Iraëll calls him, whether we regard the typography, the embellishments, or the literary contents.

Criminal Trials, and other Proceedings before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland. By Robert Pitcairn. Part V. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1830.

This is another highly interesting *fasciculus* of Mr Pitcairn's excellent work. It is likely to prove more generally attractive than its predecessors, because its contents are of a more varied description, and because, after the accession of James VI. to the English throne, the judicial proceedings in Scotland were conducted with greater minuteness, and recorded with stricter accuracy, than formerly. In the Part now before us, we find, amidst a mass of other matter, several of the most remarkable trials for witchcraft to be met with in Scottish law; a full report of the extraordinary case of Francis Newbury, who was suspected of high treason, was killed by falling over the rocks in an attempt to escape from the castle of Edinburgh, and whose lifeless remains were afterwards brought into court, that sentence might be pronounced upon them, which sentence (afterwards carried into execution) was, that he should be hanged and quartered; two or three trials and condemnations for "wilfully hearing the celebration of mass;" the very extraordinary case of the murder of the Laird of Warriston by his wife, Jean Livingstone, for which she was beheaded, and her accomplice, Robert Weir, broken on the wheel; trials of the Armstrongs, Elliots, and other barons, illustrative of the state of society in the southern districts of the country; the trial and condemnation of William Rose, for the barbarous murder of his wife; the trial and pleadings in the interesting case of Margaret Herbyde, who was accused of "abstracting pearls and jewels belonging to the queen," and, apparently, unjustly condemned; full and accurate copies of all the criminal records relating to Sir James Elphinstoun's correspondence with the Pope, known to Scotch annalists as "Lord Balmerinoch's Treason;" and, though last, not least, reports of several trials which throw additional light on the proscription and cruel and systematic persecution of the Clan-Gregor. We gave, a few weeks ago, a pretty

full report of a paper read before the Antiquarian Society upon this subject. The documents produced by Mr Pitcairn put the fact beyond a doubt, that it was to the machinations of Archibald (seventh) Earl of Argyll, who, as King's Lieutenant in the "Bounds of the Clan-Gregor," obtained, in 1603, complete control over them, that the utter ruin of this unfortunate Clan is to be attributed. No paper in the present work is more affecting than the "Declaration of the Laird of MacGregor," uttered previous to his execution, in which, with all the simplicity of truth, he sets forth Argyll's cruelty and cunning. As, however, the character of the Earl is necessarily exposed to great obloquy on account of the transactions alluded to, it becomes an object of some importance to show distinctly on what grounds they rest. This has been done in a great measure by the notes which Mr Pitcairn has appended to the Declaration; but there are some points which admit of further illustration, and which, having paid some attention to the subject, we shall here briefly state.

I. It is stated in the declaration, that Argyll caused M'Lean and Clancameron to commit hereship and slaughter in MacGregor's rounne of Rannoch, &c.; and in corroboration of this assertion, we find, that on 8th June, 1598, the Laird of MacGregor and his tenants in Rannoch obtained a decree before the High Court of Justiciary, against Lauchlan Maclean of Dewart, as landlord, master, and chieftain of clan to Hector Maclean, his son, Lauchlan Macvic Allan, in Ardgour, and others, tenants and servants to Dewart, for the sum of L.5227, being the alleged value of the hereship. It is a singular feature in the history of the times, that people of such predatory habits as the MacGregors should have in this instance preferred applying to a court of law for redress, instead of trusting to their swords to right them, as was the universal practice among the tribes of the Gael. This application had, in all probability, arisen from the desire of the Chief to testify his obedience to the laws; but, whatever the reason of it, it was a very uncommon step; for the procurator or counsel for the MacGregors, appearing publicly in court, took instruments "that the Laird of MacGregor and his kin were the first that came and sought justice since King James the First's time;" that is, for upwards of 160 years. From this, we may form some idea of the general state of the Highlands under the successors of James I.; while, at the same time, we can better appreciate the services rendered to his country by that active and vigorous prince.

II. The next part of the declaration which seems to require corroboration, is that in which the Earl is charged with having caused MacGregor to violate the engagements which he had come under with the Privy Council.—"Then I made my moyan both of service and obedience, &c.; and when Argyll was made foreseen thereof, he enticed me to stay and start from these conditions," &c., &c. It appears that, in August 1599, MacGregor had come under certain obligations to the Council for the good rule and obedience of his clan; and among other things, Sir John Murray of Tullibardin, and James Comendator of Inchaffray, became sureties for him, under a very high penalty, that he should appear before the Council whenever he should receive a summons to that effect. He was summoned repeatedly, but failed to appear, and at length the bail-bond of his sureties was forfeited, and MacGregor accused of having dishonourably forfeited his word, which he had solemnly pledged to his friends. These gentlemen, in the meantime, having bestirred themselves in the matter, succeeded in procuring the personal appearance, before the Council, of the refractory Chief; and then presented an application, praying to be relieved from the payment of the penalty incurred, which was, after a time, acceded to. In this application, they state that the non-appearance of the laird of MacGregor, at the appointed time, was not owing

to any fault of theirs, but proceeded from some circumstances that had happened in the meantime, "which discouraged and terrified him from keeping the first dyet." These words appear to afford a strong corroboration of the assertion above alluded to, in regard to the interference of the Earl of Argyll, by which MacGregor was induced to "stay and start from the conditions" he had made with the Council.

III. As to the alleged anxiety of the Earl to get rid of Campbell of Ardkinlass, it is sufficient to state that Ardkinlass had been deeply concerned in the murder of Sir John Campbell of Calder, who, at the time of his death, was guardian to the Earl; and that thus the Earl had very good ground of feud against the former, independent of other more personal causes of enmity, which it is unnecessary here to mention. On the whole, it appears that the laird of MacGregor's declaration, besides the internal evidence of the correctness of the statements made in it, is corroborated by contemporary documents in a most satisfactory manner.

We understand that four additional parts will terminate the series of Trials during the reign of James VI., and that Mr Pitcairn will then proceed to the publication of the leading trials which occurred in the reigns of James IV. and V., and also of Queen Mary. Should other engagements permit, a new series of trials, during and subsequent to the reign of Charles I., will afterwards be given—modelled into the shape of Reports, and in a more modern form than the present. Mr Pitcairn deserves every encouragement to proceed with his exceedingly useful labours.

Sermons or Essays, as the Reader shall choose to design them, upon Christian Duties. By the Rev. Charles Findlater, A.M., Minister of Newlands. John Anderson, jun. Edinburgh. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 248.

This is a very odd title, and, in our opinion, by no means a happy one. It is too much like trifling with the subject or with the public; and certainly it is unreasonable to expect that we should be greatly prejudiced in favour of a book which even its author is at a loss how to designate. For our own part, however, we are not very squeamish about titles, literary or heraldic, on condition that the person or book that bears them be possessed of intrinsic merit. We would hint to Mr Findlater, however, that he should have called his volume simply *Essays*, for of such it consists; and good *Essays* we have no hesitation in calling them, though they must have sounded rather strangely in the ears of a pastoral and agricultural congregation, when uttered *ore rotundo* from the pulpit of Newlands. The Rev. Mr Findlater is an amiable and intelligent old gentleman, of great shrewdness and some taste, and already known to the literary world by an able Agricultural Report of Peebles-shire. In his present volume, he has blended the moralist with the political economist—(an union, by the way, which some of our modern economists have too much neglected)—and in his own homely, but often forcible manner, he has illustrated, with considerable success, the obligation of certain moral duties, in connexion with our political circumstances. In this little volume, the reader will meet with no eloquence, no showy writing, no plausible theories;—but he will find what is much more valuable, plain statements, sound practical doctrines, and good sense.

The Family Magazine, No. I. May, 1830. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

The Monthly Magazine, No. LIII. May, 1830. London. Whittaker and Co.

Fraser's Magazine, No. IV. May, 1830. London. James Fraser.

THE *Family Magazine* is upon a plan similar to that

of the *British Magazine*, edited by Mr S. C. Hall. There is, perhaps, room for both publications; but the *British Magazine* had the merit of starting first, and ought to keep the start. The *Family Magazine* is to be conducted by Mr Shoberl, editor of the *Forget-me-Not*. The first Number, which is very respectable, and in all respects suited for young ladies, as well as for their mammae, which we suppose is what is meant by a *Family Magazine*, contains contributions from the Ettrick Shepherd, Derwent Conway, W. H. Harrison, G. Meir, Mrs Henry Rolls, and others.

The Number of the *Monthly Magazine* for this month is amusing and well varied. We like the article on "Lady Byron, Campbell, and Moore;" and are strongly inclined to think that it places Lady Byron's heedless conduct in the proper point of view.

Of the spirit and principles which characterize *Fraser's Magazine*, we gave a pretty decided opinion some weeks ago. We observe that our strictures are copied into the Number before us, and the following remarks appended to them:

"There are only two men in all Scotland worthy of this elegant little morsel of composition. The first is the *Shepherd's Cornal* and Constable's *Maggie's Undertaker*. If so, the fellow is too contemptible to notice. The second man is WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. If so, is not this mode of insidious attack very childish? If Ebony wish to abuse us, let him do it openly. The Baillie is no hand in a duello; but he has a champion of approved power, whom he may send into the field, and we will meet him either at fisty-cuffs, single-stick, bludgeoning, rapier-passado, broadsword diversion, pistol-shot aim, duck-gun sport, 32-pounder amusement, or bombshell annihilation. In either or all of these attainments we are, we flatter ourselves, of efficient prowess. If we really should come to a pass, it will be a master for history. The nature of the meeting must, of necessity, be dreadful.

'Se vediete inaseme mai scontrar due tuoni
Da levante a ponente al ciel diverso,
Così proprio s'urtar quei due baroni.'

So sings old Boiardo of Orlando and Agricane; and as some modern bard will sing of the champions of Ebony and Fraser. But we love the calumet of peace, and why can we not proceed together, hand in hand, like loving and adoring brothers? A parting word of advice, however, we must give to Ebony. Have done, Baillie, with all underhanded work and assassin blows. Meet us fairly; or, by our troth! we will ourselves write such a '*Ryder*' for your series of the '*Noctes*' as will not be, we opine, exactly to your relish."

There is something to us at once painful and ludicrous in seeing Mr Blackwood made the subject of attack for any thing which has appeared in the *Literary Journal*, as if he could possibly have been the author of it. The writer in *Fraser's Magazine* is evidently quite ignorant of the state of matters in the literary world of Edinburgh. Who the *Shepherd's Cornal* is, we do not profess to understand. The editor of the *Literary Journal* is desirous of standing on his own responsibility, and entertains very little terror of the "bombshell annihilation" of Mr James Fraser, or any of his friends. There is some cleverness in the present Number of this Magazine, but as great a spice of vulgarity and bad feeling as ever. The names of Allan Cunningham, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Thomas Haynes Bayly, are sprinkled among the contents, but they have only furnished a scrap of poetry each, and have evidently no farther connexion with the publication. We have some guess in whose hands it is, and beg to assure its conductors that the day is gone by when systematic sourrility, and an open disregard of all the usages of good society, can be the means of securing for a new periodical popularity and attention, to say nothing at all of respectability, which is, of course, not taken into the account.

Should *Fraser's Magazine* improve in these particulars, we shall be happy to mention the circumstance to our readers.

Tales of our Counties; or, Provincial Portraits. 3 vols. London. Marsh and Miller. 1830.

THIS is a work upon rather a novel plan. The different characters in each tale are *real*, but are introduced under fictitious names, and imagination is allowed some scope in colouring their motives and actions. There are ten distinct stories, the scenes of which are laid in as many different counties, and in each, incidents, which have occurred in the history of some noble or wealthy family, are made the groundwork of the plot. These incidents are frequently of a scandalous or painful description, and it would have been better, we think, not to have interfered with them, the more especially as the use which has been made of them cannot fail to wound the feelings of many individuals. Besides, if the author be as wide of the mark in his other chronicles as he is in that of "Lord Gordon, or Newstrid Abbey," where Byron is evidently his hero, his versions of the dramas of private life will only tend to confuse and perplex. Nevertheless, the work, though not very ably written, is amusing enough, being full of variety and abundance of stirring events. The inveterate devourer of novels will, no doubt, pronounce it an excellent addition to that meretricious class of publications.

Plain Instructions for the Management of Infants, with Practical Observations on the Disorders incident to Children. To which is added, An Essay on Spinal and Cerebral Irritation. By John Darwall, M.D., Physician to the Birmingham Dispensary. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot. 12mo. Pp. 244. 1830.

WE are fond of infants, which at least shows the natural goodness of our disposition. We love to hear "the lip of children and their earliest words." We of course, therefore, look with a benignant eye on all that can make the years of nonage glide more smoothly; and rejoice greatly in every plan which tends to "soothe the sorrows of the suffering child." When we look on a mother with the child of her heart in her maternal bosom, we think on the words of Isaiah, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" To mothers and wives we recommend Dr Darwall and his book on the Management of Infants. From the preface to the work, which is sensibly and modestly written, we shall quote enough to enable our readers to understand the author's views:

"The present work is not intended exclusively either for the profession or for nurses, but to a certain degree for both. Whoever has had much experience in the diseases of children, must have witnessed errors, arising, on the one hand, from too great daring, and on the other, from too great anxiety. This will naturally happen, according to the different temperaments of individuals; nor will it be easy to make the one less rash, or the other less fearful. If, however, it can be done in any way, it must be by communicating such information as may show the difficulties which beset the practice of medicine, and the different importance which ought to be attached to different symptoms. In endeavouring, therefore, to afford this knowledge to extra-professional persons, I have laboured to use plain and intelligible language, such as might not be unfit for professional, nor obscure to general readers. The symptoms of the various diseases are stated simply, together with the concurring circumstances by which they are modified or rendered fatal; and it is hoped, that both nurses and mothers may, by this assistance, be spared much distress, that they may be enabled early to recognise the invasion of serious disease, and to obtain immediately the requisite assistance; and that they may be taught to regard the really lighter ailments of children as unimportant and as circumstances

which must naturally be expected with every infant. Those common medicines are mentioned, which may be given with impunity; but, with regard to *calomel* and *opium*, remedies far too commonly employed in the nursery, I have laid down such cautions as, I cannot but hope, will give a check to, if it does not entirely prevent, their inconsiderate use."

We hope that Dr Darwall's book will be found to answer all the purposes for which it is intended.

The Family Library. Dramatic Series, No. I. The Plays of Philip Massinger, adapted for Family Reading, and the use of Young Persons, by the omission of objectionable passages. London. John Murray. 1830. *The Family Classical Library. Herodotus.* Translated by the Rev. William Beloe. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

WE doubt whether the first of these volumes will have a very extensive sale. The Plays of Massinger are not likely now-a-days to become family reading, nor are they likely to be popular among very young persons; whilst the scholar and man of letters would be very unwilling indeed to trust to an anonymous editor the privilege of expunging from the writings of the old bard whatever appeared to him objectionable, and would much rather peruse them in an entire and original edition. The object, however, which Mr Murray has in view, is a laudable one, and whatever its success may be, he deserves thanks for the undertaking.

Mr Valpy goes on steadily with his Classical Library, and we hope is meeting with the encouragement he merits.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD'S FIRST SONG.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—In the lives of eminent men, the first enquiry commonly is, when, and by what act, were they originally distinguished from the common herd? In regard to one who, by the mere impulse of genius alone, has raised himself to eminence as a bard of true Scottish growth, I am able to mention, what is not generally known, the history of the first production that paved the way for his future popularity. The year 1803 is a period in our history that will not soon be forgotten, for the whole country was then in arms to resist an invasion, which threatened not only to deprive us of that internal peace which we had so long enjoyed, but to destroy the blessing we valued above all others—our independence. The excitement which pervaded all ranks was tremendous. Old battle songs were revived, and many a new lyre was strung to remind the nation of the sacred attributes of liberty. But the master-spirit was gone;—Burns had been dead for several years; and Tannahill's muse loved better to dwell amongst the "braes of Glenniffer" than in the bustle of a camp and the din of arms. Who, then, in Scotland, was to produce a strain suited to the exigency of the time? "On Etrick banks on a summer night," "at gloaming when the kye cam hame," the warlike muse of Caledonia found a worthy worshipper. James Hogg, then a young man, and known only among his immediate friends as a "sinner in rhyme," wrote the song beginning "My name it is Donald Macdonald." Having occasion to be in Edinburgh shortly afterwards, he brought the manuscript in his pocket, and, after finishing the business in the West Port—that is, after disposing of a quantity of sheep—he called on his old Etrick friend Mr Mercer then editor of the *North British Magazine*, and since author of "Dunfermline Abbey," a poem, and also of the "History of Dunfermline." Mr Mercer being a friend to genius, asked the young shepherd to dine with him in a celebrated chop-house in the Fleshmarket Close, and a very happy night was the result to both. Among

other songs, Hogg, of course, produced the one in question. His critical friend perused it with attention, and, after hearing the author give it the effect of his wood notes wild, perceived at once that it was one admirably calculated to suit the popular feeling.

"That song, James, must be published immediately," said he; "but to put it into the Magazine would not bring it into the hands of the great bulk of the people, whose song it must, and *shall*, be. I'll tell you what I'll do,—I'll get Mr — to sing it at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, which takes place next week." The Shepherd, approving of the plan, left the song with Mr Mercer. Mr —, whom many will recollect as being the best amateur singer in Edinburgh, was no less delighted with the song than Mr Mercer, and sung it at the masonic meeting in admirable style, giving it all the advantages of his excellent voice. It is a feeble expression to say that it was received with rapturous applause. The walls of the Grand Lodge literally shook with the acclamations. The Earl of Dalhousie was in the chair, and eagerly asked who was the author. He was told that it was a shepherd lad in Ettrick. His Lordship then said, that were the song published, he was sure it would go off well, and that he himself would take fifty copies. The song was accordingly published, and never was triumph greater, or popularity more complete. Edition followed edition, till from Knapdale to Scrabster, the whole country rang with the patriotic strains. From this circumstance alone, the Ettrick Shepherd must date his first popularity; and when we recollect the truly patriotic objects the Poet had in view in composing the song, is it not rather galling, Mr Editor, to think that, though Dibdin, for writing songs not better than this, and certainly never more popular, received a pension for life, James Hogg has gone unrewarded, whilst his claims on the public in his after productions, were of a kind to which Dibdin had no pretension. One consolation, however, remains, whatever may be the difficulties which the Shepherd has to contend with, that if a living fame and a lasting immortality be "better than riches," the author of "Killmeny" will certainly be no loser.—I am, sir, &c.

R. G.

MEN AND THINGS IN LONDON.

I WAS at Hawes' Concert, where I saw and heard Madame Meric Lalande. She has disappointed me every way. Her singing fell much below my expectation. She is never to be mentioned in the same day with Pasta. Her voice is not melodious, and her intonation is forced and abrupt, while her notes come forth with an evident degree of exertion. Her duet with De Begnis was better than her first solo; and, on the whole, she excels more as a theatrical than a concert singer. She is tolerably good-looking, with dark eyes and hair, a neat foot and figure, which, like all her countrywomen, she sets off to the best advantage by tasteful dressing.—I have met with some of the great dons of the fashionable world. I have encountered Prince Esterhazy's *equint* several times; but it is not the interesting sort of equint I admire, but one which gives him a disagreeable look and expression. He is rather gentlemanly in his appearance, however, and in his manners of course; has pretty good features and a fair complexion, but nothing sufficiently striking to make one notice him in a crowd. I think more of Lord Castlereagh, who has a handsome countenance and good figure, and an air and manner that mark him for the man of fashion at once. The other day, in going to Kensington, I came plump against the Duke of Cumberland. He was shading his eyes from the sun with his hand, which was so far well, for they have an extremely disagreeable expression. His moustaches are hideous, being an immense bush of white hair, something like soap suds. Yet, notwithstanding, he is tall, and there is something imposing in his appearance,

especially as he is not so large and corpulent as most of the Royal Family.—A friend informed me yesterday that the Marquis of Conyngham dined with him the day before, and told him that it was the opinion of the King's physicians, though it was not said publicly, that his Majesty could not possibly linger more than a month, and probably not so long. It is affirmed the tailors are already all busy preparing mournings.—There are some Bohemian minstrels here just now, who are a good deal run after. I have been to hear them, and was much pleased. They play extremely well, and contrive to soften in an agreeable manner the tone of instruments very difficult to soften—clarionets, bassoons, trumpets, and keyed bugles. They played the Hunter's Call, with the echoes through the mountains, delightfully. Baron Bising himself could not have exceeded it.—I spent an evening lately with a number of *literati*;—among others, Mrs S. C. Hall, Miss Jewsbury, who is at present residing with Mrs Hall, Mrs Bowditch (now Mrs Lee,) Mr Thomas Roscoe, Dr Walsh, Mr Martin the painter, and his sister, together with Messrs Pringle, Macfarlane, and Atkinson, from Glasgow. I like Miss Jewsbury; her manner is perhaps a *little* too much studied, but she is nevertheless very agreeable, and evidently a woman of talent. She is good-looking, and much younger than I expected to find her. She has a pair of fine black eyes, at least they appeared black to me,—a colour I do not admire in general; but the expression of hers is spirited without being fierce, and she has withal a sweet smile. She is ladylike, without being decidedly fashionable, and she has a slim genteel figure. Miss Martin is considered a beauty; but her brother has the most delightful smile that ever dimpled the cheek of man, or woman either. Mrs Bowditch has a very comely countenance, with a calm and placid expression, dark eyes, and hair which she wears in that most unbecoming of all ways—the Miss Smithson and Fanny Ayton style, which makes it look exactly as if it were fastened up preparatory to washing the face. Mrs S. C. Hall is a handsome woman, upon a pretty large scale. She has a fine broad, open, and well-formed forehead, an expressive mouth, and a good complexion; dark hair and prominent eyes. Miss Jewsbury is a great friend and admirer of Mrs Hemans, admiring her for her talents, and loving her for the virtues with which she adorns her own home. Her sister, Mr Hughes, Miss Jewsbury informed me, is not less brilliant in conversation than Mrs Hemans herself. I liked Mr Roscoe much;—his manners are soft, mild, and gentlemanly.—The weather here is delightful.—You have no doubt heard that Galt is now Editor of the Courier.

London, May 4th, 1830.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES FOR THE EYE OF MR DAVID TWEEDIE OF THAT ILE.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Ye auld, catwaddied, canker'd carle,
What set you on to growl an' snarl,
An' try to raise your puny quarrel
Wi' folks afore ye,
Wha wadna gie an auld tar barrel
For half-a-score o' ye?

Your lines, in carping, crabbit mood,
About the rhyming brotherhood,
They gart me glowr, they war me good;
An' troth I swore
That never ane o' Tweedie blood
Made sic afore.

'Tis needless now the jeks to bandy—
But you, or else some muirland Sandy,

Composed the lines, when drunk wi' brandy,
 An' quite forgot them ;
 An' then assertit, like a randy,
 Ye never wrote them.

Nae mair you did—But hear the truth :
 Ane copied them—ane gay far south—
 When right weel slocken'd was your drouth,
 An' the blue lowe
 Came sometimes toving frae your mouth
 Like wirricowe.

He said the lines came thudd for thudd,
 Like riftings o' the thunner cludd,
 An' though he wrote as he war wudd,
 An' scarce could ken them,
 They pour'd sae fast, that spite o's blood
 He couldna pen them.

But when the joke look'd rather risky,
 That Aitchison play'd me a pliskie,
 He ca'd the poem free an' frisky,
 An' then to crown it,
 He bribed me wi' a cask o' whisky,
 To gar me own it.

When weel ye ken this is nae fiction,
 What deuce needs a' this predilection
 To yerna about a thing wha's diction,
 Though rank an' woodie,
 Yet needna be sic great affliction
 To David Tweedie !

But as for rhymes wi' a' their cranks,
 Or these grand things that you ca' blanks,
 Believe me, Bard o' boardie shanks,
 I quite despise them,
 An' wadna gie a body thanks
 To laud or prize them.

But ah, ye auld sneck-drawing rogue,
 Ye weatherbeaten skrinkit scrog,
 Faith ye hae gien to Shepherd Hogg
 A settled dishing,
 By jeering, in your Milton brogue,
 About his fishing.

Fishing ! That man was never born
 In Tweed, Breadalbin, or in Lorn,
 That e'er could stand wi' me at morn,
 An' count at night :
 To let him kill a fish I'd scorn,
 If but in sight.

There you hae skirl'd my muse awake,
 An' gart me girn, an' growl, an' quake ;
 Chap ! rouse nae mair a sleeping snake,
 Lest ye be stung ;
 But keep to your potato stake,
 An' haud your tongue.

But o' your music to be gaffin
 Is really mair than squares wi' daffin,
 Though, for your squeaky skiffy-skaffin,
 I didna chide ye ;
 'Twas only for the sake o' laughing
 I sat beside ye.

Although I owe you little thanks,
 I'll stake my credit at the banks,
 For sangs, or tunes, or rhymes, or blanks—
 Leister, if need is—
 I'll throw the bridle o'er the branks
 Of a' the Tweedies.

Then fare ye weel, auld dorty Davie,
 In froward mood I downa leave ye,
 In days o' auld we war a bevy
 O' sportsmen keen,
 And night or day ye wadna leave me
 To gang my lane.

But eld will cool the hettest blood ;—
 Nae mair on Tallo or on Frood,
 Or by the crooks o' auld Polmood,
 We'll raise the foray,
 But o'er sic rambles fret and brood,
 Wi' haffets hoary.

Fareweel, auld carle o' the cross-grain,
 Be sure to pump your moody brain,
 An' some Miltonic verses drain
 Of strife or story,
 For no to hear frae you again,
 Wad mak me sorry.

If luck attend me night an' day,
 The kind o' luck I want to hae,
 I'll send ye ower a fish or twae
 When they are kipper'd,
 An' mair ye needna look for frae
 The Ettrick Shepherd.

SONG.

On ! blessing on thee, land
 Of love and minstrel song,
 For freedom found a dwelling-place
 Thy mountain cliffs among !
 And still she loves to roam
 Among thy heath-clad hills,
 And blend her wild-wood harp's sweet strain
 With the voice of mountain rills.

Her song is on the gale—
 Her step upon the wold ;
 And morning diamonds brightly gem
 Her braided locks of gold :
 Far up the pine-wood glen
 Her sylph-like form is seen,
 By hunter in the hazy dawn,
 Or wandering bard at e'en !

My own dear native home,
 The birth-place of the brave,
 Oh, never may thy soil be trod
 By tyrant or by slave !
 Then blessing on thee, land
 Of love and minstrel song,
 For freedom found a dwelling-place
 Thy mountain cliffs among !

W. W.

TO A DEAD LARK.

By J. W. Ord.

THE monarch Spring hath come again,
 From his halls beyond the sky,
 And the glad woods shake with the joyful strain
 Of the breeze, as it floateth by ;
 And the birds are singing to earth and air,
 And the spirit of love dwells everywhere.

But the flowers may bloom in the Summer light,
 And the burning stars may glow,
 And the winds may slumber, day and night,
 On the mountain's sultry brow ;

Yet never again shall thy proud wing
Be seen o'er the forests hovering !

And never again shalt thou return
To the music-gifted throng ;
And never again shall thy bosom burn
With the meteor fires of song ;
Though the birds will sing, and the breezes blow,
And the gardens smile, and the streamlets flow.

The ungrateful sun is shining still,
Though thy songs have left the sky,
And the moss still blooms around the hill
Where thy little young ones lie :
Oh, sun to shine !—oh, moss to grow !
When the light hath gone from your minstrel's brow.

Its strength has left thy radiant wing,
And the pulse of thy heart is o'er ;
And the songs which the fainting clouds have heard,
Shall now be heard no more ;
And thy mate will die in her grassy bed,
When she knows that her gentle lord is dead.

I gaze on thy dim and filmy eye,
That has flash'd with the light of song,
And thy breast, that gleam'd in the golden sky,
And rested the clouds among ;
And, gazing and musing, I cannot but sigh,
That a creature so beautiful ever should die.

But thus it is ;—the sovereign oak
Lies dead, while the broom lives on ;
And the owls still hoot, and the ravens croak,
When the nightingale's song is done ;
And the bad and base still laugh and lie,
While the great and good despair and die.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Six Years' Residence in the United States of America, by a Native of Glasgow, will be published in the course of this month. The work will contain, we understand, much useful information to emigrants in general, and will give a very minute account of the actual state of the cotton manufactures in America. Numerous original anecdotes are also interspersed throughout the narrative, illustrating the manners and customs of the Americans.

A Popular Essay on the Creation of the Universe, and Evidences of the Existence of God, by Charles Doyno Sillery, author of "Valery," "Eldred of Erin," &c., is in the press. The Essay will contain a Sketch of the Modern Astronomy and the Wonders of Creation, as displayed by the Telescope and Microscope—Theories of the Stars, Planets, Comets, &c., with illustrations of the various celestial phenomena—proving that every body in the universe is a world teeming with life and vegetation—that every sun, and system, and cluster, is in rapid motion through space, and that the work of creation is still going on in the heavens. The various astronomical calculations and physical discussions which are introduced in most works of this description, will be excluded, with the view of rendering the Essay as popular as possible.

We understand that No. 1. of the Juvenile Family Library is to appear in June. The subjects which this work will embrace are to be treated in a style adapted to that portion of the rising generation for which the other publications are not altogether calculated.

Sylva Britannica, complete in one volume royal 8vo, enriched with several additional subjects, comprising, in the whole, sixty plates of the most celebrated specimens of the various descriptions of Forest Trees in England and Scotland, by Mr Strutt, is announced.

The Templars,—Tales of a Tar,—Sir Ethelbert, and other new novels, are in the press.

A new edition of Dr Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry, nearly all rewritten, is in preparation.

A second volume of the British Naturalist, or Sketches of the

most interesting productions of Britain and the surrounding sea, is in the press.

Mr Southey, the indefatigable, is preparing Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Withers, uniform with Alden's Poets. There is in the press, a fifth and sixth volume of Lord Byron's Works, containing English Bards, Heaven and Earth, Deformed Transformed, The Island, &c. &c., forming that portmanteau of the works recently purchased by Mr Murray, and rendering this the first and only complete edition, with the exception of Don Juan.

An edition of the standard British Novelists, uniform with the Waverley Novels, is announced.

Among other literary novelties immediately forthcoming are :—1. Paul Clifford, by the author of Pelham—2. Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys, by the celebrated Traveller Burckhardt—3. Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, a Novel, said to be founded on a recent event of deep interest in high life—4. Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, by the late James Webster, Esq. of the Inner Temple—5. The English at Home, by the author of the English in Italy, the English in France, &c.—6. The third and fourth volumes of Mr D'Israeli's interesting Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I. of England—7. The Oxoniens, or a New Glance at Society, by the author of the Roms—and 8. The Demagogue, by the author of Tales by the O'Hara Family, &c.

PAUL CLIFFORD.—The main design of "Paul Clifford," (the forthcoming new work by the author of Pelham,) we understand to be a general satire upon the hypocrisy of society, and the various methods of rising in the world. The hollowiness and pretensions in literature, politics, fashion, professions, and callings, are the great material of irony and satire throughout the work.

A new and cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's Works is about to be published at Naples. Several editions have already been printed in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, but this will be the most beautiful in its typography and embellishments.

MILITARY EXQUISITES IN INDIA.—We observe, by the Asiatic Journal, that a general order has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, prohibiting the officers in the East India Company's service "the use of combs in the hair, and curls, as being feminine and effeminate." An army of officers, with combs in their hair, would certainly not be a spectacle much to be dreaded by an enemy.

Theatrical Gossip.—There is nothing new stirring in the theatrical world in London. The season at the principal theatres is drawing towards a close.—Malibran, Lalande, and La Blanche, are having good houses at the Italian Opera.—Mathews's new entertainment, of which an account was given in our last, fills the Adelphi.—Hummel has been delighting the musical world at his concert.—Yann and the Siamese Elephant are to make their debut in Dublin upon Monday.—We perceive by the Belfast papers, that Miss Jarman has been delighting the inhabitants of that town.—Mackay, Montague Stanley, Reynoldson, and Edmunds, have been performing with Alexander in Glasgow. Pritchard has been playing at Berwick.—Our theatre re-opens on Tuesday with Miss Clarke, a young lady of this city, who made her debut here some time ago as a vocalist, and has been since starring it in provincial places. She will be succeeded in a week by Miss I. Paton and Wilson. We understand that Mr Cummins, of the Caledonian Theatre, has agreed to lead the orchestra at the Theatre-Royal next winter, and a misunderstanding has, in consequence, taken place between him and Mr Bass.—Mr Jones, late of the Theatre-Royal, and the present lessee of the Perth Theatre, is about to resume the management of it for the season, in consequence of Mr Bass, the sub-lessee, being prevented by peculiar circumstances from opening it. We have not heard whether it is Mr Jones's intention to perform.—Mr Murray has not yet returned from London. The report is, that he does not intend to come back *about*.

SATURDAY'S PERFORMANCES.

The Brigand, Lo Studio, & Black-eyed Susan.
(Theatre closed.)

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

On a second, perusal we think it as well not to publish the communication of "Senex."—The communication of "Lorna" also have a place, if possible, next Saturday.—We hope "Clara" will still bear with us for another week.—The parody on "Alice Gray" is not "odiously bad," but it is not good enough.—We think Sir Walter Scott's Lines on John Kemble's leaving the stage are to be found in the first series of the "Poetical Album."—"Justicia" accuses the Literary Journal of a fault it never committed. We shall take it as a particular favour if "Justicia" will write grammar when he next addresses us.

The verses by the author of "Poetical Aspirations" shall have a place.—"The Desert Spring" will appear soon.—"The Wounded Cushat Dove" indicates poetical feeling, but scarcely comes up to our standard.—The "Lines sacred to the Memory of a Favorite Lap-Dog," will not suit us.

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 79.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1830.

PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Practice in the several Judicatories of the Church of Scotland. By Alexander Hill, D.D., Minister of Dailly. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1830. Post 8vo. Pp. 116.

THIS is a practical and useful work, and one which the inexcusable ignorance of forms, or inattention to them, among our Scottish clergy, imperiously called for. There are two duties equally incumbent upon a clergyman in the discharge of his important office—that of teaching, and that of enforcing discipline—that of rightly expounding the doctrines of religion, and that of maintaining the constitution of the church. In regard to the performance of the former, we may challenge the world for a body of clergymen equally competent and zealous with our own;—in what regards the latter, they manage matters after a more slovenly fashion. The root of this evil lies deep in the church; it is to be sought in the earliest of her records; its consequences have been most pernicious; and the exposition of both is a matter of sufficient importance to justify our devoting a brief space to the attempt.

The excessive zeal of our earliest reformers was more intent upon rooting out what was evil in the church, than upon preserving what was indispensable to the maintenance of her integrity. They seem almost to have acted upon the principle, that their only duty was to tear away what was rotten, and that Providence would interfere to prevent the purer materials from falling asunder under their energetic tugs. The line of conduct necessarily emanating from such views was actively seconded by the interested spirit of the barons. An impression came in a short time to prevail, that to inculcate the doctrines of Christianity was the whole duty of the minister, and that the regular conduct of the church courts, according to custom and statute, was a matter of very subordinate importance. The spirit infused into the adherents of the Presbyterian church by the successive attempts of the government to introduce Episcopacy, added to the inveteracy of this feeling. A deep, practical conviction of religion was all that was looked for either in the clergyman or in the layman—either in the ruler in Israel, or in his disciples. It is to this circumstance that we owe the omission of even the most superficial instruction in the constitutional theory and law of the church, in a system of education so extensive as that prescribed for the clergymen of the Scottish persuasion; and we may hence account for the slovenly manner in which the business of our ecclesiastical judicatories is almost uniformly carried on. In the General Assembly, we commonly find one or two who (like Dr Inglis, or the late Sir Henry Moncreiff) are masters of the forms of business; but in presbyteries we seldom meet with more than one who has even a smattering of this indispensable knowledge, and that one is uniformly found discharging the duties of presbytery clerk—an officer who, unavowedly and without responsibility, arbitrarily controls and directs the proceedings of the whole court.

The consequences of this want of a practical business education are evident to every one who has had his attention called to the proceedings in our church courts. To ignorance or neglect of the forms necessary for carrying on judicial business in a regular manner we are to attribute the melancholy fact, that of several clerical delinquents brought before the General Assembly, not one has been ousted from his parish. In the case of the parish of Dalton, and others of so recent a date as to render it expedient not to name them, ministers of the most debased and immoral character have been enabled to retain the emoluments of a living, and to deprive their parishioners of the power of obtaining church privileges at any other hands than such as it would be a mockery to seek them from, solely on account of some irregularities in the commencement of their proceedings. We allude to these examples—happily of rare occurrence—because they are calculated to place in the strongest point of view the dangerous result of formal irregularities. It is in matters where presbyteries are called upon to act in a civil capacity, and where an appeal lies, not to the superior church judicatories, but to the Court of Session, that the evil consequences of a lax observance of forms have been most severely felt: The civil court is not accustomed to make allowance for the quiet, easy manner in which its ecclesiastical subordinates are in the habit of going to work. In such cases, the negligence of the presbytery has not only been found to bear hard upon the pecuniary interests of the individuals concerned, but it has, to our knowledge, been on several occasions wrested to the purpose of grossly calumniating the ministers of the church,—of representing them as oppressors, when they had, in fact, acted most leniently, although in forgetfulness of the important principle, that in a country blessed with regular judicial establishments, mere forms necessarily grow to be of the very essence of justice.

How these imperfections are to be corrected, is a question of considerable difficulty. There is a just suspicion entertained on the part of the clerical members of our ecclesiastical courts when any lay member of a legal profession speaks to a point of form. They say, truly, that their forms differ from those of the civil courts. Our only grief is, that they do not habitually maintain their own forms in opposition to those of civilians, but exhibit rather an entire laxity and remissness. In order to bring about a better state of things, it ought to be deeply impressed on the minds of candidates for the clerical office—as it always was impressed upon them by one of the brightest ornaments of the church, who has, not long ago, gone down to his grave, full of years and full of honour, Sir Henry Moncreiff—that they are not only called upon to perform the duties of preaching and visitation, but the more arduous, and not less important, ones, of acting in presbyteries, synods, and in the General Assembly, as judges and legislators. Instead of wasting so much time in the Church History class, it would be of the highest importance that every divinity student should go through a course of ecclesiastical law. This is required in the Catholic church from every one who aspires to become a ruling priest (and with us every ordained minister is

such); and it is also required from every candidate for honours in the Lutheran church. To the applicant for a license to preach the Gospel there ought to be added to the trials which he has at present to undergo, a series of questions in ecclesiastical law and discipline. More than one-half of the questions put to the candidate after the Presbytery have decided that his gifts and acquirements fit him for the office of a preacher, bear upon his acquiescence in, and attachment to, the Presbyterian form of church government;—might it not be as well to ascertain, beforehand, whether he have any very precise or definite ideas of the nature of that form of church government? The only other measure that occurs to us as likely to be of advantage in this point of view, is a strict exclusion of all unfledged barristers from the office of elder in the General Assembly. Care is taken that parochial elders shall be men of staid habits and experience; why is not the same care taken in the case of ruling elders, whose duties are so much more arduous? It is neither for profit nor for edification to see the benches of so venerable a senate filled with raw inexperienced boys, who, unable to get their mouths opened elsewhere, scramble in for the mere purpose of making a speech. An advocate cannot be appointed a sheriff until he has been five years practising (or attempting to practise) at the bar; and is he, who is unfit to act as a subordinate civil judge, fit to act as a supreme ecclesiastical judge?

This is rather a disproportionately long introduction to a short notice of a small volume, but the topic interests us, and we felt particularly anxious to bring it before our clerical readers at this season. With regard to Dr Hill's book, it is brief, clear, and satisfactory. As an institutional work, it would not be easy to improve it. The perusal of it clearly shows, that the laxity in the observance of forms, of which we have complained, has not been occasioned by any defect in the structure of our church. A more practical and judicious constitutional theory we cannot imagine. Nothing is necessary for its perfection, but a little more activity and intelligence on the point of their public duties in its component members. Dr Hill has shown himself, in this excellent little manual, a worthy son of a worthy father. We hope ere long to receive from him a detailed and comprehensive system of our "ecclesiastical polity." His style is concise and elegant; and his sentiments in matters of discipline (taking the word in its most limited sense) duly tempered with gentleness.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 11 vols. 18mo. New Edition. Edinburgh. Cadell and Co. 1830.

(Unpublished.)

In addition to the extracts we gave last week from the forthcoming new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works, we now present our readers with the dramatic sketch entitled "MacDuff's Cross," which, though it was published in 1823, in a volume of Miscellanies edited by Mrs Joanna Baillie, is still almost as good as manuscript, especially in Scotland, where only a very few copies of the volume in question were circulated. "MacDuff's Cross" is founded upon the history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff, which is given at considerable length in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to the Thane of Fife within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide, sought shelter at this sanctuary. The Cross itself was destroyed at the Reformation; but the block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence, near the town of Newburgh. The Dramatic Sketch, without being entitled to any high praise, contains several interesting passages, and, on the whole, is creditable even to its author:

MACDUFF'S CROSS.

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, Lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say that still there lurks amongst our glens
Some touch of strange enchantment.—Mark that fragment,
I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone,
Placed on the summit of this mountain pass,
Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
And peopled village and extended moorland,
And the wide ocean and majestic Tay,
To the far distant Grampians.—Do not deem it
A loosen'd portion of the neighbouring rock,
Detach'd by storm and thunder,—'twas the pedestal
On which, in ancient times, a Cross was rear'd,
Carved o'er with words which foil'd philologists;
And the events it did commemorate
Were dark, remote, and undistinguishable,
As were the mystic characters it bore.
But, mark,—a wizard born on Avon's bank,
Tuned but his harp to this wild northern theme,
And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None shall pass,
Now or in after days, beside that stone,
But he shall have strange visions;—thoughts and words,
That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart,
Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol,—
Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes—and the proud phantoms
Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
And accents which, once heard, the ear forgets not,
Though ne'er again to list them. Siddons, thine,
Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon our ear;
And on our eye thy lofty Brother's form
Rises as Scotland's monarch.—But, to thee,
Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
Thine own wild wand can raise them.
Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
To give or to withhold.—Our time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it be of worth enough to please,
That worth it owes to her who set the task;
If otherwise, the fault rests with the author.

SCENE I.

The summit of a Rocky Pass near to Newburgh, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife. In the centre is MacDuff's Cross, an antique Monument; and, at a small distance, on one side, a Chapel, with a Lamp burning.

Enter, as having ascended the Pass, NINIAN and WALDHAVE, Monks of Lindores. NINIAN crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions—WALDHAVE stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.

Ninian. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated
By the bold thane unto his patron saint
Magrildus, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toilsome.

Waldhave. I have trod a rougher.

Nin.

On the Highland hillock—
Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.

Wald. I spoke not of the literal path, good father,
But of the road of life which I have travell'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket.
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.

Nin. 'Tis good morality.—But yet forget not,
That though we look on heaven from this high eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.
Wald. Most true, good brother; and men may be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on't.

Nin. (after a pause.) You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do so—on the prospect.
You is the Tay, roll'd down from Highland hills,
That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie—farther westward,
Proud Stirling rises—yonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the ancient towers—
Wald. Of Edzell.

Nin. How? know you the towers of Edzell?
Wald. I've heard of them.

Nin. Then have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.

Wald. Why, and by whom, deserted?

Nin. Long the tale—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Eddi Louis Lindesay, had a wife, and found—

Wald. Enough is said, indeed—since a weak woman,
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.

Nin. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion: that fierce Lindesay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's breast,
And that the lady threw herself between:
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's death wound.
Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late; and, therefore, brother,
The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

Wald. What rights are these?

Nin. Most true! you are but newly come from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,
Snatching the sceptre by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
That first when Scotland's King assumes the crown,
MacDuff's descendant rings his brow with it:
And hence, when Scotland's King calls forth his host,
MacDuff's descendant leads the van in battle;
And last, in guardon of the crown restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,
The right was granted in succeeding time,
That if a kinsman of the Thane of Fife
Commit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross MacDuff,
For the Thane's sake he shall find sanctuary;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

Wald. And here a brother of your order watches,
To see the custom of the place observed?—

Nin. Even so;—such is our convent's holy right,
Since Saint Magridius,—blessed be his memory!—
Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmlr:
—And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighbouring nobles, now most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.

Wald. The Lindesay, then, was loved among his friends?

Nin. Honour'd and fear'd he was—but little loved;
For even his bounty bore a show of sternness.
And when his passions waked, he was a Satan
Of wrath and injury.

Wald. How now, Sir Priest! (fiercely)—Forgive me
(recollecting himself)—I was dreaming
Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

Nin. Lindesay's name, my brother,
Indeed was Reynold; and methinks moreover
That, as you spoke even now, he would have spoken.
I brought him a petition from our convent:
He granted straight, but in such tone and manner,
By my good saint! I thought myself scarce safe
Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is thine;
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—e'en as swain Jordan
Control'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.

Wald. Is this my charge?

Nin. Even so;—and I am near, should chance require me.
At midnight I relieve you on your watch,
When we may taste together some refreshment:
I have cared for it; and for a flask of wine—
There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when lands have toll'd.
Farewell awhile, and peaceful watch be with you!

[Exit towards the chapel.]

Wald. It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it.—This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life; even as some reptiles,
They say, are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.—
How now! what brings him back?

Re-enter NINIAN.

Nin. Look to your watch, my brother;—horsemen come:
I heard their tread when kneeling in the chapel.

Wald. (looking to a distance.) My thoughts have rapt me
more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring-bell;
But now in truth they come:—flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.

Nin. See how they gallop down the opposing hill!
You grey steed bounding down the headlong path,
As on the level meadow; while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown
And clench thy hand, as if it grasp'd a weapon?

Wald. 'Tis but for shame to see a man fly thus
While only one pursues him.—Coward, turn!—
Turn thee, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well mayst match thy single sword with his—
Shame, that a man should rein a steed like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe!—
I am ashamed to look on them.

Nin. Yet look again,—they quit their horses now,
Unfit for the rough path:—the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still.—They strain towards us.

Wald. I'll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Rear'd up his Cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal combat.—
How's this?—that look—that mien—mine eyes grow
dizzy!—

Nin. He comes: thou art a novice on this watch:—
Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
Pluck down thy cowl;—know, that we spiritual champions
Have honour to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.

[WALDHAVE lets down his cowl, and steps back.]

Enter MAURICE BERKELEY.

Nin. Who art thou, stranger? speak thy name and purpose.

Berk. I claim the privilege of Clan MacDuff.
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Allies me nearly with the Thane of Fife.

Nin. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

Berk. Let him show it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

Enter LINDESAY, with his sword drawn. He rushes at
BERKELEY; NINIAN interposes.

Nin. Peace, in the name of Saint Magridius!
Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheathe thy sword, and stir no contest here.

Lin. One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbour'd in.—Hear you, De Berkeley,
This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—
If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And change three blows,—even for so short a space
As these good men may say an ave-marie,—

So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences.

Berk. Were not my right hand fetter'd by the thought
That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom ever
Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet my challenge.

Lin. He quails, and shuns to look upon my weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

Berk. Lindesay, and if there were no deeper cause
For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,
Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.

Nin. I charge you both, and in the name of Heaven,
Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindesay, thou
Be first to speak them.

Lin. Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver Tay,
The northern Grampians—all things know my wrongs;
But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
Who wrought them, stands and listens with a smile.

Nin. It is said—
Since you refer us thus to general fame—
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord Louis,
In his own halls at Edzell—

Lin. Ay, in his halls—
In his own halls, good father, that's the word—
In his own halls he slew him, while the wine
Pass'd on the board between! The gallant Thane,
Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhospitable murder,
Rear'd not yon Cross to sanction deeds like these.

Berk. Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came a victim,
A destined victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepared for me.
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword? 'Twas then I fought
For vengeance,—until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.

Lin. Wretch! thou didst first dishonour to thy victim,
And then didst slay him!

Berk. There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it!—Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaughter;
I come not to my lordships, or my land,
But just to seek a spot in some cold cloister,
Which I may kneel on living, and, when dead,
Which may suffice to cover me.
Forgive me that I caused your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.

Lin. Take worse and blacker.—Murderer, adulterer!—
Art thou not moved yet?

Berk. Do not press me further.
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket,
Compell'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous!
Most true thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murder—I must bear it.
Thus far my patience can; but if thou brand
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom then my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley,
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd!

Nin. This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill accord
With thy late pious patience.

Berk. Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no more.
I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—

Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
Conferr'd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hallow'd
As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

Lin. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call the adulteress
By her right name.—I'm glad there's yet a spur
Can rouse thy sluggish mettle.

Berk. Make then obeisance to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[They are going off.]

Wald. (rushing forward.) Madmen, stand!—

Stay but one second—answer but one question.—
There, Maurice Berkeley, canst thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st spoken truth?

Berk. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy rood! hear me from heaven,
Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me from penal fire,
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated!)
Stern ghost of her destroyer!—

Wald. (throws back his cowl.) He hears! he hears! Thy
spell hath raised the dead.

Lin. My brother! and alive!—

Wald. Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to thee.

No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full chase,
My passion and my wrongs have follow'd me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.

Lin. I but sought
To do the act and duty of a brother.

Wald. I ceased to be so when I left the world;
But if he can forgive as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in mine enemy,
To pray for me and with me. If thou canst,
De Berkeley, give thine hand.—

Berk. (gives his hand.) It is the will
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy preservation,
To inhibit further bloodshed; for De Berkeley,
The votary Maurice bids the title down.
Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands;—If thou canst love her, Lindesay,
Woo her and be successful.

The True Plan of a Living Temple; or, Man considered in his proper Relation to the Ordinary Occupations and Pursuits of Life. By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," &c. In 3 vols. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

W^HAT we to wait till we had fully read and digested this book, before we recommended it to our readers, we should delay much too long to do our part to bring into notice what we distinctly perceive is one of the most important and best executed works of a religious kind which has been produced in our day. It is peculiarly well adapted, too, to meet the errors and illusions prevalent in these times, and which must ever be more or less prevalent, when so high a subject as that of religion intermingles with the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature. It has struck forcibly the eminent author before us, that these errors chiefly arise from men mistaking the object of religion—from fancying to themselves that it was designed to carry their thoughts into indistinct musings on a future state of existence, and not to be the great vivifying principle of all their thoughts and occupations connected with the present life. Men are willing enough, under its influence, to consider themselves as Temples to the Deity, but then they are not Living Temples; there is commonly more of meditation and abstraction, and direct spiritual communication, in their notion of the services to be rendered to God, than of a distinct view of the part now given them to act among his creatures; and the great object, accordingly, of this work, is to show the real sphere which religion occupies upon earth—as a system which is throughout practical, and which, while it opens into prospects of existence, of which the present scene is only the foretaste, yet confines all the strenuous efforts and exertions of the human mind to the theatre in which it is now called to be exercised. In accomplishing this important object, we know no author who has gone so deep into the actual condition of human nature, or who sees so distinctly what are its capacities, its defects, its obligations. In other words, we may say, that we know of

no religious writer who has marked with so attentive an eye, and traced so accurately, the representations upon this subject, made by Him, who, more than any other teacher, "knew what was in man;" and it is by following out the lessons, and even the most minute hints, given by that Divine Teacher, that this great work has been built up to be what we believe it really is, among the most perfect and comprehensive schemes of Christian ethics which have yet been presented to the world.

The foundation is laid in an explanation of that striking expression so constantly in the mouth of our Saviour, "the kingdom of God," which is here shown to mean his actually existing kingdom, in whatever department of his dominions it may be contemplated—on earth no less than in heaven,—and the subjects of which, wherever they are placed, have their peculiar offices to perform, requiring the full energy of their actual capacities, and not leaving them any supernumerary energies to expend upon objects not within their immediate sphere of action. Were this view thoroughly entered into, how entirely would it cut off most of the speculations out of which systems of divinity have been formed! What room is there, for instance, for speculating on the divine decrees or foreknowledge, or their consistency with the freedom and the morality of human conduct? Why should such books as Jonathan Edwards's ever have been written; and, whatever may be its merit as a piece of philosophical or theological reasoning, of what possible use can the speculations contained in it be to such a being as man? All he is concerned in is, what he feels to be his present condition—his position in the scene in which he is now called to act—the place which he actually fills as a member of the kingdom of God, with all his indelible impressions of responsibility about him,—and he has nothing more to do with enquiries respecting the original movements of his spirit, or the rule of its final destination, in filling that position, than in acting his part in any of the simplest offices of human society. In short, a speculation of the kind now mentioned, or of any abstruse nature whatever, has no more connexion with the education of a Christian, than with that of a writer to the signet—probably, indeed, less; because the metaphysical acumen displayed in such investigations might help a person in the power of drawing up ingenious law statements; but it would much more tend to distract his attention from the place which it becomes him to fill in "the kingdom of God," than at all forward him in the proper sentiments with which it is incumbent on him to fill it. The impression, indeed, of any one who reads this book with attention, must be, that the greatest part of what is commonly called Divinity, is nothing more than trifling with the noblest and simplest of all subjects; and that an example is here set of "a style of thought" upon these high conceptions, which ought to be generally aimed at, and without which the universal and pervading character of religion will never be fully comprehended or entered into in the world. It is here traced from its root, through its most minute ramifications in the conduct of life. The work is not, accordingly, a brief one; but it is far from being tedious; and if any readers might be taken in by the form of the book—three neat volumes of the size of *Waverley*—and by the singularity of the title, to suppose that they had got a modern novel in their hands, they will not, we assure them, feel themselves disappointed, when they find that they have plumped, instead, into the heart of an ethical and religious treatise. The views throughout are so elevated, so pious, so simple, and, at the same time, so original, that we can assure them they will scarcely find any reading more delightful; and we are ourselves, at this moment, much annoyed in being forced to interrupt our perusal of the work from a sense of duty, to give the earliest possible notice of it, imperfect and unsatisfactory as that may be. Before, however, we return to our pleasing study, we must indulge our readers with one or two short quotations, which may be taken almost at hazard, from a work that is written

throughout in so equable and engaging a style. In speculating on the parable of the Talents, the author observes,—

"The trust committed to each individual in the present life being this, not simply a mean of enjoyment, or a station of repose, but a sphere of active duty which he is required to fill, and by the due fulfilment of which he reaps also the honour and happiness that are competent to his condition—we are taught, by the language and spirit of the parable, to believe, that a similar rule obtains throughout all those future stages of existence on which we have yet to enter;—that the heaven, for which we are authorized to hope, is not, consequently, a place exempt from all active exertion, but a higher station among those servants of God, who are beautifully described as having always 'delighted to do his commandments;' and as the kingdom of God is carried forward, throughout all worlds, by the instrumentality of those living agents with whom he has peopled his dominions—and happiness and honour are the prizes of those only who acquit themselves faithfully in their trust—the glorious object proposed to us by Christianity is that of securing, by a due discharge of the duties of our present station, far more efficacious powers of promoting happiness and order,—a loftier station among the countless hosts of the obedient children of God,—a wider view of those grand arrangements, by means of which the vast destinies of the universe are carried forward,—and the consequent enjoyment, in our own cases, of such measures of happiness and glory 'as the eye of man has never seen, nor his ear heard, nor his imagination is capable of conceiving.' This is a beautiful and captivating idea, which ought to be made familiar to our minds by frequent contemplation of it; for it tends to enlarge immeasurably our conceptions of the extent and grandeur of those arrangements by which things visible and invisible are connected, and bound into one perfect system. It affords, also, a fine illustration of the pure and just principles which pervade the moral representations of the Founder of Christianity, and it presents the only idea of our future station in existence, that is fitted to engage the affections of our hearts, and consequently to render our exertions to secure that station persevering and cheerful."

The last volume is chiefly composed of notes and illustrations, in which the author comments, with great learning and ability, on the ethical views of the philosophers of antiquity, of the German school, and of this country—and in which, with a very amiable spirit, he gives their full share of praise to contemporary writers. There is a peculiar interest, too, in many of the notes, from the familiar insight which they afford into the mind and sentiments of the author. As a specimen of this kind of writing, we think our readers will be yet more interested with the following sentences, which conclude the preface, and which it is impossible they can read without a deep sympathy in following out the speculations and feelings of such a mind as is there indicated:

"Of the confidence which the author has in the truth of the principles by which the present work is characterised, and in their subservency to the best interests of mankind, the reader may judge from the following statement:—

"The work was sketched, its principles settled, and the whole plan of their connexion formed, at a time when the author had little expectation that he was again to take an active part in that living scene, the duties of which he has endeavoured to describe; and when, with no view certainly of literary distinction, nor any care about literary honours, but with an earnest desire to ascertain the duty actually assigned to man on earth, he busied himself,—with that deep anxiety which is known only to those who believe themselves to be bidding 'farewell to time,'—in endeavouring to find out what is the object really proposed to man as a subject of the kingdom of God,—and how far he himself had succeeded in acting conformably to that object.

"No length of days can ever efface from his mind the remembrance of that bright summer noon—made more bright and infinitely more affecting by the thought, that such brightness might be seen but for a little—when, being incapable of more active exertion, he sketched with his pencil, in the open air, and amidst the blossoms and overshadowing foliage of that 'cottage garden' which had been dear to him from infancy, the whole series of views and principles which, in a more finished form, but with no alteration whatever of their original design, he now submits to the judgment of the public; indeed, all subsequent re-

flection and investigation have but served more deeply to impress him with the conviction that these principles are in strict agreement with the order of Nature, and with the arrangements of Providence; and he has, accordingly, only to add, that having made this statement, he cannot doubt the reader will give him entire credit, when he declares, that he now offers the work to the public with the solemn belief that the principles which it contains are in accordance with the purest truth, and that their adoption as rules of conduct would indeed make man 'a Living Temple,' or, to use the fine words of the Divine Teacher, would bring 'the kingdom of Heaven upon earth.'"

We know not what to add to so affecting a communication, except to express our hope, that as the author has not yet bid "farewell to time," so he will be long of bidding farewell to the public—but will be granted health and encouragement for the completion of other works, still wanting, for the accomplishment of the entire plan which has risen upon his fertile and inexhaustible invention.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry; with Etchings.

By W. H. Brooke, Esq. 2 vols. Dublin. William Curry, Jun. and Co. 1830.

This is a clever and amusing book; a little too purely Irish, perhaps, for the general reader, but nevertheless, full of excellent delineations of national manners. The peasantry of Ireland have more character than any other peasantry on the face of the earth, and hence they afford inexhaustible materials to one capable of sketching their peculiarities with a lively and rapid pencil. Such a person is our author, who has evidently studied the lower classes of his countrymen with great accuracy and attention, and has himself a turn both for the humorous and the pathetic, which is in excellent accordance with the temperaments of the heroes and heroines of his tales. The titles of the different stories are,—“The Three Tasks, or the Little House under the Hill,” one of those wild, wonderful, and grotesque legends peculiar to Ireland; “Shane Fadh’s Wedding,” a very cento of Irish fun and drollery; “Larry McFarland’s Wake;” “The Battle of the Factions,” a splendid description of one of the most glorious rows ever fought in the illustrious town of Knockimdowny; “The Funeral and Party Fight;” “The Hedge School, and the Abduction of Mat Kavanah,” a capital satire on the prevalent mode of instilling *learning* into the spalpeens of green Erin; and “The Station,” a sketch not unworthy of its predecessors.

We had marked various quotations, but we find that the one which we consider the most interesting, extends to so great a length that we must exclude the others. We think there is a great deal of power, and not a little pathos, in the following sketch. It describes a scene that took place at the crossing of a stream which was flooded, and is supposed to be narrated by a village schoolmaster:

THE ADVENTURE OF ROSE O'HALLAGHAN AND JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.

“The first of the O'Hallaghans that ventured over it, was the youngest, who was captured by the hand, and encouraged by many cheerful expressions from the young men who were clinging to the planks. She got safe over, and when she came to the end, one who was stationed on the far bank gave her a joyous pull, that translated her several yards upon *terra firma*. ‘Well, Nancy,’ he observed, ‘you’re safe, any how; and if I don’t dance at your wedding for this, I’ll never say ye’re decent.’ To this Mary gave a jocular promise; and he resumed his station, that he might be ready to render a similar assistance to her next sister. Rose Galk then went to the edge of the plank several times, but her courage as often refused to be forthcoming. During her hesitation, John O’Callaghan stooped down, and privately untied his shoes, then unbuttoned his waistcoat, and very gently, being unwilling to excite notice, slipped the knot of his cravat. At long and last, by the encouragement of those who were on the plank, Rose attempted the passage, and had advanced as far as the middle of it, when a fit of dizziness and alarm seized her, with such violence that she

lost all consciousness—a circumstance of which those who handed her along were ignorant. The consequence, as might be expected, was dreadful; for, as one of the young men was receiving her hand, that he might pass her to the next, she lost her momentum, and was instantaneously precipitated into the boiling current. The wild and fearful cry of horror that succeeded this cannot be laid on paper. The eldest sister fell into strong convulsions, and several of the other females fainted on the spot. The mother did not faint; but, like Lot’s wife, she seemed to have been translated into stone: her hands became clenched convulsively, her teeth locked, her nostrils dilated, and her eyes shot half way out of her head. There she stood, looking upon her daughter struggling in the flood, with a fixed gaze of wild and impotent frenzy, that, for fearfulness, beat the thunderstorm all to nothing. The father rushed to the edge of the river, oblivious of his incapability to swim, determined to save her or lose his own life, which latter would have been a dead certainty, had he adventured; but he was prevented by the crowd, who pointed out to him the madness of such a project. ‘For God’s sake, Paddy, don’t attempt it,’ they exclaimed, ‘except you wish to lose your own life, without being able to save hers; no man could swim in that flood, and it upwards of ten feet deep!’ Their arguments, however, were lost upon him; for, in fact, he was insensible to every thing but his child’s preservation. He, therefore, only answered their remonstrances by attempting to make another plunge into the river. ‘Let me alone, will you,’ said he; ‘let me alone! I’ll either save my child Rose, or die along with her! How could I live after her? Merciful God, any of them but her!’ Oh! Rose, darling,’ he exclaimed, ‘the favourite of my heart, will no one save you? Oh, God! Oh, God! is there no mercy?’ All this passed in less than a minute.

“Just as these words were uttered, a plunge was heard a few yards above the bridge, and a man appeared in the flood, making his way with rapid strokes to the drowning girl. Another cry now rose from the spectators. ‘It’s John O’Callaghan,’ they shouted—‘It’s John O’Callaghan, and they’ll be both lost!’—‘No,’ exclaimed others, ‘if it’s in the power of man to save her, he will!’—‘O, blessed Father, she’s lost!’ now burst from all present; for, after having struggled and kept floating some time by her garments, she at length sunk, apparently exhausted and senseless, and the thief of a flood flowed over her, as if she had not been under its surface. When O’Callaghan saw that she went down, he raised himself up in the water, and cast his eye towards that part of the bank opposite which she disappeared, evidently, as it proved, that he might have a mark to guide him in fixing on the proper spot where to plunge after her. When he came to the place, he raised himself again in the stream, and, calculating that she must by this time have been borne some distance from the spot where she sank, he gave a stroke or two down the river, and disappeared after her. This was followed by another cry of horror and despair; for, somehow, the idea of desolation which marks at all times a deep, over swollen torrent, heightened by the bleak mountain scenery around them, and the dark, angry voracity of the river where they had sunk, might have impressed the spectators with utter hopelessness as to the fate of those now engulfed in its vortex. This, however, I leave to those who are deeper read in philosophy than I am. An awful silence succeeded the last shrill exclamation, broken only by the hoarse rushing of the waters, whose wild, continuous roar, booming hollowly and dimly in the ear, might be heard at a great distance over all the country. But a new sensation soon invaded the multitude; for, after the lapse of about a minute, John O’Callaghan emerged from the flood, bearing, in his sinister hand, the inanimate body of his own Rose Galk—for it’s he that loved her tenderly. A peal of joy congratulated them from a thousand voices; hundreds of directions were given him how to act to the best advantage. Two young men in especial, who were both dying about the lovely creature that he held, were quite anxious to give him advice: ‘Bring her to the other side, John, ma bouchal; it’s the safest,’ said Larry Carty. ‘Will you let him alone, Carty,’ said Simon Tracy, who was the other; ‘you’ll only put him in a perplexity.’ But Carty would order in spite of every thing. He kept bawling out, however, so loud, that John raised his eye to see what he meant, and was near losing hold of Rose. This was too much for Tracy, who ups with the fist, and downs him—so they both at it; for no one there could take themselves off those that were in danger, to interfere between them. But, at all events, no earthly thing can happen among Irishmen without a fight. The father,

during this, stood breathless, his hands clasped, and his eyes turned to heaven, praying in anguish for the delivery of his darling. The mother's look was still wild and fixed, her eyes glazed, and her muscles hard and stiff; evidently she was insensible to all that was going forward; while large drops of paralytic agony hung upon her cold brow. Neither of the sisters had yet recovered, nor could those who supported them turn their eyes from the more imminent danger, to pay them any particular attention. Many, also, of the other females, whose feelings were too much wound up when the accident occurred, now fainted, when they saw she was likely to be rescued; but most of them were weeping with delight and gratitude.

"When John brought her to the surface, he paused a moment to recover breath and collectedness; he then caught her by the left arm, near the shoulder, and cut in a slanting direction down the stream, to a watering-place, where a slope had been formed in the bank. But he was already too far down to be able to work across the current to this point—for it was here much stronger and more rapid than under the plank. Instead, therefore, of reaching the slope, he found himself, in spite of every effort to the contrary, about a perch below it; and except he could gain this point, against the strong rush of the flood, there was very little hope of being able to save either her or himself—for he was now much exhausted. Hitherto, therefore, all was still doubtful, whilst his strength was fast failing him. In this trying and almost hopeless situation, with an admirable presence of mind, he adopted the only expedient which could possibly enable him to reach the bank. On finding himself receding down, instead of advancing up the current, he approached the bank, which was here very deep and perpendicular; he then sunk his fingers into the firm blue clay with which it was stratified, and by this means advanced, bit by bit, up the stream, having no other force by which he could propel himself against it. After this mode did he breast the current with all his strength—which must have been prodigious, or he never could have borne it out—until he reached the slope, and got from the influence of the tide, into the dead water. On arriving here, his hand was caught by one of the young men present, who stood up to the neck in the water, waiting his approach. A second man stood behind him, holding his other hand, and a link was thus formed, that reached out to the firm bank. A good pull now brought them both to the edge of the liquid: on finding bottom, John took his Colleen Galh in his own arms, carried her out, and, pressing his lips to hers, laid her in the bosom of her father; then, after taking another kiss of the young drowned flower, burst into tears, and fell powerless beside her. The truth is, the spirit that kept him firm, was now wanted; and his legs and arms became nerveless by the exertion. Hitherto her father took no notice of John, for how could he, seeing that he was entirely wrapped up in his daughter? and the question was, though rescued from the flood, if life was in her.—The sisters were by this time recovered, and weeping over her, along with the father, and, indeed, with all present; but the mother could not be made to comprehend what they were about, at all at all. The country people used every means with which they were intimate to recover Rose; she was brought instantly to a farmer's house beside the spot, put into a warm bed, covered over with hot salt, wrapped in half-scorched blankets, and made subject to every other mode of treatment that could possibly revoke the functions of life. John had now got a 'decent' draught of whiskey, which revived him. He stood over her, when he could be admitted, watching for the symptoms of her revival; all, however, was vain. He now determined to try another course: by-and-by he stooped, put his mouth to her mouth, and, drawing in his breath, expired with all his force from the bottom of his very heart into hers; this he did several times rapidly.—Faith, a tender and agreeable operation, any how. But mark the consequence: in less than a minute her white bosom heaved—her breath returned—her pulse began to play: she opened her eyes, and felt his tears of love raining warmly on her pale cheek!

"For years before this, no two of these opposite factions had spoken; nor up to this minute had John and they, even upon this occasion, exchanged a monosyllable. The father now looked at him—the tears stood afresh in his eyes; he came forward—stretched out his hand—it was received; and the next moment he fell into John's arms, and cried like an infant.

"When Rose recovered, she seemed as if striving to re-coordinate what had happened; and, after two or three minutes, enquired from her sister, in a weak but sweet voice,

'Who saved me?'—'Twas John O'Callaghan, Rose, darling,' replied the sister, 'that ventured his own life into the boiling flood, to save yours—and did save it, jewel.' Rose's eye gleamed at John;—and I only wish, as I am a bachelor not further than my forty-seventh, that I may ever have the happiness to get a glance from two blue eyes, such as she gave him that moment; a faint smile played about her mouth, and a slight blush lit up her fair cheek, like the evening sunbeams on the virgin snow, as the poets have said, for the five hundredth time, to my own personal knowledge. She then extended her hand, which John, you may be sure, was no way backward in receiving, and the tears of love and gratitude ran silently down her cheeks."

Neither Miss Edgeworth nor the author of the O'Hara Tales could have written any thing more powerful than this. We must not conclude without mentioning that the volumes are embellished with some very spirited and humorous etchings illustrative of the stories.

Lives of Eminent British Lawyers. By Henry Roscoe, Esq. Barrister at Law. *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, No. VI. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1830.

THE authors of the present day may be arranged under two pretty comprehensive heads. The one consists of men either of an original style of thought, or at the least of a vigorous and peculiar style of expression. The other consists of such persons as, possessing a competent knowledge of the English language, joined with a stock of information above the common run, are able to tell a plain smooth tale, for the benefit of elderly ladies, and gentlemen whose education has been neglected. Authors of this latter class are termed, in the language of the fancy, the "heavy weights;" and, to tell the truth, we begin to suspect shrewdly that they are greater favourites with our sovereign lords and patrons the booksellers, than the brisker and more volatile class, to whom we have in our ignorance attributed the pre-eminence. Any work of a man of genius—especially his first—is a ticklish speculation; it may succeed, or it may not. But a well-polished work, from a decent God-fearing adherent of the divinity Dulness, is sure to succeed. Highly finished—not an "if" or an "and" misplaced through the whole volume—no inharmonious sentences—no startling opinions—no aberrations from the fireside orthodoxy of a respectable husband and wife, with a numerous small family,—such a work forms a fine pillow for the reverend head of age. Many a time and oft have we blessed the wholesome and sedative effects of a volume of this kind, when some over-excitement had sent our blood bounding at a yet more headlong pace than usual through our throbbing veins.

Mr Roscoe's book is a very superior work in the heavy line of business. We mean that the style is irreproachably correct; the sentiments in general such as all men are agreed upon; but that there is a want of boldness and originality both in the thoughts and language, and, what is worse in a biographical work, a want of graphic power. The truth is, that we begin to suspect these Family and other Libraries—Dr Lardner's is merely a publication of this class, under a more imposing name—useful as they undeniably are, and creditable as the idea is to the original suggester, are about, from their number, to threaten the originality and respectability of our literature. The works most in demand for them are abridgements and compilations; and the prices offered for such works by their publishers, together with their unwillingness to venture upon the publication of larger and more original productions, can scarcely fail to break down our English literature into a small peddling stream of nice little books. When we look at the current compositions of the day—we speak of that portion which professes to instruct—and compare them with the vast and original undertakings of our predecessors, or even of our contemporaries in France and Italy, we occasionally have our misgivings—

we fear that our lot has fallen in an age of little men, as well as of little books.

This is the first biographical volume of Dr Lardner's *Cyclopædia*; but it is to be followed by others of a very interesting kind. We have here a series of biographies of British lawyers; and we are promised in the sequel three volumes of eminent British military commanders, by Mr Gleig—one volume (at the least) of eminent naval commanders, by Dr Southey—eight volumes of eminent literary and scientific characters, and five of eminent artists of all nations. Such a series, if executed judiciously, will afford an excellent manual for that most interesting study, the comparative effects of different professional avocations upon character. More judiciously they cannot be executed than in the specimen now on our table; although we should like to see more indications of fresh, vigorous native talent, both because it serves to make a book more readable, and because it sends the matter home with a greater impetus to the understanding.

As Scotsmen, we feel inclined to quarrel with Mr Roscoe for his title, "British Lawyers," seeing that all his fourteen heroes are in reality English lawyers—practitioners at the English bar, and judges in English courts. There are also comprehended under the term British, the bars of Ireland and Scotland, and narratives of their most eminent characters are not merely wanting to justify the comprehensive title of the work, but would have added materially to its variety and interest. At the same time, we are quite ready to admit that the history of English lawyers is more intimately connected with the great history of national events, than that of the legal practitioners in either of the other two countries, and is on this account more rich in impressive and imposing associations; for the nobler features of the human mind,—devotion to principle, and contempt of danger in great and perilous emergencies, have had more frequent opportunities of being roused into action amongst the jurists of the sister kingdom.

The selection of lawyers is appropriately made, and so arranged as to afford a continuous view of the English bar, from the commencement of the seventeenth, down to the end of the eighteenth century. It would be vain to attempt, by extracting a few passages, to give any thing like an idea of the book. And we may remark here, by the way, that the broadside of ready-made quotations which accompanies this volume, has, besides the quackery of the whole system, the additional recommendation of being extremely ill-selected. The extracts are either dull, or, what is still worse, coarse and clumsy attempts at humour, and threadbare stories which have stood the tear and wear of the courts of Westminster-hall, and all the circuits, for the last century. We really feel tempted to inflict one passage upon our readers as a specimen:

"**LORD ERSKINE.**—Talents so extraordinary, and eloquence so powerful as Mr Erskine's, are, in this country, speedily engaged in the public service. His political predilections had already led him to associate himself with those celebrated men, who, during the administration of Lord North, headed the Opposition, and whose characters and genius were then in their highest meridian. Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, the three most splendid names in the modern political history of England, had hitherto preserved unblemished the fair and brilliant reputation with which they entered into public life. The 'coalition' had not yet dimmed the splendour of Fox's name; the purity of Burke's principles had not yet departed from him; nor had the fatal web of pecuniary embarrassment been wound round the soul of Sheridan. To associate with men like these was worthy of Erskine; but it was not until after the formation of the coalition ministry, that he became the public coadjutor of this distinguished phalanx. When the ill-judged and unfortunate measure of the India Bill had been introduced, it became evident that ministers would require every assistance to carry it, opposed as it was by so many and such various interests. The fame and the genius of Erskine at once pointed him out as an invaluable ally, and

it was determined to bring him without delay into the House of Commons. Sir William Gordon, the member for Portsmouth, was therefore prevailed upon, for an adequate consideration, to resign his seat, to which Mr Erskine immediately succeeded."

Now, we put it to the conscience of the booby who selected this, whether he would himself be induced to purchase any book, or even to read it, on the strength of a passage so little striking.

We extract for ourselves the following passage, as a grateful subject of reflection at a moment like the present, when a mighty nation is hearkening with anxious dread for the news from its monarch's sick-bed, as it tends to prove how deserved the love we entertain for him:

"When attorney-general to the Prince of Wales, I (it is Lord Erskine who speaks) was retained by Thomas Paine, to defend him on his approaching trial for publishing the second part of his 'Rights of Man;' but it was soon intimated to me by high authority that it was considered to be incompatible with my situation, and the Prince himself, in the most friendly manner, acquainted me that it was highly displeasing to the King, and that I ought to endeavour to explain my conduct; which I immediately did, in a letter to his majesty himself, in which, after expressing my sincere attachment to his person, and to the constitution of the kingdom, attacked in the work which was to be defended, I took the liberty to claim, as an invaluable part of that very constitution, the unquestionable right of the subject to make his defence by any counsel of his own free choice, if not previously retained, or engaged by office from the crown; and that there was no other way of deciding whether that was or was not my situation as attorney-general to the Prince, than by referring, according to custom, that question to the bar, which I was perfectly willing and even desirous to do. In a few days afterwards I received, through my friend the late Admiral Paine, a most gracious message from the Prince, expressing his deep regret in feeling himself obliged to accept my resignation, which was accordingly sent. . . . It would, however, be most unjust, as well as ungrateful to the Prince Regent, not to add, that, in a few years afterwards, his Royal Highness, of his own mere motion, sent for me to Carlton House, whilst he was still in bed under a severe illness, and taking me most graciously by the hand, said to me, that, though he was not at all qualified to judge of retainers, nor to appreciate the correctness or incorrectness of my conduct in the instance that had separated us, yet that, being convinced I had acted from the purest motives, he wished most publicly to manifest that opinion, and therefore directed me to go immediately to Somerset House, and to bring with me, for his execution, the patent of Chancellor to his Royal Highness, which he said he had always designed for me; adding, that owing to my being too young when his establishment was first fixed, he had declined having a chancellor at that time; that during our separation he had been more than once asked to revive it, which he had refused to do, looking forward to this occasion."

Our readers will find in this volume, if not much brilliancy and originality, yet a good deal of both instruction and amusement.

A Catechism of Useful Knowledge, for the Use of Schools. Original and Selected. Glasgow. W. R. M'Phan. 1830. 32mo. Pp. 44.

This is a useful and ingenious little work, well calculated to improve the youthful mind, by not only cultivating the memory, but by teaching habits of thinking.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

DRYDEN'S CHAMBER.

TIME, 1700—THE YEAR BEFORE THE POET'S DEATH.

DRYDEN in an apartment of his house in London, sitting alone, and deeply immersed in thought;—CHARLES, his eldest son, enters, and the old man shakes off his reverie.

Dryd. I HAVE been meditating, my son, on my past life and literary labours, and guessing what posterity is

likely to say respecting them. The retrospect has been a painfully interesting, and a most humbling one.

Chas. And why so, my father? What scene could your life present to you, but that of a long tract of lofty and honoured exertion?—a poet's work followed by a poet's reward?

Dryd. No, no, boy; that sight was not what I saw. I will tell you: I saw myself at the starting-place in the race of life, endowed with a vigour and elevation of genius rarely granted to the human mind (God knows, I say it with a feeling far removed from vanity); with tastes early directed to the genuine sources of poetical inspiration, and habits of thought accordant with those of the greatest followers of the art. And I then saw myself, thus qualified, passing through life in a servile dependence on popular opinions and courtly caprice, embedding my jewel of fancy in the coarse setting of temporary and prosaic themes; or, alas! far worse! sullyng its purity with the incrustations of licentiousness, rant, and irreligion. I looked with pain on a lengthened life, which, in the bitterest sense the words can bear, has been in vain; beginning in hope, spent in misapplied toil, ending in sorrow and in want.

Chas. Surely such views as these are both disheartening and unfounded. I am grieved to own, my beloved father, that your old age is exposed to many deprivations which it ill deserves. But you cannot avoid perceiving that the cause lies, not in yourself, scarcely even in your friends, but chiefly in those revolutions of state, of which you have seen so many, and in which your conduct, as far as I have watched it, has done you the highest honour.

Dryd. I admit, that in regard to the few latter years of my life, your observation is correct: I had no reason to expect any thing save neglect and desertion. I could bear it; I could have even rejoiced in it, had I had no weightier cause for regret. But it is my literary career which disturbs me when I recall it. What a scene does it present of misemployed energies! With the mass of the people my reputation rests principally on those very productions which I would give the world never to have written,—my plays. My genius was no way calculated for the stage; the shifting, scarcely perceptible, phases of character, I could supply only by a sustained dignity, unnatural, perhaps, in itself, and certainly epic rather than dramatic; the bursts of passion and the effusions of feeling were, in my hands, exaggerated or lost; and in almost all the most important features of dramatic excellence I was surpassed by one or other of my contemporaries or juniors;—by that wonderful young man Congreve, by the unfortunate Otway; and, even in my own path of tragic pomp and declamation, I have had often to own myself at least equalled by Lee; and after all, I fear none of us will long maintain a high rank as dramatic writers.

Chas. You have at least the plea of necessity for your dramatic works; and, it is surely a consoling reflection, that by means of them you have been enabled to support yourself at least in comfort, through many changes of favour from royal and courtly patrons.

Dryd. It ought not to have been necessary: No man ought to make himself the slave of popular vice and fickleness, by taking up literature as a profession. In the earliest periods of a nation's literary glory, which are her brightest, authors are not such by trade, neither in succeeding times ought they to be.

Chas. Ah, my dear father, your temporary vexation leads you into assertions, at which, in cooler moments, you will yourself smile.—But we will dismiss the subject of your dramatic writings: it is an ungrateful one.

Dryd. It is one which, for years, I have been unable to think of without sorrow and indignation. For there are in these works worse faults than those of the understanding. It is a sad thought to an old man of sixty-nine, that he has spent the best part of his life in acting the ribald buffoon to a licentious court. Such have I been;

and such will future generations call me. I shall not be forgotten; I know it: but I shall not be remembered with approbation. I would fain hope only that I shall be thought on with regret and pity.

Chas. What mean you? I can with difficulty understand this unusual mood of dejection, and these baseless forebodings.

Dryd. Call them truths, Charles; old age and death are prophetic.

Chas. Then youth and affection shall assume the tone of prophecy also, and show you what judgment posterity will pronounce on your other works. They will look back on you, father, with respect and admiration. They will contemplate the language and form of poetry before our time, and then, turning to your satires and translations, they will acknowledge who it was that transmuted irregularity and coarseness into an harmonious magnificence, and a strong, stately rapidity, which poetry before you never knew. They will own you as the poet who has fashioned the finest measure of the language, who has first shown its capabilities, and, in its structure, united beauty with vigour. And when they come to search, as they must, more deeply than into the mere words—when, to speak poetically, as becomes me in addressing a poet, they put aside the golden veil which covers the face of the genius of poetry, and look on the features which it has partly beautified, partly concealed, then will your services to the world of letters become still more strikingly evident.

Dryd. You flatter me. Recollect what the subjects have been which I have been obliged to handle, and you will see that I have been justifiable in aiming at something higher; since it was such ambition only that could have ensured me a conspicuous immortality.

Chas. I grant that many, nay, most, of your poems appear to promise nothing very elevated; but you have the more merit in improving them as you have. You have refined these uninviting subjects into a calm and attractive species of poetry; you have cast back the dull realities of the present into the distant hazy twilight of fancy; the poor sights, the cold hearts, and the meagre joys, which daily surround and disappoint us, you have described with a glow of imagery which will make our descendants look back on your times with wishful admiration.

Dryd. Would that it were so!—but I have not done this. Your filial piety and strong imagination together, are hurrying you into misrepresentation. I have, it is true, and I am proud to say it—I have indeed elevated the tone of poetical thought on ordinary subjects; I have purified the public taste, and taught the difference between elaborated, sophistical, pedantic analogies, and the warm transports of true poetical vision; and I have confined the illustration which poetry throws on life within its proper limits, drawing it only from its genuine sources, of ordinary intellectual acquirement, and, above all, of our moral and universal feelings. But here I have stopped, at the very point where genuine poetry begins. Of the pure elements which this analysis procured me, I have not attempted to make use by applying them to high and worthy ends. I have cleared and decorated the broken fountain-head of poetry, and then sent out its waters to flow through a tract barren as Arabian sands. Enough of this.—I have been thinking, too, this afternoon, upon those among the many associates of my long life whom I remember most distinctly. They are those whom I knew many years ago, and who have long since died, and been, many of them, forgotten by almost all but me; and yet it is these whom, with the ordinary weakness of age, I seem often to behold standing before me so vividly, that I have addressed them and fancied that they answered me; while present events and characters pass by me, and leave in my memory scarce a trace. Yes: for the old man, memory is the only reality. And yet this decay is indeed the only token of advancing years of which I am

conscious. I have been meditating to-day on my instructors and predecessors in poetry; and especially on the greatest of the number, John Milton. You will hardly understand how strangely that man's name affects me. I think of none oftener, and yet I never hear it without pain.

Chas. What? You cannot feel envy? Oh, no, my father; it is impossible!

Dryd. What is it you say, boy? Do you doubt me, as the world has done? No, sir: I am not envious; and the scribblers who have said so are as lying as they are unskilful. They have charged me with malice and envy, because I scourged Settle and Blackmore into their merited contempt; as if the lion envied the toad whom he treads on and tramples into dust! No; for Milton's genius I never entertained any sentiment but reverence: I knew him once; from his advice I received much benefit; from his example I ought to have received more. Listen to me: what I tell you, I should not choose to publish to the world. I have done too much already to secure its esteem, and, before its votaries, old Bayes will keep up a bold face to the last. But to you, my son, I freely confess, that when I look back upon Milton's course, it seems a tacit reproach upon my own. His life, or, at least, that part of it which he so nobly employed, was spent in disgrace and poverty like mine: he, like me, had much to struggle with; but *he* overcame it all, while *I*—We cannot live over again!

And now that I have spoken of Milton, let me enjoy the pleasure of mentioning the design which I had formed of raising myself into the same class with him and his illustrious brethren. I was conversant, in part, with the same studies which formed his mind, and those of Spenser and Chaucer: these great men were my masters, as they were his; and I saw that in the school of chivalry there was room for lofty and poetical invention, to an extent far from exhausted by all that has yet been attempted in it. It was my aim—But why need I speak of it? I had not the resolution to go on working in the coldness of neglect, to rear the fairy structure which I planned, and acquire a deathless renown as its founder: small encouragement would have inspired me, and that little was denied. Why should I speak of my designs? and yet it is an old man's happiness, and it shall be indulged. My *Epic Poem*!—The thought makes me young again! my old eyes are dim, and my hearing feeble, as if I listened from the depth of a grave; but the shapes which have blessed my mind are still present with it, and in my imagination there is no old age, no decay, no mortality!—My *Epic*!—King Arthur!—The Round Table!—Let me be silent awhile, my son, and enjoy the pictures which the names bring up before me. They are undefined, thronged, and fleeting, but lively and gorgeous in shape and colouring, as if they were painted on the evening skies; and happy, oh, most happy, am I while I gaze on them. They are yonder, like a Roman procession of triumph:—enchanted castles, golden palaces, and gardens overhanging witch-lakes or thundering rivers—crowned and mailed knights, riding through the shade of black silent forests—abbeys and cells, filled with the voice of prayers and anthems—the tented battle-field, with its grove of blazoned banners and glittering spears—and the lamp-lit half-seen chamber, where the necromancer does his midnight rites of power. It is a wilderness, a chaos of ancient and chivalrous splendour, rich with the mysterious presence of antiquity—the presence which dwells on the ruined tower, and the mossy arch or temple; and the superior intelligences which preside over and inspire the scene, appear as if they waited but my command, to rise and mingle visibly amongst its inhabitants!—Fie on me, foolish old man! I am a very child!—Let it go!—And it has past away, like my youthful hopes, like my lost and valueless existence!—I can say no more on this subject: leave me, Charles, for the present. I do not always think thus gloomily: perhaps an hour's repose may restore my spirits

to their usual resolute tone; and when you visit my apartment again, you may find my opinions more cheerfully formed, and more vigorously uttered. Adieu.

AN ARTIST.

LATIN VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS;
GEORGE BUCHANAN, ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

By William Tennant.

It is a circumstance most honourable to the classic muse of Scotland, that, of the poetical paraphrases, compiled in Latin, of the Psalms of David, the two held in principal estimation, either in our own country or on the Continent, are the productions of Scotsmen. That of Buchanan was hailed with commendation, shortly after the Reformation, by the first scholars of Europe;—that of Arthur Johnston, which appeared about a century later, was preferred by many, in its simplicity, to the more ostentatious production that preceded it; and, if it extruded not Buchanan altogether from his undivided post of possession in our schools, at least put in an equal and amicable claim for associated honours.

In instituting a comparative criticism between these rival and respectable productions, it is necessary, first of all, and independently of the influence of name or authority, to make a reference of the copies to their original, and to consider whether of the two transmits best to the mind of the reader the genuine and peculiar spirit of the great Master of the Hebrew lyre. For my own part, were I to read David in any other language than his own, I confess that I should, in unhesitating preference, betake myself to the Latin prose, or to the English prose version, either of which two represents more faithfully than can be done by any poetical paraphrase, the strong, striking, majestic peculiarities of the muse of Judea. For, if these peculiarities consist in sentiment, at once simple, compact, fervent, and vehement,—in language, animated, natural, beautiful, without ornament, without artifice, impressive and sublime, shorn down to the most rigid restriction in regard to adjuncts and epithets—these qualities (the highest surely to be found in writing) are, I fear, not much to be discovered in the versions of Buchanan or Johnston. Indeed, they cannot by any means be reckoned a living transcript of the great original; they are but a general and unfaithful resemblance, marred into dissimilitude by incongruous garnishments, adorned and adulterated with the gauds and trinkets of heathenism, that perpetually remind the reader more of Mount Parnassus and the Roman Capitol, than of the mountain "*that stands most beautiful*." Of the two writers, however, Buchanan must be considered the more unfaithful, and that, principally, because he is most eloquent, copiously redundant, and artificial; his genius, diffusive and rhetorical as it was, being, from these excellencies, or, it may be, these defects, less fitted than Johnston's to express, in brief and powerful phrase, the sublimity of the hymns of Zion. Of all the versions of the Psalms, whether Latin, or English, or Scotch, that of Buchanan is the most verbose; it is, in fact, rather an illustrative commentary in resounding verse, than a poetical translation; and if it has more sonorous and princely majesty than Tate and Brady's, it has, in return, more verbosity, more extraneous and unsuitable imagery, more unnecessary and endless circumlocution. In proof of this, we may only refer to the introductory verses of the 23d, 49th, and 73d Psalms, as to the whole of the 19th* and 130th, where the simple and beautiful thoughts of the original are but dimly to be recognised through the elaborate and immense superabundance of words that overwhelm them. He is also assuredly not to be acquitted of blame in using, as he does, so many phrases borrowed from heathen mythology and

* In the first seven beautiful verses of this Psalm, there are, in Hebrew, but 77 words; reckoning all the affixes and suffixes; in Buchanan, 192, which occupy a whole octavo page. The Hebrew is compressed within three or four short lines!

necrology, as *Orcus with his torrent waters, Stygian chains, Torches of the Furies, Recess of lofty Olympus*, and such like ethereal allusions; yet even this is not sufficient for him; he unsanctifies his subject still more by purloining whole lines from the Latin poets, forming thereby a combination as incongruous and monstrous as would have been the pasting of pagan scraps and heathenish phylacteries on the unspotted robe of King David, as the consecrating the unhallowed vessels of the Capitoline Jupiter to the pure service of the Temple. He begins, for example, the 82d Psalm with two lines from an ode of Horace, of which only two letters are changed, making the substitution of *Jovæ* for *Jovis*. His work is, in this regard, much more a quilted-work of centos than Johnston's. This redundancy exhibits itself, not only in a multiplication of different words, but also in the tame, forceless repetition of the same word, apparently in the design of playing upon the term, a puerile figure of speech, and, from the kingly majesty of the Jewish lyricist, as distant as earth is from heaven. For example, we have—

"*Justoque justus justitia parens
Amore sancto amplectitur.*"—Pa. xi. 7.

—"Nec ævi
Inclusus spatili, æternis legibus orbem
Æternus et ipse gubernas."—Pa. lxxviii. 5.

—"Frigidus sub frigido
Cumulo."—Pa. xciv. 17.

"*Iaspio in scelere pios.*"—Pa. xcvi. 7.

"*Deficit mens spe salutis; spes nec illam deficit.*"—
Pa. cxix. 81.

And numerous other examples, frequently line after line continuously. He introduces also, like Tate and Brady, similitudes and illustrations, not only not to be found in the original, but such as neither King David nor the Jews had probably any conception of. He uses the word *sackor* repeatedly, a nautical instrument, the name of which is not to be found in the Hebrew language; he has *Aethiopic vultures, African crops, drunken taverns, cubs of the Libyan lioness, ferocious Scythians, &c.* His translations confound all geographical, historical, and chronological proprieties; he mentions the

"*Sonante Persæ arva findens ungula.*"—Pa. vii.

as familiar to the Psalmist, 400 or 500 years ere the name of Persian or Persia was known; he denominates Pharaoh, from merely an accidental resemblance of names,

"*Phari rector superbus.*"—Pa. cv. 25;

whereby it is presupposed that King David knew Pharos about 800 years ere that famous light-house was constructed. Even his metaphors are sometimes confounded, as—

"*Linguae observavi claustra freno.*"—Pa. xxxix. 2.

Where *bolts and bridles* are jumbled together. He describes the heavens as *sweating showers*, like a man overwrought with labour;—

"*Cælum
Maduit sudoris anheli
Imbrius.*"—Pa. lxxviii. 9.

For so many striking infidelities and inaccuracies, not even all the eloquence and metrical talent of Buchanan can form any compensation; his inexhaustible stock of phraseology, his unrivalled dexterity in moulding it into verses of every dimension that were in use among the Romans, much as they deserve our admiration, and much and justly as they are admired by us, are but the very vices that maled him into his faults as a versifier of the Psalms. His mind was florid rather than sublime; elegant and eloquent rather than fervid or animated; luxuriating rather in the flowers and foliage of beautiful

language, than producing rich and sunny fruit of exquisite and highly-ripened flavour. His Psalms are rather a poetical exposition and flowery commentary, than a faithful or vivid representation of the peculiar beauties of these Songs of Zion.

The version of Arthur Johnston, which has, I believe, received more commendation than Buchanan's in every country except our own, where his rival's preponderating reputation has too much overshadowed him, is liable, though in a far less degree, to the same charge of unfaithfulness. He has too much of *brazen walls, and hot dog-stars, and anchors, and shipwrecks, and harbours, and cynosures*, and such unbiblical tropes and trumpery. He is sometimes irreverent in applying improper expressions to the Deity, as,

"*Crimina dum plectis, formam, cœcæ tinea, rodis.*"

—Pa. xxxix. 11;

where, from the construction, the *Almighty*, not *man's beauty*, is likened to a moth:—also,

"*Eripe te stratis.*"—Pa. xlv. 26.

"*Sic passibus æquis
Te sequar.*"—Pa. cxix. 117.

"*Dum reputo quam sint tibi lyncea lumina,
Miror.*"—Pa. cxxxix. 6.

"*Ibît in amplexus protinus ille tuos.*"—Pa. cxlv. 18.

"*Solymam qui servat aperta,
Dum stertunt alii, lumina semper habet.*"

—Pa. cxxi. 4.

Yet, notwithstanding these and several hallucinations of similar sort, his work, by those who desiderate in the copy the simple energies of the original, deserves, beyond doubt, to be preferred. He is not tempted, like Buchanan, by his luxuriance of phraseology, and by the necessity of filling up, by some means or other, metrical stanzas of prescribed and inexorable length, to expatiate from the Psalmist's simplicity, and weaken, by circumlocution, what he must needs beat out and expand. His diction is therefore more firm and nervous, and, though not absolutely Hebrewan, makes a nearer approach to the unadorned energy of Jewry. Accordingly, all the sublime passages are read with more touching effect in his than in Buchanan's translation; he has many beautiful and even powerful lines, such as can scarce be matched by his more popular competitor, the style of Johnston possessing somewhat of Ovidian ease, accompanied with strength and simplicity, while the tragic pomp and worldly parade of Seneca and Prudentius are more affected by Buchanan. In all his Psalms, saving one, Johnston has adopted the Elegiac couplet of Hexameter and Pentameter, which, by forcing him to restrict the expression of his thoughts within two lines, has prevented him from flying off into any reprehensible exuberance. In order to show, however, that he could have written, had it so pleased him, in Buchanan's multitude of metres, he has, with strange obliquity of taste, selected the 119th whereon to exhibit his metrical capabilities, turning all the parts of that didactic and preceptual poem, into every possible lyrical diversity. Than this choice nothing could have been more unfortunate, as that Psalm is written in one tenor of unvarying equality, and approaches nearer to prose than any other of the Psalms. Buchanan has, with much more taste and propriety, thrown it all into Trochaic Tetrameters.

As class-books, these two Latin paraphrases have been long read, Buchanan in our Scottish, Johnston most, I believe, in the schools of Holland. Yet it may be very fair matter of doubt whether lessons from such books of modern compilation are proper Sunday exercises. If it is intended that boys should, at an early age, imbibe a taste for, and catch the true spirit of, Hebrew poetry, the prose version, which is obvious to any puerile capacity,

is infinitely to be preferred; whereas, in the poetical versions, the pure gold of Judea is so confounded with the orichalc and spurious metal of Latium, that youthful intellect, incapable of separating them, is apt to confound through life the associations of Jupiter Capitolinus with him that "sits between the Cherubim." If it is only intended, on the other hand, that boys, by such lessons, should be familiarized with Latin metres and the difficulties of *scanning*, then, I say, that it is a dishonourable and unhallowed use to which to debase the Lyrist of Judea, whose songs and sentiments are too noble and too divine to be connected with the cold, repulsive, pedagogical impediments of Spondee and Dactyla.

Devonshire, Clackmannanshire, }
13th April, 1830. }

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MEETING OF ANGLERS;

OR,

THE ST RONAN'S MUSTER-ROLL.

[THE silver medal, given annually by the St Ronan's Border Club to the best angler, was competed for on Thursday, the 5th inst., and won by W. McDonald, Esq. of Powderhall. On the night before the competition, two of the principal office-bearers of the Club sat enjoying themselves in Riddell's Inn till a late hour, and the debate growing very keen about the prowess of the various candidates for the prize, the one director, to put an end to it, proposed to the other to sing a song. The proposal was willingly acceded to, and the following composition was the result. If any part of it has subsequently turned out true, it can only be attributed to the spirit or prophecy, or the second sight.*]

LITTLE wat ye wha 's comin'—
Will o' Powderha 's comin',
Jock is comin', Sandy 's comin',
Mr Nibbs an' a 's comin';
Scougal 's comin', Rose is comin',
Robin Boyd, to blaw, 's comin',
Philosophy an' poetry,
An' doctor's drugs, an' a 's comin'.

Meat is comin', drink is comin',
The silver medal braw 's comin',
Hens an' cocks, an' bubbly jocks,
An' good fat soup an' a 's comin';
A' the members look sae stout,
At every cast they 'll draw a trout,
But nae that 's in will e'er come out,
For a' that crack an' craw 's comin'.

Cricks are comin', tricks are comin',
Neither shame nor law 's comin',
Mellers, spellers, yettlin-sellers,
E'en-down lees an' a 's comin';
Some trouts are gather'd for a week,
An' some among the sand to seek,
An' some in grass as green as leek—
O! little wat we wha 's comin'!

But wha to trust nae man can tell,
My ain 's the warst o' a' strummin',
But there are tricks a man may *smell*,
An' find his mou' a' thraw comin'.
Come, diuna glower, an' diuna grin,
Cheating an' leeing are nae sin;
There 's ay some hope o' truth in ane,
Sin' Will o' Powderha 's comin'.

A borrow'd trout, there's little doubt,
Is but a very sma' hummin',
But siccan tricks, as five or six
Frae poet's creel to draw, comin'—

The thing's enough to pit ane out,
May was light on his silly mou't!
But let us drink our glasses out,
For little wat we wha 's comin'.

LAST NIGHT.

*By Miss Jewsbury.**

I SAT with one I love last night,
I heard a sweet, an' olden strain,
In other days it woke delight,
Last night but pain!

Last night I saw the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimm'd the ether blue,
And when we sought each other's eyes,
Tears dimm'd them too.

We paced along our favourite walk,
But paced in silence broken-hearted,
Of old we used to smile and talk—
Last night we parted!

Oh! grief can give the blight of years,
The stony impress of the dead,
We look'd farewell through blinding tears,
And then Hope fled!

A GRAND NEW BLACKING SANG.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

BLACK-MAKERS now their shops may seal,
Warren may gang an' black the deil;
For a' their whuds an' a' their wiles,
They'll ne'er compare wi' Jamie Kyle's:
I've tried them a', by burniah'd gold!
An' Kyle's is best a thousandfold.

But gude preserve my glancin' cloots—
The cocks come fightin' wi' my boots!
The dogs sit gurrin' at their shadaws,
An' a tom cat completely mad is!
The birds come hangin' wing an' feather,
To woo upon my upper leather;
An' the bull trout, (the warst o' a')
Whene'er my glancin' limb he saw,
Came splashin' out frae 'mang the sags,
An' bobbd an' swatter'd round my legs;
For in these mirrors, polish'd gleaming,
He saw a mate in crystal swimming:
This I ca', jokin' all apart,
Complete perfection o' the art.

Sae a' the blousterin' Blacking-makers
May claw their paws, an' turn street-rakers,
Or gang wi' ane that's right auld farren,
The sly, redeubted Robin Warren,
To hunt the otter an' the beaver
By sources of Missouri river,
Or fly to Afric's sultry shores,
An' help to black the Blackamores;
For business here they can have none—
Othello's occupation's gone.
While Kyle, the sprightly Kyle, shall stand
The chemist of his native land—
A blacking-maker, all uncommon,
Is equal'd or excell'd by no man—
The greatest ever born o' woman!

N. B. Pray call, before 'tis over late,
At hunder an' twall the Canongate.

* If our friend the Ettrick Shepherd be the author of this song, he has, with great modesty, made no allusion to himself; but we are willing to back him, at the next competition, against any man who ever switched the Tweed with horse-hair.—*Ed.*

* We have much pleasure in adding the name of Miss Jewsbury to those which have already graced the pages of the *Literary Journal*. The above simple and touching stanzas might be set with excellent effect to music, and we recommend them with this view to attention of our musical readers.

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OR,

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Paul Clifford. By the author of "Pelham," "Devereux," &c. 3 vols. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1880.

We have already, in the course of our critical labours, had occasion to review two of Mr Edward Lytton Bulwer's productions, and we are now called upon to pass judgment on a third, which, however, is the fifth novel he has written. The predecessors of "Paul Clifford" were "Falkland," "Pelham," "Devereux," and "The Disowned." The two first of these appeared before the *Literary Journal* existed;—to the two last we awarded a mixed commendation, acknowledging that they were clever, yet showing that they were over ambitiously so, and that the author frequently got beyond his depth. We know not whether our criticisms have had any share in producing that determined and illiberal hatred which Mr Bulwer now thinks fit to avow towards all Scotsmen, thus proving himself, in this instance at least, incapable of rising above the paltry prejudices of a little and a vulgar mind. Mr Bulwer has thought proper to devote a considerable portion of the "Dedicatory Epistle" to an abuse of Scotland, and has lost no opportunity of introducing into the body of the work sneers of the most bitter and calumnious sort against our native land. His motive for so doing, according to his own confession, seems to be, that he has been rather severely handled by one or two Scotch critics; as if a writer of novels were entitled to libel a whole people, because his surpassing abilities had been disputed by a few shrewd individuals! A noble revenge, and a most philosophical process of ratiocination! Fie, Mr Lytton Bulwer; this is poor spite, and, upon the whole, it shows a smaller and a meaner spirit than any thing you have yet done. Make the *amende honorable* at your earliest convenience; for Scotland is just as fine a country as England; and accuse us not of too much nationality when we declare unto thee, that there beat as warm hearts, and that there exist souls of as lofty and generous a nature, on the northern as on the southern side of the Tweed.

The reader will be better able to go along with us in our estimate of the merits of "Paul Clifford" after we have presented him with a short analysis of the story. The novel commences with an account of the death of the hero's mother, who expires miserably in one of the obscurest quarters of London, in a public-house of a very indifferent kind, called the *Mug*, tenanted by a certain Mrs Margery Lobkins. Upon its mother's decease, the child, then about three years old, is adopted by the said Mrs Lobkins; and, as the society which frequents her house is not of the most reputable description, he is, of course, brought up to any thing but a steady and virtuous mode of life. With the exception of some instructions which he received from a poor wretch of the name of Mr Peter MacGrawler, whom our author delights in holding up to contempt as a Scotsman, and as the editor of a periodical he calls the *Asiaticum*, (a name very like the *Asiaticum*;) young Paul Clifford is left entirely to the

chapter of accidents. His principal associates are thieves pickpockets, and highwaymen; and in process of time, as was naturally to be expected, he himself becomes one of the number, preferring, however, as a proof of his ambitious and gentlemanly spirit, the latter class to the two former. We are then introduced to a regular gang of robbers, such as they existed some eighty years ago, when they rode the best horses in the kingdom, and were undisputed masters of Hounslow Heath, and other districts of a similar sort. Mr Bulwer thinks he has hit upon a new and happy idea in describing each of the gang in such a manner as to make him a kind of caricature or parody of some of the most celebrated and illustrious personages in the country, not even excepting royalty itself. Thus we have "Gentleman George," "Fighting Attie," "Old Bags," and others, in whom it is meant that we should recognise some shadowy and far-off representation of the very highest characters in the state. In the greater part of the first volume, we are limited to this sort of society; and Mr Bulwer, having studied attentively the flash dictionary and a few such elegant works, treats us to a quantity of dialogue of a very edifying kind, though of a peculiarly black-leg and back-slum sort of appearance.

The progress of the story takes us fifty miles out of London to Warlock House, and introduces us to its inmates,—old Squire Brandon and his daughter Lucy. It so happens that Paul Clifford, who possesses a handsome person and rather an elegant address—though it is difficult to say how he picked up the latter requisite—contrives to get introduced to Lucy Brandon; nay, more, upon her removal to Bath, he also visits that city, gets into all the best society, and finally succeeds in winning Lucy's affections. At the same time, he does not lose sight of his profession; and having, for his various merits, been elected captain of the gang to which he belongs, he amuses himself, when tired of the monotony of fashionable life, with a highway robbery, upon the good old plan pursued by Turpin and other heroes of antiquity. Among the rest, he attacks and robs Lord Mauleverer, a nobleman rather past the prime of life, who is a candidate for the hand of Lucy Brandon. Be it remembered, likewise, that Paul Clifford, though a highwayman, is of a very sentimental turn of mind, is deeply and truly attached to Lucy, and is, on the whole, an extremely romantic and delightful person, whom all young ladies are expected to admire prodigiously. So far does he carry his romance, that, after he has made himself sure of Lucy's hand, heart, and purse, he heroically refuses the whole, on the ground that he is not good enough to possess such an angel, and determines, after committing just one robbery more, in order to reinstate his finances, to leave England for ever, and enter into foreign service. The plot, however, now begins to thicken. Lucy has an uncle of the name of William Brandon, a lawyer of great eminence and of vast ambition, of an austere, reserved, and haughty character, and with an early history a good deal involved in mystery. It turns out at length that he had married in his youth a woman whom he passionately loved, but considerably below him in rank, with whom he lived only for a short time and not happily, he being of a hot and jealous disposition, and she

having at length yielded to the criminal solicitations of the Lord Mauleverer already mentioned. The unhappy female was, ere long, abandoned by her seducer, and becoming an outcast from all the world, she revenged herself before she died upon the original cause of her misery, by stealing from Brandon the only child she had borne him. Brandon had in vain endeavoured to discover any trace of the infant, and had long since abandoned any hope of ever having his son restored to him. In the course of time, he is raised to the bench; and on one of his circuits it falls to his lot to try a case of no ordinary interest. The notorious captain of a gang of highwaymen, known by the name of Lovett, had been at length secured, and is to be tried for his life. This Lovett is no other than Paul Clifford, who, like all gentlemen of his profession, found it convenient to have various *aliases*, and who had, unfortunately, been *nabbed*, as Mr Bulwer would say, just when he was on the eve of quitting England. The trial takes place, and, in compliance with the verdict of the jury, it becomes the duty of the judge to condemn Clifford to death. As Brandon is about to pronounce sentence, a letter is handed to him from one of the agents he had employed in his search after his lost son, which letter proves to him, upon grounds not to be resisted, that the prisoner at the bar is that son. Brandon, by a tremendous effort, disguises his feelings, condemns his son to death, leaves the court, flings himself into his carriage, and when it stops at Lord Mauleverer's, where he was to dine, he is carried out of it—dead. The tale is then very speedily wound up. Clifford's punishment is transmuted to perpetual banishment; but he escapes, and Lucy Brandon having secretly joined him, they proceed to America, where the quondam highwayman becomes an extensive farmer, and lives a respectable and comfortable life for the rest of his days.

Our readers will at once perceive the many gross improbabilities which disfigure this plot. The truth is, Mr Bulwer has not yet shown in any of his works that he is in the slightest degree capable of "holding the mirror up to nature." He is a clever, and even sometimes a powerful writer; but a restless and feverish improbability continually hovers over his style, and renders all his descriptions much more remarkable for their grotesque ingenuity than for their fidelity. It is utterly impossible that any man, educated as Paul Clifford was, could have acquired the manners and appearance of a gentleman, and not only impose upon the best society of Bath, but win the affections of such a woman as Lucy Brandon. Besides, the reader is expected to take an interest in Clifford's fate, very inconsistent with what is due both to sound morality and common sense. What makes this worse is, that Mr Bulwer, throughout the whole of his book, affects the satirist, and in what appears to us the most indiscriminate, reckless, and absurd manner, attacks the English laws and constitution, customs and usages. He rails at them like a second Cobbett in one of his sourest moods, and with fully as little judgment or correct knowledge of what he attacks. This is not satire; it is extravagance and folly, which excites a smile at the expense of him by whom it is uttered. If Mr Bulwer thinks it is a proof of a strong and superior mind, he was never more mistaken in his life. It is a proof of nothing but a capability of becoming a contributor to the *Black Dwarf*, if that vulgar, pestilent, and seditious periodical still exists.

But though we are thus disposed to give but little praise to the novel of "Paul Clifford" as a complete whole,—though we think it the *worst* book Mr Bulwer has yet written,—we should not have taken the trouble of speaking of it at this length, had we not seen in it many marks of ability. Mr Bulwer appears to have pretty strong passions, and a temperament easily capable of carrying away impressions; the consequence is, that when the mood is on him, he can dash off sixty or fifty pages of bold, vigorous writing, abundantly spiced with fancy and feeling, if not with judgment. He thus pre-

vents the attention from flagging, and though he is unequal, and always inspiring us with the belief that we shall, ere long, admire him more than we as yet do, and then again disappointing us, still one cannot help feeling that there is something about him above the common run. We are continually disgusted with his faults, yet we confess we like him. To use a low and ridiculous phrase,—there is *pluck* in him. He is not a stupid fellow, who mouths pompous nothings; nor is he a driveller of emaculated trash concerning fashionable life. He has, on the contrary, a good deal of originality,—not of the very highest kind, but still enough to induce even sensible critics like ourselves to hope that we may gain something by reading him. He now and then, also, hits upon a character which he sketches in strong colours, and to which, in certain scenes, he contrives to give even an intense interest. This is the case in his present work, with his delineation of William Brandon, the ambitious lawyer, the stern judge, the disappointed lover, and the bereaved father. The scene where he is under the necessity of condemning his own son to death, is of a striking and thrilling kind. In short, we can only say of "Paul Clifford" as we have said of Mr Bulwer's other productions, that it rather indicates genius than exhibits talent, and excites hopes which it does not fulfil, but which we believe may yet be fulfilled.

We proceed to present our readers, as favourable specimens of our author's style, with two extracts, which may be perused with interest, though detached from the main body of the work. The first gives an account of

A HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"The three men now were drawn up quite still and motionless by the side of the hedge. The broad road lay before them, curving out of sight on either side; the ground was hardening under an early tendency to frost, and the clear ring of approaching hoofs sounded on the ear of the robbers, ominous, happily, of the chinks of 'more attractive metal,' about, if Hope told no flattering tale, to be their own."

"Presently the long-expected vehicle made its appearance at the turn of the road, and it rolled rapidly on behind four fleet post-horses."

"You, Ned, with your large steed, stop the horses; you, Augustus, bully the post-boys; leave me to do the rest," said the captain."

"As agreed," returned Ned, laconically. "Now, look at me!" and the horse of the vain highwayman sprang from his shelter. So instantaneous were the operations of these experienced tacticians, that Lovett's orders were almost executed in a briefer time than it had cost him to give them."

"The carriage being stopped, and the post-boys, white and trembling, with two pistols (levelled by Augustus and Pepper) cocked at their heads, Lovett, dismounting, threw open the door of the carriage, and in a very civil tone, and with a very bland address, accosted the inmate."

"Do not be alarmed, my lord, you are perfectly safe; we only require your watch and purse."

"Really," answered a voice still softer than that of the robber, while a marked and somewhat French countenance crowned with a fur cap, peered forth at the arrestor. "Really, sir, your request is so modest, that I were wroth than cruel to refuse you. My purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my rascally duns,—be my watch, I have a love for—and—"

"I understand you, my lord," interrupted the highwayman. "What do you value your watch at?"

"Humph—to you it may be worth some twenty guineas."

"Allow me to see it."

"Your curiosity is extremely gratifying," returned the nobleman, as with great reluctance he drew forth a gold watch, set, as was sometimes the fashion of that day, in precious stones. The highwayman looked slightly at the bauble."

"Your lordship," said he, with great gravity, "is too modest in your calculation—your taste reflects great credit on you; allow me to assure you that your watch worth fifty guineas to us at the least. To show you we think so most sincerely, I will either keep it, and we say no more on the matter; or I will return it to you, upon your word of honour that you will give me a cheque."

fifty guineas payable by your real bankers to "bearer for self." Take your choice; it is quite immaterial to me!"

"Upon my honour, sir," said the traveller, with some surprise struggling to his features, "your coolness and self-possession are quite admirable. I see you know the world."

"Your lordship flatters me!" returned Lovett, bowing.

"How do you decide?"

"Why, is it possible to write drafts without ink, pen, or paper?"

"Lovett drew back, and while he was searching in his pockets for writing implements, which he always carried about him, the traveller seized the opportunity, and suddenly snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, levelled it at the head of the robber. The traveller was an excellent and practised shot—he was almost within arm's-length of his intended victim—his pistols were the envy of all his Irish friends. He pulled the trigger—the powder flashed in the pan, and the highwayman, not even changing countenance, drew forth a small ink-bottle, and placing a steel pen in it, handed it to the nobleman, saying, with incomparable sang froid, 'Would you like, my lord, to try the other pistol? if so, oblige me by a quick aim, as you must see the necessity of dispatch. If not, here is the back of a letter on which you can write the draft.'

"The traveller was not a man apt to become embarrassed in any thing save his circumstances; but he certainly felt a little discomposed and confused as he took the paper, and uttering some broken words, wrote the cheque. The highwayman glanced over it, saw it was writ according to form, and then, with a bow of cool respect, returned the watch, and shut the door of the carriage.

"Meanwhile the servant had been shivering in front, huddled up in that solitary convenience, termed, not euphonically, a dickey. Him the robber now briefly accosted.

"What have you got about you belonging to your master?"

"Only his pills, your honour! which I forgot to put in the—"

"Pills!—throw them down to me!" The valet tremblingly extracted from his side-pocket a little box, which he threw down, and Lovett caught it in his hand.

"He opened the box, counted the pills—

"One,—two,—four,—twelve—Aha!" He re-opened the carriage-door.

"Are these your pills, my lord?"

"The wondering peer, who had begun to re-settle himself in the corner of his carriage, answered 'that they were.'

"My lord, I see you are in a high state of fever; you were a little delirious just now, when you snapped a pistol in your friend's face. Permit me to recommend you a prescription—swallow off all these pills!"

"My God!" cried the traveller, started into earnestness: "What do you mean?—twelve of these pills would kill a man."

"Hear him!" said the robber, appealing to his comrades, who roared with laughter. "What, my lord, would you rebel against your doctor?—Fie, fie! be persuaded."

"And with a soothing gesture he stretched the pill-box towards the recoiling nose of the traveller. But, though a man who could as well as any one make the best of a bad condition, the traveller was especially careful of his health, and so obstinate was he where that was concerned, that he would rather have submitted to the effectual operation of a bullet, than incurred the chance operation of an extra pill. He therefore, with great indignation, as the box was still extended towards him, snatched it from the hand of the robber, and, flinging it across the road, said with dignity—

"Do your worst, rascals! But if you leave me alive, you shall repent the outrage you have offered to one of his majesty's household!" Then, as if becoming sensible of the futility of affecting too much in his present situation, he added in an altered tone: "And now, for God's sake, shut the door! and if you must kill somebody, there's my servant on the box—he's paid for it."

"This speech made the robbers laugh more than ever; and Lovett, who liked a joke even better than a purse, immediately closed the carriage-door, saying—

"Adieu! my lord; and let me give you a piece of advice: whenever you get out at a country inn, and stay half an hour while your horses are changing, take your pistols with you, or you may chance to have the charge drawn."

"With this admonition the robber withdrew; and seeing that the valet held out to him a long green purse, he gently shaking his head,

"Robbers should not prey on each other, my good fel-

low. You rob your master—so do we—let each keep what he has got."

"Long Ned and Tomlinson then backing their horses, the carriage was freed; and away started the post-boys, at a pace which seemed to show less regard for life than the robbers themselves had evinced."—Vol. I. p. 280-7.

Our second extract describes a scene which took place at Lord Mauleverer's country seat, near Bath, between that nobleman and Paul Clifford, who, in order to see Lucy Brandon, had intruded himself, uninvited, into his Lordship's grounds on a gala day. Mauleverer was aware that Clifford was his rival, and had reason to believe that he had been more successful than himself in securing Lucy's affections. This inspired him with additional bitterness of feeling towards the unknown adventurer. The accidental rencontre of these two persons is spiritedly told, and in the style of a gentleman, not of a mere author:

"But Clifford, hurrying rapidly through the trees, made his way towards the nearest gate which led from Lord Mauleverer's domain; when he reached it, a crowd of the more elderly guests occupied the entrance, and one of these was a lady of such distinction, that Mauleverer, despite of his aversion from any superfluous exposure to the night air, had obliged himself to conduct her to her carriage. He was in a very ill humour with this constrained politeness, especially as the carriage was very slow in relieving him of his charge, when he saw, by the lamp-light, Clifford passing near him, and winning his way to the gate. Quite forgetting his worldly prudence, which should have made him averse to scenes with any one, especially with a flying enemy, and a man with whom, if he believed aright, little glory was to be gained in conquest, much less in contest; and only remembering Clifford's rivalry, and his own hatred towards him for the presumption, Mauleverer, uttering a hurried apology to the lady in his arm, stepped forward, and, opposing Clifford's progress, said, with a bow of tranquil insult, 'Pardon me, sir, but is it at my invitation, or that of one of my servants, that you have honoured me with your company this day?'

"Clifford's thoughts at the time of this interruption were of that nature before which all petty misfortunes shrink into nothing; if, therefore, he started for a moment at the Earl's address, he betrayed no embarrassment in reply, but, bowing with an air of respect, and taking no notice of the affront implied in Mauleverer's speech, he answered—

"Your lordship has only to deign a glance at my dress, to see that I have not intruded myself on your grounds with the intention of claiming your hospitality. The fact is, and I trust to your lordship's courtesy to admit the excuse, that I leave this neighbourhood to-morrow, and for some length of time. A person whom I was very anxious to see before I left, was one of your lordship's guests; I heard this, and knew that I should have no other opportunity of meeting the person in question before my departure; and I must now throw myself on the well-known politeness of Lord Mauleverer, to pardon a freedom originating in a business very much approaching to a necessity."

"Lord Mauleverer's address to Clifford had congregated an immediate crowd of eager and expectant listeners; but so quietly respectful and really gentlemanlike were Clifford's air and tone in excusing himself, that the whole throng were smitten with a sudden disappointment.

"Lord Mauleverer himself, surprised by the temper and deportment of the unbidden guest, was at a loss for one moment; and Clifford was about to take advantage of that moment, and glide away, when Mauleverer, with a second bow, more civil than the former one, said—

"I cannot but be happy, sir, that my poor place has afforded you any convenience; but, if I am not very importunate, will you allow me to enquire the name of my guest with whom you required a meeting?"

"My lord," said Clifford, drawing himself up, and speaking gravely and sternly, though still with a certain deference—"I need not point out to your lordship's good sense and good feeling, that your very question implies a doubt, and, consequently, an affront, and that the tone of it is not such as to justify a concession on my part, which the farther explanation you require would imply!"

"Few spoken sarcasms could be so bitter as that silent one which Mauleverer could command by a smile; and, with this complimentary expression on his thin lips and raised brow, the Earl answered—"Sir, I honour the skill testified by your reply; it must be the result of a profound experi-

once in these affairs. I wish you, sir, a very good night; and the next time you favour me with a visit, I am quite sure that your motives for so indulging me will be no less creditable to you than at present."

"With these words, Mauleverer turned to rejoin his fair charge. But Clifford was a man who had seen, in a short time, a great deal of the world, and knew tolerably well the theories of society, if not the practice of its minutiae; moreover, he was of an acute and resolute temper, and these properties of mind, natural and acquired, told him that he was now in a situation in which it had become more necessary to defy than to conciliate. Instead, therefore, of retiring, he walked deliberately up to Mauleverer, and said,—"

"My lord, I shall leave it to the judgment of your guests to decide whether you have acted the part of a nobleman and a gentleman in thus, in your domains, insulting one who has given you such explanation of his trespass as would fully excuse him in the eyes of all considerate or courteous persons. I shall also leave it to them to decide whether the tone of your enquiry allowed me to give you any further apology. But I shall take it upon myself, my lord, to demand from you an immediate explanation of your last speech."

"Insolent!" cried Mauleverer, colouring with indignation, and almost, for the first time in his life, losing absolute command over his temper: "Do you bandy words with me?—begone, or I shall order my servants to thrust you forth."

"Begone, sir,—begone!" cried several voices, in echo to Mauleverer, from those persons who deemed it now high time to take part with the powerful.

"Clifford stood his ground, gazing around with a look of angry and defying contempt, which, joined to his athletic frame, his dark and fierce eye, and a heavy riding whip, which, as if mechanically, he half raised, effectually kept the murmurs from proceeding to violence.

"Poor pretender to breeding and to sense!" said he, disdainfully turning to Mauleverer, "with one touch of this whip I could shame you for ever, or compel you to descend from the level of your rank to that of mine, and the action would be but a mild return to your language." But I love rather to teach you than correct. According to my creed, my lord, he conquers most in good breeding, who forbears the most—scorn enables me to forbear!—Adieu!"

"With this Clifford turned on his heel, and strode away. A murmur, approaching to a groan, from the younger or sillier part of the parasites—the matrons and the sensible have no extra emotion to throw away—followed him as he disappeared."—Vol. ii. pp. 255-61.

We may mention, before concluding, that although the time in which the scene of this novel is laid is supposed to be some eighty years back, it is, nevertheless, impossible to discover this fact in any way, except by taking the author's word for it, so little pains have been exhibited to give aught of the air of a previous century to the *dramatis personae*. We may also mention, that a good number of pieces of rhyme are interspersed, nearly all of which are very bad. Mr Bulwer has not raised himself in our opinion by this work; but we still think him entitled to keep his place among the popular novelists of the day, and are not quite sure but that he may yet establish himself considerably above most of them.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, with some Account of the period in which he lived. By Mrs A. T. Thomson, author of the "Memoirs of Henry the Eighth." 1 volume 8vo. Pp. 496. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1830.

This is a most amusing and instructive book. It places Raleigh before us as he lived; and, although the nature of the work precludes any thing like a regular and systematic history of the period, the light thrown by the fair author upon her hero glances not unfrequently on the objects which surround him, bringing out many peculiarities and characters of the time in bold relief. The only faults we can find are, an occasional incorrectness in the style, and a degree of vagueness, or want of precision, in some parts of the narrative. With the exception of these slight imperfections, we can conscientiously recommend this volume as a work of sterling merit.

The life of Raleigh is a narrative, in which the ro-

mance of real life far exceeds in interest the most vivid and gorgeous conceptions of fiction. A youth of the noblest external figure, and the most enthusiastic imagination, ripening in the business of the state, and in arms by sea and land, into a philosopher of the very highest class, and this advance made on the lofty vantage ground of a court, in the eye of the world, with all the imposing accompaniments of earthly grandeur, and rendered still more conspicuous by the extremes of kingly favour and hatred—these form objects of contemplation at once engrossing and dazzling.

Mrs Thomson has executed her task in a just and generous spirit. She does not shun the avowal of the imperfections which cling even to the actions of a Raleigh; but she proves, not by empty declamation, but by the whole tenor of her narrative, that these (to use no very new comparison) were but as the spots on the sun, and that his character being based upon the noblest principles, the tenor of his life was pure and elevated. It is next to impossible that a man who takes an active share in public business can avoid coming into situations, which, to the superficial observer,—perhaps even to those who search more deeply,—must seem to compromise him. He is obliged to work with instruments, and must not ask from the underlings of a court all that he has taught himself. He must bear with their aberrations, and must defend himself with the same weapons which are employed against him. While it is a proof of a perverted moral sense to see nothing wrong in this, it is, on the other hand, the proof of an essentially low and worthless mind, to less sight, in consequence, of the general high strain of moral character in the life in which these occasional errors occur. Of any tendency to such a fashion of appreciating character, we are happy to say, we discern not the least trace in the author of the volume before us. She "extenuates nothing, nor sets down aught in malice." She confesses the weaknesses of Raleigh; but she loves to dwell on his bravery and enterprise, on his enthusiasm for science and literature, his elevated patriotism, his high religious feeling, his equitable and tolerant appreciation of the character and opinions of others, his exemplary conduct as a citizen, a husband, and a father. In illustration of all these points, she has collected an immense quantity of interesting facts, for which we refer our readers to her work, confident of their thanks for so doing.

An appendix contains two interesting memoirs (scientific and historical) on the potato, and on tobacco, by Dr A. T. Thomson, whose name is too well known in the scientific world to need our praise; and some important letters, now printed for the first time, from the collection in the State Paper Office.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. No. CL April 1830. Edinburgh. Adam Black.

THE more we study the different periodicals of the day, the more are we convinced that the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* is, all things considered, the best. Were we to say this merely for the sake of puffing ourselves, the motive would be contemptible; but we are as much above vanity as we are beyond the reach of envy. We have a calm and modest confidence in our own worth, backed, as we are, by all the talent of the country, which enables us to sit upon our critical throne, like Andes, "glant of the western wave," and seeing the shoal of authorlings and small fry of reviewers far in the depths below, we stretch out our majestic rod, and benevolently "bob for whale." It is well known that Scotland has just three literary periodicals, all of which are very dear to her, and they may be likened unto the three Graces.—the *Edinburgh Review* being Aglaia, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Thalia, and the *Literary Journal*, Euphrosyne. But Euphrosyne is the fairest of the three sisters, and whilst she is blessed with immortal youth, sorry are we to say that the mark of the crow's foot is beginning to be

visible under the eyes of the two others. Euphrosyne, on the contrary, dances like a sunbeam through the land, blinking bonnily into many a breakfast parlour, and carrying light and happiness into all the distant villages and secluded country mansions. The poet blesses her gentle smile, the philosopher loves her sedater counsels; age puts on his spectacles, and gazes after her in admiration, and youth springs up at her approach, and rushes forth to meet and welcome her. Lazily travels Aglaia, and only once in the three months does she gladden her votaries with a sight of her stately person;—she may command respect, perhaps, but Euphrosyne is both respected and loved.

To drop the metaphor, but still to show the superiority of the *Literary Journal*, we think it right to mention, that all the subjects connected with British literature, discussed in the present Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, have already been treated of in the *Literary Journal*, weeks or months ago. There is, in the first place, a review of the "Memoirs of his own Life and Times," by Sir James Turner, a book which was published for the Bannatyne Club in 1829, and of which we gave an admirable account a long while since. It was nothing but lost time to go over the ground again. Then there is a review of Godwin's *Cloudesley*, which we noticed shortly, but pitifully, and of which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* has spoken more prosaically, but pretty sensibly. Then there is a review of Robert Montgomery's Poems, not half so good as our own which appeared about two months back, and which, seeing that the *Edinburgh Review* has exactly followed in our footsteps and those of other sensible critics, rather looks like beheading a dead man, and is, at all events, breaking a butterfly on the wheel, or lifting a huge mattock to kill a spider. Poor Bobby Montgomery, with his pretty face and nice Poem about Satan, never expected to be pounded to dust in this fashion. Lastly, there is a review of Gleig's *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*, in which our thunder is again used, and an abstract of the book, not quite so able as the one which we presented, is imposed upon the reader. The other articles we have little or nothing to do with. The first, upon the disputed question relative to the operation of breaking the enemy's line in a sea-fight, is a long and dry piece of reading upon a point of evidence. There is also a scholastic article on the Public Schools of England,—a tolerably learned one on the recent Progress of Astronomical Science,—a technical, but clever, one on Scottish Juridical Reforms,—two most unreadable ones on the Public Registry of England and the Coal Trade,—a paper, terribly full of figures, upon Finance and the Budget,—and a pretty good essay on the Anglo-French Drama. Such is the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 101. Reader! consider these things, and own that thou hast cause to thank the gods that thou art a subscriber to the *Literary Journal*.

awakened, give to the scene an interest, not so severely beautiful as the mythological childhood of old Greece, nor so romantic as that awakened by the chivalric ages, yet full of excitement of its own peculiar kind.

Mr Howison has, as it were, skimmed the cream of this rich banquet. His tales, though brief, and slightly constructed, are elegantly told, and full of interest.

The first story, entitled "The Island," is a narrative of the adventures of Austin Deller, a young seaman, who, having learned from an old buccanier the site of a treasure once hid by him and his associates in a small island off the coast of Mexico, proceeds thither in search of it, and, after undergoing a variety of cross-grained accidents, succeeds in carrying off not only the greater part of the treasure, but a young, rich, and fascinating Spanish widow into the bargain. The second story, "Sablegrove," is a tale of our West Indian Islands,—a tale of fierce passions and dark crime. "One False Step" is the history of a young gentleman transported to Botany Bay for forgery, giving an account of his struggles to raise himself again into the respect of society, and of the fate which coldly and relentlessly defeats all his efforts. "The Colambolo," the concluding tale, has its scene laid in Brazil, in the gold country, but is decidedly the poorest of the series. On the whole, Mr Howison displays excellent descriptive powers; and a searching spirit, which knows how to trace the secret windings and motives of the human breast. He also possesses a pleasing fancy and great acuteness, regulated by good taste. The defects of his book are the consequences of the author having chosen for his theme adventures in countries with which he was acquainted only by means of transient visits, making it impossible for him fully to extract the marrow of their social arrangements and domestic economy.

Levi and Sarah; or the Jewish Lovers. A Polish Tale, by Julius Ursinij Niemcewicz. Translated from the German Edition; with a Preface and Notes by the Editor. London. John Murray. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 346.

This is one of that numerous class of works, half-didactic, half-amusing, in which the author's desire to be edifying is continually interfering with his efforts to be interesting. We wish we could persuade the world in general, and authors in particular, that a work of fiction is one thing, and a sermon or a moral essay another. "That a good novel is as good as a sermon," we do conscientiously believe, in nineteen cases out of twenty; but it operates after a different fashion. The latter goes straightforwardly to work;—its object is to instruct—to make a man understand his duty. The end and aim of the work of fiction, on the contrary, is to amuse—to amuse, and nothing else. At the same time, it has been so ordained by a wise Providence, that we cannot play even with our intellect, but we must be benefited by it. The stirring up of our stagnant feelings, the refinement and elevation of our taste, occasioned by the perusal of good works of fiction, has a healthy effect upon our moral character, because it leads us for a moment from the remembrance of the dull cares and duties of life, only to send us back to them with a more generous and buoyant spirit. But air and exercise, though beneficial to the physical frame, are of little advantage to the hypochondriac, who indulges in these luxuries, not because he enjoys them, but solely because he believes them conducive to health. He avails himself of them with fear and trembling, and his draught is soured by reflection upon the probable consequences. It is for a similar reason that not even the talents of a Godwin have ever been able to reconcile us to the didactic novel. And it is for this reason that we wish Julius, of the unpronounceable name, had divided his work into two—one-half of which would have contained an interesting story—and the other a grave

Tales of the Colonies. By John Howison, author of "Sketches of Upper Canada," &c. In two volumes. 8vo. Pp. 342, 365. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

Those regions of the world, with which we are as yet imperfectly acquainted,—the two Americas—Australia—and the numerous islands which gem the Pacific,—afford ample materials for that sketchy style of literature so popular at the present day. The magnificent phenomena of nature in districts where the productive powers of a tropical climate bid obstinate defiance to our feeble and isolated attempts to stamp the seal of our dominion upon their wild and luxuriant development, are fitted to tinge, with the most glorious hues, the passionate imaginations of the poet; while the perpetually-recurring contrast between savage and civilized life, the excitement of an incessant struggle with wants, inconveniences, and dangers, and the feelings of self-dependence thereby

pamphlet on the best mode of ameliorating the condition of the Jews.

The scene of this tale is laid in Poland, the European country in which the Jews exist in the greatest numbers, and possess the greatest political weight. Moses, the father of Sarah, is a Jew of the right leaven—absorbed in his mercantile speculations,—deep read in the Cabala,—and firmly persuaded that it is the right and duty of a Jew to cheat all Christians. Levi is a young Jewish reformer—one who, having enjoyed a good education, wishes to bring back his nation from the mystic ravings of the Gemara to the pure morality of their first lawgiver. Intimate in the family of Moses, he has assumed the office of tutor to Sarah—her father acquiescing because it saves him expense—and he has instilled into her mind his own pure principles. The story commences with a rupture between Moses and Levi, on the important question, whether it be the moral duty of a Jew to cheat Christians. The former, indignant at the heterodox purity of the latter, resolves to break off all connexion with him, and remove his daughter from the contamination of novel heresies, by carrying her from Warsaw to a frontier town, which, at the same time, affords peculiar facilities for smuggling transactions. The subsequent plot hinges upon the attempts of Moses to alienate his daughter's affections from Levi, and fix them upon Jankell, a deformed object, and more than half insane from continually poring over the recondite mysteries of the Cabala. The two lovers, after undergoing a decent portion of persecution, are at length happily united by the protecting interference of Count Zenezyn. The characters of many of the Jews are spiritedly and distinctly drawn. The gibbering madman Jankell is looked up to by his wretched and bigoted countrymen as an inspired prophet; the two old usurers, Hirsch and Moses,—the venerable Abraham,—and the stout Chaim, play upon and contrast with each other in a spirited manner. Were it not for the continual recurrence of long sermons and political diatribes, we should have enjoyed the perusal of the book a good deal. Whether the extracts from the Talmud be correctly given we know not; but we can vouch, from our own experience, that the picture the volume contains of Jewish society is accurate. For this reason, we recommend the perusal of it to the Jewish emancipators,—to members of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews,—to Millennarians,—to Wolfe,—to Irving,—and to all the quacks and pseudo prophets of the day, not excluding the innocents who have been bit by them.

The Villa and Cottage Florist Directory. By James Main, A.L.S. London. Whittaker and Co. 1830.

"FLORICULTURE," says Mr Main, "has become the study and amusement of all ranks." And really we do not know a more pleasant, or a more innocent occupation. If we might speak paradoxically, we should say that it is an occupation which brings man's thoughts to the ground only to raise them far above it. "Turbulent emotions," says our author, "can hardly disturb the mind which is intent on rearing tender seedlings; the very expectations of success alleviate, if they cannot remove, the cares and crosses of life, and while such employment, as amusement only, refines the mind, it adds not a little to the real enjoyment of rational existence." The object of this excellent little work has been to condense the whole system of professional floriculture into a concise compendium, which embraces every thing essential to the subject; and when we learn that it has been the result of *fifty years' experience*, and that Mr Main has been the fellow-student of such eminent florists as Madduck, Hogg, and Sweet, we can have no hesitation in recommending it to the notice of our readers. As the volume also contains directions for the propagation of all the tender exotic flowering plants, it will be found of great service to those who possess rare and valuable collections.

The Family Cabinet Atlas, Part I. London. E. Ball 1830.

EVERY literary undertaking seems now to be in a family way. We have family Bibles, family Shakespeares, family Massingers, family Libraries, family Cyclopedias, every thing, in short, except a family of children, and these are perhaps coming for aught we know to the contrary. The Family Cabinet Atlas, which is to be published in monthly parts, will form, when completed, a volume of the same size as works of the Family Library description, and will be an excellent companion to them. Each part is to contain eight plates, either plain or coloured, engraved on steel; and though these are necessarily of a very small size, yet, judging by the specimen before us, they will be very beautifully and distinctly executed, and will afford facilities of reference not to be found in maps of a larger kind.

Leigh's Guide to the Lakes of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. London. Samuel Leigh 1830.

THIS is a neat portable guide-book to the loveliest scenery in England, and at the present season will be particularly acceptable to many a Tourist. The publisher's name is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy and completeness, for in this department of literature, Samuel Leigh has no rival.

Extract of a Letter respecting the Wreck of the Lady Holland East Indiaman, from the Rev. Alex. Duff, one of the passengers in that ship, addressed to Dr Inglis. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1830.

THIS pamphlet contains some interesting particulars of the total shipwreck of the Lady Holland, East Indiaman, off Dassen Island, on the 13th of last February. Fortunately no lives were lost, and Mr Alex. Duff seems to have been duly and becomingly impressed with a sense of gratitude for his preservation.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

FINE ARTS.

NINTH EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTONE—THE LATE JOHN ALL SCHETKY.

THERE are about twenty good pictures, and a dozen good busts, in this Exhibition. The long room is, according to the expression which would be used, in the technical language of the diabolical part of our establishment, *accommodatingly* filled up; and in the octagon, we have a single circle of busts, half-a-dozen water-colour drawings, and the red drapey on the walls, now somewhat tarnished by dust and age. This is not a sufficient collection to justify the pompous title of an "Exhibition of Modern Pictures." Were the fault originally lies which prevents more pictures from being forthcoming—with the artists or with the patrons—is to us a matter of perfect indifference. The artists may have coquetted unjustifiably with the directors, and, through pique, have kept their exhibition too long open; or, on the other hand, the directors may have been withheld, by silly notions respecting their own dignity, from coming to a right understanding with the artists;—these are matters of private concern, in which it is absurd to think that the public can take any interest. The public wants a good exhibition, and if provided therewith, will not enquire too narrowly how it is got up; if disappointed, it will not be appeased, nor allow its attention to be diverted from a just ground of complaint, by the mutual recrim-

nations of the parties whose duty and interest it is to cater to its taste. In one respect, the faults lies undeniably at the door of the directors;—if they could not muster paintings sufficient to furnish out a full exhibition, they should have waited till they had collected their complement.

Among the paintings, there are two small pictures by W. Simson—one of them (a cabinet portrait of — Srope, Esq.) a perfect gem—but neither of them exhibiting his full powers: a study of heads, and a magnificent full-length portrait of a lady, by Lauder,—a rapidly-rising artist, of whose merits we have lately spoken in considerable detail: some excellent portraits by Francis Grant, who is on the eve of making artists of longer standing look to their laurels: some pleasing pictures by Dyes: a correct and agreeable likeness of Captain Trotter in a Highland costume, by our old friend W. Thomson: and some pieces of very considerable promise by three young artists—Crabb, Townsend, and Crawford. But the chief interest of the Exhibition rests upon nine landscapes by the Rev. J. Thomson of Duddingstone, and three by the late lamented John Alexander Schetky. As we never particularly affect the damnatory style, we will not follow up this catalogue of what is really good in the Exhibition by seeking “its frailties to disclose;” but, after simply asking Mr Stewart Watson who the “Gentleman in a Highland dress” is, whose “full-length portrait” we observe he offers for sale?—we shall rather proceed to canvass the merits of the two artists whose works we have singled out as the most interesting in the Exhibition.

The Rev. Mr Thomson is undoubtedly the most scientific, and, at the same time, the most poetical, landscape painter we possess. He is not one who paints mere portraits of landscapes; he selects those forms and effects in nature which have an inherent beauty in themselves; and he has feelings which breathe into the creations of his pencil an overpowering soul—which give, we had almost said, a moral character to his rocks, and streams, and trees. Mr Thomson has studied profoundly his great predecessors in art; he has learned something from each of them, and yet he is essentially and decidedly original. He is original, because he takes from them, not their forms, their tones, or their arrangements, but the abstract principles upon which they proceeded. He goes to work in the same way with nature. He takes the elements she offers him—individual forms of hill and tree—masses of light and shade—and colours; but his combinations are his own. The world we see upon his canvass is like the world around us, but not the same; it is a kindred vision emanating from the artist's plastic mind. His landscapes are to those we usually see, as the men and women of Shakespeare are to those we meet with in everyday life;—we recognise in them a kindred nature, but we never meet with their individual counterparts. As to the moral feelings which Mr Thomson knows so well how to impress upon his landscapes, we need only remind our readers of the “Martyrs' Tomb.”

Mr Thomson's pictures in the present Exhibition are characterised by great and diversified excellence. His large picture, “Evening” (31), is marked by that deep darkness, by that diffusion of light among deep contrasting shadows, which constitute the charm of the time from which it takes its name. The reading figure in the foreground completes the impressive and hushing character of the scene. The subordinate beauties of the picture,—the deep, dark colours of the earth and upper sky,—the long line of glorious light on the horizon,—the pleasing forms of the different objects introduced,—are all so beautiful in themselves, and harmoniously arranged. His “Landscape” (106) is similar in the character of its colouring and high poetical feeling. It is impossible in words to convey any idea of the grandeur of the objects selected for representation, and of their arrangement. That smoke in the background rises from the cities whose sins have called down the vengeance of

heaven, and those are the rescued father and his daughters, who hurry on beside that piece of water. The magnificent little picture, entitled “Twilight,” (37,) deserves likewise to be classed along with these. Of a less elevated character, yet masterly in their kind, are,—“Dunkeld” (45), “Glendyfas” (53), and “View in Arran” (2.) The first is characterised by placid beauty, the second by tremendous power in the representation of the waterfall, and the last by an indescribable breezy freshness. “Dunkeld Castle” (33) is warm and rich; and while looking at the “Bass Rock,” with its green glassy sea around it, and the sea-mews skimming its surface, or hovering high poised in air, the refreshing coolness of ocean seems to creep over our cheek. The “View from Arrochar” (114) is painted in a style peculiar to itself, and is no whit behind its companions in excellence. In all these pictures, we trace the great charm of Mr Thomson's works—the scope they afford for deep and reiterated study. They are not superficial beauties, where he who runs may read; they are the fruit of profound labour, and an intimate acquaintance with them is requisite to a complete appreciation of their excellence.

Mr Schetky's pictures are full of originality and animation—there is a fervour in their conception, which bespeaks the painter to have been a man of true genius. Their interest is enhanced by the melancholy association of the premature death of the artist, in the midst of a brilliant professional career, and possessed of the love of all who knew him. The late John Alexander Schetky was born at Edinburgh, in March 1785. He became remarkable, at an early period of life, for habits of enthusiastic study. His chief amusements, even while a boy, were reading, and observing and attempting to transfer to paper the beauties of natural scenery. Care was taken to foster his infant propensities; he received a liberal education at the High School and University of Edinburgh; and he was early sent to the Trustees' Academy, where he cultivated the art of drawing under Mr John Graham, and in the society of Wilkie and Allan. In 1804, he obtained his diploma of surgeon, and was shortly afterwards attached to the 3d Dragoon Guards, in which regiment he continued until 1812. In that year he received the appointment of surgeon to the Portuguese forces, under Marshal Lord Beresford; and continued to act as brigade surgeon of the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, till the peace in 1814. He passed the next five years of his life in Edinburgh, dividing his time between professional pursuits and the cultivation of the art of painting, to which he was so devotedly attached. In 1819, he was gazetted to full pay, and employed at the General Hospital at Fort Pitt, Chatham; whence he was transferred to superintend the Asylum fitted up at Fort Clarence for the reception of naval and military persons labouring under mental affections. In 1823, he was promoted to the rank of Deputy-inspector of Hospitals, for service on the coast of Africa. At first he enjoyed such a state of health as excited hopes that he would be able to withstand the insidious effects of an African climate; but in the end of August, 1824, while on a voyage from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast Castle, he was attacked by the fever of the country, and died a few days after the vessel reached its destination. It is not our business to dilate at present on Schetky's professional talents, or on that disinterested warmth of heart which endeared him to all his friends—it is as an artist that we now speak of him. And we rejoice that we have it in our power to call to our assistance the words of one much better entitled to the ear of the public, on such a topic, than ourselves. In a biographical sketch of Schetky, inserted by Dr MacLagan, his companion at school, and his friend through life, in one of the Medical Journals of the day, and of which a few copies were printed apart for private circulation among the friends of the deceased, we find recorded an opinion of Schetky's merits as a painter by a

brother artist, which, as the pamphlet in question is little likely to come into the hands of the generality of our readers, we here subjoin. We believe that we may add, without violating any wish on the part of the author to remain unknown, that the quotation we are about to make is from the pen of the Rev. Mr Thomson of Dud-dingstone—than whom we know no person better entitled to be heard on such a subject :

" Mr Schetky, as a landscape-painter, was distinguished by a style which seemed to borrow little from that of any other master ; and to a decided character of originality, it united ample evidence of an inventive, romantic, and poetical imagination. The subjects of wild grandeur which he often represented, made up of an endless variety of objects and of incidents, if they exhibit not the pleasing and popular charms of harmony and repose, possess, in an eminent degree, those rarer qualities which are calculated to excite and surprise. It is no uncommon occurrence to meet with pictures which please by their general effect, but which fail to sustain protracted interest, by reason of their barrenness in respect of matter and episode. The reverse of this is the character of Mr Schetky's style. But if it be thus chargeable with some deficiency in the external graces which recommend on a first introduction, this is compensated by the inexhaustible treasures of information, and the sallies of a vigorous and playful fancy, which pour forth on more intimate acquaintance.

" The time which could be spared from professional duties, when in the Peninsula, Mr Schetky devoted to the delineation of those romantic scenes of grandeur with which the mountainous districts abound. Amongst these his fervent genius found its natural food ; and his taste acquired a corresponding and permanent cast. He generally selected those wide and far-extended prospects which are seldom to be commanded but from an elevated point of view ; and he endeavoured not only to preserve the general character, but also to detail, with elaborate precision, the various subordinate features of his subject. Accordingly, his pencil-drawings done on the spot are so strongly marked by this peculiarity, that they consist not of a few sentences or passages of nature, but may rather be compared to ample volumes, each filled with curious, interesting, and condensed narration.

" There is, perhaps, nothing which addresses itself to the eye or the imagination with a more fascinating influence, than the mysterious objects which bound the remote distance of a grand and far-extended scene. Among these delightful regions the poetical fancy of our lamented friend seemed to dwell with peculiar fondness ; and in many of those beautiful transcripts which he has left in mere outline, there is much to awaken that class of peculiar emotions, which, in every susceptible mind, is so forcibly excited by the happy vision of corresponding realities in nature. The successful execution of such undertakings necessarily requires a clearness and flexibility of line which few have patience to acquire, and still fewer to practise. Whatever Mr Schetky meant to express, was always expressed with decided character, and free from ambiguity. Besides his distant mountains—his vast interminable forests receding from the eye, amidst the windings of the valley, or climbing the sides of the nearer hills—his precipices adorned by the picturesque Moorish towers and castles, with the beautiful accompaniments of falling waters, and all the variety of objects which supplied the materials of his compositions—all are delineated with so much delicacy, discrimination, and spirit, that he who examines with an eye of intelligence the mere outlines of such scenes, will often experience a gratification which may be sought for in vain in highly finished pictures.

" Of these masterly designs, as filled up by the hand of their author, the public have had an opportunity of judging from the pictures and water-colour drawings which, from time to time, Mr Schetky contributed to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of London. In these it is natural to look for a fuller development of power, as comprehending chiaroscuro and colouring. The same set of objects in nature may appear under a thousand various effects. In the vast latitude thus authorized by nature, it becomes the province of judgment and right taste to select, out of the many, the one which is best suited to the character of the scene. And here, while an ambition of originality, and love of what is daring, and out of the common track, has often betrayed great minds into error, and led them to offer representations contradictory to the possibilities of nature—it will be admitted, that the error of Mr Schetky's style rather consisted in making choice of effects and accidents, of light and

shadow, of too rare occurrence in nature to be readily recognised by common observers.

" The multiplicity of objects which he introduced in his sketches, and which in them were one source of that interest they possessed, would have required all the advantages of a skilful generalization to fit them for appearing with advantage in a regular picture. In his efforts to do justice to the parts, the effect of the composition as a whole was often suffered to assume too complex an aspect to be easily taken in by the eye at once. But, with all the disadvantages which accompanies this defect, it is impossible to withhold from his pictures the praise of high poetical and romantic feeling, and exquisite detail in the various parts. They uniformly possess elevation of sentiment far above ordinary appearances and ordinary incidents. They may fail to invite a particular scrutiny, but they will never fail to reward it : that redundancy of matter which interferes with general simplicity, when carefully and separately viewed, becomes food for curiosity, and an incentive to closer investigation."

The paintings by Schetky in the present Exhibition are three in number—one in oils, and two in water-colours—all of them full of the peculiarities of his genius. They are for sale, and worthy the attention of amateurs. As the lovers of art may entertain a laudable curiosity to know the fate of Schetky's works, we add, for their information, that his collection of sketches was purchased by Lawrence, and are now about to be exposed for sale by Mr Christie ; his surgical drawings, which are also valuable when viewed as mere works of art, are partly in the possession of Dr John Thomson of this city—partly deposited in the Museum of Chatham ;—two fine pictures by him are in the possession of Dr MacLagan, his friend and biographer ;—one belongs to David Bridges, Esq., and some more are the property of his sister.

It only remains for us to observe, before taking our leave of this Exhibition, that it contains some very creditable busts by Fletcher, Steele, and Ritchie. " Bust of a Lady" (166,) by the latter, is one of the most lovely creations of this art that we have seen.

KING JAMES'S PSALMS—SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S PSALMS.

By William Tennant.*

Nothing better marks the high estimation in which the poetry of King David is held by our countrymen, than the striking circumstance that not only our principal scholars, but our kings, our noblemen, our ladies of rank, have vied with each other in versifying, either in their own or in the Latin language, these simple and fervent lyrics. In no country in Europe, we believe, has there been a similar emulation. Buchanan, the most powerful Latin writer of his day, gave the first general impulse ; his pupil James, inheriting, from his poetical ancestors, a talent for versification, and having received from his learned preceptor excitement and encouragement towards its exercise, set himself, at an early age, to accomplish in his native language what Buchanan had done in a foreign. His learning had enabled him to perceive the deviations in sense, and the immetrical rudenesses, of the version then employed in our Scottish church. At the General Assembly held at Burntisland in 1601, he, to the no little astonishment and joy of all the learned divines there present, stood up and recited from memory long passages from the Psalter, explaining, at the same time, by his critical animadversions, their unpoetical inaccuracies, and their deviation from the meaning of the prose text. His

* This paper concludes the series of articles on the same subject which have already appeared in the *Literary Journal*, from the pen of Mr Tennant. They have all attracted much attention, though certainly not more than the ability with which they are written deserves. They have been collected in a separate pamphlet, which is published this day, and will no doubt be considered highly interesting both by the laity and clergy.—Ed. LIT. JOUR.

This version of the Psalms in the Scottish dialect was never published. It still exists, written in his Majesty's own handwriting, and preserved in the British Museum. It has no resemblance, it is said, to James's English version.

scheme of emendation was necessarily dropt for some time; but after he was securely seated on the throne of Elizabeth, amid the splendours and fatigues of English royalty, his mind recurred, as to a delightful pastime, to the favourite scheme of his youth, the revising of the Psalms. "An everlasting honour to the muses!" said the Bishop of Lincoln, his eulogist; "the greatest potentate in all the earth stooping to a verse, being the usual recreation of King David, as it was also of our English Solomon." His Majesty, whether from state perplexities, or infirmity of health, proceeded no farther than to the 31st Psalm. The completion of the work was committed to Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling, by whom it was published in 1631. Charles wished that the book should go under the shelter of his father's name, as King James's Psalms; but the people, with whom they were unpopular, styled them, from the name of their principal contributor, *Menstrie's Psalms*. A new and corrected edition of it appeared in 1636, which is the subject of the following few critical remarks.

The thirty-one psalms composed by the royal paraphrast are not of a style in any very observable degree discrepant from the rest, so as to betray another hand. If they exhibit any difference at all, that difference is favourable to them, as perhaps they possess more simplicity. They are certainly creditable to his Majesty's poetical talent; the sense is given correctly, though, at times, in phrases too lax and exuberant; the grammar, with but one exception, is correct; the rhymes all irreproachable; and they have no double rhymes, as in our version. Throughout the whole book, indeed, there occur but a few false or double rhymes. There are many passages in this version executed with skill, force, and simplicity, which the compilers of that psalmody which we at present use, notwithstanding the prejudices then current against every thing proceeding from the court, did well in adopting; and there are yet lurking in it several passages, preferable to the corresponding parts of our own, that happen to be defective, which our modern revisers would do well, even at this late hour, to adopt.* As a whole, and considering the purpose for which it was designed, its employment in public worship, and its being a manual of devotional family exercise for all ranks, the lower in particular, it is certainly too florid, pompous, and rhetorical. If our present version errs on the side of harsh, crabbed, too bare and mean phraseology, in the desire of being quite intelligible and reaching the Hebrew simplicity; the royal version errs precisely in a contrary direction, in being too full and digressive, too diffusive and splendid in its fillings-up, too learned and sesquipedalian in its language, for ordinary people. There are in it, for instance, such words as *circumvented, empoisoned, engendereth, embassage, embosom'd, exultate, prostituted, embroider, &c.*; such phrases as *quibbles husbandry, burd'nous fatness, engross the tumbling gulf, caterpillars vermin vile, roaring waters mirrors of his night, roof-dyed tongues, artificial mouths, &c.*; which

might have been unexceptionable in Menstrie's stately monarchic tragedies, but are quite out of place in a translation of the simple songs of King David. Similar objections were, with great resolution, and with an accurate discrimination of the beauties of the original, charged by Calderwood upon the edition of 1631; yet even to the second edition of 1636, in which the most obnoxious passages, commented upon and exposed by the Presbyterians, were expunged and corrected, the same charge of digressive infidelity, and flourishing expansion, may be with too much justice applied. So that our northern part of the island may consider itself indebted to the good taste and spirit of its clergymen, in resisting, along with other encroachments, the imposition of a psalter so unfaithfully excursive, and so little adapted to the understanding of their people. It produced one happy consequence—it excited the Presbyterians to prepare one for themselves; and the competition, so favourable in all cases for the production of excellence, made them avoid with caution the errors which they charged upon the Episcopalian paraphrase. They adhered most rigidly and Calvinistically, even with the sacrifices sometimes of both grammar and metre, to the unembellished original, and produced, in 1650, the *metaphrase* which is yet sung in our churches.

Shortly after Buchanan had published his Latin version, Sir Philip Sydney, the accomplished warrior, gentleman, and scholar, had engaged in translating the Psalms "into diverse and sundry kinds of metre, more rare and excellent, for the method and variety, than had ever yet been done in English." What was left of this work unfinished by himself, was completed by his accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Such were then the domestic amusements of our kings and our nobility! This work lay long dormant in manuscript, known only to a few antiquarians; at last it was printed in the year 1823, at the instigation of James Boswell, Esq.

It is manifest, from their multiform metres and diversities of diction, that these Psalms were compiled by the noble author and authoress, not in the view of being employed in public worship, but merely as themes of poetical exertion and amusement in composition. For they profess not to adhere to the simplicity of the original, but, making the Psalmist's thoughts the groundwork or texts, as it were, for poetical enlargements, they spread abroad into the richest and most ample imagery. Sir Philip had evidently Buchanan's redundant paraphrase in his eye for emulation; he copies him in his language, (by nearly translating him;) in his thoughts, in the ambitious variety of his metres. His language is like Buchanan's, branchy and diffuse; but he has more force, more poetical tension and vivacity, mixed with that quaintness, and, at times, stiffness and rudeness of expression, which we find in Sternhold, and in the earlier writers of Elizabeth's time; his thoughts are spangled not only with the superfluous ornaments of Buchanan, but with many more plentiful conceits, derived from the Italian school, of which he was an admirer; his metres are of every span and compass, exhibiting, sometimes mixed, sometimes separate, every fanciful and wayward variation, from ottava rima, English hexameters and sapphics, down to trochaics of three and five syllables. Of all the paraphrastical translations of the Psalms, Latin or English, Sir Philip has the finest poetry superinduced upon the original. He is the greatest poet of all the versifiers. As an example and proof of this his superiority, we may merely refer to his version of the civth Psalm, one of the most beautiful poems of King David, on which all the versifiers, Buchanan and Johnstone in particular, have exerted their strength to the utmost, making it the test of their rival powers. Sir Philip's is, for splendid luxuriance, superior, I think, to them all. Of this book, the great fault is its inequality, and the innumerable *conceits, quips, and cranks*, in the expressions, from which Jewish simplicity is so abhorrent.

For example, instead of our 1st verse of Psalm xliii.

"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
Against th' ungodly nation;
From the unjust and crafty man,
O be thou my salvation."

The King's edition has, much better—

"Judge me, O God; my cause against
Th' ungodly nation plead;
From the deceitful and unjust
Me still in safety lead."

Again, in Psalm lxxi. 9, our version has—

"O do not cast me off, when as
Old age doth overtake me;
And when my strength decayed is,
Then do not thou forsake me."

The King's edition has—

"Cast me not off, when as old age
Hath made me weak to be;
And when my strength begins to fail,
Do not abandon me."

His *Psalms* are valuable, not only as a specimen of good racy old English poetry, but as a most interesting memorial of the literary recreations of a man whose name will ever be an honour to Old England.

Devongrove, Clackmannanshire,
11th May, 1830.

REMARKS ON PHILOLOGY, AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

"There is room for a very interesting work, which should lay open the connexion between the languages and manners of nations."
GIBSON.

THE opinion which I have extracted from so competent an authority, as the motto to the following imperfect illustrations of its truth, occurs in a note on the well-known derivation of *exercitus ab exercitendo*. "So sensible," says this elegant historian, "were the Romans of the imperfection of valour, without skill and practice, that, in their language, the name of an army was borrowed from the word which signified exercise."

This department of philology appears to have been rather overlooked, although it is pregnant with the most attractive interest, from the graphic delineations with which it is so profusely studded. In the remarks which I now presume to offer, regarding it, I do not aspire to any systematic discussion, but merely throw out such cursory sketches, as may induce an abler pen to enrich the pages of the *Literary Journal* on a subject not unworthy of them.

These axioms, at least, which may be laid down with confidence, as a clue to guide through the lexicographical labyrinth; namely, that: *whatever object, quality, action, or condition, is not NATIONAL—in the impressive meaning of that adjective—is generally expressed by a circumlocution.* I say generally, for exceptions are undoubtedly met with to this principle; but every student is aware that *exceptio probat regulam*. Thus, it is well known that our Gallic neighbours have never, till lately, practised pugilam à l'Anglaise, but have been contented, in the absence of deadlier processes, to slap and wrestle; and, in accordance with our axiom, we find that the French substitute for the brief and truly British verb to box, consists in the clumsy and infinitely circumlocution—*donner des coups de poing*. If it be true that boxer has been honoured by admission into the French catalogue of verbs, this circumstance still more vividly illustrates our axiom. May not, too, the sensitiveness of the French, on the score of honour, be the remote cause of that verbiage with which they similarly express, in lieu of our expressive "kick," any aggression on honour's native soil? Again, since *ridentem dicere verum quid petat*?—is it not a singular coincidence that the French—who are a restless, volatile race, to whom the task of standing still is intolerable, and who love to diversify the vertical position by every variety of graceful curvature—should have no other approximation to the idea of standing, than the periphrastic expression *se tenir debout*, which merely indicates that the individual is on his feet, without at all limiting the movements of the rest of the body. In short, not conveying that notion of *steadily verticality* which is almost inseparable from our tedious monosyllabic *stands*. In fact, to express this notion of standing still—for which the addition of *still* is not always requisite with us—the French must employ a circumlocution of such a length as to demonstrate forcibly the national repugnance to that posture, and *se tenir debout sans bouger!*

Having thus illustrated axiom the first, it may be naturally extended, that the converse of this axiom is equally true. Since an anti-national idea is expanded into a circumlocution, it is worth enquiry whether a truly national idea may not present the opposite phenomenon of a concentration of several words into one. Compound words undoubtedly occur in all languages, but a language may present us with so graphic a compound as to imply

that some national characteristic is involved in its formation. Such is the case, for instance, with the Spanish word *Hidalgo*, designative of rank, which is an abbreviation, or a concentration (as *tempus*) of *Hijo de algo*, "So of somebody"—a derivation that speaks volumes as to the pompous superiority which views an individual of the lower classes as nobody. A nation entertaining such ideas can scarcely fail to be nothing itself; after the days of chivalric warfare and golden enterprises are over.

A third axiom may, perhaps, be inadmissible—namely, that, wherever an abrupt and remarkable violation of analogy is discernible in any language, this violation is referable to some national characteristic. Thus, it is well known that there is, in French, a copious class of verbal nouns, *partieur, chanteur, danseur*, &c. &c. accompany with their feminine counterparts, all deduced uniformly as *parleuse, chanteuse, danseuse*, &c. &c. We find, however, a remarkable transgression of this system in the case of *penseur* and *penseuse*, words unknown to the French language, which has, in fact, no word corresponding to the English noun "a thinker." "*Penseur*," say Madame de Genlis, anxious to vindicate the rights of her own sex at least, "why in this word: not French. It would be delightful to bring this word into fashion but I fear much, it will never take! They think the we have no need of either study or meditation, and the sentiment is sufficient for us." If Madame de Genlis' explanation of this remarkable blank in the language be admitted (and what better authority could we have? as to the feminine noun, as we do, attribute the non-existence of *penseur* to the politeness of the gentlemen who might not wish to make the exclusion of the ladies from the class of thinkers so marked, as the use of the masculine noun would do? On any two, the cause to the light vivacity of French conversation? Another striking violation of analogy occurs in the aspiration of *héros*, in defiance of the principle by which the same initial letter is made quiescent in French words of Greek or Latin origin—a circumstance the more remarkable, since the feminine *héroïne* obeys the analogy. I am tempted to view this phenomenon as deducible from the passionate love of military glory, which has ever distinguished the French, and has led them in all ages to an enthusiastic admiration—I had almost said *defection*—of their heroes. Could a French ear tolerate that identity of sound, which, were the analogy in this particular instance observed, would take place between the strangely opposite expressions, "*Ce sont des héros*," and "*Ce sont des zéros*," thus degrading, though but to the ear, the heroes of *La Grande Nation* to *zéro*?

Should these hasty and desultory notices be deemed worthy of a place in the *Journal*, I shall resume the subject, in the hope of presenting some additional axioms and illustrations of greater interest. LORNA.

A LETTER FROM OBAN.

THE village of Oban has of late years become the summer resort of fashionable strangers, both from England and the Lowlands of Scotland; and I know of few bathing quarters that can at all compare with it, either in natural or artificial beauty. It stretches in the form of a crescent across the head of a bay of the Atlantic ocean and is sheltered from every storm by inland and maritime mountains. The principal line of houses would do no discredit to any city. The streets throughout are clean and spacious—full of smart shops of all descriptions. Even a bookseller has had encouragement sufficient to fit up in first-rate style. He has his circulating library, his newspapers, and, consequently, his lounge, where novices, but men of taste and erudition discuss the merits of your own, or *Blackwood's*, or the *New Monthly Magazine*. Then there is the debating club of choice spirits so regulated that no dry subjects are introduced, if we except the reckoning. Not being one of its members,

cannot describe a sederunt; but from what I know of some who are, there can be little doubt that the object of the meeting, at least, is excellent. Then there is the Rowing Club, whose gigs are tossed on other waters than a steam-boat can raise, and on wider waters than the Clyde—no reflection upon the able rowers of Glasgow, on their noble stream. Off they set in the evening, with light hearts and heavy bread-baskets, on a stretch of six miles, round by the ruins of Dunstaffnage, the rapids of Connal, the ancient Berigonium, and back again to their own romantic bay. The streams and lakes about Oban abound in excellent trout, and are frequently visited by salmon. I know not how others may feel, but to me it is a delightful thought, that here the author of "The Isle of Palms" used, "rod in hand," to wander during the long summer days,—

Vos corull testes, et flumina symphie.

The institution of schools over the Highlands has been most beneficially followed by the publication of "The Gaelic Messenger." No sooner does a new Number appear, than groups of people may be seen assembled under the cottage eaves listening, while one reads its tales, and songs, and "legends wild." The ingenious efforts are held in just estimation by all classes. They have acquired the difficult art of writing so as at once to please the most literate and the most learned. This ensures success. The lower orders are proud of a work which does not assume to itself the right of instructing them in something their superiors already know. They would then regard it as a task-book, instead of delighting in it as one of useful amusement.

METROPOLITAN THEATRICALS.

London, Monday, May 17th, 1830.

SINCE my last dramatic details, little has occurred worth recording. "Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol," has succeeded, and is succeeding, perfectly *à merveille*; and a brace of Farces, one at each house, and on the same evening, received their *coup de grace*, and were put out of their misery very nearly at the same moment; even though the Drury-Lane drollery was by the redoubtable Theodore Hook. The season being now so very nearly at a close, it is extremely questionable if we are to be favoured with any more novelty, notwithstanding the announcement of a new three-act play. Another new farce was also undertaken at Drury-Lane, but Liston's secession has postponed it, *sine die*. Benefits being, very properly, out of the pale of criticism, I have, of course, little to say about them, since "I am nothing, if not critical." Miss Fanny Kemble is to have another, or rather she is to receive the profits of her last appearance this season, as a tribute of gratitude from the proprietors, as was formerly done in the case of Miss O'Neill, when she is to play *Lady Towley* in the "Provoked Husband," for the first time. Fawcett is to have his last benefit, and so take leave of the public on Thursday next; and Harley's night is fixed for Wednesday, for which occasion a rhyming friend of his has scribbled the following song, of which, I can positively assure you, there is not another copy extant. It is written to the very classical tune of "*Bow, wow, ewe*," and its author has entitled it

METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSES;

Or, *Municipal Mutations, modulated into a new madrigal, to an old tune.*

Things are so alter'd now-a-days, my native place I'm strange in,
For these ten years, thy features, London! have been daily changing;
And what with sometimes building up, and sometimes pulling down,
Egad! they've very nearly turn'd old London out of town!

Range, range, range

Up and down,—through London town,
You'll find they're fond of change!

Old Covent Garden Market's down, and now no more we meet

Red broken-hearted cabbages all dying in the street;

Changed is the Strand; without a' *Change*, and birds and beasts both therein,

Which once were kept by *Thomas Cross*, are all now gone to *Charing*!

Range, range, range, &c.

New London Bridge they've made so light the shades are now no more,

The old one's doom'd, which well has stood the roaring flood from *Noah*;

The Green Park has a basin form'd, with bricks throughout they've lined it,

St James's boasts its basin too, on the Palace you will find it.

Range, range, range, &c.

'Mongst other great improvements, the new Post Office I quote,

Which every man of notice will find worthy of his note;

'Tis most cleverly conducted, and it truly may be said,

That the Clerks are men of Letters, and the Postmen deeply read!

Range, range, range, &c.

St Dunstan's Giants, with their clubs, must now be soon laid low,

I'm not surpris'd they're going, though, since Clubs are all the go!

The roof is gone, the vane has fled, no tower now appears,

And soon the Clock must follow, that's been going for some years!

Range, range, range, &c.

A new museum now is built, more elegant and light,

The old blind wall, too, 's quite condemn'd, though they've preserved its site;

And though for lack of cash to dig, still half the work is undone,

The Redriff Tunnel is by far the greatest bore in London!

Range, range, range, &c.

Yet 'midst these changes far and near, which all must plainly see,

I'd gladly hope that no one here can find a change in me;

For though my character I shift, yet when with you I parley,

Believe me, that I ever am your faithful J. P. HARLEY.

Range, range, range, &c.

SUCH is the doggerel which passes current at a benefit; indeed, to this actor's credit be it written, I have known much worse compositions encored twice! My remaining Theatrical Memoranda are few and "brief as woman's love." My friend Charles Mathews has had a bareness, which deprived the public of one evening's amusement, on Friday last; but he re-appears to night, and every box is taken for many nights to come. Ducrow is drawing "golden opinions" from crowded audiences, and Sadler's Wells is rejoicing in Monsieur Chabert, the Mountebank Fire-king. Labishe has made a successful debut, for Donzelli's benefit, at the King's Theatre; and Vauxhall Gardens are to re-open with indescribable and unimaginable improvements, in about a fortnight. Mademoiselle Josephine Bartolozzi is sojourning in the rules of the King's Bench, until her hard-hearted creditors consent to her release; and the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, was on Saturday last let for the ensuing three seasons to Alexander Lee, the composer, for something like £9000

per annum. The five and twenty per cent on their salaries for ten weeks, lent by the performers to Stephen Price, Esq. late of Drury-Lane, and amounting *en masse* to about £2000, will be sold a *very great bargain*, if you are inclined to speculate.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WIND'S IN THE WEST!

THE wind's in the west! the wind's in the west!
Thank heaven, 'tis out of the east to-day!
Through April and March it blew like a pest,
But roses and summer are coming with May!

'Tis sad to observe, in the season of flowers,
Our noses, instead of our violets, blue;
And 'tis rather absurd to see birds in the bowers
All sprinkled with hailstones instead of sweet dew.

Still odder that people in light summer clothes,
Should go shivering about in a glimmer of sun,
With chilblains on fingers, and frostbitten toes,
And cheeks red and raw, like roast-beef underdone.

But the wind's in the west! the wind's in the west!
And it ripples the surface of lake and stream,
And it kisses the dew from the buttercup's breast,
And it puffs little clouds through the sky like whipt cream.

And the midges are dancing their up-and-down dance,
And little green insects are creeping about,
Some climbing up ryegrass as sharp as a lance,
And some under wither'd leaves poking their snout.

Queer little atoms of life are they,
Swarming in myriads, though nobody cares,
Nibbling whatever may come in their way,
And dying at once without any grey hairs.

The wind's in the west! and the blossoms are all
Silver and ruby on every tree!
The wind's in the west! and the white ship tall
Gleams like a palace upon the sea!

The wind's in the west! and my heart beats quick,
For my blood is warm with a richer glow;
My fancies now come clear and thick,
And many delights around me grow.

I never can lie on the breezy hill,
And all my soul on the landscape feast,
I never can follow my own blithe will
When the blast comes surly and cold from the east.

But jocund it is 'mong the leaves to be,
Up in the high branches reading a book,
Or merrily singing some melody,
That mingles its tones with the many-toned brook;

Jocund it is in a day like this,
When nature is looking her fairest and best,
When but to know that you live is bliss,
When the soul is in heaven, and the wind's in the west!
H. G. B.

TO ZERA.

By William Anderson, Author of "Poetical Aspirations."

I SAW thee, in the ball-room, deck'd in beauty, as a bride,
But another whisper'd in thine ear, and linger'd by thy side;

Then every eye was lit with smiles, and every cheek did shine—
Of all the hearts that bounded there, the saddest one was mine.

I saw thee, in the mazy dance, swim like a sunbeam by
I saw thee press another's hand, and bless another's eye;
Then, like a little child that dies, hope was for ever o'er,
And my heart was like a drifting wreck, that cannot find a shore.

Oh, bitter, bitter is the smile, that once was all mine
own,—
For ever bright to others now, and cold to me alone;
And bitter are the looks of love, which I may never share,—
Though others sun them in their light, I only wither there.

And yet, methought thine eye was dim, methought thy
cheek was pale,
Perchance one stolen look at me might make thy heart
to fall;
Perchance that heart was beating then with busy thoughts
of me—
The very flower upon thy breast was languishing like thee.

For, oh! there was a time when I was never from thy
side,
And thou wouldst let me call thee then, my beautiful,
my bride;
But hearts will change, and love grow cold, and truth
become a dream,
And all that once seem'd constancy, alas! did only seem.

Hold on thy course! and breathe thy vows to others as
to me;—
If thou wert all that once thou wert, I'd ne'er return to thee;
The captive bird comes back no more when it has broke
its chain,
And the heart that once hath fall'd in love, can never
love again.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—The members of the London Literary Fund dined together a few days ago, his Grace the Duke of Somerset in the chair, supported by Lord Milton, Messrs Shee, Hobhouse, Sotheby, Lockhart, Lytton Bulwer, Croly, Cunningham, and other distinguished individuals. Upwards of £500 were subscribed in aid of the benevolent objects of the Institution, and it was stated, that in the course of the last year, fifty-six persons had obtained relief from the fund.—The London Society of the Sons of the Clergy held its annual festival last week, when subscriptions were received to the amount of £923.—“*Captains Ready and Maitland*,” says the *Atlas*, “have fought a duel at Calais, which ended amicably after a harmless exchange of two shots each.” The first gentleman is not a captain, nor is his name *Ready*.—There has been a public meeting to petition Parliament against the renewal of the East India Company's monopoly, at which Mr Hobhouse presided. Mr Buckingham, and his friends Messrs Otway Cave, O'Connell, and Hunt, had it all their own way.—The new Hall for public meeting in the Strand is now open. The building cost about £30,000. The principal hall is capable of containing 3000 persons; there is a smaller room, which holds 600, and twenty-one offices and committee rooms. Having been built on the property of the Marquis of Exeter it is to be called Exeter Hall.—An engraving of Thomas Moore, from a portrait by Newton, which is considered an excellent likeness, has just been published.—There are said to be open nightly in the parlour of St James's no less than ten *salles*, exclusive of all the private play clubs.—Dr Chalmers, who is at present in London, to give evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the Poor Laws, preached on Sunday last to a very crowded audience at the National Scotch Church.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

On the Constitution of Church and State, according to the idea of each; with Aids towards a Right Judgment of the Catholic Bill. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq., R. A., R.S.L. One volume, post 8vo. Second Edition. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. Pp. 241.
The Revenues of the Church of England not a Burden upon the Public. London. John Murray. 1830. Pp. 104.

We doubt whether any man living has exercised so pervading an influence on the English literature of his day, as Coleridge. Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey,—Jeffrey, De Quincy, and Hazlitt,—poets, critics, moralists, and politicians,—scarcely one individual can be named, who has not, directly or indirectly, had his views and opinions formed or modified by the precepts and example of Coleridge. Yet, when we come to consult his published works, it is difficult to recognise in them the master mind which thus sways all the rest. We find, it is true, magnificent diction and imagery, comprehensive and profound views of nature,—but no clearness, no completeness. We are dazzled and astounded by his gorgeous and overwhelming thoughts, we are struck by the momentous truths which he is momentarily announcing; but we feel only half instructed. It is like listening to the voice of an oracle, which leaves us in greater doubt and confusion than we were before. We are convinced that something is to be learned of which we had previously no conception; but the mighty truth is only indicated at intervals, like the bold promontories of some mountain range, which start forth, here and there, through the shifting masses of voluminous clouds, glowing with reflected lights of gold and purple.

The key to this enigma is to be sought in the character of Coleridge's mind, the most prominent features of which are capacious intellect, high imaginative power, ambition, and indolence. His understanding seems to pervade all nature, and to take interest in all investigations, from dry enquiries into the affinities of words, numbers, and abstract forms, to those more vital questions of metaphysics, ethics, and theosophy, which haunt the mind like a passion. In all this he is aided, to a great extent, by his imagination. It is his imagination which enables him to piece all his fragments of experience into one harmonious whole, and to impart to the language in which he communicates his thoughts that spirit of poetry which elevates and sustains them. A naturally indolent frame of body, however, confirmed by indulgence, has had its usual effect of relaxing the activity of his mind, and has induced him to rest contented with being a recipient of knowledge, without adding to his acquisitions the art of communicating the fruit of his researches to others. When he does man himself to the task of writing, he lays his foundation on such a gigantic scale, that his perseverance fails long before he can complete his fabric. He generally leaves off in the middle, with a promise to conclude the subject in some yet more extensive and systematic

work, of which he has begun to consider the one in hand only a subordinate part. Thus, he proposed in his "*Biographia Literaria*" to give the history of his literary life and labours; but coming to speak of his share in the Lyrical Ballads, he enters upon an elucidation of the principles of Wordsworth's poetry; and, *apropos* of this subject, he conceives the idea of laying down canons for the criticism of poetry in general,—in order to do which systematically, he finds it necessary to set out with an enquiry into the distinction between Fancy and Imagination;—by way of preface to this investigation, he enters into a discussion of the first principles of metaphysics, and by the time he has got well through this preliminary matter, his mind misgives him, he postpones the demonstration of the difference between Fancy and Imagination till after the publication of his great work on the *Logos*, and here he abruptly terminates the whole chain of enquiry.

It is not by what he has done, but by what he has suggested, orally and in books, in prose and in verse, that Coleridge has given direction to the literary energy of the day. Although he has completed nothing, yet every sentence teems with the germs of thought, which have ripened in other minds, though not in his own. It is impossible to read a page in his works, without being set a-thinking; and every now and then we stumble upon some fragment of clear and weighty ratiocination. The work now before us, the perusal of which has set us upon recalling the peculiarities of one to whom we owe so much, is like all its predecessors. It is a bundle of fragments. It is the continuation of an attempt to state a fundamental principle in political science, which the author strove, but in vain, to express clearly, first, in the *Morning Post*, and afterwards in the *Friend*. He has succeeded this time in bringing it a little more into tangible form; but he is still any thing rather than clear.

The work consists of two parts. The first, which occupies the greater part of the volume, is devoted to the elucidation of a theory of the British constitution in Church and State; the second, which is brief enough, contains an attempt to demonstrate that the late Catholic bill does not infringe upon any fundamental principle of that constitution.

Passing over some preliminary generalities, explanatory of the difference between the words *idea* and *conception*, and also of the doctrine of a social contract, Mr Coleridge comes to speak of the English Constitution. "It is," he remarks, "the chief of many blessings derived from the insular character and circumstances of our country, that our social institutions have formed themselves out of our proper needs and interests; that, long and fierce as the birth-struggle and the growing pains have been, the antagonist powers have been of our own system, and have been allowed to work out their final balance with less disturbance from external forces than was possible in the continental states." He also lays down the maxim, that—"In order to correct views respecting the Constitution, in the more enlarged sense of the term, viz. the Constitution of the *nation*, we must, in addition to a grounded knowledge of the *state*, have a

right idea of the *national church*. These are two poles of the same magnet; the magnet itself, which is constituted by them, is the *CONSTITUTION* of the nation." With regard to the constitution of the *state*, in its narrower acceptance, as opposed to the church, he proceeds upon the principle, that, "in every country of civilized men, acknowledging the rules of property, and by means of determined boundaries and common laws united into one people and nation, the two antagonist powers, or opposite interests, of the state, under which all other state interests are comprised, are those of *PERMANENCE* and *PROGRESSION*." He points out briefly the causes which connect, on the one hand, the permanence of a state with land or landed property; and on the other, its progression with the mercantile, manufacturing, distributive, and professional classes. He thus divides the citizens of the state into two orders:—to the one, he gives the appellation of the *Agricultural Interest*; to the other—"as the exponent of all movable and personal possessions, including skill and acquired knowledge"—he gives the name of the *Personal Interest*. These two classes represent, and, in the national council, manage, all the interests of the state. "On these facts, which must at all times have existed, though in very different degrees of prominence or maturity, the principle of our Constitution was established. The total interests of the country, the interests of the *state*, were intrusted to a great Council, or Parliament, composed of two houses—the first consisting exclusively of the major barons, who at once stood as the guardians and sentinels of their several estates and privileges, and the representatives of the common weal;—the minor barons, or Franklins, too numerous, and yet individually too weak, to sit and maintain their rights in person, were to choose, among the worthiest of their own body, representatives, and these in such number as to form an important, though minor, proportion of a second house—the majority of which was formed by the representatives chosen by the cities, ports, and boroughs." By this means, the balance was maintained between the conflicting claims of the permanent and the progressive classes.

Turning next to consider the Church as an integral portion of the national Constitution, the author remarks: "It was common to all the primitive races, that, in taking possession of a new country, and in the division of the land into heritable estates among the individual warriors or heads of families, a reserve should be made for the nation itself. The sum total of these heritable portions, appropriated each to an individual lineage, I beg leave to name the *PAORATRY*; and to call the reserve above-mentioned the *NATIONALITY*; and likewise to employ the term *wealth*, in that primary and wide sense which it retains in the term *Commonwealth*. In the establishment, then, of the landed *proprietarys*, a *nationality* was at the same time constituted,—as a *wealth*, not consisting of lands, but yet derivative from the land, and rightfully inseparable from the same." The body in whom the right to this reserve was vested—the Church—Mr Coleridge calls, in the constitutional language of the country, "the third great venerable estate of the realm."

"As in the first state," says Mr Coleridge, "the permanency of the nation was provided for, and in the second estate, its progressiveness and personal freedom; while in the king the cohesion by interdependence and the unity of the country were established; there remains for the third estate, only that interest which is the ground, the necessary antecedent condition, of both the former. Now, these depend on a continuing and progressive civilisation. But civilisation is itself but a mixed good, if not far more a corrupting influence, the hectic of disease, not the bloom of health, and a nation so distinguished ought more fitly to be called a varnished than a polished people; where this civilisation is not grounded in *cultivation*, in the harmonious development of those qualities and faculties which characterise our humanity. We must be men in order to be citizens.

"The nationality, therefore, was reserved for the support and maintenance of a permanent class or order, with the following duties. A certain smaller number were to

remain at the fountain-heads of the humanities, cultivating and enlarging the knowledge already possessed, and watching over the interests of physical and moral science; being likewise the instructors of such as constituted, or were to constitute, the remaining more numerous classes of the order. This latter, and far more numerous body, were to be distributed throughout the country, so as not to leave even the smallest integral part or division without a resident guide, guardian, and instructor; the objects and final intention of the whole order being these—to preserve the stores, to guard the treasures of past civilisation, and thus to bind the present with the past; to perform and add to the same, and thus to connect the present with the future; but especially to diffuse through the whole community, and to every native entitled to its laws and rights, that quantity and quality of knowledge which was indispensable both for the understanding of those rights, and the performance of the duties correspondent. Finally, to secure for the nation, if not superiority over the neighbouring states, yet an equality at least, in that character of general civilisation which equally with, or rather more than, fleets, armies, and revenue forms the ground of its defensive and offensive power. The object of the two former estates of the realm, which conjointly form the *STATE*, was to reconcile the interest of permanence with that of progression—law with liberty. The object of the *National Church*, the third remaining estate of the realm, was to secure and improve that civilisation, without which the nation could be neither permanent nor progressive."

This is Mr Coleridge's view of the character and rights of a national church. The conclusion drawn from these premises by Mr Coleridge is, that there are only two things which disqualify a man for discharging this great national trust:—"The first is allegiance to a foreign power the second, the abjuration—under the command and authority of this power, and as by the rule of their order its professed lieges (*alligati*)—of that bond, which, more than all other ties, connects the citizen, which, beyond all other securities, affords the surest pledge to the state for the fealty of its citizens, and that which enables the state to calculate on their constant adhesion to its interests, and to rely on their faith and singleness of heart in the due execution of whatever public or national trust might be assigned to them—the marriage tie." In virtue of these disqualifying circumstances, he not only denounces individuals of the Romish as incapable of holding office in our national church, but denounces the church collectively as incapable of supplying the place of a national church.

The remainder of the first part of the work is devoted to fixing the extent of power possessed by our legislative bodies to innovate upon the laws of the land, in which he successfully shows the illegality of their attempting to alter the great landmarks of the constitution.—The second part of the work, entitled "Aids towards a right judgment on the late Catholic bill," is occupied with an attempt—we think a successful one—to reconcile the author's approbation of that measure with the doctrine maintained in the first part. Into this question, however, we have not left ourselves room to enter. On the whole, we take leave of Mr Coleridge, after a careful perusal of this volume, with renewed impressions of his genius, although we are fully prepared to find, that, if noticed at all, the work will be noticed sneeringly or malignantly.

The pamphlet, whose title we have also copied at the head of this article, is temperately and elegantly written and will be found an interesting appendix to Mr Coleridge's work.

Three Courses and a Dessert. The Decorations by George Cruikshank. London. Vizetelly, Branston and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 432.

Will such of our readers as have not seen this be have the kindness to mention what they suppose its contents to be, judging by its title? "Three Courses and a Dessert, the Decorations by George Cruikshank," is

naturally be supposed to be a cookery-book, with woodcuts representing flesh, fish, and fowl; but this natural and almost inevitable supposition is a thousand miles wide of the mark. We have often been enraged at the unintelligibility of a man's signature, but mere unintelligibility is a venial fault compared with the palpable mystification of this most affected title. The work entitled "Three Courses and a Dessert," good reader, is neither more nor less than a series of tales, grave and gay, English and Irish, clever and stupid. The "Decorations" are a number of very lively caricatures, by Cruikshank, from designs by the author himself, and give the book a value independent of the diversified nature of the letter-press. Humour is the staple commodity of the work, and, on the whole, the article it brings to market is so good that there ought to be a demand for it. As a specimen, we select the following amusing story, not, however, because it is the best we can find, but because its length is suited to our limits:

THE DEAF POSTILION.

"In the month of January 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the north road, caught a cold through sleeping without his nightcap; deafness was, eventually, the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost twenty thousand pounds and a handsome wife through Joey Duddle's indiscretion, in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his sixpenny woollen nightcap.

Joey did not discontinue driving after his misfortune; his eyes and his spurs were, generally speaking, of more utility in his monotonous avocation than his ears. His stage was, invariably, nine miles up the road, or 'a long fifteen' down towards Gretna; and he had repeated his two rides so often, that he could have gone over the ground blindfold. People in chaises are rarely given to talking with their postilions. Joey knew, by experience, what were the two or three important questions in posting, and the usual times and places when and where they were asked; and he was always prepared with the proper answers. At those parts of the road where objects of interest to strangers occurred, Joey faced about on his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon him, their lips in motion, and their fingers pointing towards a gentleman's seat, a fertile valley, a beautiful stream, or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed that they were in the act of enquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood, was called; and he replied according to the fact. The noise of the wheels was a very good excuse for such trifling blunders as Joey occasionally made; and whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dexterously contrived, by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand-horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced a purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that he was asking a question, to which it was his duty to reply, 'Nineteen and sixpence,' or 'Two-and-twenty shillings,' according as the job had been 'the short up' or the 'long down.' If any more questions were asked, Joey suddenly recollected something that demanded his immediate attention, begged pardon, promised to be back in a moment, and disappeared, never to return. The natural expression of his features indicated a remarkably taciturn disposition: almost every one with whom he came in contact, was deterred, by his physiognomy, from asking him any but necessary questions, and as he was experienced enough to answer, or cunning enough to evade these, when he thought fit, but few travellers ever discovered that Joey Duddle was deaf. So blind is man in some cases, even to his bodily defects, that Joey, judging from his general success in giving correct replies to the queries propounded to him, almost doubted his own infirmity, and never would admit that he was above one point beyond 'a little hard of hearing.'

"On the first of June, in the year 1806, about 9 o'clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first-rate Gretna Green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the postboys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses in a hurry; but, unfortunately, the innkeeper had only Joey and his tits at home; and as the four horses which brought the chaise from the last posting-house had already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on through so heavy a stage as the 'long down.'

"How excessively provoking!" exclaimed one of the

passengers; 'I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips,—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry postboys,—drives me frantic!'

"A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?" observed the inquisitive landlord.

"The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds:—'one-half of which,' continued the gentleman, 'I would freely give, if I had it, to be at this instant behind four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed.'

"I can assure you, sir," said the landlord, 'that a fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes, perhaps, and certainly within half an hour—'

"Half an hour! half a minute's delay might ruin me," replied the gentleman; 'I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one:—dash on, postilion!'

"Before this short conversation between the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses,—which were, of course, kept harnessed,—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye upon the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perforce, adopted by the most praiseworthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so of their journey. But the pair over which Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied, that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding milestone; he ceased to put his head out of the window every five minutes, and gaze anxiously up the road; he already anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crush, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause occurred, in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was, for a moment or two, utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axletree, &c. &c., with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind-wheel-springs and carriage, had snapped asunder; the whole of the fore parts, were instantly dragged on wards by the horses; the traces by which the body was attached to the fore springs gave way; the chaise fell forward, and, of course, remained stationary, with its contents, in the middle of the road; while the deaf postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacancy before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

"Alarmed and indignant in the highest degree, at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion; but Joey, although still but a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever; his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers,—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive, at a glance, that his passengers were runaway lovers,—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn which terminated the 'long down,' Joey, as usual, put his horses upon their mettle, and they, having nothing but a fore carriage and a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

"It was not until he drew up to the inn door and alighted from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster; and nothing could equal the utter astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind wheels ought to have been, for above a minute, and then suddenly started down the road on foot under an idea that he must very recently have dropped them. On nearing a little elevation, which commanded above two miles of the ground over which he had come, he found, to his utter dismay, that no traces of the

main body of his chaise were perceptible; nor could he discover his passengers, who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the young lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into a neighbouring hay-loft, where he hid himself, in despair, for three days; and when discovered, he was with great difficulty persuaded by his master, who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip, and return to his saddle."

Several pieces of rhyme are scattered through the volume. The following *jeu-d'esprit* is not unworthy the facetious Thomas Hood himself:

THE DOS-A-DOS TETE-A-TETE.

"My wife loathes pickled pork, and I hate ham;
I doat on pancakes—she likes fritters:
And thus, alas! just like my morning dram,
The evening of my life is *dash'd with bitters!*"

"Old as we are, the ninnyhammer wants
To teach me French—and I won't learn it;
My nightly path, where'er I roam, she haunts,
And grudges me my glass, though well I earn it."

"The other day, while sitting back to back,
She roused me from my short sweet slumbers,
By taxing me at such a rate, good lack!
And summing up her griefs in these sad numbers:—

"Though you lay your head thus against mine,
You hate me, you brute, and you know it:
But why not in secret repine,
Instead of delighting to show it?—
You question my knowledge of French,
And won't believe 'rummage' is cheese:—
Why can't you look cool on 'the wench?'
To me you're all *shiver-de-freeze!*"

"When around you quite fondly I've clung,
You have oftentimes said in a rage,
Such folly may do for the young,
But I take it to be *bad-in-age!*
A reticule bag if I buy,
(A trifle becoming each belle,)
'At Jericho, madam, you cry,
'I wish you, and your *bag-at-elle!*'"

"When I had in some cordials, so rich!—
With letters all labell'd quite handy;
Says you, 'I'll enquire, you old witch,
If O D V doesn't mean brandy!'—
Whenever I wish to repose,
You rouse me, you wretch! with a sneeze;
And lastly, if I *doze-a-doze,*
To vex me, you just *whetee-a-whoetee.*"

We hope that this book, notwithstanding its ridiculous title, will be treated, not with *three curses*, but according to its *desert*.

Memoirs of a Gentlewoman of the Old School. By a Lady. Two vols. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

THE lady who writes this book is in her 77th year, and all we can say of it is, that it is a creditable enough production for so venerable a person. It is gossip, and probably not unamusing; though the facts to us, grave and reverend signors that we are, appear too small and unimportant to merit much consideration. The authoress seems to have lived, unmarried, principally in England, but for a time also on the Continent, and has occupied her age with recounting the gaieties of her youth, and the adventures of her maturer years. We select two extracts of rather an entertaining kind. The first is entitled

A MARVELLOUS STORY.

"I was bred up in a dislike of the marvellous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dealt so much in the marvellous, that it induced another to give him a lesson.

"'I was once,' said he, 'engaged in a skirmishing party

in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me: the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others, and the well-known saying of 'Divide, and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged with mutual fury; I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result; in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet; in this short space of time, the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels,—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare,—but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up; for on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures; I plainly perceived smoke curling up amongst the trees, I redoubled my speed, I prayed to Heaven, I felt assured my prayer would be granted—but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round!—Here the gentleman, who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past his endurance; he called out, 'Well, sir, and you killed him also?'—'No, sir—he killed me.'—Vol. i. p. 18-20.

Our other extract sheweth how a lady may communicate the tidings of a great victory without being believed:

THE FIRST NEWS OF LORD RODNEY'S VICTORY.

"About this time we received the news of the great victory of Lord Rodney in the West Indies. His messenger was landed near B——; he sent to desire my father would meet him, without the gate of the city, in half an hour; that he was the bearer of dispatches from Lord Rodney, and must set out for London as soon as four horses could be ready for him. My father, whose heart was in his profession, did not delay a moment; the news was whispered to him, requiring secrecy for two hours, that the news he brought might not precede him to the Admiralty; my father returned home, where he found me setting out on a visit to my sister. As the two hours of restriction were past, he imparted the good news to me, allowing me to make it public at the first town where I should change horses. At this day I remember my sensations on the journey; every horseman that passed me riding fast, I thought had heard the news, and was hastening to proclaim it; it was, indeed, glorious news. His lordship had obtained a complete victory over the French fleet commanded by De G——, had taken and destroyed many of their best ships, amongst them the *Ville de Paris*, of 120 guns. The first town I came to was a large one, it had its mayor and alderman, the assizes were held there, and, moreover, just then some troops were quartered in it, and I was acquainted with the commanding officer. I quitted the chaise while the horses were changing, and dispatched two messengers, one to the mayor and the other to the major; both came in a few minutes. I had composed a proper speech, but my trepidation destroyed the graces of oratory; however, in a few words, I informed them of the good news I brought, naming my authorities. How their composed countenances discomposed me: one said, he hoped the news was true; the other, 'We shall know more soon!'—'You cannot know more than I tell you,' said I, rather saucily; they took their departure, and I pursued my journey.

"Never had a prettier castle been destroyed; my fancy had pictured to me a whole town rejoicing, bells ringing, hearts of candle-merchants rejoiced by orders for candles to illuminate, and neighbours running to neighbours to spread the news. Nothing like it: it was supposed a young lady's report, which, of course, must savour of exaggeration; and to wait for confirmation was determined upon; so the bell-ropes were unpulled, and no more candles lighted that night than for the usual purposes; it was so provoking, too, that a piece of news almost unprecedented for its exactness should not have produced a better and more instantaneous effect; but disappointment was then more of a novelty to me than it has been since."—Vol. i. pp. 150-2.

If our readers feel inclined, from the above specimens, to peruse more of this book, it may be obtained by application to their bookseller.

Imilda de' Lambertazzi; and other Poems. By Sophia Mary Bigsby. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 200.

Miss BIGSBY is a young lady of the L. E. L. school, but she has not so much genius as Miss Landon. The first and longest poem in the book is in the same verse as the Improvisatrice, and is divided into three Parts. The story is abundantly simple, and founded upon an incident common enough in Italian history—that of two young people of hostile families falling in love with each other, and having their affection brought to a tragic end. There is not stamina enough in such an incident for a poem of much vigour, unless, as in the case of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," it be built up and surrounded with many circumstances of the author's own creation. Miss Bigsby trusts to nothing but the sympathy of her readers, and a belief that they will never tire of verse, in which, as the Ettrick Shepherd says, "love is a' the theme." Seem to say, the young ladies of the present generation hesitate not to talk of love in a style which would have made their grandmothers blush. They, of course, mean nothing but the most perfect platonism; yet we cannot help thinking that such platonism is apt to be dangerous. Let us, for example, look at the manner in which Miss Bigsby's Imilda de' Lambertazzi, who was a pattern of propriety, spends her time when she meets with her lover:

"Alone!—ah, it was no longer so!—
She hath reach'd the leaf-woven portico,—
She hath cross'd its threshold,—and gracefully there
Leant the form of her dark-eyed cavalier,
Her own loved Fazio:—What now unto her
Were the tasteless pleasures this world might confer?
Dwelt not *her world* in the eagle eye
Now fix'd upon hers so tenderly?—
Dwelt not *her world* in the circling fold
Of her arm, as in fondness, uncontrol'd,
His worshipp'd form to her heart she prest,
And sank, all trembling, on his breast,
Hiding her cheek's vermilion dye,
Where her image was shrined so faithfully?"

We submit to Miss Bigsby, and also to Miss Bigsby's grandmamma, likewise to her maiden aunt, and, moreover, to her uncle by the father's side, that Imilda should not have put her arm round Fazio in the "leaf-woven portico," and that, as for "pressing his form to her breast," it was really very shocking conduct, or, at least, one of those things which, if a young lady thinks fit to do, should not be spoken of by her friends. Imilda de' Lambertazzi, however, had a trick of catching hold of her Fazio's "worshipped form" in a very tender manner, as witness the following lines:

"Some inward feeling seem'd to thrill
Through her very soul as, all silent still,
On his shoulder sunk her drooping head—
Was it to hide the blush which spread
O'er her young cheek?—was it in fear
That her answer should speak too plainly there?
He knew not;—he only felt her hold
Grow yet more firm, and in that fold,
Oh! who may tell the vast excess
Of his spirit's o'erflowing happiness!
Long, long in that fond embrace they stood,
Both yielding to the boundless flood
Of feelings, whose vivid warmth confest
Love's empire o'er each glowing breast."

Far be it from us to say that a "dark-eyed cavalier" is not a most delightful object, or that a lady's "vermilion cheek" should never be hid on his breast, or that there is not something very fine in standing in a "long embrace," and in a "boundless flood of feelings," and a "glow-

ing breast," and so forth;—on the contrary, we mean not to deny that it would give us the most exquisite delight to find ourselves in such a situation, either with Imilda de' Lambertazzi or Miss Sophia Mary Bigsby; but this is not the question. The point in dispute is, whether it be altogether decorous for the said Sophia to betray the confidence of her heroine, and to mention publicly what Imilda de' Lambertazzi never expected would have been known beyond the precincts of the "leaf-woven portico." It has become fashionable now-a-days to describe love merely through the medium of its outward symbols, such as "burning blushes," "passionate sighs," "lava tears," "beating hearts," and other corporeal affections, the fact being altogether overlooked that "these indeed seem," but that there is "that within which passeth show"—something below this mere surface-work, much more worth describing, and much more deserving the attention of the true poet. We do not particularly blame Miss Bigsby for falling into the popular error; she has only followed the example that has been set her by some of her seniors. Should she ever come before the public again, however, she would do well to avoid it.

Some of the minor pieces in this volume are pretty, and indicate a good deal of poetical feeling. As a favourable specimen, we extract the following:

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Forget them not! though now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.—MRS HEMANS.

"The Memory of the Dead!
It shall not pass away,
As pass all thoughts which time and change
Hold 'neath their earthly sway.

"The Memory of the Dead!
Still round the heart 'twill cling—
A flower—whose fadeless bloom
Shall know no withering.

"The one undying flower
'Mid all earth's sweets, which still
May cheer the faint and fetter'd soul,
When crush'd with human ill.

"The Memory of the Dead
Shall it not oft arise,
When Slumber's wand unveils
Her hidden mysteries?

"Oft shall sweet visions bless
Our dreams of night;
Then shall loved forms again
Gladden our sight!

"Then may we watch again
Ev'ry look, ev'ry tone,
All that we once had deem'd—
Vainly—our own!

"The Memory of the Dead!
Oh! strongly it dwells
In our lone wanderings
O'er earth's green dells:

"When we gaze on each fair scene
Loved by the quiet dead,
And trace the very spots
Hallow'd by their light tread!

"Oh! thus shall ever live
Their memory in the heart,
A treasure held within the depths
Of its least worldly part!"

If Miss Bigsby be very young, her writings will doubtless acquire additional strength and value by and by.

Literary Recollections. By the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S. &c. Two vols. 8vo. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. 1830.

This is a large book made out of small materials. But the Rev. Richard Warner being of a communicative disposition, no doubt thought it his duty to put into print many things which may have interested himself, but which, we fear, will interest no one else. The truth is, that Mr Warner's "Literary Recollections" are necessarily of a limited nature, for he has not, in the whole course of his life, known many literary people, at least people of such eminence as to make their sayings and doings worthy of being recorded. Some of our readers may perhaps ask—"Who is the Rev. Richard Warner?" We can only answer, that he is the Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts,—that he is a member of the Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem,—and that he is the author of the "Companion in a Tour round Lymington," of the "Southampton Guide," of an "Abridged Civil and Natural History of the Isle of Wight," of "Hampshire extracted from Doomsday Book," of "Netley Abbey, a Gothic Story," and of several other works of a similar kind. Mr Warner is therefore a very eminent man, and was well entitled to write his own Memoirs. But, moreover, he was acquainted with Dr Parr, and this seems to have been his great inducement to take up the pen. He knew a good number of other persons of less notoriety, and has, in the volumes before us, made

"A fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot;"

but Dr Parr was the sun round which he and the other satellites revolved, and for the sake of the Doctor's acquaintance, we verily believe that Mr Warner would have even sacrificed the honour of ranking as a member of the Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem. Nevertheless, our author's recollections of Dr Parr are, after all, meagre and superficial enough, though they are certainly the best part of his book, seeing that the rest of it is, for the most part, little better than twaddle concerning people whom nobody cares one farthing about. We make one extract:

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR PARR.

"Many were the days of social delight which I passed in the company of Dr Parr, whilst he continued in Bath; but one, in particular, remains traced on my memory, in the brightest colours. He had promised to dine at my cottage. I was aware of his partiality for the society of men younger than himself; and a few friends, far inferior to the Doctor in years, but quite qualified to be his companions, gave him the meeting. All was sunshine. Every thing chanced to please him. The dishes were to his heart's content. The wine (of which, however, he always drank but little) was old and highly flavoured; and I had provided a large stock of common shag tobacco, which he always chose rather than the most genuine 'custer.' He had, too, what he preferred to all besides, the attention, admiration, and honest open-hearted converse, of sensible young men. I never saw him before or afterwards in such gallant spirits. Every puff of his pipe was a prelude to a pointed joke, an apt quotation, or a capital story. One of the latter he dwelt upon with great delight, and related with the most minute particularity. Its burden was a *bull-baiting*, for which practice he candidly confessed he had ever a secret, but unconquerable predilection. 'You see,' said he, pulling up his loose coat-sleeve above his elbow, and exposing his vast, muscular, and hirsute arm to the gaze of the company—'You see that I am a kind of taurine man, and must, therefore, be naturally addicted to the sport.' The baiting had occurred at Cambridge, during one of his latter visits to the University. His anxiety to witness it was uncontrollable; but, as his personal appearance on the arena could not be thought of, he hired a garret near the place of exhibition, disrobed himself of his academical dress, put a nightcap on his head, in the lieu of his *notorious wig*; and thus disguised, enjoyed, from the elevated window, his favourite amusement, in secrecy and solitude.

"I was well aware the Doctor had great pleasure in a

rubber of *posny whist*; at which he either was, or believed himself to be, a great proficient. In the evening, therefore, the card-table was prepared. Fortune decreed that he should have me for a partner. For a time, I presume, I committed no heinous breach of the laws of Hoyle; as the business of the board of green cloth went on regularly and satisfactorily. Ambitious, however, to impress my partner with an idea of my consummate knowledge of the game, I made a *finesse*. It failed, and we lost the rubber. The Doctor, knitting his mighty brows, inflicted upon me one of his Gorgon looks; and most caustically exclaimed—'Dick, you have all the cunning of a Bath sharper, without his skill.' Happily for my re-instatement in his favour, his next hand of cards was a brilliant one. The features of his disturbed physiognomy assumed their natural arrangement; and in a tone of conciliation he mildly said: 'I acquit you of *trickery*, Richard: would that I could of *stupidity*!—however, I believe your intention was good, and that's no mean praise.'—Vol. ii. p. 186-8.

Whilst it will be obvious from what we have already said, that we have no great idea of the comprehensiveness of Mr Warner's intellect, it is but fair to add, that he appears to be an amiable and conscientious man, who would not "set down aught in malice," and if he does no good, will at least do no harm.

The Barony. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. 1830.

CHANGED as all things are in the novel-reading world since Miss Porter first began to write, there is, nevertheless, a numerous class who will hail with pleasure a new work of fiction from her pen. We are glad to be able to say that they will not be disappointed in "The Barony." It is an interesting and well-told story, and, in our opinion, possesses additional attractions, from being connected with a part of the national history of Great Britain. The tale opens in 1685, and in its progress the scene changes from Wales to the Court of James II., introducing us to the principal personages of the time. The history of Monmouth's rebellion forms a prominent feature of the novel, and the enmity existing between the Catholics and Protestants is fully developed, and skillfully made use of, to heighten the effect of the general picture. We should have been glad to have entered into a fuller account of this work, but as our space to-day forbids, we prefer noticing it briefly, rather than passing it over altogether. We can assure our readers that they will find "The Barony" worthy of the reputation of Miss Porter.

Letters from Nova Scotia; comprising Sketches of a Young Country. By Captain W. Moorsom, 59d Light Infantry. One vol. 8vo. Pp. 371. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

We have great objections to a sensible and intelligent man (and Captain Moorsom is evidently both) throwing together the whole of his observations, made during a long sojourn in an interesting territory, into the form of letters to his friends. In the first place, because the form of a letter is the worst possible for conveying solid instruction; in the second place, because there is a degree of childishness and want of originality in the notion of inscribing each chapter with the name of a fictitious correspondent, (as appears to be the case in the present instance,) conjoined up to take an interest in the subject of which it treats; and, in the third place, because such a procedure gives a book the air of a work of fiction. The only countervailing advantage offered by the epistolary style is, that it affords scope for much elegant and playful matter, which could not, perhaps, be fitly introduced in any other way; but Captain Moorsom, though a sagacious and clear-headed man, is, God wot, far from being either witty or vivacious.

There is, however, much really valuable matter in this little work, and it deserves well to be read, as adding ma-

terially to our knowledge of our North American possessions. It contains full, and apparently accurate, notices of the state of society, the mercantile, agricultural, and manufacturing resources, and the legislative, religious, and educational institutions of the provinces of Nova Scotia. The author's reflections evince a mind well cultivated, and raised above the prejudices with which many of our countrymen mingle among foreigners. He knows likewise to make allowance for circumstances, and does not, like some others, rail at a new country because it wants the compactness and finish of an old one. A map, and two or three clever sketches, are given as illustrations to the work.

Le Musée Français. Recueil de 343 Planches d'après les plus beaux Tableaux et les plus belles Statues qui existaient au Louvre, avant 1815. Paris, Publié par A. et W. Galignani. Londres, Publié par Joseph Ogle Robinson.

It is not yet a year since we announced the intended publication of this work, and the whole of the numbers are already upon our table. This is business-like, and as it should be. It is, moreover, a much more sensible fashion of replacing to the French public the loss it sustained by the dismantling of the Louvre, than indulging, like the writers in their most popular periodicals, in declamation about the injustice of the robbery, when every body knows it was but a vindication on the part of the nations of their plundered rights—an action dictated alike by regard to the interests of art as of justice.

The present work, being in truth merely a reprint of the splendid one issued under Napoleon's auspices, with regard to the merits of which, artists and connoisseurs have long made up their minds, it would be coming behind the fair to enter into a lengthened critique. It is in a high degree worthy of praise and patronage. Viewing it, however, as a test of the present state of engraving in France, we would say that while we recognise in the accuracy and general neatness of the mechanical details, and the average feeling of the beauties of art indicated in the plates, the same respectable powers which the diffusion of education has spread throughout Europe, and occasionally a burst of something more genial, we have to lament the absence of decided expression, and not unfrequently the presence of a mistiness in the general effect—the consequence, it may be, occasionally, of the plate having been too long used, but undeniably at times of a weak, undecided, scratchy style of handling the *graveur*. The statues are the least satisfactory part of the work. The engraving is fine, but the drawing uniformly bad. We will be bound to produce from the Trustees' Academy here six of the pupils who could do them decidedly better. The landscapes are in general most successful—and many of them are delightful. On the whole, the work affords as good a succedaneum for those who have it not in their power to see the originals, as any of the kind we have seen.

Sermons on the Dangers and Duties of a Christian. To which are added, Remarks on the Prospects and Present State of Parties in the Church of England. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, B.A. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 283.

If we review all the books of sermons which are published in Scotland—and we make it a rule to do so—we are afraid we must leave the great majority of those which come out in the sister kingdom to shift for themselves. We are, nevertheless, always glad to see or hear of any new and respectable volume of sermons; for, as in the Jewish Temple there was “no sound of hammer, axe, or of any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building,” so does God, in the same mysterious silence,

carry on, secretly and unobservedly, his purposes of grace in a tumultuous world. We have glanced over Mr Neale's book with much satisfaction. He is a sincere, devout, and impressive writer, and conscientiously determined to be active and useful in his arduous profession.

Perkin Warbeck; or, The Court of James the Fourth of Scotland. An Historical Romance. By Alexander Campbell. 3 vols. London. A. K. Newman and Co. 1830.

THE literature of Leadenhall Street has of late years fallen into and disrepute; yet may it boast, with no small pride, of having once possessed a Mary Ann Radcliffe, a Charlotte Smith, and a Francis Lathom. But the “*ingenus gloria Teucrorum*” is past; and, to parody the words of Moore, the occasional romance falling still-born from the press, is now the only proof that still it lives. We do not go the length of saying that our countryman Mr Alexander Campbell is destined to revive its happier days, but certainly his “*Perkin Warbeck*,” had it come from New Burlington instead of Leadenhall Street, would not have disgraced the aspiring publishers of that more classical region. He has written a lively story, illustrative of Scottish life and manners some four centuries ago; and if he has not a mind of a very comprehensive cast, or a pencil capable of sketching the bolder outlines of character, he is not without some quickness of perception, and a reasonable supply of native humour. We have read many worse books than “*Perkin Warbeck*,” and could mention several writers of historical romances a good deal inferior to Alexander Campbell.

The Christian Review and Clerical Magazine, No. XIV. London. L. B. Seeley and Son; and R. B. Seeley and Burnside. April 1830.

The Dying Franciscan. A Tale founded on facts. London. R. B. Seeley and Burnside. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 91.

SINFUL men that we are! we confess we had not read the *Christian Review* till we received the fourteenth Number. Judging from the specimen before us, we are now able to say that it appears to be a work of talent and respectability. The writers may, perhaps, be considered by some as a little too zealous and fervent in the doctrines they maintain; but this is a fault which leans to virtue's side.—“*The Dying Franciscan*” is an interesting and well-told tale of a religious character, extracted from the present Number of the *Christian Review*, and published separately in a neat shape.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

LETTER FROM A TRAVELLING DUTCHMAN TO HIS CORRESPONDENT AT HAERLEM.

Edinburgh, May 25, 1830.

MY DEAR CORRESPONDENT,—From the enclosed letter, —which you will see is dated Aberdeen, and which I should have forwarded to you from that place, had a proper opportunity occurred, you will learn what I have been doing, in the way of business, since I came to Scotland. You will receive my packet by Captain Smith, who sails from Leith this afternoon, and as I have an idle half-hour upon my hands before the porter calls, I think I cannot employ it better than in giving you some account of the General Assembly of the Kirk, which always creates a temporary bustle in Edinburgh at this season of the year. From the intimate connexion which formerly subsisted between our own native country and the Presbyterian

Church of Scotland, you may suppose that I willingly availed myself of the present opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of our western neighbours in their supreme ecclesiastical judicatory.

By a lucky accident, I had taken my passage from Aberdeen in a steam-boat, where I had for my fellow-passengers a whole northern synod, bound for the metropolis. You will probably suppose that I felt somewhat awkward among so many grave divines, but the truth is, I was the only grave man of the party myself. My companions evidently considered themselves as men whose business it was to enjoy, to the utmost limits which discretion would permit, their short relaxation from the cares of their pastoral charge. An excellent breakfast soon furnished a happy occasion for the exercise of their social talents; and though I had often heard the Aberdonians praised for the keenness of their wit, I now discovered, for the first time, that they were, or at least deserved to be, equally famous for the keenness of their appetite. But though breakfast certainly did last an unconscionable time, it could not last for ever; and the conversation, as soon as it ceased to be a reciprocal demand for eggs, rolls, tea, toast, butter, ham, and salmon, naturally turned upon the ensuing General Assembly, and such subjects as would probably come before it for discussion. The characters of the Moderator, the principal speakers, and probable leaders, then came under review; and I now discovered, from the strong leaning which they showed toward certain principles, and the partiality which they manifested for certain individuals, that my friends were *moderate*—a discovery which affected me with no small astonishment; but I trust they have better claims to so honourable an epithet in ecclesiastical legislation, than in the enjoyment of creature comforts. On the subject of leaders, the following conversation took place.

"Will the Moderates, think ye, be satisfied with Dr Cook for their leader this year?" asked a smart young man, with rosy cheeks, and a well-brushed coat, who evidently felt the importance which he was about to assume, in sitting, for the first time, as a legislator of the church.

"I fear we must," replied his aged neighbour, shrugging his shoulders, as if but half-pleased with the arrangement.

"For my own part," observed a third, with a smile, "I can see no great hardship in the case. Dr Cook is an impressive and a ready speaker; he is intimately acquainted with the laws of the church, and with the forms of church courts; and really, in the absence of Dr Inglis, and since the delicate health of our own Dr Mearns prevents him from assuming in the Assembly that attitude which his high talents and eminent learning would entitle him to take, I do not see that we could have a better leader."

Here my young friend muttered something about half measures, indecision, pseudo-moderation, and hinted that Principal Macfarlan had a better title than Dr Cook to the confidence of the Moderate party.

"I grant you," returned the former speaker, "the Principal is clear-headed, sagacious, honest; but he wants the tact to perceive, or the skill to avail himself of those little accidents which often give to a debate a character materially different from what it originally possessed. Besides, his stiffness and pomposity, though they do not act much to his prejudice upon great occasions, disqualify him for managing the minor details of business and ordinary debate."

"Fortunately, the *wild* men are much worse off for leaders this year than we are," remarked a pot-bellied little gentleman, who had at length left off coquetting with the bone of a broiled fish, which had occupied his attention long after the rest of the company had ceased all offensive operations.

"That is true," replied another. "Their great men are off the field. Thomson is not a member—Chalmers

is in London, preaching before the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir Robert Peel, and cramming his poor laws down the capacious throats of our worthy senators—and who is there left, with the exception of Lord Moncreiff, who can either think, speak, or act, in a business-like manner?"

"Ay, but his lordship is in himself a host," observed the old gentleman whom I have already mentioned—

"Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread, Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?"

Besides, lads, notoriously *moderate* as our whole synod is known to be, it must be admitted, between ourselves, that among the High there are as talented men as in our own party. Even in the present Assembly they have Dr Gordon,—a man who, with a little attention to the forms of business, and with less diffidence in his own powers of commanding the attention of church courts, might add a fresh wreath to the laurels which his pulpit eloquence has already secured to him. I never heard him speak in a church court but once, in the Edinburgh Presbytery, on the Catholic question; and I have seldom heard, in the Assembly or elsewhere, an abler or more interesting speech."

From the general conversation which ensued, I learned that Dr Cook was to lead the Moderate party—that Mr Thomson of Dundee was to order the battle on the opposite side—that, as the usual place of meeting was undergoing repairs, the Assembly would meet in the Tron Church—that, with the exception of some cases of heresy, there was to be no business of importance before the venerable House—that, accordingly, the Assembly would be a dull one—that two young lads, nephews of professors, were to preach before the Commissioner, (upon which my pot-bellied friend made some joke, which I did not very well understand, about the "popish system of nepotism,")—that Lord Forbes was an excellent man, and, what appeared to be contemplated by my fellow-voyagers with unmingled satisfaction, that this year there was a chance of enjoying his admirable dinners with some degree of comfort, since there would be no late debates.

On Thursday, I arrived in Edinburgh in time to see the Commissioner walk to church. The High Street, through which he passed, was lined with cavalry—the crowd of people was considerable—the day fine—the Commissioner's suite gay, and altogether the spectacle was rather an imposing one. I did not visit the Assembly this day, as I had business to transact with our correspondent B——; and, besides, I was told that the first week was entirely occupied with preliminary arrangements. On Tuesday, I paid my first visit to this venerable court. Near the pulpit, a handsome throne had been erected and railed in for the Lord Commissioner, who represents the King at the sittings of this ecclesiastical judicatory. The Commissioner's box (as it is called) was crowded with fashionable ladies, and a few gentlemen in uniform, and a sprinkling of persons who go under the general name of *Dandies* in this country—among the latter was pointed out to me the Editor of that *Literary Journal*, the two first volumes of which our friend Van der Hooght has lately translated into Dutch. The Commissioner himself was absent, owing to the death of a near relation. The area of the church was set apart for the members of Assembly; the gallery was divided into two parts, one for students of divinity and preachers, the other for strangers;—of course I took my place in the latter. I was much amused with the contrast presented between the *church in possession* and the *church expectant*. Among the ministers there was self-complacency, ease, and upon the whole decorum; in the appearance and conduct of the *virī candidati*, I could perceive curiosity, restlessness, a decided propensity to disputation and quarrelling, with a very general disposition to indulge in what is called practical jokes. I happened to be placed near the partition between the two galleries, and had the good for-

time to have for my next neighbour, a comely, fresh old gentleman, with a smart periwig and copper-headed cane, who appeared to be taking no small interest in the proceedings of his more fortunate brethren below. From this polite old gentleman, who, I understand, is the *father* of the "church expectant," I learned the name, party, and character of the more eminent members of Assembly. Indeed, I required little information on these points,—thanks to my northern friends' catalogue *raisonné* of the great men of either party,—except the being able to identify the principal speakers, and this my new cicerone enabled me to do.

"That gentleman in the gown and bands is the Moderator, Dr Singer, a good man and an orthodox. The old fellow with the powdered head and wrinkled forehead, is Principal Macfarlan; 'gad, sir, he's the man that ought to lead the Assembly. That fat good-looking gentleman is Dr Meiklejohn, a shrewd man and a pleasant. I have dined with him. That is the Solicitor-General, the young fellow with the silver chain and eye-glass—clever fellow—I'm told he makes three thousand a-year. There is Lord Moncreiff in the Moderator's box—he is an honour to the Scottish bar and bench—his father was a minister, old Sir Harry, as worthy a man as ever lived. The venerable gentleman beside him is old Dr Lamont, who preached before the King. Ah! there is Dr Cook—'gad, he is getting fat on his professorship; I wish they would make me a professor—You see he is pulling down his waistcoat; that's a sign he is going to speak: I knew a man who used on such occasions to pull up the waistband of his breeches, and it was a good plan, for it commanded attention—Hush! Cook is going to give us a speech."

For the present, however, I was disappointed; the Doctor merely rose to make some uninteresting remark about the appointment of a committee, and immediately sat down. My friend, therefore, resumed his communications.

"Yonder is Dr Gordon, with his fine bald head—a capital study for the phrenologists—od, phrenology's a queer thing after all. There's Burns of Paisley—him with the spectacles. Ah ha! yonder is Andrew Thomson himself, sitting under the gallery, and hiding his curly head behind the pillar—he is the cock of the club—capital preacher—best speaker of them all—pity he is not a member this year. Look at that tall old gentleman standing in the passage, that is John Inglis, the ablest man in the church. Yonder mild-looking gentleman is Henry Grey, who has the clever wife—*Anglicanus*, you know. The other gentleman with the gold spectacles—"

The sudden pause in my cicerone's speech made me turn round my head, when I observed the old beau arranging the folds of his neckcloth with one hand, while with the other he was gracefully managing his eye-glass, which he directed toward the Commissioner's box, where a fashionable party of young ladies had newly arrived. The grin of delight which illumined my old friend's countenance, convinced me that in him the fair sex had a most devoted admirer. While he was thus engaged, wreathing his face into smiles, and adjusting the curls of his yellow wig, I endeavoured, but in vain, to call back his attention to the less inviting physiognomies which had excited my own curiosity in the body of the house, and which still remained undescribed. You might as well have tried to withdraw Narcissus from his fountain, or endeavoured to divert the attention of Actæon from Diana and her nymphs, as attempted to give the eye-glass of my enamoured companion a new direction.

But luckily my attention was now arrested by a very animated debate upon some semi-arian doctrines which have of late been making a noise in this country. The particular subject was the somewhat abstruse doctrine of the peccability of Christ's human nature, and you will find the speeches and proceedings upon the whole case faithfully reported in the *Observer* newspaper, which I send you. I am interrupted by the arrival of the porter

who carries my parcel to Leith. So no more at present from yours truly,

HANS BROECK.

TO JAHN STEINFORT,
Quill Manufacturer, Haerlem.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

By Henry G. Bell.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

COLERIDGE.

I SAILED from the Thames in a merchant brig for Jamaica. I was the only passenger; and before I had been many days on board, it struck me that there was something odd both about the captain and crew. They had all very bad expressions of countenance; and when I happened to be upon deck, I frequently observed that they collected in groups, and seemed to carry on in whispers a mysterious kind of conversation, with which I could not help thinking that I was myself in some way connected. The captain, in particular, was a dark-looking man, with a very ugly meaning in his large bright eyes. He seldom spoke, except in monosyllables, and then the tones of his voice almost startled me. He and I had beds in the same cabin; but I soon discovered that he never slept. Whenever I happened to look across from my own berth towards his, I could see, by the dim light of a lamp that burned upon the table all night, his large eyes glaring full upon me, with a most unnatural kind of intelligence in them. I am not of a timid disposition, but I confess I did not feel altogether comfortable. We had favourable winds, however, and ran across the Atlantic without any thing remarkable occurring.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth day, I was told that the land we saw, about fifteen miles to leeward, was that of the island of St Domingo, and that, the breeze continuing, we might expect to reach Kingston in little more than eight-and-forty hours. I retired to rest between ten and eleven, with a lighter heart than I had done for some time before; and with the prospect of so soon again meeting several of my oldest and best friends, I speedily found myself locked in the embraces of slumber, and busily occupied in the ideal world of dreams. Hour after hour past unnoted by, and daylight was shining full into my cabin before I again opened my eyes. The sun had been long up, but was not visible. It was one of those calm grey days which, in this climate, commonly predict some change of weather. There was that stillness on board the ship which almost always accompanies a calm; for when sailors have nothing to do, they are the last people in the world who will do any thing. I did not hear a step over head, and even the steward and cabin-boys I supposed had fallen asleep; for though I called pretty lustily for my breakfast, not a soul came near me. I rose at length, and having performed my toilet with all convenient speed, I got upon deck. I was somewhat surprised at not seeing a single hand either fore or aft. The very helm was deserted. I went forward to the steerage, but it was empty, and so was every hammock it contained! My pulse began to beat more quickly; I became alarmed and uneasy. I called aloud, but no one answered me. I looked into the hold, but no living thing was to be seen; nay, what struck me as peculiarly odd, there was nothing in the hold at all, except a cask or two of fresh water, though I had been given to understand that the vessel had a full and valuable cargo on board. I went back to the cabin; neither captain nor mate was there. I opened the door of every cupboard and closet, but it was in vain. Conviction of the truth, though at first its very conception almost bewildered me, inevitably forced itself on my mind;—I was the only human being in the ship. During the night she had been purposely abandoned by

her crew, and I was left alone to the mercy of the waves. On the previous evening land had been visible at the distance of five or six leagues, but now, having drifted out of my course, it was nowhere to be discovered.

My feelings can neither be imagined nor described. I was perfectly ignorant of all nautical affairs, and consequently had not the most distant idea of what ought to be done. But this was, perhaps, hardly to be regretted; for however great my skill had been, what could a single person have done in the guidance and management of so large a vessel? Had a boat been left, I should instantly have intrusted myself to it, and, though at a venture, endeavoured to steer in some particular direction; but we had only two originally, and they had both been taken away. I could find no loose timber, of which to make a raft, for even a raft I should have considered myself safer on than where I was. There is something that the human mind cannot bear to dwell upon, in the idea that it has lost its power over inert matter, and that all its intellectual energies must succumb to the mere blind chance which governs an inanimate mass. I was alone in a great floating castle, to which seemed to be left the power of determining whether it would carry me, and what fate it would assign me. The very bulk of my prison made me the more helpless; besides, I soon discovered that it was, in the sea-phrases, water-logged, and, no doubt, abandoned under the belief that it was speedily to sink. I would have given any thing for the merest little cock-boat with a single oar, for I should have been comparatively my own master on the wide ocean.

As long as the daylight continued, my situation, though sufficiently solitary, was not so dismal. Light is companionable, and seems to be the natural element of the human soul. But the sun had scarcely set, ere I perceived that the waters were not long to continue unruffled. The sails, almost all of which were set, and which I found it quite impossible to take in, or even to reef, no longer hung motionless by the side of the masts, but, for some time, kept flapping incessantly like the wings of a mighty bird, and then becoming steadily filled, carried the ship along with them, I knew not where. Twilight darkened into night; the moon came out of the sea like a spectre—wan and vapoury—surrounded by a dark assemblage of murky clouds. Stronger and stronger grew the wind. The waves, as they went careering by, left in their tract a broad gleam of foam, that gave to the dark sea an unnatural whiteness. I stood at the stern, with the useless helm in my hand, and almost believed that the whole was a horrible dream, from which, if I did not speedily awake, I might never awake with reason unimpaired. The storm increased; the vessel, from the quantity of canvass she carried, was tossed like a toy from wave to wave. At length, the foremast snapt, and, with all its sails and cordage, fell overboard;—it was lost among the billows in an instant.

Day returned, but the storm did not abate. The wind was for a while north-west, which blew me back nearly upon the course I had already sailed, but afterwards, shifting several points, it became nearly due north, so that I conjectured it was carrying me along the coast of South America, though that coast was nowhere visible. For several days the hurricane continued, and every moment seemed to bring along with it the promise of destruction; but though the ship was now in the most miserable condition, its planks still held together, and I still continued to exist.

Day after day, week after week, and, were I to judge by my own feelings, I should say year after year, passed on, and I still continued rolling about in my dismantled hulk, sometimes with fair, and sometimes with foul weather, either in the Atlantic or Pacific ocean, I knew not which. There were, luckily, provisions enough on board, such as they were, to have supported me, I should have thought, for any length of time; but existence was becoming too painful to me to admit of my being able to

endure it much longer. Let no man talk of solitude, as long as he can see around him fields, and trees, and mountains. All these hold communion with his spirit, and as they vary their garb according to the seasons, he can read in them lessons of wisdom and improvement. But on the wide and changeless ocean, where human sympathies exist not, and where the very element seems of a nature uncongenial to ours, there, where the eye can see nothing but rolling waters, and the ear catch no sound but that of the breaking wave, there speak of solitude, there feel its horrors, feel your affections stagnant within you, and your mental capabilities mouldering away into nothingness. Look at the sun, the clouds, the stars, and ask, in the frenzy of despair, why you are the only created thing cursed with the curse of speech?

One night the thunder walked through the air; but its peals were welcome to me, for they sounded like the voice of an unseen giant. The waning moon looked dimly down through the smatches of the hurrying clouds, and the lurid lightning flashed far and wide below, as if in mockery of the pale light of the melancholy wanderer of heaven. There was alternate gloom and brightness. In the gloom was heard the savage roaring of the thunder-laden winds; in the brightness was seen the tortured ocean heaving in convulsions, and flinging its spray in impotent wrath far up into the dark concave. Such scenes had become familiar to me, and had almost lost their terrors. My crazy ship went tumbling on, and I had lashed myself to the remnant of one of her masts, lest I should be swept from the deck as every thing else had been already. Again the moon looked down for an instant, again the lightning gushed from the clouds—Good God! a vessel, with all her sails set, bounded past me, and I heard the cries of human beings. Another gleam of moonshine,—she was still there! Another blaze of lightning,—she was gone,—down—down into the gulf for ever!

The storm passed away, and I was still safe. The wind was in the north, and the ship sailed on. One morning I came upon deck; it was clear, though cold, and the sea at some little distance seemed peopled with islands. How my heart bounded! I was approaching them! Shipwreck—death was all I desired, provided I met it in an attempt to make the land. I came nearer the islands.—Heaven and earth! they were islands of ice! Where was I? I had been sailing south;—Had I got within the antarctic circle? Ice—nothing but ice. Huge mountains of dreary ice.

“I was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!”

I know not how it was, but I sailed far in among those frozen fields. The wind at length shifted, and my course was altered. I retraced part of my way, and went more to the east. One night I was in bed, and my vessel was drifting as usual where it pleased. Suddenly it struck against something with a violent shock and crash. I rushed upon deck; the ship was going to pieces. It seemed to have come upon a reef of rocks. It was calm, and I was a good swimmer. I threw myself into the sea, and reaching some of the more prominent heights, I scrambled up upon them, and waited till daylight should discover to me my situation. It came soon enough; I was on the highest peak of two or three insulated rocks, not a hundred yards in circumference altogether, that rose up from the fathomless depths of the southern ocean till they reached a little above its surface. Water—nothing but water, could be seen around. Here, then, on this unknown rock, which no human eye but mine had ever seen before, it was to be my lot to die. I wonder I did not grow mad at once. I recollect that I lost all belief in my personal identity. I could not conceive it possible that I was the same being who had once so keenly enjoyed all the pleasures of social and civilized life;—who had loved and hated, who had laughed and wept, who

had feared and hoped. On a solitary peak in the ocean, what was man?—more useless than the sea-weed, more helpless than the bubbles that floated past with the waves.

The ship had disappeared; but some fragments still floated about the rock. I took possession of one of them, and drifted away, as I believed, to certain death. Now, talk of solitude!—on a single plank in the untraversed South Pacific. I floated away and away; but nature was at length exhausted. I stretched myself out at full length; I closed my eyes; and became insensible.

When my senses returned, I was on board a French discovery-ship, in a comfortable bed, and enjoying every luxury,—and oh! that luxury above all other luxuries—the music of the human voice, when its tones are softened by human affections! I did nothing but weep like a child for a whole week. In two months I was again in England.

THE ASCENT OF ELIJAH.

'Mm peaks abrupt, the snows are ever deep
On lonely Lebanon's unshelter'd steep;
And cedars wild, o'er all that drear abode,
Spring up to fill the garden-mountain of God:
For pilgrim tired they point to shade and rest,
They tell of life on desolation's breast,
And through the desert's gloom, its icy chill,
They soar like hope above a world of ill.
And thus, across the waste of ages gone,
All gleaming wan as monumental stone,
With awe we look on those to whom were given
The Prophet's heart of fire, the words of heaven.
We feel their names a spell, when faith grows cold,
To hear the soul within those glories old,
When through the world supernal mandates ran,
And Godhead communed visibly with man.

The hour is dim; the sacred passion swells;
And, rapt in thought, the vision'd spirit dwells
Where shapes divine and ancient worlds appear,
In dark ancestral pagantry of fear!
The scene hath risen.—The river banks are fair,
And Eden-like the groves that glimmer there;
Shadows are sinking on the western green,
Where Jericho, amid her palms, is seen;
And, towards the desert east, the parting day
Burns on yon holy mountains far away,
Till that resplendence to their summits given,
Hath lighted earth with all the blaze of heaven.
On the near mound, with column'd palm-trees crown'd,
Where honey'd fragrance dews the air around,
Why on the verdant knoll do yonder band
Cluster and gaze, and murmur as they stand?
Sons of the prophets of the Lord are those,—
Why do they seek the hill at evening's close?
Come they to muse by Jordan's steepy bank
Of willows blue and alders straight and dank?
Or do they strive, from yonder city fair,
To catch the faint low sound of distant prayer,
If on its terraced roofs some Levite pale,
Clad in white ephod, turns to Sion's vale?
Or crowd they there to hear the fiercer cry
Which on the waken'd gale is hurrying by,
The fluttering cry as of a soul in pain,
The ostrich's shriek from Moab's homeless plain?
Perchance they look on yonder shadowy heights,
Whose peaks are warm with eve's aerial lights,
Glad as the dying prophet's hour of awe,
When from their tops the land of rest he saw!
No; though the City of the Palms is bright,
And her far walls are seen through rosy light;
Though ancient Jordan's waves are dark in rest,
And cliff and wood lie imaged on his breast;
No; though Mount Abarim, in valleys lone,
Conceals the grave where Moses sleeps unknown;

Although her rock is tall, and wild, and dread,
And Amor's sands below are desolate as the dead;
The solemn thoughts which on their fancies steal,
Not from the spirit of the hour they feel;
A deeper charm upon their hearts is cast,
And over all a holier awe hath past.

Look downward where the glade retiring opens,
And a grey pathway to the river slopes;
And mark the mantled twain, whose footsteps slow
Are moving to the deep stream's bridgeless flow.
Lo! stern Elijah seeks his fated hour,
To close and seal his ministry of power;
Already heaven is busy in his heart;
A moment more, and he shall calmly part,
Leaving immortal a memorial strange
Of heavenly triumph over earthly change.
He, too, is there, on whom shall soon alight
The double wonders of prophetic might;
Unmoved of soul, though they have striven to wake
His human fear. "Elisha, God will take
Away to-day thy master from thy head."
"I know it, yes, and wait, but not with dread."
They reach the river: will they breast its sweep?
They wind—they tread—they pass the waters deep!
The prophet's robe hath smote them; and the waves
Own the command, and leave their reedy caves.
"Father," Elisha murmur'd, "on my head
A double share be of thy spirit shed!"
Upward he look'd, and that pale ancient brow
With warmer passion seem'd to kindle now,
And seraph-like the smile which flitted there,
As, o'er his kneeling servant bent in prayer,
He blest the seer with accents all divine:
"Much hast thou ask'd, yet shall the gift be thine,
If thou behold me when mine hour is come."
—The vision burst, and mortal voice was dumb.
Hail to God's visions in their dread array!
Oh, dark and wondrous in their pomp are they!
Like breaking storms the revelation came
Wrapt in the glories of descending flame,
Where blended wildest sights with darkness dread,
And light unspeakable around was spread;—
Strange as the forms which cross'd Ezekiel's glance,
By Chenar's stream in that tremendous trance;
Of living things like lamps of clearest light,
Of beryl-wheels where spirit lodged, and might,
And dreadful voices, that from out the car,
Rush'd like the sounds of Deity or war;—
Thus dim was all, and all mysterious there,
Where burn'd the angel-chariot on the air;
And such the sounds that through the whirlwind broke,
Loud as the trumpet out from Sinai spoke.

Whose is the form that mingles in the blaze?
A mortal shape ascending as he prays;
Till in the shrouding depths he fades away,
Like a lost star-beam at the gates of day!
Breathless Elisha mark'd him as he soar'd,
Then veil'd his head, and speechlessly adored;
Look'd reverent up, and caught his parting eye,
And bade him hail with one ecstatic cry;
Outstretch'd his arms to pour his last farewell,
And caught the sacred mantle as it fell.
He rose, and gazed around; the trance was o'er,
And Jordan's shores were darkening as before;
He turn'd, and smote the river-waters free;
"Elijah's God, Jehovah, where is he?"
Echoing they parted, and he cross'd the glen,
And mute among his brethren stood again.

Oh, awed and still as that old seer, and they
Who throng'd around him in the twilight grey,
And wondering as they saw his troubled air,
Knew the dark spirit of Elijah there;

So awed, so silent, land of God! will we
 Recall our fancies from thy scenes and thee.
 Ah! we have seen the pictures of thy tale
 Like evening rainbow in the misty vale,
 And have forgotten, in entrancement glad,
 That earth was round us, and that life was sad!
 Alas! the sights which haunted earth so long!
 They linger but to bless the soul of song;
 Gone with the thousand isles in ocean hurl'd—
 Gone with the patriarch forests of the world!
 So let it be: we have a holier faith—
 Believing life amid the land of death;
 Looking from darkness upon visions strange,
 And down into eternity from change!

God of our spirits! from thy throne sublime,
 Poised o'er the dark profundity of time,
 Breathe on our hearts thine influence good and calm,
 Strength to our souls, and to our sorrows balm;
 Our guiding light may deep devotion be,
 And rapt imagination bend to thee!
 May hope and memory close embracing twine,
 And thought's sole form, her very life, be thine!
 Till the strong spirit, with the speed of morn,
 Up to the presence of thy power is borne;
 And even in life the cares of earth shall show,
 Fair as from mountain-heads, the sun-spread haze below!

W. S.

THE BATTLE GROUND.

By J. Memes, LL.D., Author of the "*Life of Canova*," &c.

Rimner dopo vita pien di faville.

A SOLITARY ramble along the left bank of the Danube, for I had escaped from Vienna and all inflictions of regular sight-seeing for one day's enjoyment of nature—terminated in a spot which arrested thought with a power still well remembered. Yet scarcely could the impressiveness be assigned to any definite or striking characteristics of locality. A village church, the principal object, with steep roof and square belfry, supporting its extinguisher-shaped spire of shining tiles, nowise superior to the similar buildings of German hamlets, was surrounded by an humble cemetery alike unpretending. But something in the aspect of the place spake to the heart and engaged attention. The more observation was indulged, a greater intensity, or perhaps individuality of sentiment, awoke. How have these walls been literally ploughed by the deadly though not recent shower of musketry; and these once magnificent trees, so evidently survivors of themselves as of compeers, what has smitten their giant limbs in such ruthlessness? And, more than all, these numerous and lengthened ridges reposing green and silent in the calm sunshine, how are they to be contemplated? Too capacious for the last resting-places of the rustic population around—if not tombs, why rise they in consecrated earth? But who shall unfold the story of their indwellers, if tenanted they be by unknown dead thus lonely and unhonoured! Here no sumptuous monument proclaimed its tale of flattery or of pride, nor modest stone recorded the tribute of affection. Nothing indicated the sympathies or interests of this world—not even the rude cross of wood, (rarely, in Austria, omitted over the lowliest grave,) on which might be read the initials of some loved name, traced with bare intelligence by the unpractised hand. Nature's sweets had here strewn, it might be, over human decay, the sole and affecting ornament in the spring flowers that gemmed the undulating sward.

A consequent search conducted to the extremity, close upon the river, of the largest of these mysterious elevations. At this point a late inundation had burst the cerement that shrouded from the eye—formless nothings that had once been men! The portion thus singularly,

and but a few hours before, uncovered, showed the entire mound to be one vast sepulchre, whose dread contents, by their confusion, too plainly evidenced the unpeaceful departure and the reckless entombment. The scenery of no mean event, of no trivial contest, was now obviously around me; but multitudinous and unrecorded death seemed here involved in double mystery.

Resuming enquiry, I found the door of the belfry only slightly secured, thus reaching, with some difficulty, by a half ruinous stair, an exterior bartizan. This station, though not elevated above forty feet, commanded a prospect of surpassing grandeur, which would have presented, even to less excited imaginings, no unfitting theatre for some mighty act in the drama of events. Here, too, knowledge, far from discrediting, was to give fixedness and veracity to the pourtrayings of fancy. On the parapet had once been a sun-dial; the gnomon broken away, the hour lines defaced, seemed, like the awful secrets beneath, to have no more doings with time; but there still remained legibly inscribed, as the name of the place—"WAGRAM!"

To the communication of this brief legend there required no addition. The landscape which now extended before and around me, bright, and calm, and beautiful, had been the torn and echoing battle-field, whereon two hundred thousand human beings had toiled in mortal conflict. Here the Austrian had bled within sight and sound of home's endearments, and side by side,—his foe, afar from all "the closing eye requires;" yet did not home in sunny France mingle sweetly even in his latest blood-dimmed visions! It is when on some battle-plain we thus view each nameless wreck apart—regard each single bosom, in itself a world of life, a little sanctuary of loves and charities, desolated as if not an holy thing—as if not the holiest of created things—that our souls sicken at the trade of warfare. It is then we execrate his renown, as formerly we may have condemned the vulgar quality that constitutes the military hero. Father of Mercies! how have thy rational offspring become—how do they continue—the veriest dupes and slaves of names and influences the most abhorrent to all that is truly noblest in their nature and best ends of being!

Hope vain would whisper this may not always be. Meanwhile yield we somewhat to the deceit; and do you, reader, placing yourself beside us in the narrow balcony of the church tower, look forth upon the scene while we describe the associations of its history. Turn we first attention eastwards to these low verdant islands, floating from thence about cannon-shot down the stream where the Danube expands to receive them in a wider reach. These, for many weeks, formed the position of the French army, whence it marched on the morning of July 6th, 1809, "the day of Wagram." That village just seen above the coppice of the right bank opposite is Ebersdorf, the station of Davoust and the reserve. These dark masses to the rear of the extreme right are the towers of Vienna, which, then in possession of a French garrison, extended their line of communication seven miles. The main force, however, commanded by Napoleon in person, lay in Lobau, the largest of the islands, three, or perhaps four miles in circuit, and joined to the left bank by an isthmus seemingly artificial, where these grassy inequalities still mark the strong entrenchments opposed to hostile attack on that side, while, on the other, friendly intercourse was secured by a bridge of boats. Here a species of military colony was established, and not uninteresting relics of the habits and tastes of the French soldiery may yet be discovered in the ruins of regular streets and squares of turf habitations, intermingled with parterres, miniature gardens, and promenades. On this hand a battery, on that a theatre—here a *champs de Mars*, there a circus rises. Beyond this once-crowded spot, where men, cut off by situation and hostility from all the world, and from all aid save their swords, could be thus careless and gay, the noblest of European rivers winds his

majestic course through a champaign of luxuriant fertility, bounded only by the horizon where the blue waters gleam along the azure plains of distant Hungary.

The Austrian force, under the Archduke Charles, confined wholly to the left bank of the Danube, occupied a strong position in front of these two villages, about three miles to the westward, or up the river, whence they are about half a mile distant. From our present station their white walls glisten cheerfully amid the fresh green of the cultivation which surrounds them, but their magnitude and appearance may seem to contrast strangely with the importance attached in history to the names of Asperne and Esseling. The immediate field of battle, however, was upon the plain, or rather two plains, above and below Wagram; interjacent between the Danube and these irregular heights, which, on the point where the church stands, forming a kind of isthmus with the river, afterwards recede to a distance in the shape of a double crescent. Eastwards, below Wagram, these elevations gradually subside into the general level; but to the west, and above Asperne, they rise into grandeur, presenting a magnificent amphitheatre of hanging forest, broken cliff, and cased steep, with woodland and cultivated valley between, while far beyond tower the mountains of the Moravian chain, behind whose rampart the discomfited Austrian first sought refuge.

It falls not in with our purpose to describe the battle. Both from its situation, and the circumstances of attack, Wagram formed the principal object of contest, as being in reality the key of the position. During the early portion of the day the Austrians remained in possession, and the French were confined to the lower semicircle of plain opposite Lobau, whence they had deployed; but after various captures and re-occupations, the latter became the final masters of this important point, whence they could not be driven, the former retreating nearer their first ground in the upper plain. And from the rude balcony of Wagram tower, from the very spot where the broken standard lately stood, did Napoleon Bonaparte behold the closing hours of that conflict, whose issues affected the most distant thrones of Europe. Thus, reader, the place on which we had stationed you, was, in common parlance, one of no ordinary interest. The moral grandeur of endurance, too, and of persevering endeavour under duress or even adverse circumstances, which latterly are by no means conspicuous qualities in Napoleon's character, were here eminently displayed. During the early part of the day, more than once, by his own personal exertions, exposing himself to every danger, had he re-established his broken and retreating legions. After all efforts and a partial success, he beheld the fortunes of that field on which so much depended—often more than doubtful—yet even then, from this post where we have stood, he gazed upon its varying array, and wielded its movements, with firm eye and unblanched cheek. Nor 'we report the evidence of a witness, though no friend, of one, in fact, who was cut down and made captive in a dash upon that very station)—nor did one changing expression for a moment disturb the marble composure of his fine and statue-like countenance, or turn aside his intense concentration of thought, fixed on one great crisis, yet alive to minor incidents, till perceiving the Austrian centre to be injudiciously and irretrievably extended, he exclaimed, in tones as if a spell had been broken, "We have gained!" Then rushing down the narrow stair—flinging himself into the nearest saddle—several of his favourite chargers having been in readiness for hours in the church below, he poured the shock of his columns upon the weakness of his adversary, and verified his own prediction.

ANECDOTES OF AN AUTHOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By Robert Chambers.

DR WALTER ANDERSON, who died about thirty years ago, minister of Chirnside in Berwickshire, was a man of excellent private character, of the best intentions, and great benevolence; but he was unfortunately spoilt by the idea that he possessed the qualifications of a great author. Perhaps not a single reader of this Journal is acquainted with Dr Anderson's name as an author; yet it is certain he published a prodigious number of books—aye, and books of a substantial nature, too—none of your light gossamer royal eighteenmos, or your slim twelvemoss—but thick, honest-like quartos, or decent octavos, at the very least. Had the Doctor's works been only solid and massive in their physical or external structure, there would have been no occasion to speak of him here; but, alas! they were equally solid in their moral constitution, and lay upon the public stomach like so many masses of lead. The means by which he contrived to gratify his literary ambition, in the face of general disapprobation, were curious. He was a man of some property, and, for a long time, he regularly sold a house in Dunse, and published a book in Edinburgh, every other year; the proceeds of the house to defray the expenses of the publication. By this expedient, he converted a row of goodly houses in one of the best streets of his native town, into a row of goodly volumes in one of the best shelves of his library.

Dr Anderson was one of those pregnant wits who require nothing but to have a subject suggested to them in order to write a book. One day he was dining at the house of the patron of the parish, Mr Hume of Mirawells; and in the company assembled was the illustrious David Hume, brother of the host. "Mr Dauvit," said the mortal to the immortal, with all the familiarity which a clergyman may use towards a parishioner, "you have got a great name by your writings; but the worst of it is, that you, and sic as you, have engrossed all the good subjects, so that we who come a little later can find nothing to employ our pens upon."—"Why," said Hume, "I rather believe there are a few good subjects still unhandled."—"Could you mention any?" asked Anderson.—"What, for instance," said the philosopher, "would you think of a history of Cræsus, king of Lydia?"—"The best possible!" exclaimed the poor Doctor, in raptures; "there is no such book in existence, and I think it is just exactly the sort of subject I could make the most of." Accordingly, upon this hint he spoke: *The Life of Cræsus, King of Lydia*, came forth in a splendid octavo, at the expense of a three-story house. But, alas! although the subject was the richest in the world, the book was no better than the rest of Dr Anderson's productions, being simply a crude compilation from Herodotus and such writers of antiquity, without a single ray of mind to illuminate the mass.

Anderson imitated the example of Burke, by writing a pamphlet in vituperation of the French revolution; but he did not imitate Burke in making it sell. It cost a two-story house, and the public purchased five copies. About a twelvemonth after the work appeared, the author came to Edinburgh, and called upon the historian Robertson, with whom he was intimately connected, through the means of church politics. "Doctor," said he, "I've come to town to see about the publication of an appendix to my pamphlet on the French revolution." Robertson expressed surprise at the object of the expedition, seeing that the original work had not done any good. "Ah," said the author, "but this is three times as big a book as the pamphlet! and I think they'll baith gang aff thegither."—"Well," said the learned Principal, "this is the most extravagant business I ever knew you engaged in—to think that a pamphlet which has been already found so heavy, will be made lighter by an addi-

tion of three times the weight! Nonsense, Doctor! You must give up the idea."—"But I winna gi'e up the idea. I ken better than you how to make a thing lighter. Do you no mind, when ye was a callant at the schule, that ye sometimes found a dragon (a kite) too heavy to go up into the air by itself?"—"Yes, I do," answered Dr Robertson. "Weal, was there ever ony plan see gude for making the thing rise, as to tie a tail far langer and heavier than itself to the bottom o't? Just see I intend to do wi' my pamphlet." Dr Robertson laughed outrageously at the humour of the author; but he found means to save him the house which the publication would have cost, by using some other arguments.

This ill-starred writer once got a dreadful bit in the stomach of his absurdity, from a hand that did not seem the most likely to inflict it. There prevailed in his time a very reprehensible custom of making one of every little party the butt, as it was called; in other words, an individual was selected, remarkable for either natural or assumed eccentricity of character, who was set up as a sort of mark, against which all the rest might direct their witticisms. The custom prevailed immensely in society of the second order, and particularly among the clergy, whose presbytery dinners and other meetings gave them frequent occasion for exercising it. The chief butt of the clergy of Dr Anderson's district was a Dr Ridpath, brother to the author of "The Border History of Scotland;" a worthy man and a scholar, but whose simplicity of character made him quite the proper person for being used as a butt. It was a peculiar feature, however, of Dr Ridpath's character as a butt, that he sometimes stood at bay, and paid back as good as he got; and of this a noted instance is told in connexion with the name of Dr Anderson. One day, that gentleman, after a long course of bantering, fairly told Dr Ridpath that "It was weel kenn'd he was but a weak brother."—"Ou ay, Willie, man," answered the Doctor; "I never published it, though."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.*

THE French Institute, styled *L'Institut Royal de France*, is composed of four distinct Academies. The first is exclusively devoted to the French language, and is called *L'Académie Française*; the second takes under its care the learned languages, antiquities, monuments, history, &c. and is termed *L'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*; the third, in which matters connected with medicine, surgery, mathematics, astronomy, &c. are treated of, bears the name of *L'Académie Royale des Sciences*; and the fourth, which is composed of painters, sculptors, architects, musical authors, &c. is known by the appellation of *L'Académie Royale des Beaux-arts*. *L'Académie Française* having been the cradle of the three others, its origin should be first explained.

The first French Academy may be traced as far back as the time of Charlemagne, at which period it was composed of the chief personages of his court, Charlemagne himself being a member. Various were the objects of their academical conferences, but they were for the most part suggested by the different works, ancient and modern, which had formed the studies of the members. With the view of giving greater dignity to their society, a name connected with the literature of antiquity was assumed by each member. Alcuin, for instance, an illustrious Englishman, whom Charlemagne had called to his court, took the title of Flaccus, the surname of Horace; Angilbert, a lord and a poet, called himself Homer; Adalard, the Bishop of Corbie, was named Augustin; and Charlemagne assumed the appellation of David.

But this Academy, the establishment of which took place in the ninth century, not having been chartered, soon fell into decay, and centuries were destined to elapse before its revival. During this long period, when all Europe, and especially France, experienced the beneficial effects of Italian literature, the minstrelies of the Troubadours, and above all, the discovery of printing, no academy was in existence, nor in contemplation, although the university of Paris, on account of the great reputation it had acquired, was then attended by more than twenty-five thousand students. But in the sixteenth century, a bright constellation of authors, ascending towards the zenith of French literature, shone forth, and under their fostering influence the institution of the French Academy took place. The names of its illustrious founders are, Ronsard, Pontus de Thiard, Remy-Belleau, Jodelle, Dubellay, Dorat, and Balif. These seven celebrated characters, in allusion to the Egyptian Pleiades, near the time of Philadelphus Ptolemy, King of Egypt, were called the French Pleiades,—a name well merited, for like the fair daughters of Atlas, every one of them became the theme of admiration; and the enthusiastic regard evinced by Queen Mary of Scotland, towards Ronsard, one of their number, is an additional proof how powerful the charms of that poet must have been.

The establishment, however, of an academy, the avowed object of which was to refine and perfect the French language, was considered by some an encroachment on the rights of the University, and a remonstrance from that body was forwarded to Charles IX. then King of France, and then also, fortunately for the infant Academy, one of its members. Instead of supporting the University, Charles became the zealous protector of the French Academy against the attacks of its enemy; and his patronage was so effectual, that, notwithstanding the odious character borne by that monarch in history, he has a claim to the favourable remembrance of posterity, at least for the part he acted on this occasion. But by the death of Balif, one of the Pleiades, and the main support of the Academy, and also by the civil wars then raging in France, in which Henry IV. was making gigantic efforts to recover his crown from the Ligueurs, this establishment suffered severely; and until the time of Cardinal Richelieu, under Louis XIII. the Academy seems to have been buried in oblivion.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, like a Phoenix reviving from its ashes, the illustrious body assumed a new life, and from the lustre reflected by a Balzac, a Chapelain, a Voiture, a Benserade, and a Sarazin, in the houses of whom, from 1628 till 1635, its meetings were held, the literary horizon of France became once more illuminated. About this period died Malherbe, styled "the poet," *par excellence*—under the influence of whose genius the French language, assuming a new character, became more pure, flowing, and harmonious, and also acquired a degree of elevation and dignity, unknown before the time of this elegant and accurate writer. It is of him that Boileau has said, in his *Art Poétique*,—

"Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le premier en France,
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence;
D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir,
Et réduit la muse aux règles du devoir."

Cardinal Richelieu's good taste, liberality, and fondness for every thing connected with French literature, can never be forgotten. Under his fostering care, the Academy acquired a solid reputation; and it was under his patronage that in 1635, the same year in which was erected the first Botanical Garden at Paris, it obtained the name of *L'Académie Française*, the objects of which were understood to be exclusively for the improvement, refinement, and perfection of the French language. The number of its members was limited to forty, out of which a director, a chancellor, and a secretary, were chosen; and the two first offices being for a limited period, and the latter

* This paper is from the pen of an able French writer now resident in Edinburgh.

for life. In the apartment of Cardinal Richelieu the first legal sittings were held; but some time after his death, accommodation in the palace of the Louvre, corresponding with the dignity and independence of the illustrious body, was prepared and appropriated for them. Corneille, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Ménéage, D'Olivet, and other luminaries, were members of this Academy, which to this day has retained the exclusive title of *l'Académie Française*, the meaning of which is—*l'Académie de la langue Française*, because the labours of its members are confined to that kind of literature, in which the accuracy of style and beauties of diction form the prominent objects. This may account for poets having composed the majority of the French Academy, which is now the first branch of the Royal Institute of France.

On the death of Cardinal Richelieu, which was followed by that of Louis XIII., when the young king was about four years old, Cardinal Mazarin, taking advantage of the high favour he was in with the queen regent, succeeded Richelieu in the premiership, and by repeated recklessness and oppressive measures, the offspring of his unbounded ambition, brought France to the point of a general civil war. Fortunately, however, the excitement was confined chiefly to Paris, where, after the conspicuous part played, during a whole year, by the *Barricades* and the *Fronde*, peace and apparent harmony between the queen, the young king, the prime minister, the parliament, and the people, were at last restored. Five years after these events, Cardinal Mazarin, sensible of the influence the fine arts would have in repressing those fierce passions, whence flowed all the miseries with which France had been afflicted since he began to govern, formed the liberal and generous resolution of erecting, under his special protection, an Academy of Painting and Sculpture, which was accordingly established in 1634, under the name of *l'Académie de Peinture et de Sculpture*. The office-bearers of this Academy were composed of a director, a chancellor, a treasurer, rectors, and professors; and the rank of every member was regulated by the style of art pursued by him,—historical painters ranking highest, portrait painters next, then landscape painters, and so on through all the grades of the profession.

A monarch of an indifferent capacity, or possessing no taste either for the fine arts or literature, might have remained a cold spectator of the liberal and generous efforts of his prime minister; but, great by principle, magnificent by habit, and enthusiastic by nature, Louis XIV. was fired with the glorious design of increasing the fame of France, by extending to Rome a branch of the Parisian establishment, so that young artists, who had deserved well of the Academy at Paris, might be sent to "the Eternal City," where they would enjoy the inestimable advantage of witnessing the efforts, and imitating the beauties, of the ancients. This plan was no sooner conceived than executed. The modern Romans were not a little surprised to see within their walls a French Academy of Painting and Sculpture, so quickly and so skilfully organised. Its foundation, as well as its present prosperity, form a lasting monument to the glorious memory of Louis XIV.

These Academies had not been long on foot, when five or six members of the *Académie Française*, known for their intimate acquaintance with antiquity, monuments, history, &c., and also with foreign languages, were requested to draw up a plan of an Academy of General Literature, and its inauguration took place in 1663, just as the foundation of the *Collège Mazarin* at Paris was laid. In 1710, five years before the death of Louis XIV., at the solicitation of Colbert, his prime minister, this body obtained the royal charter, under the name of *l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*. Among its members, Charpentier, Gédoin, Godeau, La Monnaie, Charles Perrault, and Vaillant, were remarkable for their profound knowledge and sterling merit.

A few years before the legal installation of the above

Academy, Colbert, always alive to every thing from which France could derive either honour or benefit, and aware that meetings of mathematicians, natural philosophers, and other scientific persons, such as Descartes, Pascal, Mersenne, Blondel, Montmort, Thevenot, &c. had, for some years, been frequently held in private, thought proper, as a mark of respect, and also as a stimulus to every individual versed in particular sciences, to recommend the erection of an *Académie des Sciences*; and in 1699, precisely at the time of the breaking out of the war for the Spanish succession, which set Europe in a blaze, it became a legal institution. Its constitution, however, on account of the multifarious branches of which the Academy was composed, was necessarily modelled on grounds differing from the others, for, in the first place, the number of members was fixed at seventy; secondly, the members were divided into four classes, honorary, pensionary, associates, and pupils; and, in the last place, no one was to be admitted unless he was the author of an invention, discovery, or original work of importance.

Such are the elements of which the National Institute of France is now chiefly composed, and such they were exactly before the French Revolution in 1788, when a political storm, which had been gathering for many years, exhibited, on the horizon of France its hideous and fearful aspect, and, bursting with indescribable fury, spread devastation far and wide, overturning every legal barrier, rooting out every institution, and rending asunder every moral tie. After several years of confusion and desolation, a successful stop, however, was put to the victorious and bloody career of the evil spirit by which that dreadful storm and its destructive concomitants were directed. The extinguishing of the torch of civil war, which, unfortunately for my country, had been too long burning, was attended with the re-establishment of those institutions which, though excellent in themselves, the irresistible torrent of the Revolution had indiscriminately swept away, and France began again to assume that commanding attitude and that high rank, which its acknowledged political influence so justly entitled it to hold. G. S.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Monday, 17th May, 1830.

Sir HENRY JARDINE in the Chair.

Present.—Drs Hibbert, MacLagan, Carson, Borthwick; — Skene, — Dalzel, — Gordon, Gabriel Surenne, T. G. Repp, Edward Lothian, Donald Gregory, &c. &c. Esqrs.

A COMMUNICATION from Oriel Hay, Esq. was read, relative to the locality in which the Cyrenaic marbles, which we mentioned some weeks ago, were discovered. The following is an extract from the letter of Mr H. Warrington, son to our Consul at Tripoli, who discovered them. "The female statue" was found at Cyrene. The remains of the city stand on the elevation of a mountain; below which, facing the north, are various shelving flats, or terraces, inclining towards the base or plain country. These hill-sides contain sepulchral caves, or apartments, evidently constructed by human art. It was upon the uppermost of these terraces, and near to the celebrated fountain of Cyrene, where, on digging about seven yards below the surface, I discovered the statue in question, perfect all but the arm, and some trifling defects. The arm was found the day following, by digging a few yards distance, and about the same depth. Above the spot where the statue was discovered, a half-legible inscription, in Greek characters, might be traced on the hill-side. The bas-relief were found near the place described, and about the same distance from the surface. From the nature of the ruins on that spot, I have every reason to believe that future excavations would be attended with success." The vase, which we are happy to

* This is a mistake on the part of Mr Warrington; it is a statue of Esculapius.

my is a fine specimen, and almost entire, was found at Bengazi, the ancient Berzice.

A letter from John Mackinlay, Esq. was next read, containing an account of some ancient carvings in oak panel, discovered in the refectory of the Priory at Pittenweem in 1829. One of the medallions is supposed to be a likeness of James V. We are happy to learn that the Right Rev. Bishop Lowry, to whom they belong, contemplates presenting them to the Society.

Dr Hibbert read a memoir "On the caves occupied by the early inhabitants of the west of Europe; with illustrations of some still remaining in France and Italy." The meagre abstract to which our limits restrict us, can afford but an imperfect idea of this interesting paper; and the absence of the numerous drawings by which Dr Hibbert illustrated his subject, yet a deeper want. We commended by stating that his paper had for its object, to prove that natural caves were the temporary resort of the earliest and rudest inhabitants of Europe; that even at a more advanced stage of civilisation, caves had been used for human habitations; that in certain localities, they had afforded protection to the vassals and retainers of the feudal times; and that even at the present day, whole villages of Troglodytes might be found in the civilized countries of the Continent. The subject of caves had lately attracted considerable notice on the Continent, but more on the part of the geologist than of the antiquarian. It had been almost universally established, that in the caves in the south of France, human remains had been found along with bones of different mammifers. As the particular species of animals found in this juxtaposition were now no longer to be met with, they had been assumed to be antediluvian, but upon insufficient evidence. The destruction of the forests in which they found shelter, the drying up of the lakes on the borders of which they found their food, and partial convulsions of nature, sufficiently accounted for their extinction. In this view the investigation of the caves in which human bones had been found, was as much the province of the antiquary as of the geologist. Dr Hibbert assumed as an hypothesis, that the tribes inhabiting Europe, previous to the historical times, were in a state similar to that of the Esquimaux, by Tacitus, as leading an almost brutish life, destitute even of the earliest rudiments of the arts. Such beings might well be conceived to contend with the beasts, above whom they were so little elevated, for places of shelter they knew not how to construct; or, at all events, they might crawl like the beasts into holes, to conceal their dying agonies. At this period the bones could scarcely have been deposited in caves for the purpose of inhumation—the idea of sepulture belonging to a more advanced state. The rude fragments of earthenware found in the same caves, strengthened the conjecture that the bones belonged to an extremely rude and early period. The Celtic and Gothic tribes who supplanted the aborigines of Europe, seem to have reached the agricultural state. The Germans are described as inhabiting houses built of gross and unhewn materials, constructed without the aid of mortar, and also caves, into which they retired for shelter from the inclemency of the winter, or from the attacks of a more powerful enemy. Traces of these ancient subterranean habitations are still to be met with in Germany, but much more frequently in France and Italy, where the nature of the rock is in general more favourable to the task of excavation. They are most numerous in the south of France. Each cave appears to have been entered by a low oblong fissure, elevated almost halfway between the floor of the cave and its roof, and differing as little as possible from the level of the avenue by which it was approached. The entrance seems intended to have been closed, from the inevitable presence of a narrow opening, reaching the external air in an oblique direction for the purpose of ventilation. Sometimes these caves are isolated, sometimes they are found in groups. It has been conjectured by French antiquaries that these are the *labyrinthes* of the Roman historians, in which the Gauls so often eluded pursuit, and re-appeared so suddenly to harass the enemy. Dr Hibbert next proceeded to remark that these caves continued to be used even during the feudal period. At Ceyssac, in the province of Velay in France, the castle of the lord crowned the summit of a hill, all of which was excavated into caves, that seem either to have been used as chambers, or to have contained regular stalls for horses, and one has evidently been employed as a chapel. The entrance and lower apartments of a castle which flanks Mont Perrier, in Auvergne, has been scooped out of the solid rock; and on the opposite eminence is a system of grottoes, which served for the abodes of the retainers. At Contaux,

in Velay, is a system of caves, one of which, apparently the baron's hall, is twenty yards long, by six and a half broad. Attached to it is a kitchen, opening to the top of a superjacent terrace, and almost as spacious as the famous one of the Abbé of Glastonbury. Among the caves of Roche Robert is a hall twenty yards by five, lighted by a well-shaped window. The period when these caves were abandoned by their feudal proprietors cannot be ascertained. They became subsequently the haunts of banditti.

The next portion of the memoir was intended to show that, even in the present day, whole villages of Troglodytes were to be found even in the civilized countries of Europe. In the neighbourhood of Bagnoves, in the Pope's territories, is a village, of which an Italian traveller has observed, that a few stones for the purpose of closing the entrance of the cavern, a hole for the smoke to go out of, and an aperture to admit the light, suffice to complete each habitation. In the island of Ponza, near the bay of Naples, is another town of the same kind, the inhabitants preferring to reside in caves, although the island abounds with the best materials for building. The caves are described as being refreshing in summer, warm in winter, and without the least humidity. In France many villages of inhabited caverns still exist, as at Camels in the Cantal, at Mouze-Parler in Auvergne, and many other places. Swinburne has described a village of the same kind, which occurs in the province of Andalusia, in Spain. In Transylvania, the places which the nomadic gipsies inhabit during the winter, ought to be called holes or burrows, rather than caves, which, for farther security from the weather, are covered over with branches of trees, with moss, and turf. Dr Hibbert concluded his memoir by recommending the history of Europe, and particularly of Scottish caves, to the attention of the Society; and by describing the geological formations in which the search for them was most likely to be attended with success.

The present being the last meeting of the session, the President, before quitting the chair, briefly addressed the members present, congratulating them upon the activity which had characterized their proceedings; and the increasing riches of their museum. He concluded with exhorting them to perseverance.

The Royal, Wernerian, and Antiquarian Societies, have now closed their winter season. We shall resume our reports of their proceedings as soon as they again meet, and are glad to know that those which we have already given have proved satisfactory.

THE DRAMA.

THE trade winds have set in,—which is an obscure and allegorical mode of saying that the benefits have fairly commenced. At such a season the sternest critic smooths down his rugged front, and either looks silently on, or pronounces a word or two of benevolent encouragement. At present we wish to give a little advice, and from benefits which are passed, propose to suggest a useful hint for those which are to come. The first thing which an actor has to attend to in the choice of pieces for his benefit is novelty; the next is the probability of their being well performed; and the third and last is their suitability to his own peculiar talents. The two principal benefits which have taken place this week were those of Mackay and Murray, and in what we have set down as the leading qualification of a benefit—novelty—they were both miserably deficient. Mackay took "Speed the Plough," and "Cramond Brig," the first of which is not particularly refreshing, and the second has been played so often here, that it has become at last a positive drug, especially now that we have no longer Miss Noel to sing the songs of *Marian Houston*. Murray, by way of being equally original, fixed upon "Pistol Pry" and "Wasaniello," the former being as familiar to all play-going people as the stage lamps; and the latter, besides being well known, affording him not the slightest opportunity for the display of his own particular abilities. Mackay has a good many supporters, and Murray has numerous friends and patrons, and the consequence was that they both, particularly the manager, had good houses; but we can assure them that this was in spite, not in consequence, of the performances. Had inferior actors made a similar selec-

tion, we venture to say the audience would have been thin enough. Let our histrionic friends therefore study novelty;—it is one half of the battle. Moreover, if they have any genius at all, let them choose such characters as will give them an opportunity of displaying it; for it is a ridiculous thing to see them on their benefit nights sinking into situations far below those to which they are entitled, and which they are well able to support.

At the same time, it is not to be denied, that our company is far from being strong at present, and that there are some excellent pieces which it is as well for it not to attempt. We have no first tragedian, and no first comedian, either male or female; and no lady capable of taking the lead in opera with any thing like eclat. We do not know whether a manager can altogether expect the permanent members of his company to be satisfied with benefits at the fag end of a season, after he has allowed some of his most attractive performers to take their departure. Be this as it may, it is plain that things must not remain long as they now are. A sort of sleepy half-and-half feeling seems to have crept over the establishment, from which it must be roused ere long, else it will get into a state of confirmed lethargy. Our only reason for forbearing to press this subject more fully to-day is, that a new grant of the patent has not yet been actually signed and sealed, and given over to Mr Murray; and that the assignees, who seem to be rather a dilatory set, have, within the last week, been prevented from finally arranging the matter by the unexpected death of Sir John Hay, who was one of their number. But something must be done immediately, and we shall then take the liberty of speaking pretty freely as to the preparations which ought to be made for next season.

Among the benefits announced for next week, we observe that Pritchard's is to take place on Monday, and Denham's on Thursday. They both deserve well of the public. Pritchard is one of the most industrious and indefatigable men in the company. He has, on the whole, made a very good selection of entertainments, and is to have the assistance of the military band of the 4th dragoons. In several Scotch characters Denham is unrivalled, and in nothing that he attempts does he offend;—on the contrary, his acting is in general characterised by modesty and sound judgment.

Notwithstanding the puffing and blowing of the frogs who enact the part of toads to the Caledonian Theatre, that establishment remains very much in *statu quo*. There are one or two respectable persons connected with it; but on the whole, its entertainments, whether musical or otherwise, are heavy, vulgarish, and half-price-like.

OLD CERBERUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

"Aroon the moorcock begins to crow,
Lass an ye loe me, tell me now;
The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,
For I canna come every night to woo."
"The gouden broom is bonny to see,
An' me is the milk-white flower o' the haw,
The daisy's wee freenge is sweet on the lea,—
But the bud o' the rose is the bonniest of a'."

"Now, was light on a' your flow'ry chat,
Lass an ye loe me, tell me now;
It's no the thing that I would be at,
An' I canna come every night to woo!"
"The lamb is bonny upon the brae,
The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,
The bird is bonny upon the tree—
But which is the dearest of a' to you?"

"The thing that I loe best of a',
Lass an ye loe me, tell me now;
The dearest thing that ever I saw,
'Though I canna come every night to woo,
Is the kindly smile that beams on me,
Whenever a gentle hand I press,
And the wily blink frae the dark-blue ee
Of a dear, dear lassie that they ca' Bess."

"Aha! young man, but I cou'dna see,
Wha I loe best I'll tell you now,
The compliment that ye sought frae me,
'Though ye canna come every night to woo;
Yet I would rather hae frae you
A kindly look, an' a word witha',
Than a' the flowers o' the forest pu',
Than a' the lads that ever I saw."

"Then, dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine,
Sin' a' the truth ye hae tauld me now,
Our hearts an' fortunes we'll entwine,
An' I'll ay come every night to woo;
For, O I canna describe to thee
The feeling o' love's and nature's law,
How dear this world appears to me
Wi' Bessie, my ain for good an' for a'!"

SONG.

By Alexander Macdaggan.

I ken a fair wee flower that grows
Far doon in yon deep dell;
I ken its hame, its bonny hame,
But whar—troth I'll no tell:
Whae rings the shepherd's e'enin' horn,
Oft finds that soothing hour—
Stars in the sky—dew on the earth—
And me beside my flower.

It is not frae the tint o' day
My gentle flower receives
Its purest hue, nor does the sun
Call forth its blushing leaves;
In secrecy it blooms, where Love
Delights to strew his bower,
Where many an unseen spirit smiles
Upon my happy flower.

Ah! weel ye guess that fancy gives
This living gem o' mine
A female form a' loveliness,
A soul in't a' divine,—
A glorious ee that rows beneath
A fringe o' midnight hue,—
Twa yielding lips, wi' love's ain sweets
Aye melting kindly through.

'Tis a' the wealth that I am worth,
'Tis a' my praise and pride,
And fast the hours flee over me
When wooing by its side—
Or looking on its bonnie breast,
So innocently fair,
To see the purity, and peace,
And love, that's growin' there.

Wi' saftest words I woo my flower,
But wi' a stronger arm
I shield each gentle opening bud
Frae every ruthless harm;
The wretch that would, wi' serpent wile,
Betray my flower so rare,
May he live without a cheering friend,
And die without a prayer!

THE FALLEN ROCK.

By Thomas Brydson.

No mortal hand, save mine, hath yet
Upon thy cold form prest,
Thou mighty rock, just freshly torn
From off the cliff's dark breast,—

So steep that never hunter climb'd
Unto its helm of snow,
To gaze across the wide expanse
Of desert spread below.

But yesterday the fleecy cloud
Went curling o'er thy face;
But yesternight the eagle slept
Within thy calm embrace;

While moon and stars, thine ancient friends,
In glory journey'd by,
And bathed thee with their purest light
Up in the silent sky.

Ah, me! and thou art downward hurl'd
Into this lowly glen;
From thy majestic place of pride,
Down to the haunts of men;

Thou who throughout all time hast been
So lofty and so lone,
That voice of human joy or grief
Scarce reach'd thy marble throne.

Thou'st stood unmoved, while age on age
Earth's myriads pass'd away:
Strange destiny, methinks, that I
Should mark thyself decay!

PRAYER.

I saw on the shore of the wintry sea
An aged man on his bended knee;—
And the wind, as it flung back his long white hair,
Show'd me his visage devout in prayer.
He gazed on the starless and solemn sky,
And a tear stood bright in his earnest eye,—
For the son of his bosom—his last dear child—
He knew was adrift on these waters wild;
And the father's love in that holy hour,
Grew stronger and deeper in awful power;
Fast from his pale lips the accents ran—
The fears and the griefs of a lonely man—
And shadows took shapes to his wilder'd brain,
And fancy o'er truth held her feverish reign.

But, lo! as I look'd on that face of despair,
A change came o'er it—the change of prayer!
Still on the shore of the wintry sea,
The parent was fix'd on his bended knee,
But a lovely light o'er his features stole,
For the sunshine of faith had touch'd his soul;
And the Spirit of God, in its mercy and love,
Brought peace on its wings, from the throne above;
And calm as the breast of the moonlight deep,
When the tempest is past and the wild winds sleep,
Were the face and the heart of that father mild,
As he thought of his God and the God of his child.

Alas! how rarely we pause to say,
How precious a blessing it is to pray!

Oh! glorious our fate that where'er we be,—
On the smiling land or the stormy sea,
Whether in crowds, or with Nature alone,
The prayer of the heart will mount to His throne!
Oh! whether we're captive in pleasure's chain,
Or pine in the bondage of grief and pain,
There is nought to the soul such peace can give,
As prayer to that God by whom all things live!

GERTRUDE.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE CAPTIVE OF FEZ.—We have been favoured with an early copy of Mr Aird's forthcoming poem, which we announced some time ago, entitled the *Captive of Fez*, in four cantos. We prefer delaying our review of it till next week, that we may be able to do it the greater justice.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.—We have received Volume I. Part I. of this great national work. It contains a portion of Duhal Stewart's admirable Preliminary Dissertation on the History of the Sciences, and the alphabetical matter from A to Ætina, together with seventeen plates beautifully executed, illustrative of the articles—*Acoustics, Aerostation, Africa, and Agriculture*. It is evident that both the Editor and Publishers are determined to make the second edition the best which has yet appeared.

Messrs Colburn and Bentley have commenced a new work, to be entitled the *Library of Modern Travels, Voyages, and Discoveries*, comprising original journals of recent travellers in various parts of the world, and presenting an epitome of the present state of geographical knowledge. The work is to appear in monthly volumes, like the *Family Library*.

The forthcoming Number of the *Family Library* will consist of the third volume of the lives of eminent British painters, sculptors and architects, by Allan Cunningham.

We understand that Sir Thomas Lauder Dick's work on the flood in the North of Scotland in the early part of this year, is nearly ready for publication.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—Poor Haydon the painter is again in the very last extremity of poverty, and has written a letter to a newspaper to say, that unless some assistance be speedily afforded him, he will be incarcerated. We do not exactly understand this Haydon is a clever man, and his necessities must, in a great measure, be of his own making. Besides, we do not approve of people writing letters to the public press concerning their own wants. Two collections of great interest to the antiquarian and the scholar are, in a few days, to be sold by Mr Sotheby: the one consisting of a valuable series of medals, the other of a well-chosen library. The medals are those of the late Earl of Morton, a nobleman of not taste; the books belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The former possess only their own intrinsic worth, which is great; but the books of such a man as the late President, derive an adventitious value from their being associated with the private studies of a man of genius.—Mr Burchell, the well-known African traveller, has at length returned to England, after an absence of nearly six years. In this period he has explored those vast inland provinces of Brazil into which no European traveller, at least of modern times, has ventured to penetrate. We may look for an interesting work from his pen ere long.—Now that the weather has become warm, the Londoners begin to indulge in their annual fear of mad dogs. It would well were they never bit in any way but this.—A monument is erected in Westminster Abbey, by Mr Westmacott, to the memory of the late Mr Tierney. The fund for this splendid testimonial to his worth has been raised by private subscription.—A new periodical, the same size as the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, is about to be commenced in London, to be published every Saturday morning and to be called *The Chat of the Week*. It is to contain, besides original matter, the most interesting passages on all subjects from the periodicals. This is not a bad idea, and may succeed.—I said that a large sum is subscribing for the institution of a morning paper. The *Star Evening Paper* is for sale, the price demanded is £800, which includes types, lease of the house. This is by no means a good time for newspapers; the best establishments cannot hold their ground, and the Sunday newspapers in particular feel the pressure of the times, for the middling and lower orders who chiefly read Sunday newspapers, either cannot afford the price, or the occurrences of the week are not sufficient to excite interest. In France, however, things are different; new papers are starting there daily, and succeeding well.—at Lyons two new papers have appeared within the last three months, and in different parts of France about fifteen papers have been successfully started during the present year.—A University Club is in the progress of formation on the model of the other great clubs of London. It is to consist, for the first instance, of 600 members—320 from each University.

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OR,

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Life of Alexander Alexander. Written by Himself, and edited by John Howell, author of "Journal of a Soldier," "Life of John Nicol," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. Pp. 339 and 327. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1880.

It is scarcely going too far to term our ingenious townsman John Howell, the De Foe of Edinburgh; for, though he is scarcely equal in grasp and originality of mind to that prince of popular writers, he is far his superior in true delicacy and moral purity, and has been the means of giving us more insight into the character of our populace than any writer of the day. His "Journal of a Soldier of the Seventy-first," affords an excellent glimpse into the *material* of which our armies are composed; "John Nicol" carries us, in like manner, among our seamen; and the present volumes, the most full of deep and varied interest with which he has yet presented us, carry the reader in company with a luckless and high-spirited ranger over more than half the globe. Nor must the merits of the publisher pass unnoticed. We do not know which better deserves the thanks of the reading public—Mr Blackwood, for the discernment and liberality with which he discovered the value of Alexander's manuscripts, and prosecuted their reduction to a publishable form—or Mr Howell, for the tact and intelligence with which he has discharged the duty of editor.

The story of Alexander is fascinating, on account of the rapid diversity of scene and fortune through which the hero is hurried; and, at the same time, it reads an impressive lesson, by the warning his fate holds out to such as indulge an over-susceptible temperament. The narrative is not the less instructive that the hero, although any thing but a practically wise man, is gifted with no ordinary share of feeling and sagacity; nor are his remarks one whit less interesting and home-coming, that his cast of thought has been sickened o'er by continual disappointment, and that he is, to a very slight degree, a misanthrope.

Alexander is the natural son of some person in easy circumstances in the west of Scotland. For the sake of amusement, he was boarded in childhood in the house of a small farmer. Here and at school he was regarded, on account of the unfortunate circumstances attending his birth, as a sort of pariah,—as one step in creation beneath those with whom he was to associate,—as one with whom one had a fellow feeling, and who might be abused with impunity. The boy, with his spirit thus seared and broken, was placed by his father at Greenock, to obtain some notion of mercantile business, and was thence sent, when old enough, to the West Indies. His destination was one of the smaller islands formerly belonging to the French, where he was received and treated with a degree of kindness and respect to which, in his own land, he had been unaccustomed. His heart began to beat more freely. He met with a young woman upon whom he fixed his affections; her parents were not averse to the

match; his character and prospects were good; and every thing augured a prosperous career. But unfortunately, on the occasion of an accidental quarrel with his employer, that gentleman taunted him with his birth. The painful feelings of his early years rushed back upon him—he felt as if some degradation were inherent in his nature, which nothing could wash out or conceal; and, in a state of excited feeling, he resolved to leave the island. In vain did his mistress look miserable, and his kind master relent,—he was roused even to frenzy, and back to Scotland he came.

His reception from his father may easily be conceived. He had wished to conceal from the world the existence of this child of shame; and, when he believed the object attained, back came the damning remembrancer of his frailty. In this frame of mind, the father accused his son of a fickle and unsteady disposition. A scene of painful altercation ensued, and Alexander, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in the Royal Artillery.

While in the army, the greater part of his time was consumed in India. The picture he gives of the King's troops in that country, though from a spectator of a very different cast, harmonizes strictly with that given in the "Memoirs of Serjeant B.," and has, therefore, been too long before the public to justify us in presenting our readers with extracts from this portion of the work. The chief interest in this part of the narrative consists in the insight it affords into that feature of Alexander's character to which we have already alluded—an indolent acquiescence in his fate, leading him frequently to delay, on the most frivolous pretext, a slight exertion, which might have been the means of materially forwarding his views in life. He returned from India with a shattered constitution, and, after serving some time on garrison-duty, was allowed to retire on a pension.

Coming back once more to Scotland, he found his father still inexorable, and conceived the idea of again trying his fortune in the West Indies. After innumerable petty and teasing disappointments he sets sail, and with much ado manages to get first one, and then another, small employment in Demerara. It is fated, however, that nothing shall prosper with him. This portion of Alexander's history we recommend to the particular attention of the public. Although told in the language of a disappointed man, it is unquestionably the most just and impartial account of the state of society in our West India colonies we have met with; and will be found instructive as well by those soulless drivellers who laud slavery in the abstract, as by the wisecracks who, in their hot zeal for reform, pretend to legislate for millions separated from them by half the circumference of the globe, and yet more widely separated by difference of habits and education. Disappointed in Demerara, as everywhere else, Alexander joined the South American patriots. We have carefully studied the history of that continent previous to the Revolution, and being convinced that all the works which have been written upon it since are, with one or two exceptions, barefaced lies, or spoiled by the affectation of their authors, who wish to tell every thing, though they saw but little, we are glad to meet at last with one

man whose narrative, however caustic, carries the stamp of truth on its forehead. Alexander's unpretending statement of what he saw is most graphic, and to one acquainted with the previous state of the Spanish colonies, its authenticity will be at once apparent. The broken tradesmen of England with their *morque aristocratique*—the routed yet blithe followers of Napoleon—the down-right New Englanders—the honest, yet withal soft and heavy Germans—the fervid Creoles—all act exactly as we were prepared to expect. That erewhile peaceful and happy country is undergoing a violent and fantastic change—a sort of frenzy; but the crisis of its fever, and the prelude of returning health, has seized it. To give our readers any adequate idea of Alexander's sketches on this subject, would be to extract almost the whole of his second volume. We pick out, however, one or two extracts almost at random. The following is his account of Bolívar:

"He is a native of Caracas, where he had extensive property, at this time in the hands of the Spaniards. His height is about five feet eight, and he is well-proportioned. Though a full white, his face was bronzed or weather-beaten, but very intelligent, full, and round, with a natural smile, that rendered it pleasing, without hurting that air of superiority which lurked in a dark and intelligent eye, the angry glance of which was benumbing. His eye enlivened a studious cast of countenance, whether natural or acquired I cannot say. He waltzed beautifully. He was of sober and abstemious habits, and spoke gracefully, and well to the point; his proclamations were numerous, and well adapted to their purpose. He spoke little in company, and had a great dislike to tipplers, babblers, idlers, gamblers, and duellists. He allowed the English to fight duels, but any American who fought was shot for the offence. He took a great deal of exercise, often walking and riding. He was very fond of the English, often talked about England, and placed much confidence in the British, holding out liberal encouragement to all adventurers, but giving at the same time a general order that no foreigner was to be kept against his will, and that every one was to have his passport to return to his country whenever he chose. Out of policy and regard to Britain, he pardoned many villains, giving them passports and rations until they embarked, and even money to carry them off; yet others who left the country had to fight their way in the best manner they could. I was a witness to an instance of his clemency;—a Lieutenant-colonel Wilson, who had been up the country with Paez, then commander-in-chief, was a spy to the Spaniards, and in communication with General Murillo; he entered into an intrigue to overthrow Bolívar and the Republic, by sowing dissension between the rulers. His plan was to disgrace Bolívar; and, by working on the foibles of the English, he soon got them to declare for Paez. When all was ripe, he had the assurance to go to Paez and propose to him to be supreme ruler, and supersede Bolívar; which Paez, to defeat his object, agreed to, and a proclamation was issued to the British and the army to acknowledge Paez as the supreme chief and captain-general of the armies of the Republic. This they had been prepared for; Colonel Wilson had only to come down to Angostura, and take up with him all the British to the Apure, under the pretence of strengthening the army; all this was to be kept secret from Bolívar. Wilson came down, and the report was soon spread abroad, that all the foreigners in Angostura were to go up with him to join the army of the Apure. But Paez, as soon as Wilson left him, sent down a boat with information of the design to Bolívar.

"Wilson was still going backward and forward to Bolívar, on the most friendly terms, and dining with him. The first time he entered after the arrival of the message from Paez, Bolívar, being reclined in his hammock, received him without any apparent change of manner, and desired him to come and sit down by him, when they entered into conversation, as if Bolívar knew nothing of his nefarious designs. After a short time spent in this manner, Bolívar, without any apparent emotion, drew the packet from his pocket which contained the irrefragable proofs of his baseness, and told him to look at it, and inform him if he knew any thing of its contents. Wilson was immediately put into close confinement, when we all looked for his being shot; but in a little time he was sent off to Old Guiana a prisoner at large, until shipped off to the West Indies, and I believe he had money to carry him off. Bolívar said—'I forgive

you for the sake of your country; you have it to thank for life, and not me, sir.'—Vol. II. p. 26-8.

The portrait of Paez forms a fine pendant to this length of the Liberator:

"Paez is a stout, active-looking little man, with a pleasing and very expressive countenance; he is a good musician and dancer, fearless and brave to excess, but rash to a fault, rushing into battle pell-mell, with no idea but that of overturning all opposed to him by mere animal force. Yet his feelings were very acute, and he grieved much after great slaughter even of his enemies, and became subject to severe epileptic fits. He had fought many successful battles, but he could not calculate the effect of evolutions like Bolívar. He was no politician, only a plain fighting man, where talent lay in rushing on to battle. He was quite void of learning, being able neither to read nor write. With much care he could just manage to scrawl F-a-e-z on the official papers that were presented to him; but his heart and soul were in the cause he espoused."—Vol. II. pp. 76, 9.

As the session of our General Assembly is but lately over, it may not be inappropriate to add to these sketches the following curious picture:

"I stopped at a fine white house, which I was informed belonged to Commissionado. Here I passed as strange a night as I ever did. At my first knocking, the door was opened by a small plump-looking person, with a very broad leather belt. I boldly asked for a lodging, not as a friend, but a right. He gave a jump, and, flourishing his hands, bade me enter. As he turned, I saw that the crown of his head was shaved. I felt a little abashed at my freedom; but he jumped and danced before me. I thought he was mad; indeed I knew not what to think. I found here also a Frenchman, a colonel, an agreeable man, free of prejudice.

"As soon as I was seated, the padre brought forth a large bottle of rum, and poured out glass after glass, drinking himself, and urging us in an antic manner, shaking the bottle before us; he danced, sang, and shouted like a bacchant.

"At length supper was ordered in. Such a supper I had seldom seen. There was chocolate, sausages, rice, soup, conserves, &c. enough for ten men. But now the most ludicrous scene began. He helped us with his bare hands, helping the victuals on our plates. He was soon covered with grease from the chin to the belt, as he ate lustily. Ever and anon he seized the poor Frenchman round the neck, and kissed him. He was soon as much bedaubed as himself. I admired the patience of the Frenchman; and carefully kept the table between us, lest the foolish priest should next attack me in the same manner, which I could not have endured.

"The supper was removed, and the rum again went round until we were all tipsy, and then we tumbled into bed all three. I awoke about four o'clock, and fortunate it was I did so, for the Frenchman was just on the point of expiring; my right heel was on his neck, and thus he was pushed to the wall, as he lay at the foot of the bed. I moved my foot, and with difficulty recovered the French officer, who had almost ceased to breathe. The priest also awoke; they began again to the bottle, but I would take no more on account of my journey, and not being accustomed to drink to excess. They both again tumbled into bed, while I ordered breakfast, which was cheerfully furnished. I mounted and rode off as soon as day broke. This was the first scene of intemperance I had seen, and I am sorry to say it was by a padre. The people in general drink pretty freely, but not to intoxication."—Vol. II. pp. 298-300.

The Adventures of Alexander, who is at present, we regret to learn, in the Royal Infirmary of this city, are rapidly related after his leaving South America, and are brought down to nearly the date of the publication of his volume. The whole book is full of feeling;—Alexander was a child of impulse—proofs of which are spread over the whole work, and scarcely admit of being broken down into small bits, and exhibited like geological specimens. He thus speaks of his emotions when, on board a Columbian privateer, he passed within sight of his dwelling, whom he had loved in youth—the memory of his disappointed passion having haunted every hour of his luckless life:

"It was on board this brig I got the sorest heart I had ever had, and suffered anguish so keen that for a time I was bereft of reason. We took on board some passengers to carry to Grenada; my heart beat high with hope; I was to be within sixteen leagues of Carriacou; surely an opportunity would occur by which I might reach this haven of my hopes. We scudded along; at length Grenada hove in sight, but we did not enter the port; the brig only lay to, and sent the passengers on shore. At the return of our boat, the captain stood for the island of St Vincent. Soon the island of Carriacou gradually began to rise into view. The feeling I had only before indulged in by anticipation, assumed an overwhelming force. I stood rooted to the quarter-deck; we approached so close to Hillsborough I could recognise every object, and the house that contained all that my soul held dear. I implored Captain King to enter the harbour, or allow me to go on shore for a few hours. He looked surprised at the intense anxiety I displayed in making my request, but refused, and said, if he could, he perhaps would do so at our return from St Vincent. Shame made me conceal my bitter regret, though it was allayed by the hope of being soon set on shore; yet I had not made up my mind to any particular line of conduct; only I wished to know if Mademoiselle was alive, and get one glance of that lovely face that was never out of my thoughts. I had resolved, in my poor and penniless state, not to make myself known if I could help it, to any one on the island, captain of marines as I was.

"Thus I stood gazing until night shut out from sight the object of my longing; sadly and slowly I went below, and threw myself down, not to sleep, but to review my life, which had been spent in pain and disappointment.

"We remained a few days at St Vincent. Long and heavily they hung upon my hands, yet the inhabitants were very kind and civil to us. At our departure, we fired a salute, which was not answered; but they hoisted their colours in reply. The evening was setting in as Carriacou came in sight the second time; I humbly requested Captain King to put into Hillsborough, or set me on shore. His reply now was, he had no business whatever there, or he would be happy to oblige me; neither could he think of sending a boat from the brig during the night. My heart sank within me. I looked so much disappointed, he enquired what could make me so anxious to get on shore. I told him I had been on the island in my youth, and wished to know if any of my friends were still alive. He laughed and said, 'O, captain, it must have been in the year one when you were there,' alluding to my aged look. 'No,' I said, 'it was in the year 1800, when I was only eighteen years of age.'—'Why,' said he, 'I thought you were sixty at least.' Again I asked him to indulge me, but he peremptorily refused. I rushed from his presence almost frantic. As soon as I reached my berth, I seized a jar of rum that stood at hand, and placing it to my head, drank in desperation. I knew not how much; but I sank overpowered upon my cot; my body was rendered by it inert, but my mental energies were fearfully increased. Such a night and day of agony I trust never to pass again; but my anguish gradually died away, and I resumed my usual train of thinking."—Vol. ii. p. 184-7.

After speaking as we have done of this book, it is a work of supererogation to say we recommend it to our readers. The frontispiece, engraved from a portrait of Alexander by Watson Gordon, is beautiful and characteristic.

The Captive of Fez; A Romance, in Five Cantos. By Thomas Aird. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 243.

They who have read Mr Aird's "Religious Characteristics" are aware that it is a work which contains many fine passages,—much acute reasoning, and much imaginative writing of a high character. The readers of the *Literary Journal* are also aware that Mr Aird has contributed to our pages, as he has done to those of *Blackwood's Magazine*, several powerfully-written prose sketches, indicating a reflective and original mind. We learned, therefore, with pleasure, some months ago, that Mr Aird was engaged with a poem, upon which he intended to expend all his energies, and to which he trusted as a stepping-stone to lift him higher up the road of fame. We

have now perused this poem, and are glad to say that we have not been disappointed in the effort which Mr Aird's genius has made. We knew that in the solitude of his own thoughts Mr Aird was fond of nursing peculiar trains of association, and we therefore also knew, that whatever he wrote would be something out of the beaten track,—something minted in the mint of his own individual feelings, and not alloyed by the intermixture of that sparkling but worthless dross which at present passes but too current in the republic of letters. A *mode of thinking*, and consequently a *style of expression*, differing to a considerable extent from any other mode or style, are among the invariable marks of a superior mind—a mind capable of remaining steady in its own strength, and not to be swayed from side to side by every uncertain and shifting breeze of doctrine, fashion, and opinion. This higher characteristic belongs to all Mr Aird's writings. Although it is evident that their author has read and enjoyed the works of his illustrious predecessors and most admired contemporaries, it is no less evident that the channel of his own thoughts runs too deep to be thoroughly tinged by any accidental hue which they may throw over its surface. The fountain from which his conceptions flow, hid though it may be from the common eye, retains its crystal transparency uncontaminated.

There can be no state of existence at all to be compared with that which the poet enjoys when his whole mind is engrossed with his first poetical undertaking. To him the world is the mere platform over which he walks;—he is as much beyond its miseries as he is independent of its pleasures. His universe and his eternity are within his own soul. He communes with thoughts, which he can summon at will, and which congregate around him like groups of friends with bright and holy faces. For him nature is lovely with her myriad dyes, and full of enchantment with her thousand voices; but it is not the external nature, visible at morn and eve to every vulgar gaze,—it is the essence of its beauty, treasured up and refined in the alembic of his own feelings, and equally vivid before him in the darkness and the storms of night, as in the balm and the brilliancy of noon. To him humanity, with all its varying attributes, is a study fraught with deep delight; and over that mighty miracle—the frame and the constitution of man—he casts the mantle of his inspiration, until he almost penetrates into the heart of the mystery, and catches glimpses of what is yet to be. And never are his judgments severe; nor are his doubts that the good preponderates, ever triumphant. The poet who turns misanthrope, ceases to be a poet. Love, in the most extended acceptation of the word, is the grand ingredient of all poetry,—a something which softens and improves, which melts and purifies, which, stronger than the love of woman, pervades all space and illuminates every idea. And if, at times, this very condition of his being appears to intensify itself in one particular direction, who shall say how gloriously bright the conceptions which then chase each other, like summer wave on wave, through his whole soul, and which, though unknown to all the world beside, and of momentary duration, even within himself, nevertheless achieve the purpose of the Almighty, and, like the showery sparks of the shooting star, leave a gleam upon the memory, even after they have themselves disappeared? Then, as time rolls on, and brings with it the duller years of life, how does the poet look back upon his first dream of high enthusiasm, and, like the evening traveller through the hill-encircled vale, turn round upon his own shadow, still far up on the mountain's brow! Alas! many of the golden lamps that burned within are already gone out, and though the poet still worships at the altar of his god, the shrine looks less glorious than it did of yore. Woe to the cold critic, who would hasten the coming on of this sterner period, and, by the flinging of a few senseless stones, shatter into fragments the magic mirror in which the poet sees his visions arise, numerous as the hosts of the ever-

shining stars. Defects there must be wherever words are had recourse to as the symbols of thought; but if, through the mistiness of words, bright ideas are seen to shine, then has a poet's soul been at work, and better to break the golden bowl of life at once, than to fling a shadow over the spirit which glitters within.

We have been accused of severity towards young poets; but the plausibility of the accusation rests upon the misuse of the term. We confess we are severe towards *rhymesters*, but never towards *poets*,—towards those in whom we see, or think we see, traces of that higher susceptibility and finer nature which carry a man out of the herd, because they enable him to think and feel more readily, more acutely, and more intensely. On the contrary, we believe that we have, in one or two instances, allowed our anxiety to do every thing in our power to encourage and advance individuals of this kind, to induce us to bestow upon their efforts a higher degree of commendation than they were perhaps strictly entitled to. This is an error, however, of which we can hardly say that we repent.

Mr Aird's poem is in heroic verse, of which he has an excellent mastery, his lines being at once flowing, vigorous, and well varied in their pauses. The scene, as the title imports, is laid in Africa, and for the most part in the city of Fez. Young Julian, the son of the King of Portugal, is the "Captive." He was made prisoner by the African General Zemberbo, and delivered over as a hostage to Abusade, King of Fez, who is at war with Portugal. Julian's captivity, however, is rendered less irksome by the mutual attachment which has sprung up between him and Geraldine, the King's daughter by an English captive now dead. To Geraldine the reader is introduced in the following fine lines:

"Behold this daughter of a Moorish king;
Yet say, how lovely in her life's young spring!
So well has Nature lit along her face
The blood that beautifies her mother's race,—
An English captive, who, to Abusade
Her lord, the Fezzan monarch, bore the maid.
O! Geraldine, thy locks are dark as death!
Fair as the moon of heaven thy brow beneath!
What shall be done for thee, young Geraldine?
On golden manna and celestial wine,
The food of angels, wert thou fed, to win
That clear embalming glow thy cheek within?
Nay, wert thou sprung from the sun's shining loins,
Child of all beauty, that all love enjoins?
In lightest play, in arch sweet rillery,
Out glanced the swift young arrows of her eye,
To need a thousand pardons, and to win,
In fast relapses of their beauteous sin.
Yet did that eye, when aught was heard to grieve,
Gleam softly, lightening as the star of eve;
Nor less, o'er villain wrongs, could flash bold ire,
Could burn with holy and indignant fire."

On the death of Geraldine's mother, Abusade had espoused Zenone, an Italian princess of great personal attractions, but of unbounded passions. She soon ceased to love the king, a weak and luxurious tyrant, and transferred the whole of her guilty attachment to Julian, who, however, was incapable of returning it. Enraged at his coldness, she so contrived, that even the show of liberty was taken from him, and he was immured in a dungeon. He is here visited by Geraldine, who assures him of her continued affection, of which, in his misery, he had begun to doubt. Restored to new joy, the Captive breaks forth into the following highly poetical lines:

"This—this is to be free; and I am free!
My star of good, young princess, shines in thee.
Yon moon in heaven, how many hearts have bless'd,
As on she calmly journeys to the west!
She lights the white ships o'er the untravell'd seas,
She soothes the little birds upon the trees,
And cheers the creatures of the solitudes,
And leads the lover through the glimmering woods,
And gives to weary hearts unworl'dly calm,
When slumber comes not with its priceless balm;
But not yon moon in heaven without a stain,

To watchful sailors o'er the trackless main,
To little birds, to desert-beasts of night,
To lover hasting by her glimpering light,
To hearts oppress'd, in, as thou art to me,
So passing dear, whose fair young brow I see!
Ave Maria! bless this lovely one,
Mother of Heaven! and Thou, her gracious son!"

Zenone also visits Julian in his cell, to tempt him with life and liberty if he will fly with her to Italy, and to threaten instant death if he refuse. Julian, however, is firm, and Zenone departs intent on vengeance. But ere she can put it in force, Geraldine succeeds in winning over the jailor, and the first Canto ends with the escape and flight of the Captive. The second Canto introduces us to Abusade holding a nocturnal feast in his palace. His revels are interrupted by the unexpected return of his General, Zemberbo, bringing Julian with him, whom he had intercepted in his flight, and from whom he had learned the severity of the imprisonment to which he had been subjected; although Zemberbo, when he left him at the court, had bargained that his captivity should be made as light as possible. The haughty warrior now rebukes the king, for his breach of faith, in no very gentle terms. Zenone, for her own purposes, determines to foment the quarrel, and, in the course of the night, raises the citizens against Zemberbo, who naturally supposes that they attack him at the instigation of the king. He escapes the danger, however, and carrying Julian off with him, he has him conveyed, by a secret passage, into the palace of Zara, Zemberbo's sister, who lives in Fez in the utmost seclusion. Her appearance is that of one who has once been beautiful, but is now much wasted with grief. Her manners, however, unlike those of her brother, are still soft, and gentle. Seeing Julian, she thus enquires concerning him:

"But let me not be selfish: Is not this
Some captive child of sickness and distress,
Ta'en in thy wars, and, by thy special care,
Thus brought my spells and healing skill to share?—
Come near, thou young and pale, nor sue in vain,
If I can heal thy wounds and spirit's pain.
Thou weep'st: perchance thy mother dwells afar,
And little sisters claim thee from the war.
Gay vests they sew for thee, the loved; and still,
To look for thee, they climb the green cleft hill.
Lo! one afar—'tis thou; but O! regret!
The stranger passes on: thou com'st not yet.
And they must ask, to verge of modest shame,
The brave returning warrior for thy name—
Must ask from morn to noon—must watch for thee,
Till gleams the sweet moon through the chestnut-tree.
But weep not; for that worn attire of thine
This hand shall sew a garment soft and fine;
Well shall we care for thee, and heal thy pain,
And send thee to thy native land again—
Thy sister's joy;—nor long thy captive smart
Shall drink the sweet blood of thy mother's heart."

Thus prepared to love the stranger youth, Zemberbo at length informs his sister that he is her own son. Zara's previous history, explaining how this should be, is thus spiritedly told to Julian by Zemberbo. The reader will recollect that the King of Portugal was Julian's father, and it is of him that Zemberbo speaks:

"He, prince, in early youth was captive made,
And, wounded sore, in Zemra's palace laid;
Beyond the leech's aid there languishing,
Fast o'er him closed dread Azrael's sable wing.
Came then to Zemra, Lilla Zara, child
Of loftiest charity, my undefiled!
She heard—was moved—his life she will recall;
For, wiser than the desert daughters all,
Rare stones she knew of veins and spotty eyes,
And starry witchcraft, that within them lies;
The precious bleeding rinds, and weeds of might,
Far look'd into by sovereign eyes of night,
All virtual flowers; and how to win them knew,
On Atlas gather'd in their nightly dew.
And in the wild and planetary hour,
A talisman she framed of sovereign power;

And Allah bless'd her work of sweet young ruth,
 And up from dust she raised thy father's youth.
 Now what for Lilla Zara shall be done?
 How he be grateful for redeeming one?
 He dared to tempt: she fled with him by night,
 And in his kingdom show'd her tarnish'd light!
 Well, style it love,—omnipotent they say,—
 What then? Ye deem not his could pass away?
 His father dead, 'twas his to mount a throne,
 Bound to be glad his faithful one to own.
 Dog in his heart, he sat thereon; but seem'd
 Cheap thing who loved him, and from death redeem'd!
 Forsooth!—no doubt! her glory he desired;
 But other queen his kingdom's wants required,
 And thus, by kingly policy decreed,
 A creature of large heart became a weed."

Zemberbo had subsequently removed his sister from the Court of Portugal, but for a time left her son behind, that his future vengeance might be more complete. Having concluded his interview with Zara, Zemberbo again hurries Julian away, and is about to convey him to the camp, when he is attacked by emissaries from the king, and is obliged to look after his own safety. He escapes, but Julian is once more made prisoner, and the second canto concludes. In the third, we learn that Zemberbo is now in open rebellion, and that the priests, under the instigation of Geraldine, have declared that Fez can be saved only by giving the command of her armies to the captive prince. The superstitious king agrees to this arrangement, and Julian is led forth in triumph, and sent to battle against his uncle Zemberbo. His parting scene with Geraldine is finely written, and his wish to take her to Portugal, and spend with her there the remainder of his life, is very poetically described:

"Did I not promise from this shore
 To take my maid the dark-blue waters o'er,
 To banks of beauty, where the Tagus roves
 Through the long summer of his orange groves?
 Come, let me lead thee by thy soft young hand,
 And show the glories of my father's land,—
 Thine own! The breeze that smooths the forest tops;
 The dewy sun that sleeps the far green slopes;
 Bright wings of birds, all beautiful and free,
 In living rainbows round the blossom'd tree;
 High overhead on home-returning wings,
 The booming bee, that spent its airy rings;
 Dim lake; the olive hill; the valley's gleams,
 Inlaid with blue bows of the wandering streams;
 White cities shining on the bended shore;
 Beyond, far fused, the ocean's silver floor,—
 For thee shall glorify the evening hour,
 And I will lead thee to the summer bower,
 Prepared for thee beneath the bill of vines,
 Young beauty of the South! when day declines,
 O! thy dark locks of youth, my alien bright!
 My cheek shall dry away the drops of night!
 And when thou turn'st thee to the southern star,
 And think'st upon thy native home afar,
 Thou shalt not weep; I have thee by the hand,
 My heart is thine, my land shall be thy land.
 And largely in thee shall that heart delight,
 How gladly bring thee to my father's sight,
 And show thee in his court, and still to thee,
 A queen, make princes proud to bend the knee!
 Yet more—This is a dream: God, let me die!
 I dare not wake; for where, for what am I?
 Yet, Geraldine, no braggart would I be,
 But so would love thee, were my young life free.
 I feel—I feel my love's unbounded debt;
 May God forget me when I thee forget!"

It was not long before Julian and his army encountered that of Zemberbo. The poem is full of beautiful passages, but there is none more vigorous and picturesque than the following:

"Two days they march'd, and on the third were stay'd,
 And in a beauteous vale their camp was made—
 Beyond it lay, with narrow pass between,
 A larger valley, and an equal scene

Of warlike pomp; for there the traitor host
 Of dark Zemberbo kept their evening post,
 And hoped the coming morrow to decide
 Bold stakes against a king's prescriptive pride.
 Of equal hopes the royal bands possess'd,
 Within their guarded camp took splendid rest.
 By heaven and earth! it was a goodly sight
 To see those tents beneath the setting light,
 Encircling round with deep pavilion'd pale,
 A little hill in middle of a vale.
 Fair trees, with golden sunlight in their tops,
 In leafy tiers grew up its beauteous slopes.
 Green was its open summit, and thereon,
 O'er battle plains, the mighty captains shone.
 West, through the vale delicious, lay unroll'd,
 The lapse of rivers in their evening gold;
 And far along their sun-illumined banks,
 Broke the quick restless gleam of warlike ranks.
 North, where the hills arose by soft degrees,
 Stood stately warriors in the myrtle trees,
 And fed their beauteous steeds. From east to south,
 Arm'd files stood onward to the valley's mouth.
 From out the tents the while, and round the plain,
 Bold music burst, defiance to maintain,
 And hope, against the morrow's dawning hour.
 Nor the gay camp belied th' inspiring power;
 From white-teeth'd tribes, that loiter'd on the grass,
 Loud laughter burst, fierce jests were heard to pass;
 Around the tents were form'd the gorgeous throngs
 Of nations blent, with shout and warlike songs.
 Nor ceased the din, as o'er th' encampment wide
 Fell softly dark that eve of summer tide."

The issue of the combat was in favour of Zemberbo; and Julian and his scattered troops were obliged to fly back to Fez, whither they are hotly pursued by the rebel chief. The plot now thickens, and we shall not enter into its details, as we could not do them justice in a prose narrative. The fate of Abusade, Zara, Zenone, and Geraldine, is very powerfully told, and, in as far as Julian is concerned, the poem ends as it began, he being left in severe and hopeless captivity.

The most striking beauties of this poem appear to us to consist in the fine vein of bold and manly thought which runs through it, and in the energy and ambition displayed by Mr Aird in the portraits of his different *dramatis personæ*, standing out as they do in strong relief, and grouped with a powerful effect of light and shade. He may not have succeeded in every instance to explain his own meaning so fully, or so well, as he might wish; yet it is impossible to peruse the poem without perceiving that we have to do with one of the higher orders of mind, and the passages we have given will be sufficient to convince our readers, that in lofty feeling and glowing poetical diction Mr Aird need fear comparison with no one. If we are to allude to the faults of the composition, and we have little wish to do so at present, we should say that, mechanically speaking, the story is not quite so well arranged—the plot not quite so well brought out—as it would have been by a more practised workman. There is a feeling of intricacy and occasional obscurity, which ought, if possible, to be avoided in all poetical narratives. We might also object, that the hero, Julian, is throughout too much a tool in the hand of others, but we do not lay so much stress upon this as some may do. We consider certain affectations of forced and out-of-the-way expressions, which we observe here and there, a more grievous fault, but one which may be easily amended. Thus we have, "heroic spasms of souls,"—"at shut of day,"—"the wine-fired salamanders of his eye,"—"the light that dimly shined,"—"joy-candles in the eyes,"—"a boundless witch,"—"passion's flaming linstock," &c. We are aware that it is extremely difficult to determine at what precise point originality degenerates into bombast and absurdity, and we also admire an author's courage in not sticking too scrupulously to established phrases; but we submit to Mr Aird's taste, that at least some of the expressions we have copied are too grotesque for serious poetry.

On the whole, we have no hesitation in expressing our

opinion, that "The Captive of Fez" is a production which will give Mr Aird a status of no mean kind among the poets of the day, and that it evinces powers which, when a little more matured, may yet make efforts of the very highest description.

Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt; performed during the Years 1825-28; including Particulars of the Last Illness and Death of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Russian Conspiracy in 1825. By the late James Webster, Esquire, of the Inner Temple. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830. Pp. 162, and 435.

We have perused these volumes with a melancholy interest. We knew the author well during the happiest days of life—when the earnestness of approaching manhood first gives solidity and worth to the flow of youthful spirits—and never have we met with one more ardent in his love and pursuit of whatever was good and great, or of a purer mind. Our acquaintance commenced at the University of St Andrews. Webster was at that time rather diminutive in stature; of a slender frame; and appeared to be of a delicate constitution. Though younger than the greater part of his fellow-students, he was remarkable for a sedateness and uniform propriety of demeanour, which might have been looked for in vain in the most advanced among us. At the same time, there was nothing morose or secluded in his disposition. His desire for literary distinction was unbounded—he tried every thing—in many classes he stood foremost—in all he stood high. We have no desire to make use of that absurd strain of paucyrio we sometimes hear employed towards boys at that time of life; but a thirst for knowledge, unwearied application, and a power of turning what he learns to account, are always encouraging symptoms. Webster's *debut* at college was strikingly illustrative of his character. At St Andrews, a certain number of bursaries are yearly adjudged, by public competition, to the most deserving entrants. They are the poorest bursaries on the establishment, and are, in general, only competed for by the poorest class of students. Webster was, however, averse to lose any opportunity of obtaining distinction; he entered himself as candidate, carried the highest honours, and resigned the bursary to the next in order. Another occurrence, during his last session, shows that his ardour had in no degree relaxed. Principal Playfair had offered a premium for the best essay on some subject of Political Economy. There were but few of the students who had turned their attention to this science, and only one or two essays were lodged. Webster was walking with one of the competitors on the South Street, when a Professor encountered them, and, entering into conversation, asked Webster why he did not contend for the prize. His companion observed, jestingly, he supposed Webster thought it needless, as he himself had lodged an essay. Webster's face flushed; he said nothing; but, in the course of two days, his essay was composed and given in; and it puzzled the Professors to decide whether it, or some of the more leisurely-fabricated productions of the other candidates, was entitled to the prize.

We are doubtful whether Webster possessed much imagination. The bent of his mind lay towards the abstract, the mechanical, and practical sciences. But the enthusiasm of his temperament caused him to pursue them with a passion, and a belief in the power of the human mind to extend and apply them, that bordered on the romantic. An adventure which he had at Malta, and afterwards the wild grandeur of Egypt's gigantic monuments, seem to have awakened a chord of romance, which, long and intimately though we knew him in this country, appeared always to be dormant. Yet even under its influence, we recognise the solid disposition of our old

friend. Thus, though it appears by his work that he had an indomitable longing to see Mount Sinai, it was as a lawyer to stand upon the spot whence the earliest code of law was promulgated. Another striking peculiarity of Webster was, his tolerant spirit. There is but one thing of which we remember him to have spoken with habits, indignation, and that was, servility of any kind. We have already alluded to the delicacy of his constitution. The ardour of his mind was too much for his frame, and frequently led him to attempt exertions beyond his physical force. To this, alas! we owe his premature death. He was, however, far from a weakling. We have seldom known one whose nerves stood better the shock of unforeseen danger, or who was more quick-witted and fertile in resources for evading it. He was also fond of the more gentlemanly exercises, and was an excellent swordsman.

The greater portion of the two volumes now published, under the friendly superintendence of Mr Fraser, is occupied by Webster's notes of his travels in the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt. The account of the latter country is the most complete, filling almost the whole of the second volume. It contains a narrative of Mahommed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and of his sons Ibrahim and Ismail; together with notices of the proceedings of the French and English armies in Egypt; the destruction of the Mamelukes; and the fortune of the Wahabees. Along with these important matters we find occasional descriptions of the character of Egyptian scenery, of the manners and moral condition of the inhabitants, and although the author was neither a professed antiquarian, nor ever showed much interest in the pursuits which engross that class of persons, we find many notices and shrewd guesses which must be interesting and instructive to them. From this account of the book's contents, it will be evident to the reader who is in the least degree acquainted with Oriental politics, that the work contains a rich fund of materials for the history of Egypt in the nineteenth century, digested upon a more philosophical and comprehensive plan than is to be met with in any other English work. We have also found, in turning over these pages, what we certainly have not met with elsewhere, incidental notices of the state and prospect of manufactures in Egypt. Since the death of Webster, much and more accurate information has been obtained respecting many points he touches on, but we are not aware that any of his successors has shown the power indicated in his notes, of correctly apprehending the insulated phenomena submitted to his notice, joined with so great a facility of condensing his several experiences into a comprehensive system. It is true, that we have here merely the journal—the note-book of the commencement of his travels. But even in these comparatively hasty fragments will be recognised the ardent and the opening mind—genius fluttering and proving her young wings. They who knew him long and intimately will feel, at the same time, how inadequate these volumes are to show what was in him. Not the least bitter ingredient in the cup of our regret, is the thought that so much of those qualities the world is but too poor in, should have been lost ere they had time to mature and develop themselves.

The King's Own. By the Author of "The Naval Officer." 3 vols. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

CAPTAIN MARJOT, the author of this work, is a very clever man, and has written a very clever book. It is not to be regarded so much in the light of a novel, though its pretensions in this way are highly respectable, as containing a succession of nautical sketches, written by one who thoroughly understands what he is writing about; and who, moreover, has a nice eye for those parts of a picture which are most calculated to tell, whether the gayer or the graver principles of our nature be appealed to. "The King's Own" is a name given to the hero in

his infancy, because he is a sort of foundling on board ship. The author's design is to carry him through a great variety of adventures both on sea and ashore, and thus afford himself an opportunity of bringing out all the peculiarities of the naval character. The story commences with some very graphic sketches of the mutiny at the Nore; takes us subsequently to the Mediterranean; then treats us with a storm in the Bay of Biscay; then gives us a peep of the smuggling trade off the coast of France; then sails with us across the Atlantic to the West Indies, returns in a while, and cruises with us in the British Channel; then hoists its blue Peter, and takes us out at once to India, where it introduces us to tiger hunts and other wonders; and finally, after battles, and shipwrecks, and bombardments, and storms, and calms, and all sorts of nautical things, all capitally told, it comes at last to anchor in rather a lugubrious haven, at the end of the third volume. To those who love to know what is doing on the great deep, and to study the habits of the amphibious animals who live thereon, we recommend this book as not inferior in lively interest, or less replete with amusing incident, than some of the works of Cooper; the American.

That our recommendation may have more weight, and may be proved to be well worthy of attention, as all our recommendations are, we shall give a couple of extracts from Captain Mariot's novel. The first is purely nautical:

AN AFFAIR BETWEEN A LUGGER AND A REVENUE-CUTTER.

"The powerful rays of the sun, assisted by the increasing wind, now rolled away the fog from around the vessels, which had a perfect view of each other. They were distant about two miles, and the blue water was strongly rippled by the breeze which had sprung up. The lugger continued her course on a wind, while the cutter bore down towards her with all the sail that she could throw out. The fog continued to clear away, until there was an open space of about three or four miles in diameter, but it still remained folded up in deep masses, forming a wall on every side, which obscured the horizon from their sight. It appeared as if nature had gratuitously cleared away a sufficient portion of the mist, and had thus arranged a little amphitheatre for the approaching combat between the two vessels.

"His colours are up, sir. Revenue stripes, by the Lord!" cried Phillips.

"Then all's right," replied M'Elvina.

"The cutter had now run down within half a mile of the lugger, who had continued her course with the most perfect nonchalance, when she rounded to. The commander of the vessel, aware, at the first discovery of the lugger, that she could be no other than an enemy, who would meet probably give him some trouble, had made every preparation for the engagement.

"Shall we hoist any colours, sir?" said the first mate to M'Elvina.

"No; if we hoist English, he will not commence action until he has made the private signal, and all manner of parleying, which is quite unnecessary. He knows what we are well enough."

"Shall we hoist a French ensign, sir?"

"No; I'll fight under no other colours than those of Old England, even when I resist her authority."

"A long column of white smoke now rolled along the surface of the water, as the cutter, who had waited in vain for the colours being hoisted, fired the first gun at her antagonist. The shot whizzed between the masts of the lugger, and plunged into the water a quarter of a mile to leeward.

"*A vous, Monsieur!*" roared out a French quartermaster on board of the lugger, in imitation of the compliments which take place previously to an *assaut d'armes*, at the same time taking off his hat, and bowing to the cutter.

"Too high, too high, good Mr. Senecher," said M'Elvina, laughing; "depress your guns to her water-line, my lads, and do not fire till I order you."

"The remainder of the cutter's broadside was now discharged at the lugger, but the elevation being too great, the shot whizzed over, without any injury to her crew; the main mauls were, however, shot away, and the yard and sail fell thundering down on the deck.

"Be smart, my lads, and load on again; it's quite long

enough. Up with the sail, and we'll return the compliment!"

"In less than a minute, the tie of the halyards, which had been divided close to the yard, was hitched round it, and the sail again expanded to the breeze. 'Now, my lads, remember, don't throw a shot away—fire when you're ready.'

"The broadside of the lugger was poured into the cutter, with what effect upon the crew could not be ascertained; but the main-boom was cut in half, and the outer part of it fell over the cutter's quarter, and was dragged astern of the clew of the sail.

"It's all over with her already," said the first mate to M'Elvina; and as the cutter paid off before the wind, another broadside from her well-manned antagonist raked her fore and aft. The cutter hauled down her jib, eased off her foresheet, and succeeded in again bringing her broadside to bear. The action was now maintained with spirit, but much to the disadvantage of the cutter, who was not only inferior in force, but completely disabled from the loss of her mainboom.

"After an exchange of a dozen broadsides, M'Elvina shot the lugger a-head, and, tacking under his adversary's bows, raked him a second time. The commander of the revenue vessel, to avoid a repetition of a similar disaster, paid his vessel off before the wind, and returned the fire as they came abreast of each other; but in these manoeuvres the lugger obtained the weather-gage. It was, however, a point of little consequence as matters then stood. In a few more broadsides, the cutter was a complete wreck, and unable to return the fire of her opponent. Her foremast and halyards had been cut away, her foresail was down on deck, and her jib lying overboard under her bows.

"I think that will do," said M'Elvina to the first mate. "We had better be off now, for our guns will be sure to bring down some of the cruisers; and if she surrendered, I could not take possession of her. Let's give her a parting broadside and three cheers." M'Elvina's orders were obeyed; but not one gun was returned by the cutter. "Star-board a little, keep her away now, and we'll close and stand ahead of her, that she may read our name on the stern. It's a pity they should not know to whom they are indebted. They'll not forget La Belle Susanne."—Vol. i. pp. 188-94.

To show that our worthy Captain can write upon more subjects than one, our other extract has less of a sea smell, but is equally entertaining:

THE DOG OF SENTIMENT.

"They had not remained there many minutes, when a poodle dog, *bien tondu*, and white as a sheep from the river before the day of shearing, walked up to them with an air of sagacious curiosity, and looked M'Elvina steadfastly in the face. M'Elvina, taking his cigar from his mouth, held it to the dog, who ran up to it, as if to smell it; the lighted end coming in contact with his cold nose, induced the animal to set up a loud yell, and retreat to his master much faster than he came, passing first one fore-paw, and then the other, over his nose, to wipe away the pain, in such a ridiculous manner as to excite loud merriment, not only from our party on the beach, but also from others who had witnessed the scene.

"So much for curiosity," said M'Elvina, continuing his mirth. The proprietor of the dog, a young Frenchman, dressed very much *en calicot*, did not, however, seem quite so much amused with this practical joke; he cocked his hat fiercely on one side, raised his figure to the utmost of its height, and walking up, *en grand militaire*, addressed M'Elvina with—"Comment, Monsieur, vous avez fait une grande bêtise là—vous m'insultez!"

"I think I had better not understand French," said M'Elvina, aside to De Brissan; then turning to the Frenchman, with a grave face, and air of incomprehension,—

"What did you say, sir?"

"Ah! you are Englishman. You not speak French?" M'Elvina shook his head, and began to puff away his cigar.

"Den, sare, if you not speak de French langage, I speak de Englis like von natif, and I tell you, sare, *que vous m'avez insulté*. Got for dam!—you burn my dog nose; vat you mean, sare?"

"The dog burned his own nose," answered M'Elvina, mildly.

"Vat you mean? de dog burn his own nose! How is a dog cap-able to burn his own nose? Sare, you put de

cigar to my dog nose! I must have de *satisfaction*, or de apology, *tout-de-suite*.'

"But, sir, I have not insulted you."

"Sare, you insult my dog—he is von and de same ting—*mon chien est un chien de sentiment*. He feel de affront all de same vid me—I feel de affront, all de same vid him. Vous n'avez qu'à choisir, Monsieur."

"Between you and your dog?" answered M'Elvina—
—"Well, then, I'd rather fight the dog."

"Bah! fight de dog—de dog cannot fight, sare; *mais je suis son maître et son ami*, and I will fight for him."

"Well, then, Monsieur, I did insult your dog, I must acknowledge, and I will give him the satisfaction which you require."

"And how will you give de satisfaction to de dog?"

"Why, sir, you said just now that he was un *chien de beaucoup de sentiment*; if he is so, he will accept, and properly appreciate, my apology."

"Ah, sare," replied the Frenchman, relaxing the stern wrinkles of his brow, '*c'est bien dit*; you will make de apology to de dog. *Sans doute*, he is de principal; I am only de second. *C'est une affaire arrangée*. *Moustache, viens ici, Moustache*.' (The dog came up to his master.) '*Monsieur est très-fâché de t'avoir brûlé le nez*.'

"Monsieur Moustache!" said M'Elvina, taking off his hat, with mock gravity, to the dog, who seemed determined to keep at a respectful distance, '*Je vous demande mille excuses*.'

"Ah! *que c'est charmant!*" cried some of the fair sex, who, as well as the men, had been attracted by, and were listening to, the dispute. '*Que Monsieur l'Anglais est drôle; et voyez Moustache, comme il a l'air content—vraiment c'est un chien d'esprit*.'

"*Allez, Moustache*," said his master, who was now all smiles, '*donnez la patte à Monsieur—donnez donc*. Ah, sare, he forgive you, I am very sure,—*il n'a pas de malice*; but he is afraid of de cigar. De burnt child dred de water, as your great Shakespeare say."

"*C'est un chien de talent; il a beaucoup de sentiment*. *Je suis bien fâché de l'avoir blessé, Monsieur*."

"*Et Monsieur parle Français?*"

"I should esteem myself fortunate, if I spoke your language as well as you do mine," replied M'Elvina in French. "This compliment, before so many bystanders, completely won the heart of the vain and choleric Frenchman."

"Ah, sare, you are too complaisant. I hope I shall have de pleasure to make your acquaintance. *Je m'appelle Monsieur Auguste de Poivre*. *J'ai l'honneur de vous présenter une carte d'adresse*. I live on the top of my mother's—*sur l'entresol*. My mother live on de ground *rex de chaussée*. Madame ma mère will be delighted to receive a Monsieur of so much wit and address." So saying, away went Monsieur Auguste de Poivre, followed by Moustache, who was '*all von and de same ting*.'

"Well, we live and learn," said M'Elvina, laughing, as soon as the Frenchman was at a little distance; 'I never thought that I should have made an apology to a dog.'—"Oh, but," replied De Briseau, 'you forget that he was un *chien de sentiment!*'—Vol. I. pp. 171-6.

They who read novels, will deprive themselves of a positive enjoyment if they do not read "The King's Own."

The Armenians; A Tale of Constantinople. By Charles Macfarlane, Esq., author of "Constantinople in 1828." 3 vols. 8vo. London. Saunders and Otley. 1830.

THE author of this novel, although perhaps a little too diffuse in his descriptions of the beauties of nature and art, and of the peculiarities of costume—a failing which might have been better tolerated in a book of travels, but which hangs teasingly upon our progress when hurried on by a tale of passion—has presented us, nevertheless, with a work of great and engrossing interest. Although the love adventures of the hero and heroine, the history of their affection, the various obstacles which impede their bliss, and finally the tragical denouement of the story, are simple and natural enough, yet the strong expression of passion which pervades the whole, seizes upon us more powerfully than any fantastic complexity of plot could have done.

Prince Ghika, the son of a hospodar of Wallachia,

meets by chance with Veronica, the daughter of an Armenian banker, and the consequence is a mutual attachment. Soon after their first interview, Ghika has the good fortune to save the life of the old banker, who had been assailed in the midst of a festive party by a drunken janissary. In the confusion which ensues, the lovers find a moment to express their feelings to each other. Several stolen meetings which subsequently take place, serve but to heighten their love. The espionage of an Italian priest, however, ferrets out the astounding fact, that Veronica has been seen and loved by an heretical Greek, and in consequence, the good-humoured duenna who had connived at their meetings, is kicked out of doors, and the family take flight for a country house on the banks of the Bosphorus.

Ghika pursues the fugitives, and takes up his abode with a poor Greek, whose house adjoins the garden of the Armenians, commanding a view of it from a window in the upper story. Sitting at this window he enjoys the pleasure of hearing all his youthful errors dinned, with a thousand malicious misrepresentations and comments, into his mistress's ears, by two starved female relations. Having managed, however, to make Veronica aware of his propinquity, they bless themselves with conversation for a few brief stolen moments. But the Padre is on the alert, and soon snuffs out what is hidden behind the jalousies at the foot of the garden. An army of bricklayers is summoned, who raise the wall, and build out the Prince's view. He retorts by raising a wooden pharos on the roof of the house, from which he can still look down upon the garden. The Armenians prepare to raise their wall still higher, and there is no saying when the rival elevations might have been stayed, but for a commotion among the Moslem population, alarmed lest the buildings of the Giaours should overtop the mosques, which is only allayed by the interference of the Mimar-Aga, who, after extorting a swinging sum from either party, orders the window to be blocked up.

Though debarred the pleasure of meeting, the lovers find a medium through which to correspond, and thus solace their weary days, until one unlucky morning their envoy has the audacity to laugh at the tax-gatherer. Being apprehended, a piece of paper with Armenian characters is found upon him. The officers of finance, doubtful that it may conceal somewhat treasonable, consult the first Armenian who passes, and he proves to be the brother of Veronica, who immediately discovers the whole, and puts an end to the correspondence. The Prince is roused from the lethargy into which this misadventure cast him, by the news that the Armenians have projected a pleasure party on the Bosphorus, and hired a boatman who had long been his creature. Disguised as a Greek sailor, he notifies his presence to his mistress; and after the party have landed, and are carousing on shore, he manages once or twice to steal near enough to whisper his passion to her. The last time he is unlucky; for on returning to the company, one person remarks that the supposed boatman has lost an eyebrow, and Veronica's brother discovers the stray ornament adhering to her veil.

The Armenians now fly once more before the enterprising Ghika to the village of Belgrade, whither he once more follows them, disguised as an Englishman. His neighbourhood not being suspected by Veronica's family, he obtains several interviews with her, until he is again discovered in consequence of their loitering one evening too long in the mazes of the forest. The Armenians being now frightened back to Pera, by the breaking out of the insurrection of the janissaries, which ended in the destruction of the whole body, Ghika meets their timorous cavalcade by the way, having rode out from Constantinople expressly to afford them protection. His assistance is accepted by the cowardly banker with sullen acquiescence. He attends them through their dangers, encounters with them the dispersed and desperate soldiery, until he takes leave of them at their own door, unthanked—

almost unnoticed, save by Veronica. Among the sights which meet them on the road, the following is perhaps the most striking :—

THE DEATH OF THE JANISSARY.

"The degraded, stupefied coward that had passed excited little of his sympathy; but Constantine's attention was riveted by these harder souls, nor could he prevent himself from stopping on the road, as he saw a janissary of gigantic stature, who was slowly toiling along, drop down, and, after a deep groan, desire some friends, who had hitherto supported him, to leave him to his fate, for he could die there.

"This man wore the dress of an officer. He was one of the very few superiors of the janissaries that had not been detached from the body, and gained over to the Sultan and the system of the Nizam-djedid, by the treachery and bribery which had been actively at work among them for many years, and had indeed prepared that day's catastrophe.

"As Constantine reined up his horse, he recognised in the disfigured, fallen form of the gigantic janissary, a certain Noured-Agha, whom he had known in former times, and whose Herculean proportions, beautiful manly face, and thick black beard, had frequently excited the stripling's involuntary admiration and envy. But there he lay in the dust—his voice of thunder softened to a moan, and his almost superhuman strength with scarce remains enough to raise his bare and muscular arm to motion to his friends that they should leave him.

"Some of these desperate fellows, casting a farewell glance at their chief, went on their way; but a certain affection, or respect, or awe, which the gigantic man imposed to the last on their barbarous minds, retained a few round the person of their chief; and after a long shuddering, as he seemed somewhat to revive, they proposed that he should rise from the ground, and they would carry him in their arms.

"It is of no avail, my friends," said Noured, opening his eyes, which were glazed and ghastly; "my hour is come. I hear the angel of death rustling his black wings on my burning head!"

"Man knows not his destiny until it is accomplished; and while breath remains, there is hope that Azrael has not received his warrant. Noured-Agha was in as bad a state as this when he was dragged from the hoofs of the Moscow cavalry, in the plain before Shumla, and yet Noured has lived twelve years since then."

"The dying man raised his head, and, after a tremendous effort, and a horrible rattling in his throat, he replied, with a hoarse voice, to his friends,

"Hark ye! Twelve years ago, my arm was broken by a Muscove bullet—the grape shot, that fell thick as hail, wounded me in trunk and limb—a ghiaour's bayonet threw me to the earth, and a troop of horse charged over me as I lay! But twelve years ago, I was the father of two bold boys—I had friends—I had hopes—but now!—Have I not seen, this morning, my sons in manhood's pride, my brother, the friends that gathered under my roof, fall one by one by my side? Have we not seen ourselves deserted and betrayed, and does not triumphant treachery and revenge proclaim that an order—the glorious and the ancient—the order of Hadji Bekdash, is forever annihilated, and a price set upon each of our heads?"

"Noured's voice, that had risen as he spoke, here failed him—his heavy eyelids dropped over his glazed eyeballs, and a convulsive movement through all his robust frame seemed to indicate that the last dread struggle was passing; but, to the surprise of all, he presently sprang to his feet, his eyes again glared with passions indescribable and awful—he outstretched both his arms towards Stamboul, and exclaimed, in tones that might recall the voice that had quelled some hearts in the enemies' ranks,—

"Sultan Mahmood, traitor and caiff, take my dying curse—my malediction for me and mine! The gaunt spectre—the embodied crimes of man, the accumulation of all the guilt he has committed, which offers itself to his sight as he is summoned by the dread trumpet of the angel Israfe, from the quiet grave, at the last day of judgment, will to thy eyes assume a form and a magnitude too terrific and vast for thee to behold! The space between earth and sky will be too narrow to contain the embodiment of thy persecutions, thy infernal treachery, and thy murders. The spectre of thy guilt will wave one of its hands over the Nile and the Arabian deserts, and the other will reach to the desolated lands beyond the Danube! As thou sinkest

to the burning pit of Ajehehennem, its thousand-tongued voice shall proclaim thy iniquities, and shout at thy eternal perdition! For this day's work, again I curse, and curse thee!"

"With these words, with this horrid imprecation on his lips, the gigantic janissary fell to the earth, like a column from its base, and expired."—Vol. iii. p. 164-70.

Worn out at last by the persecution of her relations, Veronica consents to fly with her lover. By dexterous management, she eludes their vigilance; and while they are searching the house from top to bottom, she in a light calque is cutting through the Bosphorus to the house of Ghika, where a priest is waiting for her. The lovers are wedded, but the money and intrigues of the Armenians prevail to tear them asunder. After fruitless attempts to gain his bride, Ghika is banished from Constantinople, and soon after dies of the plague in Wallachia;—of Veronica, who is sent to a convent in Asia Minor, nothing more is told.

The only fault we have to find with this book, is one which we have already indicated. In his desire to present us with an accurate picture of that very extraordinary people from whom the work takes its name, Mr Macfarlane has dwelt upon those minutiae of dress, ceremonies, ritual, and superstitious belief, with a minuteness and detail which makes them unduly, and sometimes even tiresomely, prominent. In all other respects, the tale is excellent. It has sufficient perplexity to lead us anxiously on, without being so ravelled as to suggest to us a feeling of improbability. In this point of view, it much resembles some of the best tales in the Arabian Nights; which it likewise resembles in its strange yet attractive mixture of the gorgeous and the grotesque. There breathes throughout it, however, a refined and chivalrous feeling of love, which we would seek for in vain in the Arabian Nights, and altogether a more elevated spirit and a warmer feeling of humanity. The principal characters are graphically delineated, and the magnificent background—the monotonous grandeur of the Ottoman court, the destruction of the janissaries, and the commotions in Greece—set them off to the best advantage. The author will appreciate our respect for his talents, when we say he has done more than any man to complete the picture of the East, dashed off by the bold pencil of Thomas Hope, who has expressed, we have reason to know, the very highest opinion of Mr Macfarlane's work.

Flora and Pomona; or the British Fruit and Flower Garden; containing Descriptions of the most valuable and interesting Flowers and Fruits cultivated in the Gardens of Great Britain, with Figures drawn and coloured from Nature. Accompanied by an Analysis of their Botanical and Pomonological Character, their Nature and Mode of Culture; including a Definition of the Technical Terms used in the Science of Botany, with Familiar Instructions for the Drawing and Colouring of their Fruits and Flowers. By Charles M'Intosh, C.M. C.H.S., Head Gardener to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold at Claremont; and author of the "Practical Gardener, and Modern Horticulturist." London. Printed for Thomas Kelly, 17, Paternoster Row. 1829-30. Nos. 1-5. 4to.

We are fairly out of breath with Mr M'Intosh's long title-page, and advise him, if he would have us do justice to his next publication, to bring this portion of his work within such limits, that, after transcribing it, there may be room left in our columns for a few remarks of our own. A title-page need not be a prospectus. This grievance out of the way, we are happy to be able to state, that this is one of the best books of its kind we have seen, and ought to find a place on the table of every amateur of gardening. The letter-press, furnished by the author of the "Practical Gardener," is at once full of information, and calculated for those who are not versed in sci-

entific botany. The plates are most correctly and tastefully executed. The Courtpendu Apple, in Part 4, is absolutely coloured to a deception; and the French Mignonne Peach is rich, soft, and luscious to the eye. The Alexander Apple, and the *Cactus Jenkinsonia*, are also finely executed. Indeed, the only thing approaching to a failure which we have yet seen in this department, is the *Calceolaria Corymbosa* in the first Number. The directions for colouring fruits and flowers, a new feature in a work of this kind, are simple and useful.

Cases Decided in the Court of Session. Reported by Patrick Shaw, Alexander Dunlop, and J. M. Bell, Esquires, Advocates. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. Volume VIII. Parts 1-5. 8vo.

This publication, originally possessing considerable merit and utility, has begun, of late, to show strong symptoms of a book-making tendency. The cases are reported with a degree of unnecessary detail;—sometimes cases are reported which are of no earthly importance, and sometimes they are reported in such a manner, that no one can make out what the point decided is, (*vide* the case of Guthrie v. Ogilvie, p. 435.) Without insisting at present on the propriety of more condensed and accurate reports, we cannot help observing, that the high price of the work is a positive injury to the profession at large. The Procurators before the Sheriff Court, in a flourishing city in the west, possessed an excellent law library, for which, as none of them were much addicted to study, they were rather at a loss to find a use. At last some of them stumbled upon the magnificent conception of lending out the volumes to the neighbouring lairds. The consequence of this manœuvre was, that in a short time you could not find a landed proprietor in the country-side who had less than three lawuits. Now, if the gentlemen who publish these Reports would attend to the moral of our tale, and bring out their work at such a price that an agent might be able to present it as a Christmas gift to his friends in the country, the advantage to the profession would be incalculable. Instead of diminishing the number of our judges, government would find it necessary to double them—chambers of ease would require to be erected in every sheriffdom, and, doubtless, every lawyer would gladly pay a per centage from his additional profits to those learned Editors to whom he owed them.

A Picture of Stirling. A Series of Eight Views, drawn by Andrew T. Masson; engraved by John Gellatly. With Historical and Descriptive Notices by Robert Chambers. Stirling. John Hewit. 1830. 4to. Pp. 52.

This is a work of much merit. Although the artists who furnish the pictorial part are hitherto but little known, they have both executed their tasks with taste and skill. The views are well drawn, and picturesque points have been chosen; and the engraving is highly satisfactory in its general effects, and clear in its separate details. The letter-press by "the ingenious Mr Chambers," as Sir Walter Scott calls him, is full of interesting matter. Altogether, the work is worthy of the fine old city it undertakes to illustrate, hallowed as it is, in the heart of every Scotsman, by a thousand patriotic associations.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—*The Cities and Principal Towns of the World.* Vol. I. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. Pp. 326.

DR LARDNER'S publication is certainly the handsomest, in point of external appearance, of all the works which come out in monthly volumes. The book now before us, embellished, as it is, with vignettes and numerous wood-

cuts, is quite a pleasure to look upon; and we are glad to say that its more substantial contents will be found exceedingly instructive and useful. It contains an historical and topographical account of all the principal cities and towns in England, Scotland, Ireland, the Netherlands, France, and Spain; and the subject is to be continued in future volumes. The plan is good, and, so far as it has gone, has been most creditably executed.

A Selection of Celtic Melodies, consisting of Original Slow Highland Airs, Pipe-Reels, and Cainteareachd. Never before Published. Selected and arranged by a Highlander. Edinburgh. Robert Purdie. 1830. Pp. 23.

ALL these melodies (thirty-five in number) are well worthy of collection and preservation. Rude and simple though they be, they bear a national and strongly marked character. In some instances they are full of a deep pathos, and in others of a wild and boisterous merriment; but still they are all intensely Highland, and by Highlanders, or persons possessing Highland associations, cannot fail to be considered a treasure. We are, on the whole, disposed to like those most which are marked as having been arranged by Fihlay Dun; but some of the others are highly interesting also, and the Editor certainly deserves well of his musical friends. We should have been glad had he prefixed a short account of some of the more remarkable airs; and a few notes scattered through the work would have given it an additional value.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE WOOD DEMON.—A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

By one of the Authors of the "Odd Volume,"
"Tales and Legends," &c.

ON the border of a little placid-looking lake, in the beautiful and picturesque country of Norway, lived a young fisherman, called Urie, who, being of a covetous and grasping disposition, grumbled incessantly at the small profit which accrued from his craft, and longed for riches with an intensity which was not only criminal in itself, but which the wisest and most reflecting of his neighbours prophesied would lead to sin and misery.

Urie, however, was not without defenders, amongst the foremost of whom was Paul Marken, the father of a beautiful maiden, for whose hand many lovers fiercely contended, all whose hopes were crushed by the declaration of Paul that he had chosen Urie for his son-in-law. This determination carried sorrow into many hearts; but it overwhelmed Oluf, the handsome young woodsman, with consternation and despair; for he loved the fair maiden with a passionate love, and he knew that he alone was the possessor of her pure and guileless heart. This, however, availed nothing: Paul Marken, having once formed a resolution, resisted as firmly all entreaties to change, as the Naze does the thousand waves that break in fury on its rocky breast. The lovers were in misery: Oluf's grief was loud and vehement: Margaret bent in alliance to her stern father's will, and meekly submitted to the fate she could not avert: the ceremony of the *Festeröl*, or Betrothing, was performed, and hope fled.

Urie, meanwhile, cared little for the prize that was almost within his grasp: his sordid soul was incapable of feeling a true affection: he loved nothing but wealth,—gold, gold, gold, was his constant cry—and it was listened to.

As he sauntered gloomily one evening amongst the tall pines which stretched down to the edge of the lake, he suddenly heard a strain of music which seemed to come from the heart of the forest. There was something thrilling and unearthly in the notes, yet Urie listened for a few moments without having any suspicion as to who

was the performer, till, on endeavouring to retrace his steps and return home, he found himself irresistibly impelled to follow the sound of the music. On making this discovery a cold shiver came over him, and his teeth chattered in his head; he attempted to turn and fly, but in vain; his limbs, so far from obeying him, their lawful master, bore him deeper and deeper into the pine forest, till he found himself almost at the side of the musician, whose strains, when heard, drew every living thing around him.

The Wood Demon was seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, playing with all his might to the beasts of the forest, which were dancing furiously to the sound of the music: the bear, having just made his luncheon off a fat sheep, plunged clumsily about; the deer bounded joyously; the wolves performed a rigadoun; the foxes doubled and doubled, and crossing each other under the very nose of the bear, put him sadly out of the step; squirrels leaped from tree to tree; and the great white owl hopped among the branches. Meanwhile the Demon, being obliged to mind his hits, said nothing, but cast a glance on Uric, who immediately felt a strange kind of tingling in his limbs, which in spite of himself cut the most extravagant capers, and carried him into the very midst of the dancers. The Demon played louder and louder, and faster and faster; the bear danced *dos-à-dos* with Uric; the wolves piroquetted with him, and set at the corners; while the foxes took hands round and back again, brushing the trees with their long tails. This scene proved too much for the gravity of the Demon, who laughed till the very woods rung again. As soon as the music stopped, so did the dancers; the bear sucked his paws, and went off to take his siesta; the deer ran to cool themselves in the stream; the wolves withdrew to their dens; the foxes to their holes; the squirrels disappeared amongst the branches; and the white owl, tired of all this racketing, fell fast asleep.

Uric and the Demon were now alone. Uric would fain have made his escape, but as the thought rose in his mind, it seemed to him that the pine trees grew taller and taller, and thicker and thicker, and that they thrust out their branches and drew closer together to bar his egress.

"Good morrow, Uric," said the Demon; "I have long foreseen that we should become acquainted; pray, sit down till I'm at leisure to have a little chat with you." The Demon hitched himself to one end of the fallen tree, and Uric seated himself at the very extremity of the rustic couch. "Excuse me for a few moments," said the polite Demon; "I have a little business to transact, after which I shall be at your service." Uric, too much terrified to reply, preserved a profound silence. The Demon then proceeded to untie the mouth of a large sack that lay at his feet, and poured out on the snow a vast quantity of gold pieces. These the Demon immediately began to count over and replace in the sack. Uric's eyes greedily devoured the sparkling treasure; he gradually drew nearer and nearer, till at length by the time that the half of the pile of gold was counted and returned to the sack, Uric was rubbing elbows with his new friend. "I fear," said the well-bred Demon, "that you may think me deficient in the attentions due to a guest; but perhaps you will have the goodness to pardon my pursuing my present occupation, as it is connected with a love affair. In fact, my worthy friend," continued the Demon, looking modestly on the ground, "I mean to change my condition, and this gold is intended as a reward for the person who may help me to obtain a bride."—"Hah!" exclaimed the fisherman,—"What, all that gold?"—"Poh!" returned the Demon, "this is nothing; I would double it, ay, quadruple it, on obtaining my wishes."—"Have you any particular girl in view?" asked Uric. "Why, to be frank with you," replied the Demon, "I have made a choice. You must know," he continued, in a confidential tone, "that I have found the darkness of my com-

plexion attended with many disadvantages; in fact, there seems to be a most unreasonable prejudice against it: for myself, I don't think it unbecoming: do you?" This question rather discomposed the fisherman; but quickly recovering himself, he declared, upon his honour, that he thought his friend had a most expressive countenance, and that the darkness of his complexion gave him a travelled look that was quite engaging. "Oh! you flatter," answered the Demon with a low bow; "but as, unhappily, every one has not your refined taste, I am anxious to form such an alliance as will ensure a fairer exterior to my children; for a person of your judgment must acknowledge, that it is the duty of every parent to study the benefit of his children." The fisherman politely assented, and praised the forethought and consideration of his new friend to the skies. "Let us wave compliments," replied the Demon, "and proceed to business. Will you help me to overcome the foolish reluctance to share my lot, which every young girl has shown to whom I have attempted to play the agreeable?" To this proposal Uric gave an immediate consent, declaring he thought they ought not to be indulged in such a foolish prejudice. "I see you are a sensible man, Uric," returned the Demon, "so I will come to the point at once: the girl whom I have chosen is Margaret, the daughter of Paul Marken, who lives on the other side of the lake."—"Oh! you have chosen Margaret, have you?" said the fisherman, taking off his tufted cap and scratching his head. "Yes, I have chosen Margaret," retorted the Demon sharply; "have you any objections?"—"Why, to tell you the truth," answered the fisherman, "I was intending to marry Margaret myself; so that if any other girl would do as well."—"Any other girl will not do as well," interrupted the Demon in a rage; "and I think it is extremely selfish in you to thwart my wishes, when you know how much I have the good of my family at heart; but this is just the way of the world: one cannot propose doing a good action, but some impertinent puppy must interfere with his objections and advice. This is all the thanks I get for my condescension in asking your assistance; but let me tell you, sir, I will woo your bride, marry your bride, ay, and bring home your bride, in spite of your teeth; and I will keep my gold for those who have a little more sense in their noddles;" and the Demon, in a huff, began to shovel the gold back into the sack. "Don't be so hasty," said the fisherman; "I have considered better of the matter, and as you say that you are resolved to have Margaret, whether I will or not, I don't see there will be any great harm in giving you my assistance."—"None in the world," replied the Demon, coming out of his pet; "on the contrary, you will be doing her an infinite service in making her my bride. She shall be Queen of the pine tree: when she wants music, the birds will sing to her: should she feel inclined to dance, you can bear witness that she will have great choice of partners: the trees of the wood shall bend their heads to do her homage: she will reign over me," continued the Demon, with a gallant air; "and what more could a reasonable woman desire?"—"Why, truly," answered the fisherman, "you have placed the affair in quite another light; and since you assure me she will be happy."—"Sir," interrupted the Demon, laying his hand upon his breast with a solemn air, "be assured that it shall be the business of my life to make her happy."—"Since that is the case," replied the fisherman, "it would certainly be selfish in me to stand in the way of her advancement. When would you wish the marriage to take place?"—"Immediately," answered the Demon; "but as women are sometimes unreasonable, as you, my friend, may have observed, and require to be surprised into measures intended solely for their good, it may be necessary to use a little harmless deceit to bring her hither."—"Let me alone for that," replied the fisherman; "and now let us settle about the reward: was it four sacks of gold, or five, that you promised?"—"Oh!" answered the Demon,

"that was when I thought you a common kind of fellow; but, now that I see you are a man after my own heart," (the fisherman acknowledged the compliment by a low bow,) "I have a much higher reward in store for you. Go, now, and bring Margaret hither; you will afterwards return to your boat, and, by the time you have rowed to the middle of the lake, you will find her laden with gold."—"May I trust you?" asked the fisherman. "On the honour of a Demon, you may."

There was no disputing this: the fisherman ran down to the edge of the lake, leapt into his boat, rowed it swiftly across, and, hastening to the dwelling of the fair maiden, rushed in with such an appearance of consternation, as caused Margaret to drop the frying-pan, in which she was preparing a cherry pancake for her father's supper. "Ah! dear Margaret," said the fisherman, with a sorrowful air, "I fear your worthy father will never eat a pancake again in this world."—"For Heaven's sake," said Margaret, trembling with affright, "what has happened?"—"Don't be alarmed, my love," replied the fisherman; "you may perhaps be in time to receive his last blessing, if he does not bleed to death before you reach him."—"He is hurt, then?" said Margaret, pale with terror; "where is he?"—"In the pine forest: while felling a tree, his axe glanced aside, and almost cut his leg off. I left him my handkerchief to help to stanch the blood, and hastened here for assistance."

Margaret waited to hear no more, but hurried to the edge of the lake, followed by Uric. They stepped into the boat, and the tender-hearted Margaret, pleased with his deep anxiety to reach quickly the other side of the lake, almost forgot to hate him. Their little voyage accomplished, Uric moored his boat under a rocky cliff, and, calling on Margaret to follow him, plunged into the forest. At every step that Margaret took, the scene became more and more dark and gloomy. Not a breath of air was felt; the trees stood immovable; not a leaf rustled; no birds chirped; not an insect was on the wing—every thing seemed dead. There was something in this unnatural silence which froze Margaret's blood, and she endeavoured to join Uric, who, however, having reasons of his own for avoiding conversation, kept considerably in advance, till he drew near the appointed spot. He then paused till joined by his panting and breathless companion. "Oh! Uric," said Margaret, bursting into tears, "what a long way we have come! I fear—I fear my poor father will be dead before we reach him!"—"I am sure he cannot be far off," answered the fisherman; "but walk gently on for a few moments, till I examine if this is the right track."

While Uric was engaged in the amiable employment of trepanning his bride into the clutches of the Wood Demon, it so chanced that, on the same evening, Oluf roamed through the pine forest, bemoaning his hard fate, and, as he frequently cast up his eyes reproachfully to heaven, he could give but scanty attention to his steps, the natural consequence of which was, that he stumbled and fell over some substance that lay, most provokingly, right in his way. "Hiilo! friend Oluf, can't you look before you," said the Demon, in a huff; "do you see that you have shaken half the gold out of the sack?"—"I beg your pardon," said Oluf, mildly; "but I did not see."—"Don't bother me with your excuses," answered the Demon; "but get down on your knees, and stuff the gold into the bag, for my back is almost broken with stooping already." Oluf obeyed; but his thoughts were so full of grief, that he could not suppress some heavy sighs. "What is all this puffing about?" asked the Demon, as he sat quite at his ease on a block of wood. "I am a very unhappy man," replied Oluf, sorrowfully; "but I shall willingly tell you my story, and, as your good-nature is universally known, I"—"How dare you call me good-natured, fellow?" said the Demon, angrily; "it is the very worst character a man can have; a good-natured man is imposed on by his friends, and scouted by his enemies.—But

enough; get on with your story, and cram it into as few words as possible."—"It is soon told," answered Oluf; "I love a beautiful girl, and she is about to be married to another."—"Is that all?" replied the Demon composedly; "such little accidents happen every day. And so you love Margaret, do you?"—"How do you know her name is Margaret?" asked Oluf, looking up in surprise. "How do I know her name is Margaret!" retorted the Demon, sharply; "you may ask that, truly, when there is scarcely a tree in my forest that is not scribbled over with her name; but you might have spared yourself the trouble, for she is engaged."—"I know that," replied Oluf; "and I am ready to die with grief when I think she is to be sacrificed to such an odious wretch."—"Keep a better tongue in your head, Master Oluf," said the Demon, tartly, "or it will be the worse for you!"—"I wonder that you can stand up for him," answered Oluf. "I have my own reasons for standing up for him," replied the Demon. "I never heard any one speak a good word for Uric," said Oluf. "I am not speaking of Uric," answered the travelled-looking gentleman; "for, to make a long story short, I want a wife, and I have promised Uric as much gold for her as will make him the richest man in the province, and he is to bring her here directly. I wish, however, to have your consent to the marriage: it is a whim, no doubt, to care about having your approbation; but even great minds are not without their weaknesses."—"I will never consent to it," exclaimed Oluf, starting up in a fury; "and Uric is an execrable villain for agreeing to such a proposal!"—"Tis of no use talking, Oluf," said the Demon; "I have taken a fancy to the girl, and my wife she must be. You have yourself to thank for this; for it is ten to one if I ever would have thought of her, if I had not heard you eternally babbling about her. Come now, be reasonable; give your consent to the match, and I will make over to you that bagful of gold."—"I will not sell Margaret for all the gold in the world," answered Oluf, giving the sack such a hearty kick, as to make it disgorge great part of its contents; "and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood."—"So you will not let me marry Margaret?" said the Demon. "I will not," replied the young woodsman. "And you won't have my gold?"—"I spurn it!" he answered proudly.

At this point of the conference, Margaret and Uric were seen approaching, and Uric's eyes brightened as he saw the Demon peeping at Margaret through the pine branches. The fisherman gave a significant nod, put his finger on the side of his nose, turned upon his heel, and, as he hastened down to the lake, the Demon watched his retreat with a grim smile.

"You are not a bad fellow, after all, Oluf," said the dark-complexioned gentleman to the young woodsman; "you have stood the test not amiss on the whole, and I rather like you. Go and kiss Margaret for me; and tell her that there is one man left in the world who will not sacrifice love to gold. Now take the sack on your back; I make you a present of its stuffing; carry Margaret with you to the lake, and see how I keep my promise to the covetous fisherman.—Good by." The friendly Demon disappeared; Oluf gathered up the gold, kissed his Margaret, and hurried her down to the lake in time to see Uric leap into his boat, which he rowed away with all his might.

No sooner was Uric's foot off the land, than the chain that held every thing silent seemed removed. The wind howled through the pine tree tops; the weeping willows tossed their long arms about, as if menacing the recreant lover; the cock of the wood rose proudly on the wing; the eagle hovered over her eyry; and the white owl, awakened from her nap, hooted loudly the perjured fisherman.

Uric, meanwhile, rowed swiftly on; and as he drew near the centre of the lake, he found it tasked his utmost strength to impel his skiff. The moon at this moment emerged from the dense mass of clouds that had obscured

her light, and Uric's heart leaped with delight as he saw the boat half filled with gold. With a greedy eye he surveyed the yellow treasure, as it sparkled in the moonbeam; but the longer he looked, the more it increased. A moment before, it was only up to his ankle; then it rose to his knee; now it was as high as his waist, and the water touched the gunwale of the skiff. Filled with horror and dismay, the fisherman started up, and endeavoured to lighten the boat; but, as fast as he flung the gold overboard, an unseen hand poured in fresh quantities of the soul-destroying poison. Large drops of perspiration stood on the fisherman's brow; he now dreaded as much to reach the middle of the lake, as he had before longed for it; he attempted to turn the boat, but in vain; it continued its course; and, as its light prow touched the centre of the lake, a cataract of gold was showered on the skiff. For an instant, it plunged and laboured; then the waters rushed in; and down, down, down went the little boat, and the rolling waves closed over the head of the wicked fisherman.

The sequel is quickly told. Oluf conducted Margaret home; and Paul Marken, who had been somewhat surprised at finding the doors open, his daughter away, and his favourite pancake burnt to a cinder, now received the fair truant and her conductor with an ominous aspect. When, however, the lovers told their story, and Oluf entreated for Margaret's hand, Paul gave the sack a loud thump, and declared that he could not refuse to give his daughter to a suitor who was so well backed. The wedding was soon after celebrated with the usual festivities, and proved so happy as to establish, beyond a doubt, the match-making talent of the *Wood Demon*.

THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

We learn from an authentic source, that the total receipts of this body, during the continuance of the Exhibition which has just closed, amount to about £650; last year they were nearly £1000. We are neither surprised nor alarmed at this. The receipts must necessarily fluctuate from year to year; and when we consider that, in 1829, the Exhibition could boast of Etty's Judith to attract the judicious, and of Martin's Deluge to collect the wonder-mongers, and that it, moreover, opened a second time with the Earl of Hopetoun's Rubens—an exhibition of itself; and when, lastly, we consider that the Academy was then younger, less firmly rooted, and consequently supported by a stronger spirit of partisanship, we repeat, that we are neither alarmed at the defalcation, nor inclined to suspect any mismanagement. Again, it is true, that the sales last year amounted to nearly £1500, this year only to £1070. But in the £1500 is included the price of the Judith, purchased by the Academy—£500, we believe—which, being deducted, leaves the balance in favour of this year's sales. We still say, therefore, that we see nothing in this to lead us to augur badly of the Academy's futurity. We rejoice to observe that the slight remains of exacerbation with which the two bodies of artists, who now compose the Academy, came together, are fast subsiding, and we trust that no ambitious individual will again raise a storm.—We now commend our artists to their summer studies. It has been said (we are told) by some, we ask not by whom, that we are inimical to the artists. The assertion is false. We love the art, because to the study of it we are indebted for some of the happiest moments of our lives;—we love and honour the artist, for to him we owe this gratification. But we will speak our mind freely; and we are not aware that in doing so we have made any distinction between our personal friends and those with whom we are unacquainted.—We abide by our rule of conduct—"For the artist, as long as he conducts himself worthy of his high vocation; and for art, against all hands deadly." Our standard of art is high. We cannot stoop to praise a commonplace painting, merely because "it is not every

body who could do it;" or because "the artist is a modest, amiable, and painstaking man." We would not willingly hurt any person's feelings; but to praise mediocre works is to compromise the principles of art, and to do injustice to true merit. Upon this principle we have proceeded, and will proceed; and, conscious that sooner or later our motives and conduct will be appreciated even by those who may now feel sore, we look forward with unalloyed pleasure to our next meeting with our brethren of St Luke's, when they return from their happy and health-giving rambles through the wilds of our native land, or over the fresh and fertile fields of merry England. They with their pencils—we with our pens—our objects, our interests, and our feelings the same.

THE DRAMA.

RATHER a curious event has taken place at our theatre this week. The formal and pathetic manner in which Mrs Siddons finally retired from the stage a month or two ago, must be still fresh in the recollection of most of our readers, and also the impressive request she made to the public, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, that they would "be kind to the dear relative she left behind." It was with no little surprise, therefore, that after seeing Mr Murray perform, apparently in excellent spirits, on Monday night at Pritchard's benefit, we found the following announcement scattered through the house on dropping in on Tuesday evening, to see how Mrs Nicol was getting on:—"Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, 1st June, 1830. It is with feelings of regret, that Mrs Henry Siddons has to announce the continued indisposition of which her brother, Mr Murray, has long laboured under." (Not very good composition.) "He has at last yielded to her intercessions, and the opinion of his medical advisers, and consented to resign the exercise of his professional duties for a time. Under these circumstances, and to remove as much as possible Mr Murray's objections to this step, Mrs Henry Siddons will, during the benefits, renew her professional exertions, and, to the best of her abilities, supply his loss." The same evening, Mr Murray wrote a note to Mr James Ballantyne, which appeared in the *Weekly Journal* of Wednesday, and as all the documents connected with this curious affair are interesting, we think it right to give it a place:

"My Dear Sir,

"My medical friends having most strenuously advised my relinquishing all professional duties for a time, my Sister has, with her usual affectionate solicitude for me, undertaken to supply my place in the Management of the Theatre, and to offer her services to such of the Performers who may deem their Benefits injured by my absence.

"I make this communication to you, that you may be aware of the real motives which bring my sister back to the stage for a few nights, after her farewell. Excuse haste, and believe me

"Very faithfully yours,

"Tuesday Evening.

"W. H. MURRAY.

"James Ballantyne, Esq."

Now, the reasons why we say there is something curious in all this are twofold, and we state them frankly. In the first place, it is curious in as far as regards Mr Murray, that, instead of being aware that he has of late had any extraordinary fatigue or distress of mind, we know, on the contrary, he has but recently returned from a pleasant excursion to London; that, since his return, he has been performing almost every night, with all his usual animation; that he did not give the most distant hint of his ill health in the speech he made at his own benefit; that no suspicions were entertained in the green-room of his being indisposed; that he acted the very night before this sudden announcement was made; that he is announced to sing two songs on Monday evening, at Mr Stanley's benefit; and that Miss Fanny Kemble is to be here in about a fortnight, when he would of course have little to

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Field Sports of the North of Europe; comprised in a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway, in the Years 1827-28. By L. Lloyd, Esq. With numerous Engravings. In two volumes, 8vo. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830. Pp. 383 and 377.

We have the most implicit confidence in Mr Lloyd's qualifications for the task he has undertaken—that of giving us a picture of the sportsmen of the Northern Peninsula and their pursuits. He is evidently a good shot—an indefatigable sportsman; and, as to his style, it is undeniably formed upon the model of that “wells of Englysche undefiled,” the *Sporting Magazine*. Mr Lloyd has been sojourning in the north of Europe since 1824; and besides penetrating into every nook and corner of the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, he has wandered through the adjoining territories of Lapland, Finland, Russia, and Denmark. Having thus prepared himself, not only by studying thoroughly the field sports of Sweden and Norway, in their own abstract essence, but also, after the fashion of a comparative anatomist, in immediate contrast with those of the bordering nations, he has, after a six years' apprenticeship, ventured before the public with the fruits of his researches. As the reader will perceive by the title-page of the work, Mr Lloyd has adopted the plan of weaving the narrative of his experiences into the story of a Two Years' Residence in Norway and Sweden. By this means, he has avoided the heaviness and stiffness which generally result from pedantic attention to a strictly scientific arrangement. In some chapters, he gives us rapid sketches of the scenery, of the state of cultivation of the country, the weather, and other physical phenomena; or favours us with peeps into the political and social relations of the people, and the state of trade and education among them. He thus enables us to feel ourselves quite at home, and to pursue our hunting studies, untroubled by any remnants of curiosity respecting the kind of people among whom we have got. To this general foundation, he has farther superadded a brief but comprehensive sketch of the game laws; and the road being thus completely smoothed, away he launches into the *mare magnum* of the active pursuits of the field.

We are ourselves neither sluggish nor inexperienced hunters. We have stolen after our pointer with swift and noiseless footsteps, and crouching gait, gliding from tuft to tuft through the flow moss, beneath a burning Twelfth of August sun, listening breathlessly for the whistling of the mulcock's wing;—we have lain behind a stone dike the whole of a dark November day, with its rain pouring incessantly down upon us, lurking for the transit of the blackcock;—we have felt our very soul burst out with our ecstatic halloo, as we darted onward with the whole field, when, as reynard broke cover, the gallant pack gave forth its full orchestral volume of sound;—we have dashed down the glades of Germany's dark forests of tall pines, after the embossed boar, while the bugles

mingled with the deep notes of the slow-hound;—we have felt our spirits soar and expand in the thin pure air of the glacier, across which we followed the shy chamois;—and yet, with all this wide and varied experience, we learn from Mr Lloyd, that there is still in Europe a wild and romantic sporting country, of whose attractions we had hitherto remained ignorant. He has afforded us—what the unnerved Roman tyrant sighed for in vain—the prospect of a new pleasure, although we know not when our regard for a public, which weekly besieges our doors, (as the dense population of London or Liverpool might be conceived to do the corn magazines, in the event of a famine,) will leave us at leisure to enjoy it.

We pass over the chase of the partridge, hazel hen, blackcock, capercaillie, wild-duck, mallard, and snipe. If we have not all these kinds of shooting in this country, we have, at least, something analogous to them—something as good. We must, however, express our astonishment, that a master sportsman like Mr Lloyd—one who has taken all his degrees in that noble art—should be so much to seek in his own trade, as to dream of finding what he calls “the common grouse,” in the Scandinavian Peninsula. Is he really not aware that the bird which he thus designates is a native only of the British Isles? In like manner, we pass over his account of the Swedish style of destroying the fox; for, however uncouth it may appear to a member of the Melton, to one who acknowledges no annals of the art but the *Sporting Magazine*, yet any one who will consult the pages of *Guy Mannering*, will find that a pretty similar style of going to work has not yet been quite forgotten in this part of the island. Mr Lloyd's accounts of Swedish angling we also leave for another occasion; but when we write a paper on Angling, which we shall do one of these days, we may refer to it again.

The bear is the most important object of the chase in Sweden and Norway; and his history occupies a space in Mr Lloyd's book proportionable to his importance. We regret, that out of the many interesting anecdotes illustrative of his character, we can only afford to extract two; the one of which exhibits Bruin in good humour, the other when enraged. Even in the best of his moods, he is but a clumsy playfellow. Our author, speaking of the possibility of domesticating bears, narrates the following adventure of a peasant:

“Bears are not unfrequently domesticated in Wermeland. I heard of one that was so tame, that his master, a peasant, used occasionally to cause him stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the fellow kept so good a balance, that it was next to impossible to upset him. When the vehicle went on one side, Bruin threw his weight the other way, and *vice versa*. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing the bear off his equilibrium; by which, at last, the animal got so irritated, that he fetched his master, who was in advance of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw. This frightened the man so much, that he caused the bear to be killed immediately.”—Vol. ii. p. 160.

This was Bruin joking; but to form an idea of him when enraged, we must take Mr Lloyd's account of a

reencounter between a bear and one of the best chasseurs of Dalecarlia—Jans Svensson :

"Svensson had been twice wounded by bears; once under the following circumstances :

"On a certain occasion, himself and five or six other peasants had ringed a very large bear, which had previously been much hunted and shot at; when, placing his companions in ambush around the ring, he advanced alone upon the track of the animal, for the purpose of rousing him. Svensson had a capital dog, which, the moment it was slipped from its couplings, dashed towards the bear, and soon had him on foot. As Svensson had anticipated, the beast made towards his companions, one of whom got a shot at and desperately wounded him in the side; the ball, indeed, only missed his heart by a few inches.

"This injury the bear quickly revenged; for, dashing at his assailant, whose efforts to escape were fruitless, he laid him prostrate, and wounded him severely in the arms and back. Indeed, the poor fellow would probably have been *minus* of his scalp, had it not been for his hat, which the animal perforated with his teeth in seven different places.

"Here the mischief, as regarded this man, ended, for the attacks of the dog at last caused the bear to leave his fallen foe.

"The beast now retraced his steps into the ring, and soon came in contact with Svensson, who happened to be following upon the animal's tracks. He was in a gallop, and came end over, to use the man's own expression, like a horse. When, however, he was at about thirty paces' distance, Svensson discharged his rifle, and with so good an aim, that the bear directly fell.

"Svensson might now have got out of the way with every facility; but, thinking that the bear was either dead or desperately wounded, he commenced reloading his rifle; he had only placed the powder in the barrel, however, when the animal got on his legs again, and, fixing his eyes upon him, made right at him.

"Svensson now endeavoured to elude the attack, by springing on one side—a manoeuvre which is often attended with success on like occasions; but the bear still kept pursuing him, and two or three doubles that he made were equally unsuccessful. Finding escape was impossible, Svensson therefore stood still, and when the bear came up to him, which he did on all-fours like a bull, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun down the throat of the enraged brute. The bear, however, laying hold of the gun, instantly wrested it out of Svensson's hand, when, seizing him by the arm, he bit him severely.

"The dog was not an idle spectator of what was going forward; for, seeing the jeopardy in which his master was placed, he gallantly fixed on the bear's hind-quarters. To get rid of this assailant, however, and not caring to quit his hold of Svensson, the bear threw himself on to his back, making with one paw a dash at the dog, and with the other holding Svensson, who was of course uppermost, in his embraces. This he repeated three several times, handling the poor man, to use his own expression, with as much ease as a cat would a mouse. In the intervals, however, between these manoeuvres, he was either occupied in biting Svensson in different parts of the body, or he was standing still; as if stupefied with the desperate wound he had received.

"In this dreadful situation, Svensson thinks he must have remained for upwards of *half an hour*; and, during all this time, his gallant dog never ceased his attacks on the bear for a moment. At last the bear quitted him, and moving slowly to a tree at a few paces distant, seized it with his teeth; but he was in his last agonies; and presently fell dead on the ground."—Vol. ii. pp. 11-14.

The bear is hunted both in summer and winter; but most frequently in the latter season. Indeed he is rarely pursued in summer, unless he has carried his attacks upon the cattle of the peasantry too far to make him any longer tolerable as a neighbour. In an event of this kind, the peasantry of the district are summoned to form a *skall*—a rising *en masse*—for the purpose of surrounding and driving the bears into a narrower space, where the hunters may have an opportunity of killing them—much after the fashion of the Highland "tinchal." Our author gives detailed accounts both of a winter and summer *skall* at which he was present. In the former, a cordon of men was drawn round a space, within which the bears were ascertained to have taken up their winter quarters.

The proceedings, after the cordon had been completed, are thus narrated :

"At about one o'clock, three shots, the one from the centre, and the other from the wings of the opposite division (the usual signals on these occasions,) together with the cries of the people, which might now be indistinctly heard in the distance, announced that it was advancing towards us. Two hours or more, however, must have elapsed, during which, from the quicksilver being little above zero, and from my only being provided with my common shooting jacket, I was almost perished with cold, before we heard another discharge, or saw any thing of the bears; for, now that these animals found themselves environed on every side, they kept the closest and most tangled brakes; and the people, as is usual on these occasions, proceeded at a very slow pace.

"Beginning to tire at last with remaining so long idle in the same position, I advanced alone about 50 paces farther within the cordon, when I stationed myself in such a situation, that I could command a tolerable view of the surrounding forest. This, however, for the reasons already given when speaking of the *skall* in Dalecarlia, was altogether contrary to rule.

"Here I had not remained a very long while, when a shot to my left gave me to understand that the bears were not far off; and the next minute, at about one hundred and fifty paces from where I stood, I caught a glimpse of them as they were crossing a small opening among the trees. The old bear was in advance, and the cubs, which were of a very large size, were following in succession upon her track. I might now, by possibility, have done execution; but thinking, from the direction they were taking, that they would come nearer to me, I refrained from firing. In this, however, I acted wrong; for, instead of facing towards me, as I had anticipated, they made for the opposite side of the ring; presently afterwards, indeed, the shouts of the people, together with several shots, plainly indicated that they had made their appearance in that direction.

"Some little while subsequent to this, I was joined by Lieutenant Oldenburg, of the Swedish army, who resided in the vicinity of my quarters at Stjern, and from whom on various occasions, I have received much civility and attention. This gentleman and myself were conversing together in an under tone of voice, and I had my double-gun, which was on the full cock, in my hand, when two of the young bears, either of them nearly as large as 'animals of that species we are accustomed to see in England, suddenly made their appearance on the outskirts of a thick brake, at about twenty paces from where we stood. On seeing us, however, they squatted like rabbits; or at least this was the case with one of them, for of the other I got the merest glimpse possible.

"We both now fired, the Lieutenant a little after myself, and the foremost of the bears as instantly fell; but the other, at the same moment, disappearing in the brake, I had no time to discharge my second barrel. As that which was down, however, showed some disposition to get on his legs again, I ran close up to him, and sent a bullet through his skull. Besides the latter ball, the bear only received one other, which, on his body being opened at a subsequent period, was recognised to be mine. Indeed, when Lieutenant Oldenburg fired, the animal was in the act of falling; and of this he was himself fully aware. My first ball shattered the bear's right shoulder (the point exposed to me) to pieces, and after passing through his body and ribs, it lodged in the skin on the opposite side; in fact, it was within an ace of going through him altogether: the ball was, however, quite flattened, and as large as a halfpenny.

"For a while, all remained pretty quiet; but presently afterwards, the tremendous shouts of the people opposite to us, and these, probably, at little more than two hundred paces' distance, together with the very heavy firing that was kept up, plainly told us the remaining bears were endeavouring to make their escape in that direction. The scene had now become very animating, for at one period we counted no less than ten shots in the space of about a minute.

"After a time, however, the firing ceased altogether; and Lieutenant Oldenburg and myself were then almost led to conclude that the whole of the bears were slaughtered. In this supposition, nevertheless, we were mistaken; for presently we viewed the old bear, which, from the manner of dragging herself, was evidently much wounded, as she was slowly making her way across a small glade in the forest. Though Jan Finne, who by this time had joined us, called out to me, it was useless, I nevertheless sent a ball and

her; but as she quickly disappeared in a thick brake, we had no great reason to suppose it took the desired effect.

"In the space of two or three minutes, during which several shots were fired immediately opposite to us, we again saw the old bear. Owing to an intervening brake, however, my view of her was much more indistinct than that obtained by my companions, who were a pace or two to the left of me. At this time she was standing motionless, with her front towards us, and at about 90 paces distant. Jan Finne and Lieutenant Oldenburg now lost no time in discharging the rifles with which both of them were provided. Jan Finne fired the first; and, though without a rest of any kind, with so good an aim, that his ball, as he subsequently found, entered her breast near to the shoulder, and ran the whole length of her body, when it lodged in her haunches. She did not, however, alter her position, and only noticed the wound she had received by a little shake of her head. Lieut. Oldenburg was, however, more fortunate; for, dropping on one knee, and though, like Jan Finne, without a rest, he took so good a direction, that his ball entered the heart of the animal, when she instantly fell dead upon the spot.

"The firing in front of us was, at intervals, still kept up for a minute or two longer, and then ceased altogether. On this, Jan Finne, after we had advanced up to the bear, which Lieutenant Oldenburg and himself had just shot, hallooed to the people to halt: though at this time we were hardly 50 paces from them, not one of whom could we distinguish in consequence of the closeness of the cover. Jan Finne now informed Mr Falk, who was along with his division, and immediately opposite to us, that three of the bears were dead within the ring; for, independently of the two that we ourselves had killed, we observed a third lying *hors de combat* at some little distance. In reply, that gentleman told us a fourth was killed near to where he stood; so that the whole of those of which he had come in pursuit—and we had not the good fortune to meet with others in the same ring—were now all slaughtered."—Vol. i. p. 187-82.

After the bear has been fairly ringed in, individual hunters sometimes venture to attack him. Sometimes he is found so immersed in his winter sleep, that his enemy is able to dispatch without awaking him. At other times he is on the alert, and either shows fight or bolts. When he has recourse to the latter alternative, the huntsman occasionally manages to overtake him on his *skider*, or snow skates; and some of the most interesting portions of the narrative now before us, are those in which the author is represented as gliding up and down the abrupt steep of Wermeland and Dalecarlia, through their immense pine forests, sometimes alone, sometimes with a single attendant, encouraged to follow up the traces of the bear by the occasional challenging of his dog in the distance. It is in such situations that we feel the full romance and attraction of the bear-hunt. We regret that we have not found one manageable extract that could give our readers an idea of its fascination, and must therefore refer them to the book itself.

Next in importance are the wolves, which are generally met in droves. They are more bloodthirsty, but weaker and more cowardly, than the bear. They sometimes venture to attack him, but generally come off with the worst, notwithstanding their superior numbers. They seldom attack human beings if they can get any other food—a fact of which the following anecdotes are strongly corroborative:

"Some fifty years ago, and when quite a boy, Captain Eurenus was, one starlight and very cold night, returning from a dance in the vicinity of Wenersborg. It was Christmas-time, and there were fifteen or sixteen sledges in company; and the horses were provided with such bells as those of which I have made mention. In the middle of the cavalcade, was a sledge occupied by a lady; at the back of the vehicle, as is frequently the case, sat the servant, who was driving; whilst on a bear-skin, which covered her feet, a favourite lap-dog was reposing. In passing through a wood, however, and in spite of the jingling of the bells, &c., a large wolf suddenly sprang from the thicket, when, seizing the poor dog, he leaped over the sledge, and was out of sight, in a thick brake on the opposite side of the wood, in the course of a few seconds.

"A somewhat similar anecdote to the above was related to me by Lieutenant Oldenburg. Two of his friends, whose names I forget, when on a journey in the winter time, were accompanied by a favourite dog, which was following immediately in the rear of the sledge. All of a sudden, two famished wolves dashed at the dog, who ran to the side of the vehicle, and jumped over the shafts, between the horse and the body of the carriage. The wolves, nothing deterred, had the audacity to take a similar leap; when, as ill luck would have it, they got hold of the poor animal. The dog, however, was large and powerful, and his neck, besides, was armed with one of those formidable spiked collars so common in Sweden. From these causes, he was enabled to escape from the fangs of his assailants, when he at once sprang into the sledge, as if to claim protection from his masters. Here, however, the wolves were afraid to pursue him, though, for a considerable distance, they still continued to follow the vehicle. On this occasion, both of Lieutenant Oldenburg's friends were unarmed, and, in consequence, the beasts escaped with impunity."—Vol. ii. p. 170-2.

It is from the knowledge of the wolf's predilection for the lower animals, that the huntsmen have taken the hint of a lure for bringing him within shot. In one particular, he resembles a most respectable club in Edinburgh, (consisting chiefly of lawyers,) being very fond of a pig. The wolf-hunters take one of these animals in their sledge, and begin, as soon as they are in the forest, to pull his ears, or prick him with a corking pin. Its screams attract the wolves, who are dispatched as they approach, by the rifles of the huntsmen. This sport is not unaccompanied with danger. The horses are apt to get terrified by the approach of the wolves, and, in their agony, break the shafts, or overturn the sledge, in which event the wolves, having once tasted blood, have been known to attack the hunters. The most striking feature of the wolf's character is, that, however ferocious in the free forest, he becomes timid as soon as he is enclosed within a narrow space. We select the following for such of our readers as love to sup full of horrors:

"The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman attached to the embassy at St Petersburg; it occurred in Russia some few years ago.

"A woman, accompanied by three of her children, was one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this, she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail; for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her bloodthirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this sad story, a third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and, with one blow, cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.

"This gentleman related to me another curious circumstance regarding wolves: it happened at no great distance from St Petersburg, only two years previously. A peasant, when one day in his sledge, was pursued by eleven of these ferocious animals; at this time, he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horse at the very top of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which happened to be closed at the time; but the horse dashed this open, and thus himself and his master found refuge within the court-yard. They were followed, however, by nine out of the eleven wolves; but,

very fortunately, at the instant these had entered the enclosure, the gate swung back on its hinges, and thus they were caught as in a trap. From being the most voracious of animals, the nature of these beasts, now that they found escape impossible, became completely changed; so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making resistance."—Vol. ii. p. 173-5.

The only kind of game of much consequence in these northern regions is the elk, which, although only to be traced in its fossil relics in our latitude, still haunts the mountains of Norway. We are heartily sorry we have not time to follow this gigantic stag in his rapid flight over the rocky wild, where he sometimes leads the peasant a dance of many weeks. Our limits warn us to conclude, recommending Mr Lloyd to the serious attention of all true descendants of Nimrod.

The History of the Church, from the Creation of the World to the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, &c. By the late Alexander Smith Paterson. Edited by the Rev. James Brewster. 2 vols. Pp. 970. Edinburgh. For G. Clark and Son, Aberdeen. 1830.

AN intimate acquaintance with Church History is indispensable to every Christian minister. It is one of the qualifications which our church most scrupulously requires in every candidate for her priesthood; and with good reason, since, without a competent knowledge of ecclesiastical history, the preacher would be unable to avail himself of some of the most powerful evidences of the canonical authority and integrity of those sacred writings which are the foundation of his faith, and the rule of his obedience, and of whose doctrines he has enlisted himself the champion. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that this study belongs exclusively to the professional theologian. Ecclesiastical, like general history, conveys important instruction under a captivating form; and from the variety of incident, the astonishing revolutions, the collision of parties, the opinions, actions, and character of men distinguished by their faults, their virtues, and their fortunes, which it subjects to our view, it possesses a powerful attraction even for the general reader, especially if he has had courage fairly to cross the threshold of this formidable study, and sufficient leisure to follow up its minute details; for otherwise, church history presents, at the very outset, difficulties, which few save the professional student are willing to encounter. Of these, one of the most formidable is the dry, immethodical, and tedious manner in which writers of church history have generally treated their subject. A clear, authentic, popular ecclesiastical history, is still, notwithstanding the voluminous works published under that name, a desideratum in our literature.

The work at present under our review is one of considerable merit; and it derives a peculiar interest from being the posthumous publication of a very young man, a probationer of our own church. It indicates a degree of learning, and especially research, highly creditable to the author, and leaves us reason to lament that his very promising talents have been so soon lost to the community. Some readers will esteem it an advantage, others a disadvantage, that the history is written in the form of question and answer. Unquestionably this form will render it more useful to public schools, and students whose object is to prepare themselves for sustaining probationary trials on Church history. To the general reader, however, who studies amusement as well as instruction, a continuity of narrative would be more pleasing; and he must feel it rather an annoyance than a help, to have the flow of narrative perpetually interrupted by the scholastic reciprocation of question and answer. For the student again, who wishes to impress on his own memory minute facts, and for the teacher, whose business it is to guide the studies of others, this form possesses a positive advantage; and to

such, especially, we would recommend this well-executed work. In point of information, it falls little short of the more celebrated works upon the subject. With regard to clear and distinct arrangement, it is superior to most of them; while, in respect to condensation, cheapness, simplicity, and, consequently, general usefulness, it possesses a decided advantage over them all, with the exception of our own old favourite Gregory.

Mr Paterson begins his history with the creation of the world, and brings it down to the commencement of the nineteenth century. His first volume concludes with the establishment of our holy religion by our Saviour and his disciples; the second contains what is properly called Ecclesiastical History, viz. the history of the Christian church, with the persecutions, corruptions, and heresies, which retarded the progress of the true faith, or disturbed the peace of the church. On so extensive and so difficult a subject, it was not to be expected that the author should have escaped committing some errors, especially of judgment; accordingly, we find him occasionally making strictures, and delivering opinions, to which we can by no means subscribe. This, however, is a venial fault, so long as he faithfully communicates the facts, that we may be able to form our own judgment; for we care not greatly for the comment, provided we have always the pure text. A more serious fault is his credulity, which is the more to be regretted, because, in the second volume, he has neglected to refer to his authorities, and the reader is thus left entirely dependent on his author's judgment for facts, some of which stand on good, others on more questionable authority, and others, again, upon scarcely any authority at all. The omission of references, we think altogether unpardonable in a work of this kind; for, except in contemporary annals, where the events related fall under the writer's own observation, no historian has a right to expect that his work will be received as of authority, unless he refers to those sources whence he has derived his information. Every candid and honest historian will be anxious to do so, for the sake of his own reputation; and we can ascribe such omission by our author only to oversight, or perhaps to a reason which disarms all criticism, the want of time, which a mortal illness left him, for completing his labours. On the whole, we can recommend the work to the public in general, and particularly to the theological student, as a carefully executed and most useful Church History.

The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. III. (Family Library, No. XIII.) London. John Murray. 1830.

THIS volume contains the lives of our most eminent British sculptors, is dedicated to Chantrey, and is, in our opinion, superior to either of the two which have preceded it. It places the heroes of the story before us in their studies and in their hours of leisure, depicts their aspirations after eminence in art, and their habits and manners, when the mind was at rest, and the possessor of a soaring spirit had subsided for a while into the class of ordinary men. It is at the same time arranged in such a manner, and contains such occasional disquisitions, as fit it to supply the place of a history of British sculpture, from the Revolution in 1688, down to the present time. It evinces in the author an extensive knowledge and just feeling of the art. It is at once popular and instructive.

To Roubiliac, who, with exquisite mechanical dexterity and a lively fancy, is still apt to be frippery, succeeds Nollekens, Banks, Bacon, and Flaxman, who, by the aid of strong good sense and just feeling, and some of them by the superaddition of a higher ingredient, placed the sculpture of Britain on an equal footing with that of the continental nations. Townley and other amateurs worked by their side with zealous admiration; but the even

which promises to exercise the best influence upon our sculptors in the acquisition of the Elgin marbles, upon which subject the feelings of the artists themselves are strong and decided.

Although our author does not in this volume enter into any discussion respecting the merits of the Royal Academy, he spares no opportunity of having a fling at it. We do not deny that his sneers have, in most instances, a just foundation; but we think that he, as well as some other talented and influential writers who have shown themselves inimical to this institution, might do better service to art by labouring for its reformation, than by attempting to run it down.

The prevailing characteristics of this work are taste, judgment, and energy.

Introductions to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets. Designed principally for the use of Young Persons at School and College. By Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq. M. A. Part I. Containing General Introduction, and Homer. London. John Murray. 1830. One vol. post 8vo. Pp. 237.

This is a book which we are most anxious to see introduced into the senior classes of our schools, and the junior classes of our universities. It is the work of one who is an enthusiastic admirer of Grecian literature; not after the narrow and pedantic fashion of those who know no other, but from a deep and just relish of the beauties of poetry. He expresses himself warmly and forcibly respecting their merits, yet the opinions he utters must be approved of by the most fastidious taste. He has drunk deep at that fountain of philosophical criticism, which has been set a-flowing in our days, yet he is free from the affectation and exaggeration of almost all who speak under the influence of its intoxicating draughts. We do not know of any book so well qualified to inspire a young man with a just and generous feeling of the beauties of the classics.

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; a Romance, by the author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

Not ranking ourselves among those weekly purveyors of literary criticism, who imagine that they furnish their readers with a review of a new book, if they write a dozen lines by way of introduction, and fill up the rest of their columns with quotations, tacked together by a single thread of narrative, we shall delay till next Saturday the remarks we have prepared upon this interesting work of Mr. Shelley, finding our space too much pre-occupied today. By way of foretaste, however, of the contents, we attach one short, but pleasing extract, descriptive of the parting between the Lady Elizabeth, the future queen of Henry VII., and the unfortunate Earl of Warwick:

"Two parties arrived on the same day at Sheriff Hutton, on the different missions of conducting the Lady Elizabeth and the Earl of Warwick to London. On the morning of their departure, they met in the garden of their abode to take leave of each other. Elizabeth was nineteen years old, Warwick was the exact age of her brother, Edward the Fifth; he was now sixteen.

"We are about to travel the same road, with far different expectations," said Warwick. "I go to be a prisoner; you, my cousin, to ascend a throne."

"There was a despondency in the youth's manner that deeply affected this Princess. 'Dear Edward,' she replied, clasping his hand, 'we have been fellow prisoners long, and sympathy has lightened the burden of our chains. Can I forget our walks in this beautiful park, and the love and confidence we have felt for each other? My dearest boy, when I am Queen, Esther will claim a boon from Ahasuerus, and Warwick shall be the chief noble in my train.'

"She looked at him with a brilliant smile; her heart moved with sisterly affection. She might well entertain anticipations of future power; she was in the pride of

youth and beauty; the light spirit of expected triumph lighted up her lovely face. She was about to become the bride of a conqueror, yet one whose laurels would droop without her propping; she was to be Queen of her native land, the pearly clasp to unite the silken band with which peace now bound long discordant England. She was unable to communicate this spirit of hope to her desponding friend; he gazed on her beauty with admiration and deep grief, asking, with tearful eyes, 'Shall we ever meet again?' — 'Yes! in London, in the Court of Henry, we shall again be companions—friends.'

"I go to the Tower, not to the Court," replied Warwick; "and when those gloomy gates close on me, I shall pray that my head may soon repose on the cold stone that pillows my cousin Edward. I shall sleep uneasily till then."

"Pie, cousin!" said Elizabeth; "such thoughts ill become the nearest kinsman of the future Queen of England. You will remain but a short time in the Tower; but if you nurse thoughts like these, you will pine there as you did before I cheered your prison here, and the roses with which my care has painted your cheeks will again fade."

"Van and colourless will my cheek be ere your bright eyes look on it again. Is it not sufficient grief that I part from you, beloved friend?"

"A gush at once of sorrow, of affection, of long-suppressed love, overpowered the youth. 'I shall think of you,' he added, 'in my prison-house, and while I know that you regret my fate, I cannot be wholly a wretch. Do you not love me? And will you not, as a proof, give me one of those golden hairs, to soothe poor Warwick's misery? One only,' he said, taking from her braided locks the small gift he demanded. 'I will not diminish the rich beauty of your tresses, yet they will not look lovelier, pressed by the jewelled diadem of England, than under the green chaplet I crowned you with a few months past, my Queen of May!'

"And thus, the eyes of each glistening with tears, they parted. For a moment Warwick looked as if he wished to press his cousin to his heart; and she, who loved him as a sister, would have yielded to his embrace; but before his arms enfolded her, he started back, bent one knee, pressed her hand to his lips, his eyes, his brow, and bending his head for an instant towards the ground, sprang up, and rushed down the avenue towards the gate at which his guard awaited him. Elizabeth stood motionless, watching him till out of sight. The sun sparkled brightly on a tuft of wild flowers at her feet. The glittering light caught her eye. 'It is noon,' she thought; 'the morning dew is dry; it is Warwick's tears that gem these leaves.' She gathered the flowers, and, first kissing them, placed them in her bosom; with slow steps, and a sorrowing heart, she re-entered the Castle."—Vol. i. p. 55-9.

Our judgment on this work shall be given in detail next week.

A System of Geography, Popular and Scientific; or a Physical, Political, and Statistical Account of the World and its various Divisions. By James Bell. Illustrated by a complete set of Maps, and other Engravings. Vol. III. Glasgow. Blackie, Fullarton, and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 558.

We noticed, with much approbation, the first two volumes of this work, on their appearance some months ago. We observe with pleasure that the able editor is prosecuting his arduous, but useful task, with diligence and perseverance. The work, when finished, (it is to extend to six volumes,) will unquestionably be the completest yet published in this country upon the subject of which it treats. The third volume is devoted to the British Empire, and to that extensive, though least known, quarter of the globe, Africa. It contains upon these subjects all the most important geographical and statistical details, and affords, likewise, a full and satisfactory view of the physical and political relations of these portions of the earth's surface. Eight well-executed maps, and two other engravings, the one of Grand Cairo, and the other of the Cape of Good Hope, illustrate and enhance the volume.

A Treatise on the Law of Scotland respecting Tithes, and the Stipends of the Parochial Clergy; with an Appendix, containing Illustrative Documents not before published. By Sir John Connell, Knt. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. Thomas Clark. 1830.

THIS work, which is the only available one on the branch of law it discusses, has received some important additions in the present edition. It is unnecessary to enter into any detail concerning a book, which no lawyer or clergyman will go without, and which no other person will purchase. It is worth while, however, noticing in reference to it, the retributive justice by which the tithes of which our old barons despoiled the church, have become the veriest plague to which their descendants are liable—a source of incessant, petty, teasing annoyance.

The Wine Drinker's Manual. London. Marsh and Miller. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 296.

THIS agreeable little work presents us with an account of the celebrated vineyards, and of the different processes of wine-making in different countries. A value is given to both the picturesque details and the practical instructions, by their being accompanied with a statement of the results of the most recent enquiries of men of experimental science. Every body takes a greater or less interest in wine, and every body, therefore, will find more or less amusement in the "Wine Drinker's Manual."

Remarks on the Actual State of the University of Cambridge. London. Published by Charles Tilt. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 47.

THEY who are entirely ignorant of the arrangements at the University of Cambridge, may pick up some information from this pamphlet; but we should grossly flatter the work, did we say that there was much to be learned from it by persons previously versed to any extent in the subject. The style is ambitious, and not a little puerile. Take, for example, the magnificent commencement:—"It must be admitted, for it cannot be denied, by all who are acquainted with the higher and more intellectual orders of British society, that the majority of those members of the University of Cambridge who annually receive their primary degrees within its precincts, are publicly accused of coming forth from thence into the world with a share of knowledge and information, much inferior to what they had justly been considered as capable of acquiring." The author thought, no doubt, that he was throwing a bomb into this learned institution, but it is only an ill-made squib, better calculated to fizz than to sparkle.

The Pocket French Grammatical and Critical Dictionary; containing the Rules of Grammar and Pronunciation, with the popular errors committed in French conversation, both in France and England; also, the Peculiarities, Niceties, and Difficulties attending French Composition, &c. &c. By Gabriel Surrenne, F.A.S.E. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author, and sold by Oliver and Boyd. 1830. 18mo. Pp. 356.

WE recommend this work to the attention of every one who wishes to perfect himself in the niceties of the French language. A people who laugh so unreservedly as we do, at the mistakes of foreigners, when attempting to speak our language, ought to be on their guard against retaliation. Mr Surrenne's little work is one of the best conceived and most completely executed for the purpose of advanced students that we have seen. It is the production of one who is thoroughly master of his own language, and has a head for scientific arrangement.

New System of Commercial Arithmetic; or, Guide to Business and Science; for the Use of Schools; in which the Principles of the Rules, and the Reasons of the Operations, are fully explained. By Robert Murray, Master of the Commercial and Mathematical Academy, 10, Nicolson Street. Edinburgh. John Boyd. 12mo. Pp. 443.

ARITHMETIC, which is unquestionably one of the most important branches of education, has generally, we believe, been taught in a most superficial and unscientific manner. Neither the principles on which, as a science, it is founded, nor the application of these principles to the various departments of business, have been duly elucidated and inculcated; and young men, on leaving school, commonly find that their acquisitions on this head are woefully deficient. This is to be attributed chiefly to the character of the class-books put into the hands of youth. The systems of arithmetic at present used in schools, whatever be their merits in other respects, are so extremely limited in point of size and information, that no elucidation of principles, no analysis of rules, no "philosophy of arithmetic," can be expected from them. The teacher, however able or zealous, has seldom time to supply the deficiencies by which these treatises are characterised. Among the many improvements which education has recently undergone, and is still undergoing, we are glad to see an attempt like that made in the work before us, to promote improvement in the department of arithmetic, the most generally important branch of all. Mr Murray's treatise, which extends to no fewer than 443 densely printed 12mo pages, we regard as by far the most valuable work on the subject that has yet appeared, being not more useful for schools than for private students. The Rules and Definitions are given with equal exactness and perspicuity, and the Examples are judicious; while the illustrative Notes, which embrace 150 pages, contain the most full and satisfactory analysis of the principles of the rules exemplified in the body of the work. These Notes, indeed, form the distinguishing characteristic of the book, and constitute that portion of it, in which the greatest ability and originality are displayed; and while they are abundantly plain to the pupil, are yet of such a nature as to be interesting both to the teacher and the man of science. The work, besides, embraces various subjects, such as banking, stock-jobbing, and insurance-office calculations, which we have not seen treated so fully or in so business-like a manner in any other publication. There is also appended, a list of Questions, "so extensive," says the author, "as not only to enable the pupil to elicit from the teacher all necessary information, and to furnish the teacher with the means of exercising the judgment and reasoning faculties of his pupils; but to put it also in the power of those concerned in the examination of schools to ascertain minutely the various degrees of proficiency attained." In short, though a rigid critic might probably discover some minor objections to some parts of this publication, we regard it not only, as we have already said, as the best work on arithmetic that has yet appeared, but as one of the most judicious on any subject, according to the intellectual system of education; and we venture to predict that its success and usefulness will correspond with the character we have given it.

Ireland and its Economy; being the Result of Observations made in a Tour through the Country in the Autumn of 1829. By J. E. Bicheno, Esq., F.R.S., &c. London. John Murray. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 308.

INTO the worse than Cretan labyrinth of Irish affairs, past and present, we have no desire to enter. To such of our readers, however, as feel interested in the subject, and it is an important one, we can safely recommend the

present work, which is the production of an accurate observer and vigorous thinker.

A Series of the most esteemed Divines of the Church of England. With Lives of the Authors, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Vol. I. *The Works of Bishop Sherlock.* London. A. J. Valpy. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 418.

THIS is a handsome book, and likely to secure for itself, and the succeeding volumes of the series, an extensive circulation, especially in England. A complete collection of the best English Divines does not exist, and it is the object of the present work to supply the desideratum, and to afford, at a moderate expense and in a handsome shape, a full view of the profound researches, the luminous expositions, the interesting criticisms, and the noble eloquence, of Episcopal Theologians. The works of each divine are to be preceded by a biographical memoir; and to each discourse is prefixed a summary of its contents, well calculated to assist the young clergyman in composition. The series is very appropriately commenced with the powerful compositions of Bishop Sherlock; and these are to be succeeded by the most popular works of Barrow, Hall, Atterbury, Jewell, Seed, Jortin, Lowth, Hurd, Beveridge, Clarke, Ogden, Paley, Jeremy Taylor, and others. A volume is to appear on the first of every month, and about fifty volumes will complete the work. The Rev. Mr Hughes, who acts as editor, is a zealous and able man, and his labours deserve all success.

Obedience. By Mrs Sherwood, author of "Little Henry and his Bear," &c. Berwick. Thomas Melrose. 1830. 24mo. Pp. 87.

THIS is another of Mrs Sherwood's excellent stories for young people, full of good morality and chaste composition.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WE have just received a considerable number of new works from Germany, but we do not think that many of them are of much interest. They are for the most part rather heavy. There are works on Jurisprudence, Antiquities, Philology, Philosophy, and Theology, but none remarkable either for originality or comprehensive views. One or two of the lighter publications, however, deserve a more particular mention.

Hagiographa Posteriora. Fränkel.—Mr Fränkel has taken the trouble to translate several of the Apocryphal books into Hebrew; for what end, or for whose use, we cannot imagine—nor does he condescend to give us any information upon this point. Mr F. is, we believe, a Jew; but these writings are not acknowledged by his nation to be "Hagiographa." We regret, for the sake of the Rev. Edward Irving, that the idea of Hebraising these books did not occur to some one a few centuries sooner. In that case, his attempt to elevate a portion of Esdras to the dignity of a canonical book, might have been more feasible.

Geschichte des Hauses und Landes Fürstenberg. Von Ernst Münch. Erster Band.—Since the time of Möser, the provincial history of Germany has been prosecuted with an ardour and success unparalleled in any other country. This is, indeed, the only manner in which materials can be collected for a complete history of that gigantic kingdom; for the seeds of its dissolution were sown in the day it was planted. It is only after the individual history of the different principalities has been

faithfully traced, that we can form a correct notion of the fermenting elements out of which the Church Reformation, and the splitting of the Empire into a number of independent states, went forth. Notwithstanding its title, Dr Münch's book is more properly a history of the house, than of the territory, of Fürstenberg. Of the latter, almost all that we learn from his work is, that it is situated in Silesia." From the annals of the former, he has selected some pleasing and instructive biographies.

Memorial de Colonel Gustafson.—Colonel Gustafson is the assumed name of the Ex-King of Sweden,—a man so low in intellect, that when the principle of legitimacy triumphed after the overthrow of Napoleon, he was held incapable of being restored to his throne. He has of late been living chiefly in the neighbourhood of Aix-la-Chapelle. "Even kings have ta'en a mate out o' the plain," sings the poet; but Colonel Gustafson went farther, and selected one from the streets. The Colonel has lately found or fancied himself called upon to correct some statements of the Counts Las Cases and Segur; and as his corrections relate chiefly to dates, we are inclined to think him in the right, for we never yet knew a Frenchman who could condescend to be correct in such matters. But the chief brunt of the Ex-King's anger has expended itself upon his Parisian bookseller and the Editor of the *Moniteur*, who had ventured, in publishing his epistles, to correct some inaccuracies of style, into which, as a foreigner, he had naturally fallen. These gentlemen insisted upon rendering his French grammatical; whereas he insisted that having once been a crowned head, he was entitled to write it in his own way. The result has been, that the French *litterateurs* have given the world an intelligible version of the Colonel's story; and he has caused the work to be printed at Liege, in his own classical language, with a preface in which he exposes their impertinence.

Umriase zu Goethes Hermann und Dorothea. Fuhring.—The deserved success which has attended the illustrations of the German and English classics, in outline, by Retsch and Cornelius, has set all the young artists in Germany to emulate their example. Retsch, although a great mannerist, is undeniably a man of genius, and whatever he produces must deserve attention. Cornelius, with less power, has much more taste and less mannerism. After all, however, it is a pity to see men possessed of their talents, wasting their time in such unsubstantial work. The poem which Fuhring has chosen as the subject of his illustration, although one of the most pleasing and characteristic of its illustrious author, is perhaps less susceptible than any thing he ever wrote, of being translated into a series of pictures. Fuhring's figures, too, remind us incessantly of Retsch; and the stiff and stately forms of that artist are scarcely at home in a domestic tale: they belong to the mailed and brocaded halls of chivalry. The chief merit of these outlines is the feeling they display of the beauties of arrangement, and the expression of one or two of the faces.

Phantasiegemälde; von Dr Georg Döring. Für 1830.—The author of this work publishes an annual novel, under the title of "Fancy Portraits." It is that for 1830 which at present lies on our table. Döring is a tolerably fair specimen of the second-rate German literati. He is an amiable and sensible man, and his writings bear the impress of his character. He has a felicitous style of dashing off a humorous character, and a happy knack at detecting and exposing baseness and hypocrisy of all kinds. When, however, he comes to give us a picture of his own ideal of human excellence, he is apt to fail. There is something feeble and insipid in the attempt. In like manner, when he tries to discuss principles, he seldom succeeds in elevating himself above the current opinions of the day; and what renders this still more provoking is, that he announces them with all the gravity of one who is revealing some hitherto unheard-of truths. In this little volume before us, he exposes, in a light and good-hu-

moured manner, some of the most fashionable follies and vices in the courts of the petty sovereigns of Germany. The heartless ambition after universal admiration of a court beauty—the cold and unideal stiffness of an illiterate and high-born old lady—the reckless duellist—the timid and sensual pretender to taste and literature—the no less contemptible pretender to piety, half debauchee, half swindler—play off their different peculiarities upon each other in a sufficiently edifying manner. But the author lingers with greater pleasure upon the better attributes of humanity—love, friendship, honesty, and bravery. The descriptions of natural scenery are glowing; and the remarks upon music betray the hand of a master. Those upon painting, on the contrary, are in the last degree superficial and common-place.

In looking over this book, some almost obliterated impressions have been awakened within us; and our attention has been directed, after a long interval, to the contrast between the German and English character. Goethe somewhere remarks: *Der Sinn erweitert, aber lähmt; die That belebt, aber beschränkt.* Which we thus paraphrase:—The exclusive cultivation of the reflective powers gives expansion to the ideas, but unnerves the character; habits of action give strength to the character, but narrow our ideas. In this maxim lies the key to the difference between the German and Englishman—two characters, which, in many points, show such a strong family likeness. Both nations have made no inconsiderable advances in civilisation, but upon different paths. The English nation, in commerce, in learning, in political management, has acted for itself. The part of the government has been to watch and check its sometimes overhasty progress. The German nation, on the contrary, has been led on by a government more advanced than itself. The Englishman has acted like a free and irresponsible agent. The German like a schoolboy. Hence the Englishman is the slave of prejudices and narrow views, but he acts with determination and precision. The German is liberal and enlightened, but soft and unable to act for himself. The latter judges the world, scrutinizes the merits of individuals, and arranges them on a well-graduated scale of desert. The former commands the world, making other nations, willingly or reluctantly, the agents of his aggrandisement.

THE INCIPIENT AUTHOR.

My brain swims round, my pericranium glows,
Like baker's oven; with poetic fire. TENNANT.

"Now," said Vivian, seating himself resolutely before his well-appointed desk, "I shall be no longer a flatterer round the brink of fame. This pen is the sceptre of my immortality; that paper the *Magna Charta* of my legitimate sway over the mind of man. Let them say what they like of me, I know that I was born for glory. I know it by the throbbing of my heart, by the galloping of my pulse, by my moonlight walks, by my being in love, by my fragments of unfinished sonnets, by my 'extempore' in Lucy's album, by my dreams of shattered diamonds, garlands of flowers, rainbows, pearls, dew-drops, and ladies' eyes. I know, by all these signs, and a thousand more, that I am to move like a sunbeam through the world. I am not vain—nobody ever accused me of that; but if the gods are determined upon giving me glory, how can I help it? They have stuffed my brains as full of brilliant thoughts as they would a casket of jewels. I know not which to take out first. It is a concentration of rays, and all are equally dazzling. What a head I have got! How beautifully round and protuberant are all my knobs! What a noble bump this ideality is! I feel it swelling in my hand like a golden pippin. I was born a cheese-cutter if I was not born a genius.

"What am I to write? I must give something to the

winds of fame. I have hid my lamp too long under a bushel. What am I to write? Suppose an epic, not in twenty-four, but a hundred books; my hero conquers the world; is betrothed to a modern Semiramis; descends to hell, flings Pluto from his throne, and sends Proserpine screaming across the Styx; reascends; builds cities by a nod, and levels mountains with a breath; dies, is taken up to heaven, deified, and set as a sign among the other constellations. The idea is magnificent; but its execution would require time. I could not finish it in less than six months. I cannot wait so long. The perpetuity of my existence must be secured in a much shorter period. The Epopes may still confine her smiles to Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dante, and Tasso. I shall not become their rival.

"Shall I write a tragedy? That might be done in a fortnight. But it would only be to prove myself a triton among the minnows. There would be no competition. I should bear the prize away as easily as the 'Admirable Crichton' did in the ring at Bologna. I should only have to walk the course like Lord Kennedy's Skiff. I disdain a laurel so easily won. I wish to see it guarded by serpents, fiery dragons, and cunning magicians. I must enjoy the amusement of overcoming them, and depart with the consciousness that the spoil is but the reward of my labour. The post of danger is the post of honour. Let the energies of my great soul be called into action by opposition. The delicious perfume of the cedar is discovered only when the tree is struck by the axe of the woodman; the latent fire of the flint is brought out only by violent concussion.

"I shall write a novel. There is competition there. Every body has been writing novels, from John Galt up to Sir Walter Scott. I shall dispute with him his pre-eminence. I shall drag him from the throne, where, like the mysterious Lama of Thibet, he has so long sat supreme. There shall be a greater than the Great Unknown. I never admired those Waverley Novels; nothing more easy than to surpass them. Let me begin at once. I may finish a couple of chapters before dinner, could I only find a commencement. It must be something striking; I shall burst upon the reader's attention without a moment's warning. I shall infuse fear, wonder, and horror into his whole soul, and his eye will travel over my pages spell-bound. Ha! I have it. I shall enter upon my story thus:—

"It was twelve at night. A thunder-storm was gathering in the sky. A horseman galloped across the wold, and entered the recesses of the forest. He was in black armour, and he wore his visor down. A light gleamed from one of the towers of the castle, just as the muttering thunder awoke the lightning in the purple clouds—(A very happy expression.) The stranger knocked at the great gate; the porter opened it, and, without a word, he rode into the court. The lady sat in her banquetting-hall, but the rosy wine stood untasted before her. She thought in silence of her own true knight. A heavy tread was heard along the corridor. The warrior, who wore his visor down, stood before her. "'Tis he! 'Tis my betrothed!' the lady cried, and she raised the goblet to her lips to pledge him joyfully. The knight unclasped his helmet, and laid it on the table, but it was the head of a skeleton that was seen beneath. A scream echoed through the castle; the domestics rushed to the hall. A helmet lay upon the floor; but the stranger and the lady were gone for ever."

"Lord bless me! I have got to the conclusion already. Though set in long primer with twenty leads between every line, this would not make above half a dozen pages, with four lines to the page. I must think of something on a more extensive plan. Unless I can produce three volumes, I may as well go to the booksellers with a ream of manuscript sermons in my pocket. My genius seems admirably adapted for the terrible, and my style a fine essence of the beauties of Radcliffe, Maturin, and Lewis. But I have all the versatility of a Chinese puzzle. I can

adapt myself to any thing. The sentimental school of writing is popular. I should like to try it:—

"It was on one of the loveliest evenings of August, an hour before the sun had set, that Rosalie stood on the banks of the Garonne, watching the approach of a gaily-pennoned little boat, which came slowly on against the stream. She knew that it contained her lover, and that it was freighted, therefore, with her whole store of worldly happiness; for Rosalie was at that bewitching age, when the treasures of the heart pour themselves freely out, and bless the giver no less than the receiver." (An admirable moral reflection, which will immediately gain me the reader's confidence.) 'The boat at length drew near with its tiny flags glittering in the auburn light' ('the auburn light,' fine) 'like so many Lilliputian rainbows. It glided upon the white pebbles; it touches the green bank; the sails are furled. Like a young sea-god, the delighted Conrad leaps ashore. Another moment, and they are locked in each other's arms,—in a long and pure embrace.' (I might here introduce a quotation either from Petrarch about '*alma gentile*,' or from Rousseau about '*poisible et douce jouissance*.') 'How can they ever forget that sunset hour upon their own Garonne? Though family feuds have disunited their fathers, their souls are made for each other. May no rude storm break upon the calm of their felicity! Suddenly a horn rings through the neighbouring wood. "It is my brother's! He is returning with his attendants from the hunt." Fly, Conrad; untie the moorings of your barge, and away! Hark! I hear already the tramp of their horses! See! see! they come! The moorings were unloosed, and Conrad had impressed a wild and burning kiss upon the tip of Rosalie's hair, when the young St Germaine galloped to the spot, calling upon his followers to assist him! He flung himself from his steed, with a dark frown upon his brow, and bared his well-tried weapon. But, with a bound, Conrad leaped on board, and gave his sails to the breeze. He reaped not alone; St Germaine, too, was in the boat. Just then the lagging servants arrived; but the wind and tide had waited the obedient plinnage from the shore, and they were too late to stop its progress. But fierce was the struggle they witnessed as it sailed away. The two young warriors fought like two hyacinths. At length, however, St Germaine's sword was seen to fly from his exhausted grasp. It gleamed for a moment above the blue Garonne, then fell with a splash into its waters. But Conrad wished not for his enemy's life; he pointed to the prow, where St Germaine threw himself down in gloomy silence. The conqueror took his station at the helm, and steered away with his prisoner towards his paternal domains; but first turned round and waved his heron-plumed cap to the almost fainting Rosalie!

"What an exquisite first chapter! I possess every circulating library in the kingdom, and show me one to compare with it. I think I may say, without vanity, that I am very nearly a universal genius! Can there be any thing more different than these two episodes, and yet how matchless are both! There are also other ways of beginning. There is the commonplace, familiar, as for example:—"Do you really imagine," Sir John," said Lady Bevil, "have you really the vanity to suppose, that I will listen for a moment to any thing you can say upon the subject?"—"Certainly not," replied the meek and peaceable Massimo; "I never presumed, Lady Bevil, to put my judgment on a level with yours; but I thought that though the coachman did stay three minutes behind his time, you might try him once more before you dismissed him." "Fie! Sir John! You have no more brains than a tom cat, and yet you are always meddling with things you don't understand. It is a lucky thing you have got a wife to take care of you, Sir John."—Then there is the commencement circumstantial, as thus:—"Our hero was the son of a respectable merchant, who resided in the city of Bristol. His grandfather, &c. &c. Again, there is the commencement historical; for instance, 'In the year

1403, Scotland may be considered as still a barbarous nation. The feudal system, &c. &c. Or there is the commencement descriptive—

"Heavens! they are ringing the dinner bell, and I am as yet only beginning. When, O when! shall I see my *momentum erectum*, my kingdom conquered, my crown of glory won?" H. G. B.

REMARKS ON GAMBLING, WITH SOME ALLUSIONS TO A DIRTY STORY.

By, Lieut. ———, late of the Royal Irish Dragoons.

"You're right, old boy. Enough of 'play' I've seen in my time. And deep play, too, never doubt me. Wasn't I kept lying as a prisoner at large, for ten long years, in Paris, and isn't there a *Palais-Royal* there? And wasn't I at Vienna at the last Congress? And weren't old Blucher and our own Duke, God bless him! the devil's own hands for a tight set to? And didn't I see there, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, on my way back, enough of my old friends of the *Palais-Royal*? Ooh! and you may say it, I have seen something of play in my time.

"Well, then, you ask me what I think of this hubbadoo that has been kept up about our ears in this dirty little town of yours. Faith and troth, if you had asked me with your legs under the mahogany, I would have told you quietly, that you are much readier with your tongues than your triggers, on this side the water. But you have written me a civil card about this same, so I suppose I must be after answering you in a quieter fashion; and so, though I have neither the learning of old Daines Barrington, (as, sure, I have not half his 'ill humour,' nor of my old messmate Napier, (and sure I had not half his derring, when his friends at Dublin sent him to school, just to keep him out of harm's way,) I'll just be telling you what I think of the matter, and the reader that it's a damned canting set ye are, one and all, and much the better you would be of having a little truth told you any how.

"I don't know how it is, but there's a world of difference betwixt our own little island and the continent. I put Ireland out of the question, because that is clean and clear a place by itself. But as to Great Britain, it's all decent, regular, quiet, sober people you are, with a certain way of living, and obliged to work hard for it. Now, all over the continent, there is a pretty neat heap of fellows—good, strapping, gentlemanlike fellows—who have nothing but their own wits to live on. And the courts of the little pocket-pieces of sovereigns, that one meets with everywhere, are just hot-beds for breeding suchlike, fell as they are of small nobles, who have little to live on, and dare not trade decently for fear of losing their rank; and of soldiers—brave and clever enough, but with pay that won't keep 'em in clean shirts. And oves and above all, there are the licensed gaming tables, where every one may play for what he likes, and the more the merrier; for the government gets a tax from them. Now, look to the upshot. There comes to be a regular class who live 't' or by the gaming table, and it shoots as many polypus-like fibres into the great mass of society, that you cannot tell where the honest set leave off, and the rogues begin. But, if I might venture on stating my own belief, I would say, that it is more difficult to meet on the continent with one who is quite and away the clean potato, but that it's seldom you'll meet with such devil's own pigeons as here at home.

And reason good. Mind me, I'm not speaking of London now—that's a ticklish chapter;—I'm speaking of your own decent little Presbyterian sort of a half capital. Now, in the first place, you're all so good, that any person who plays above twopence a-point long whist, must do it under the rose; so that any one who has any itching for high play, must swallow, in the first place, a double dose of hypocrisy, and that ruins him out and out

even though he continue what the world calls honest. Next, when a man does take to cheating—and there never was one who played often, and deep, and well, who did not take to it in the long run—he has, in this same town, no class of society into which he can be received as a player. He must continue ostensibly a man of business, or of fortune. His superior skill, even though it go no farther, is carefully veiled. He pursues his schemes in the solitary silence of his own consciousness, without any one upon whom he can look and say, “Thou art like unto me.” So you see that there is a difference between a gambler on the continent, and here with us. There, he is a nuisance—a licensed, and a pestilential nuisance—corrupting the inmost core of society: here, he dares not be seen in open day. And well that it is so; for how much healthier the tone of society where vice is ashamed to show its front, and where we may not unfrequently meet with those who not only bid defiance to its seductions, but who have lived in pure and happy ignorance of its existence, and where the degradation of him who falls is of a tenfold degree! Hypocrisy—consciousness that no one can sympathise with what he really is—withdraws up all that is human within him. Utter selfishness—the only true and incurable moral cancer—for ever cuts at his heart.

Perhaps you will say, that there are very few such in Scotland. Sorry am I to say, that I think there are a good many. The current of life glides tranquil, and seemingly pure, around us; but seek to fathom its depths, and you will tell another story. I do not speak of this child’s play—this Jury Trial, and the piddling play in which it had its origin. That is, indeed, much noise, and little wool. The affair is simply this:—A few gentlemen occasionally play a little deeper than their after reflection can justify, or than is altogether decorous. One of them—God knows why—it does not seem to have been so much from want of money, as from an innate propensity to remove a card from the bottom to the top of the pack—takes undue advantages of his companions. Another, who has lost more than he can well afford, convinced that there has been foul play, demands his money back again, and obtains it. The offender, not contented with being quietly sent to Coventry by his friends, demands that their verdict be publicly and solemnly ratified by the sentence of a court of justice, “and has his wish allowed.” What is here to wonder at? That young men should be imprudent? or that once in a quarter of a century a knave should be discovered? Had this been all, you might have waited till doomsday for my remarks on the subject. But there is more behind.

The public opinion has on this occasion been freely and fairly announced, that the gambler is a dangerous and detestable character. But this is not enough, unless we settle who the gambler is. Not he, surely, who, for his amusement, indulges occasionally in a game where skill, or chance, or a mixture of both, may assign him the victory. Such games, to a certain extent, are not only innocent, but useful; many of them exercise and sharpen the wits, all of them may teach command of temper. It is, therefore, only in excess that they are an evil. But certainly risking a portion of our fortune greater than prudence warrants, on the chance of gaining what there is no credit in so gaining, if shameful when done by the instrumentality of cards and dice, is not the less shameful when effected by some other instrument. It is the habitual indulgence in the excitement of having a great sum on the hazard, or the endeavour to raise one’s self in the scale of wealth by a lucky chance, instead of honest industry, that constitutes gambling, and every one to whom these charges can be brought home is a gambler.

You! who lately began the world without a farthing, who are obliged to make a continual outlay for your

clients, whose business accounts are paid once in ten years, who all this while, on the strength of a cash account, and kite bills, are keeping a splendid house, and breeding your children to be leaders of fashion; in striving thus to blind the populace, and trusting to a distant and desperate chance, what are you but a gambler?

You! who launch out into the wide sea of trade without a capital, and trust to making your fortune by a couple of bankruptcies, what are you but a dishonest gambler?

You! who opening a banking office without capital of your own, speculate in the funds upon other men’s money, though liable every moment to a run, careless of the ruin of the widow and the orphan, whose little pecuniary has been deposited with you, what are you if not a gambler?

You! who, indulging in dreams of future literary exertion, live luxuriously upon borrowed money, are you not a gambler?

You! who, paid by the country to administer justice, yawn on the bench when kept five minutes longer than usual from your forenoon hand at whist, choose your own game.

Let us hear no more, then, of a paltry matter, to which the gossiping propensities of a provincial town have lent an undue degree of importance; and, above all, let us hear no more vapouring on the part of the press about its independence and daring in giving the circumstance publicity. Independence! there might have been some in refusing to gratify the universal craving for this gossip. “Daring, indeed! much daring there is about the matter.”

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—I beg to inform you, that my Common-Place Book has been declared, by many of my friends, to be a very uncommon-place book. I am an old literary idler, —a bachelor, and of independent fortune. I do not mean to say, however, that I am a man of talent; thank Heaven! I have no talent. I read every thing, but write nothing —nothing original, I mean; for I write a great deal of what others have first written for me. I am a wretched composer, but an admirable selector. It was a remark of either an ancient or modern philosopher, (I am not sure which, but I know it was a philosopher’s remark,) that there was never a book published out of which something useful might not be gleaned. I entirely coincide with the philosopher, and upon this principle I have acted for the last fifteen years. Put any thing in the shape of a book into my hands, from an encyclopædia down to a cheap tract; from Sir Walter Scott’s “Ivanhoe” down to Galt’s “Annals of the Parish;” from Lord Byron’s “Childe Harold” down to Campbell’s “Theodoric;” from Plato’s “Ideas of a Perfect Republic” down to MacCulloch’s Lectures on “Political Economy;” and there is not a single volume among the whole from which I shall not be induced to make some extracts. You may call it trifling, if you will, but it is innocent and useful trifling; and I would rather be a virtuoso in thoughts and sentiments, than in butterflies or old coins. Without farther preface, I shall give you a sample of the contents of this Common-Place Book of mine, and flatter myself that your readers may find among them a few passages worthy of remembering, and of transference, perhaps, to the albums kept either by themselves or their fair cousins.

WALLER.—Waller did not marry the Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he courted by all the poetry in which *Sacharissa* is celebrated—a word derived from the Latin appellation of sugar. When he had lost all hopes of her, he found an easier conquest. It has not been discovered that his wife

* Our friend the Lieutenant here begins to write a better style, which will convince the reader that the roughness of the previous part of his communication was somewhat affected.—Ed.

was won by his poetry. He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow; and many airs and sallies may delight the imagination, which he who flatters them can never approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze.—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*

AMTIE.—J'ai trois sortes d'amis; les amis qui m'aiment, les amis à qui je suis indifférent, et les amis qui me détestent.—*Voltaire.*

SOPHOCLES.—The ungrateful and impious children of Sophocles summoned him before the judges, on the pretence of lunacy, that they might obtain a decree to take possession of his estate. He made no other defence than by reading the tragedy of "Œdipus at Colonna," which he was then composing. The judges were delighted with the performance, and he carried his cause unanimously. This would be a good subject for a poem.—*Rutherford's View of Ancient History, Vol. II.*

BREVITAS VITÆ.—Cum per magna camporum spatia porrigeret exercitum, nec numerum ejus, sed mensuram comprehenderet Persarum rex insolentissimus, lacrimas profudit, quod intra centum annos nemo ex tanta juventute superfuturus esset.—*Seneca—De Brev. Vitæ, cap. 16.*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower,—a faded flower,—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never look'd a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word *farewell*!
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

Blackwood's Mag. No. 89.

Mrs Siddons.—On Saturday, Mrs Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, made her first appearance here in the all-tearful character of *Isabella*. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London papers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a mortal goddess! The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators that went without a sigh. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Don-dan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberosa, sweetbriar, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary! In short, she was the banquet of Parnassus! When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, the very fiddlers in the orchestra, "albeit unused to the melting mood," blubbered, like hungry children for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon-player's eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the fiddlers' bows,

that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat! But the sighs and sobs of the groaning audience, and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling bottles, prevented the mistake being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! Future ages will scarcely credit the truth, when they hear, that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-council men, were drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, into the pit! And what is more melancholy, their bodies have not yet been found! An act of Parliament should certainly be got to prevent her from acting.—*Old Irish Paper.*

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT.—Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty, support each other; he who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave.—*Preface to Sir William Drummond's Academical Questions.*

PROPER CHOICE OF ASSOCIATES.—For a man of high qualities, it is rare to find a most companion; painful and injurious to want one. Solitude enervates or deadens the heart, perverts or enervates the faculties; association with inferiors leads to dogmatism in thought, and self-will even in affections. Rousseau never should have lived in the Val de Montmorenci; it had been good for Warburton that Hurd had not existed; for Johnson never to have known Boswell or Davis.—*Life of Schiller.*

LINES TO A SPIDER RUNNING ACROSS A ROOM.

Thou poisonous rascal! running at this rate,
O'er the perplexing desert of a mat,
Scrambling and scuttling on thy scratchy legs,
Like a scared miser with his money bags;
Thou thief—thou scamp—thou hideous much in little,
Bearing away the plunder of a spittle,—
Caitiff of corners,—doer of dark deeds,—
Mere lump of poison lifted on starved threads,
That, while they run, go shuddering here and there,
As if abhorring what they're forced to bear,—
I have thee now;—I have thee here full blown—
Thou lost old wretch, benighted by the moon!
What dost thou think—what dost thou say? Dost see
Providence hanging o'er thee—to wit, me?
Dost fear? Dost shrink with all thine eyes, to view
The shadowy threat of mine avenging shoe?
Now, now it comes; one pang,—and thou wilt lie
Flat as the sole that treads thy gorged impurity.

The Liberal, No. 4.

THE FAMOUS BOWOWLAN ENIGMA.—*Ælia Laelia Crispis, nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna; nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus; nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pædica, sed omnia: sublimata neque flamma, neque ferro, neque veneno, sed omnibus: nec coelo, nec terris, nec aquis, sed ubique jacet. Lucius Agatho Priscius, nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius; neque merens, neque gaudens, neque flet; hanc nec molem, nec pyramidem, nec sepulchrum, sed omnia, scit et necit cui pœneri. Of this riddle the following solutions have been suggested among many others; the last appears the best. 1st, Niobe turned into stone. 2d, A Eunuch. 3d, The philosopher's stone. 4th, Lot's Wife. 5th, A lawsuit. 6th, Three different dead bodies.*—*Encyc. Brit.*

AN ADVICE.—Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women.—*Shakspeare.*

A MATRIMONIAL SECRET.—You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.—*Idem.*

WINTER.—I am surprised to see people think it matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford

us. Surely every body is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside;—candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, while the wind and rain are raging audibly without,—

"And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heaven and earth they would together melt;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all,
Whence sweeter grows our rest, secure in massy hall."

All these are items in the description of a winter evening which must surely be familiar to every one born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies, like ice cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them; they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy and inclement. I am not "particular," as people say, whether it be snow or black frost, or wind so strong that you may lean your back against it like a post. I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs, but something of the sort I must have, and if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill used; for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter in coals and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No—a Canadian winter for my money, or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully, if it be much past St Thomas's Day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances. Let it be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas Eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray; for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual; and, for my part, I would have joined Dr Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person who should presume to disparage it.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

LASITUDE.—There are heavy hours when the mind of a man of letters is unbinged; when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and nothing but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state. At such hours, it is recorded of the great Mendelssohn, that he would stand at the window and count the tiles of his neighbour's house.—*Israëli.*

EXPERIENCE.—No man ever obtains more from his most zealous endeavours, than a painful conviction of his own defects.—*Johnson.*

WISE WISHEE.—*Qui peut tout ce qu'il veut,
Veut plus ce qu'il doit.*—*Corneille.*

AN EGYPTIAN CUSTOM.—The Egyptians had a custom not unmet to be used at the carousing banquets; their manner was, in the midst of their feasts, to have brought before them an anatomy of a dead body, dried, that the sight and horror thereof, putting them in mind to what passe themselves should one day come, might containe them in modestie. But, peradventure, things are fallen so far from their right course, that that device will not so well serve their turn, as if the carowers of these later days were perswaded, as Mahomet perswaded his followers, when he forbad them the drinking of wine, that in every grape there dwelt a divell. But when they have taken their cups, it seemeth that many of them doe fear neither the divell nor any thing else.—*Barclay's Fecundia of Man.*

I must now conclude, Mr Editor, although, to prove my learning, I might have given you quotations in the

Italian, German, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Malayan tongues. These, however, I reserve for a future opportunity, and am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
PERTINAX PRIMROSE.

DIORAMA OF THE CITY OF ROUEN.

We had a private view of this new Diorama on Thursday, which is at once very beautiful, and entirely different from those which have preceded it. It is the fourth that has been exhibited in Edinburgh,—Chartres Cathedral, the Valley of Sarnem, and the Chapel of Holyrood, having successively attracted that attention to which, as beautiful specimens of a new and interesting art, they were so well entitled. Of the three, we believe the Valley of Sarnem was the most successful, though we confess the moonlight view of the Chapel of Holyrood was our favourite. There appears, however, to have been a feeling on the part of the public that it was scarcely worth while paying to see a pictorial representation of a building which stands at our own doors. This feeling, which was nevertheless founded on error, cannot operate in the slightest degree against the present Diorama. Though we and some others have been in Rouen, it is an entirely new scene for the multitude, and is one of the fairest and most picturesque which France affords. The windings of the fine river on which the city stands, with its new stone bridge and ancient bridge of boats,—the romantic appearance of Rouen itself, formerly the capital of Normandy, with its high old houses, venerable cathedrals, and long winding streets,—the surrounding scenery, rich and varied in no ordinary degree, with hill and dale, wood and meadow,—all conspire to afford noble scope for the genius of the artist, and to present a view which, when once seen, is not likely to be soon forgotten. M. Bouton has also contrived to heighten the interest of the picture by the beautiful effect of shifting light traversing the whole of it, and exhibiting different parts in alternate shade and sunshine as the clouds flit over it. The sky is powerfully painted; and a rainbow, which gradually appears and again disappears, completes the delusion of the whole scene. We should not be at all surprised to learn that the popularity of this exhibition exceeds that of any of a similar nature hitherto presented to us.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LOVE SONG.

By the late James Hisslop.

[In Mr M'Diarmid's "Sketches from Nature" there is an interesting Memoir of the late James Hisslop. Many of our readers will be glad to see one of his unpublished Poems in the *Literary Journal*. We shall probably present them, ere long, with a short biographical notice of the Author, with some more of his relics.]

How sweet the dewy bell is spread,
Where Spango's mossy streams are lavin',
The heathery locks o' deepenin' red
Around the mountain brow aye wavin'!
Here, on the sunny mountain side,
Dear lassie, we'll lie down thegither,
Where Nature spreads luv's crimson bed,
Among the bonny bloomin' heather.

Lang hae I wish'd, my lovely maid,
Amang thae fragrant wilds to lead ye;
And now, aneath my tartan plaid,
How blest I lie wi' you aside me!
And art thou happy, dearest, speak?
Wi' me aneath the tartan plaidie,—
Yes; that dear glance, sae saft and meek,
Resigns thee to thy shepherd laddie.

The softness o' the gentle dove,
Its eyes in dying sweetness closin',
Is like thae languid eyes o' love,
Sae fondly on my heart reposin'.
When simmer suns the flowers expand,
In a' their alken beauties shinin',
They're no sae saft as thy white hand,
Upon my love-warm cheek reclinin'.

While thus aneath my tartan plaid
Sae warmly to my lips I press ye,
That blinny bloom o' dewy red
Is nocht like thy sweet lips, dear lassie!
Reclined on love's soft crimson bed,
Our hearts sae fondly lock'd thegither,
Thus o'er my cheek thy ringlets spread,
How happy, happy 'mang the heather!

THE FAITHLESS.

By William Wilson.*

We part,—yet wherefore should I weep
From faithless thing like thee to sever?
Or let one tear mine eyelids steep,
While thus I cast thee off for ever!
I loved thee,—need I say how well?
Few, few have ever loved so dearly,
As many a sleepless hour can tell,
And many a vow breathed too sincerely.

But late beneath its jetty lash
I loved to mark thy blue eye's splendour;
Which wont, all witchingly, to flash
On me its light so soft and tender;—
Now, from that glance I turn away,
As if its thrilling gaze could wound me,
Though not, as once, in love's young day,
When thoughtless passion's fetters bound me.

The dimpling smile with sweetness fraught,
The bosom 'mid its snow up-heaving,
Who that had seen them, could have thought
That things so fair could be deceiving?
The moon, the sky, the wave, the wind,
In all their fitful moods of changing,
Are nought to wavering woman's mind,
For ever shifting, ever ranging!

Farewell! I'd rather launch my bark
Upon the angry ocean billow,
'Mid wintry winds and tempests dark,
Than make thy faithless breast my pillow;
Thy broken vow now cannot bind,
Thy streaming tears no more can move me,
And thus I turn from thee to find
A heart that may more truly love me.

THE PRODIGAL.

He sat him alone on a silent hill,—
A beautiful lake before him lay,
Whence rush'd a wild and wandering rill,
Like some young thing that has gone astray;—
And it mourn'd and murmur'd, as if fain
For the parent lake of its peace again.

He wept—for he turn'd to the cottage white
That was gleaming through the garden bowers,
Beneath the mellowing moonbeam's light;
There—in holier, happier hours,—
At this still twilight-tide, he lay,
And dreamt the dreams of his childhood's day.

He wept—for he gazed on the window, too,
Where the morning sunbeams loved to break;
While within, embosom'd all warm and true,
With his arms around his sister's neck,
In boyhood's love, pure, calm, and deep
As summer lake, he was wont to sleep;

And he saw the woodbine with pleasant wile,
That around his chamber kindly crept,
And the rosy brier, that used to smile
Into the window where he had slept;—
His soul was sad—to his eye they seem
To hang down their heads, and to weep for him.

Now he moves towards home—his pace is slow—
How changed since in youth's fresh morn of brightness,
With bosom pure as a wreath of snow,
And step like its falling flake in lightness,
He hid him home at this sweet hour,
As swift as the bird to its peaceful bower!

In humble wreaths from the mansion came
The snake—the indwellers' spirits resembling,
Which, warm and direct from souls of flame,
But mingled much with fear and trembling,
Arose upon the winged air
With the pious and patriarchal prayer.

It seem'd but yesterday, so near,
Since that youth, with bosom kind and calm,
At such an hour had join'd the prayer,
And mingled his voice in the evening psalm.
How changed!—He hears his father mourn,—
"O God! bid my Prodigal Boy return!"

He rush'd into that hallow'd dome,—
His sire and sister arose from their knees,—
They wept him many a welcome home
To their dwelling of purity and peace;—
Their pious prayer seem'd heard of Heaven—
The returning Prodigal was forgiven.

Glasgow, 10th May, 1830:

T. B. J.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

CHARLES LAMB, the author of *Essays*, by Elia, is preparing for publication a volume of poems, under the title of *Album Verses*—about as bad a title as we can well conceive.

A new work on the noble science of eating and drinking, to be entitled the *Cook's Dictionary*, and *Housekeeper's Directory*, by Richard Dolby, of the *Thatched House Tavern*, is announced.

Six *Lectures on Painting*, delivered at the Royal Academy by the late Henry Fuseli, and now first published from the original MSS., are in the press.

A new novel is announced, under the title of *Foreign Exclusives* in London.

A new edition of Godwin's *Caleb Williams* is about to appear, the last impression having been long since exhausted.

The author of *Richelleu* is at present employed with another work, which will appear speedily, under the name of *De L'Orme*. Maxwell, a Tale of the Middle Ranks, by the author of *Sayings and Doings*, is nearly ready.

Mr Edmund Reade, author of *Cain the Wanderer*, announces the *Revolt of the Angels*, a dramatic poem.

The Hon. Mrs Norton, authoress of *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, has just ready for publication her poem called *The Undying One*. The story, we understand, resembles in some respects the legend of the *Wandering Jew*; but though the scene is in the present day, the narrative is said to relate to events and mysteries which have happened in many ages and countries.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WATERLEY NOVELS.—We are happy to observe a visible amendment in the ornamental department of the interesting edition of these works now in the course of publication. The arrangement in the frontispiece to the last volume (representing Lady Ashton cutting the ribbon at which hung the piece of gold broken between Lucy and Ravenswood when they plighted their troth) is fine, and it is particularly well engraved. In the forthcoming Number, there is an engraving of Leslie's picture (of which

* This gentleman is already favourably known to the readers of the *Literary Journal*, as a poetical contributor, under the signature of "W. W."

we gave a description some time back), representing the Master of Ravenswood saving Sir William Ashton and his daughter from the wild bull. The engraver has done full justice to the artist. The accompanying vignette—Ravenswood and the Grave-digger, from a painting by Duncan—is spirited; but the character of the old man's face, which is most admirably expressed in the original, has been in some measure lost under the hands of the engraver. A scene from the Legend of Montrose, by Lauder—Annot Lyle playing the Clais-abach to Sir Duncan Campbell—of which we know Sir Walter has expressed himself in terms of the highest admiration, is in the hands of Rolfe, and nearly ready. We have also seen an etching from Newton's painting of Abbot Boniface. The London prints speak in high terms of the picture; and, to judge by the outline, it is steeped in monkish indolence and luxuriousness. A vignette, after a drawing by Landseer, representing the Lady of Avenel's dog Wolf rescuing the boy Roland Grame from drowning, is likewise good. The animal, as was to be expected, is masterly; and there is much delicate beauty in the distant landscape. Catherine Seyton stooping to pick up the scroll which had been wrapt round Roland's sword, is, as far as we can judge from the outline, a fine composition. There is much that is good in the vignette after Fraser, representing Halbert Glendinning and the Packman sitting at their meal. Lauder has finished a painting of Quentin Durward finding the young Countess of Croye prostrate before the altar—a magnificent piece of colouring—which is likewise to be engraved for this series. It may also be interesting to learn, that the same artist is now engaged in painting the scene where Ravenswood bursts into the hall, just as Lucy has affixed her name to the marriage contract. Only four of the figures are yet brought out. Lady Ashton and Lucy—two beautiful females, but of the most opposite character—the former, a sparkling impersonation of indignant pride and anger, flashes defiance against the intruder, while her gentle daughter, pale as monumental marble, yields to her conflicting emotions: life seems almost to have fled. Ravenswood stands like a dark spectre—a column of gloom in the bright noon-day. Colonel Ashton—a beautiful and manly figure, with his hand on his sword—seems to echo every feeling of his mother. We know that Sir Walter has declared this to be the best illustration of his works that he has seen; and we may add, that we esteem it the happiest effort of Mr Lauder's genius. Duncan has painted a pretty Lucy Ashton at the Mermaid's Well; and is commencing a picture of Jeanie Deans seized by the robbers. This last exists as yet only in the form of a spirited and promising sketch. Watson Gordon's portrait of Sir Walter is to be engraved for the Novels; and Wilkie's for the collected Poetical Works. Why is William Simpson not engaged to contribute to the illustration of the Novels? Many of them abound with scenes well adapted to his department of the art. The spirited and liberal manner in which the publishers are now going to work, assures us that our hint will not be thrown away.

MR EPINASSE'S FRENCH CLASSES.—A numerous and fashionable audience assembled at Mr Epinasse's rooms in George Street, on Saturday the 5th, and Monday the 7th instant, to witness the examination of his French classes. His senior pupils were examined on Saturday—his junior pupils on Monday—and on each occasion they acquitted themselves in a style of excellence which bears ample testimony to Mr Epinasse's superior method of teaching. We were much pleased with the accurate pronunciation and knowledge of the language exhibited by many of his very youngest pupils. The correctness of the Parisian accent also, so difficult to acquire in this country; and, above all, the rapidity with which the teacher conveys his instructions, well entitle him to that celebrity and patronage by which he has in this city been deservedly distinguished.

CRITIC-CHAT FROM LONDON.—The pamphlet, entitled "Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers," is not by the young gentleman himself, but by some anonymous friend, who endeavours to prove, for all that has been said to the contrary, that Master Robert is one of the brightest geniuses of the day.—A curious individual is at present exhibiting in London,—a certain Michael Boal, a Chinese chintz-chopper, a gentleman who plays or sings several airs, by striking his two forefingers on his chin. Miss Stephens, Sinclair, Sir George Smart, and other musical individuals, have been attending him with much edification. He is likely to make a good harvest, and may say with the barber in the ballad,

"His crops never fail'd, for they grow on his chin."

—Petitions are in the course of signature at Cambridge to relieve the students from signing the thirty-nine articles.—The total number per diem of the daily journals printed in Paris exceeds 60,000. The daily press of London consists of twelve journals, six morning and six evening, which circulate altogether about 25,000. Paris has a population of 700,000; London, of 1,500,000. If the demand for newspapers in the one town were as great as in the other, (and if the tax were a penny instead of a groat, there can be little doubt that it would be greater,) the sale per diem of the London daily journals would not be short of 125,000; to say nothing of the hundreds of daily papers that would start up in every respectable town in England, which at present are compelled to depend for their earliest intelligence on a journal printed at one, two, or three hundred miles' distance.

Theatrical Gossip.—Miss Stephens chose "The Merry Wives of Windsor" for her benefit, and Dowton re-appeared as *Falstaff*.—Wood, the singer, took his benefit at Covent Garden on Monday evening, on which occasion Miss Paton "kindly contributed her valuable assistance." Both parties were received with much applause, for a London audience has strange notions of *when* and *wherefore* to manifest approbation.—Madame Vestris must certainly soon leave the stage altogether, for she seems to behave like a mad-woman when she comes upon it. She appeared the other evening at Ambrose's benefit—a reconciliation being understood to have taken place between them—but having, in the course of the first act, made it evident to the audience that this reconciliation was of a very superficial nature, she chose, before the commencement of the second act, to be taken suddenly ill, and Messrs Cooper and Wallack came forward successively to make apologies for her, and to announce that the piece must be changed in consequence—an announcement which was received with laughter, hooting, and ridicule.—The minor theatres have, as usual, celebrated the anniversary of White-sunrise with new pieces. At the Surrey, a dramatic satire upon the lawyers, called "The Progress of a Lawsuit; or, a Story of Real Life," was produced, and pronounced sufficiently entertaining for temporary purposes. Tottenham Street exhibited a melodrama of some interest, the nature of which may be judged from its title, "The Midnight Murderer;" a burlesque, called "Hokoe Poke," followed, at the close of which the audience very unequivocally expressed their hope that it would not be repeated. At Sadler's Wells, a full house was tolerably well amused with a drama, written by the author of "Shakespeare's Early Days," entitled, "The Traitor; or, Maurice the Wood-cutter," and a new pantomime.—Madame Malibran, by an indisposition of a few days last week, is said to have lost engagements to the amount of £300.—Miss Taylor, of the Bath Theatre, has been engaged for three years at Covent-Garden, at a very liberal salary.—Taking the receipts of Drury Lane for the last three years at £53,000 per annum, (the actual average,) the establishment, conducted on a liberal scale, ought to yield, it is said, £8,000 a-year. The management is not yet settled. Farren is reported to have offered to re-engage, at fifty pounds a-week for himself, provided his brother Percy has the office of manager at fifteen pounds per week; and a third brother, Mr George Farren, is appointed solicitor to the theatre. This appears to be doing the thing too much in a family way.—The Birmingham Theatre, where Macready, Vandenhoff, Thorne, and Miss F. H. Kelly, have been performing, closed on Wednesday. The company open in Liverpool on Monday, with Yates and the elephant.—Mr and Mrs Stanley had a crowded benefit here on Monday evening, and Hooper an equally crowded one on Wednesday. The latter gentleman kept his friends together till two A.M., and then sent them home with broad daylight.—Miss Jarman, who performed here on Wednesday evening, and was to have played for three nights more, has unfortunately been prevented, by indisposition, from fulfilling her engagement. It is difficult to say when she may again return to us, as we understand the present lessee of Drury Lane is anxious to avail himself of her services for next winter. If we are to lose her, we do not know how Mr Murray is to supply her place.—Fanny Kemble appears here on Monday in the part of Juliet, and her father in that of Mercutio. If no national calamity interferes, the houses will be tremendous, but OLD CARRERUS will no doubt find a good place for himself, and tell us what he thinks next Saturday. Mrs Henry Siddons will not, we believe, again appear on the stage. She acted from a good motive in returning to it for a few nights, but the judiciousness of the step was very questionable. We regret to be assured that Mr Murray is considered really and seriously ill. He has gone to the country in the hopes of more speedily recruiting his health.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

June 5—11.

SAT.	<i>Provok'd Husband, & Masaniello.</i>
MON.	<i>Fountains, The Day after the Wedding, My Grand-mother, & Teddy the Tiler.</i>
TUES.	<i>Every One has his Fault, & The Debt to Pay.</i>
WED.	<i>The Rivals, The Youthful Queen, & Life in London.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Soldier's Daughter, & Theresa.</i>
FRI.	<i>Masaniello, Children in the Wood, & Life in London.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"A NIGHT on Benlomonad" is under consideration.—The two short notices by "Proteus" will not suit us.—The poem, entitled "The Queen of Night," indicates considerable poetical genius.—"The Power of Pleasing the Fair," by "X, Y, Z," a confirmed subscriber, is inadmissible.—It is a disagreeable thing to be obliged to say that we shall not be able to make room for "The Maid that I love."—"The Faune Bryde of Auklyllan" contains some good stanzas, but is unequal.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The New Bath Guide; or, Memoirs of the Bland Family, in a series of Poetical Epistles. By Christopher Anstey, Esq. *A New Edition, with Biographical and Topographical Preface, and Anecdotal Annotations.* By John Britton, F.S.A. Embellished with Engravings. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. Post 8vo. Pp. 176.

THE title "New Bath Guide" has become, as is indeed remarked by the erudite editor of this work, somewhat of a misnomer. More than half a century has elapsed since its first publication; and those who would seek, in the playful Alexandrines of Anstey, a picture of the modern frequenters of the springs of Bladud, might as well look for the age of the moon in one of Partridge's Almanacks, or consult the Directory of the year 1799 for the abode of a fashionable physician of the present day. In one sense, however, it certainly still is the *New Bath Guide*,—for it is the first work which proposed for its object to initiate the stranger, not merely into the localities, but into the society, of Bath; and it has remained the only one. There is no newer Bath Guide. Only, instead of being now a gossiping retailer of novelty, it has become a prater about the good old times. It is like a gazette of the last century, elevated to the dignified character of a history. The gay and romantic Miss Jenny,—the gallant Captain Cormorant,—the worthy booby Mr Stinkin,—Prudence—and Tabitha Hunt;—where are they? "Gone glimmering through the mist of things that were." Their bag-wigs and solitaires, hoops and têtes-de-mouton, have vanished from the earth, though they drag on a shadowy existence "in the verse that immortally saves." We flatter ourselves that we cannot do a more acceptable service to the effeminate successors of the heroic supporters of these fearful encumbrances, than by devoting a column or two to the antiquities of fashion.

England differs from France chiefly in this: that while our neighbours concentrate all that they have of rich and rare in one capital—assembling all the delicacies of their land into one huge rigout—we have a separate capital for every independent interest of the body politic. London is the capital of law and politics,—Oxford of learning,—Manchester and Sheffield of different manufactures,—Bath is the capital of fashion. We do not pretend that London does not contain, during the season, an equal, possibly a greater, number of fashionables. All that we mean to say is, that fashion occupies, in that busy mart, a subordinate position. In Bath, she is paramount. There is the throne of her empire. There people enact her behests by day, and dream of them by night. There delegated sovereigns have for ages swayed the sceptre of the goddess, and administered her equal laws to successive races of "a true, a happy, and a loyal people."

The first monarch of this illustrious dynasty sprang from an unknown source, was called Nash before he ascended the throne, and, after that event, Richard I. He

was worthy of the elevation to which he was raised by the popular choice, seeing that the delicacy and urbanity of his manners had previously won him the emphatic cognomen of "Beau." In the pages of history, he is found with this epithet as inseparably prefixed to his name, as *adversus* to that of Achilles, or *plus* to that of Æneas. He is thus described by an impartial biographer:—"In the statue and picture of the Beau of Bath, we perceive a stout, thick, stunted, broad-faced, large-wigged, aldermanic human being, of whose dancing graces we can have as lively an impression as of those of a bear and elephant." His reign, like that of some other monarchs—more merry than sedate—was characterised by its splendid poverty. Though ruling over wealthy subjects, and in the habit of raising subsidies to an almost unlimited extent, the sum of money found in the privy purse at his decease was inadequate to defraying the expense of a monumental tablet and epitaph. A statue was raised to his memory shortly after his decease. A long discussion was carried on as to what material was most characteristic of him, and, notwithstanding several strong arguments in behalf of plaster of Paris, his friends finally decided in favour of brass. All authors are loud in praise of this first and greatest of the Bathonian monarchs. Anstey sings of him thus:

"Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent Lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents adored;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would be guide;
Oft tell her a tale how the credulous maid
By men, by perfidious man, is betray'd;
Taught Charity's hand to relieve the distressed,
While tears have his tender compassion express'd:
But, alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
How in years and in glory lamented he fell.
Him mourn'd all the Dryads on Claverton's mount;
Him Avon deplored, him the nymphs of the foam,
Him the crystalline streams.

If life's occupations are follow'd below,
In reward for his labours, his virtue, and pains,
He is footing it now in the Elysian plains,
Indulged, as a token of Proserpine's favour,
To preside at her balls in a cream-colour'd beaver."

He died in 1761, at the advanced age of eighty-one, and was succeeded by Collett, whose name alone has been preserved by historians. This is not unfrequently the fortune of weak sovereigns, when they follow immediately upon a hero. They seem to be lost in his blaze, like the planets Mercury and Venus in their transit between us and the sun's disk.

To him succeeded Samuel Derrick—a poet, critic, and coxcomb—concentrating in himself three diverse and brilliant excellencies of character, each sufficient to secure immortality for its possessor. In character, he somewhat resembled Charles II. of England. He closed a short reign, rendered troublesome by his lavish and indolent habits, in 1769; a reign, however, richer in materials for history than any other period of the Bathonian empire. This is owing to the industrious collections of Boswell, (Johnson's Boswell,) Smollett, and Anstey—all of whom were his contemporaries. The most remarkable incident

in Derrick's personal history was his encounter with the lap-dog of Miss Tabitha Bramble, which, as Derrick was of small stature, might easily have proved fatal, but for the interference of Sir Ulic Mackilligut. His death gave occasion to one of those civil commotions so frequent in elective monarchies. Two candidates aspired to the vacant throne, whose claims were urged by their respective adherents with much clamour and violence. This civil war is remarkable as the first in which a foreign state arrogated to itself a right to interfere with the domestic arrangements of the kingdom of Bath. The Bristolians are said to have sent a remonstrance on the subject of the feud. It was at last ended by the exertions of a select band of patriots, who brought forward Captain Wade as a candidate, whose character conciliated for him the approbation of the two contending factions.

We have now arrived at a period when those political unions, intrigues, and cabals, had their origin, which still guide the cabinet of Bath. As we have uniformly refrained from taking any active part in public business, we prefer eschewing the delicate task of recording contemporary history, and thus treading, to the infinite danger of our slippers, upon concealed ashes. Besides, we have already carried down the tale as far as is necessary to enable the reader to enter with the necessary preparation upon the personal of Anstey's work.

The Memoirs of the B-n-r-d Family were published some six or seven years before Humphrey Clinker, and Smollett has evidently been indebted for some of his best Bath scenes to their pages. The adventures of the family at Bath may be briefly told. An only son, who has been crammed with good things by Lady Bountiful, his mamma, till his stomachic organization is somewhat deranged, arrives to try the waters, in company with an awkward bit of a sister, their cousin Jenny, and a dumpy maid, who has hurt herself by taking in succession, just to keep her well, every quack medicine she sees in the papers. Mr Simkin Bountiful is awkward, ignorant of the world, and sheepish, but at bottom a generous fellow, and endowed with a blundering kind of sense. His cousin Jenny is a plump, handsome girl, with a lively temper, and deep read in romances. Prudence, his sister, is one of those blanks which are ready to take any impression. This *partie carrée* consult the doctors, and enter into the amusements at Bath. Miss Jenny and Mr Simkin are kindly taken under the guidance of an accomplished gentleman, who cheats the latter out of his money at cards, and nearly succeeds in persuading the former to marry him. Prudence, and her maid, Tabitha Runt, are made the dupes of a pious Moravian, who lodges in the same house. In short, after a brief residence at Bath, during which they flutter through all the scenes of gay and pious life, the B-n-r-d family return home with increased experience, empty pockets, and one of the ladies a little singed in reputation.

Miss Jenny's picture of her lover, Captain Cormorant, is most delicately drawn :

"Well I know how Romeo dances,
With what air he first advances,
With what grace his gloves he draws on,
Claps, and calls up Nancy Dawson :
Me through every dance conducting,
And the music oft instructing,
See him tap, the time to show,
With his light fantastic toe ;
Skill'd in every art to please,
From the fan to waft the breeze,
Or his bottle to produce,
Fill'd with pungent *eau-de-luce*.
Wonder not, my friend, I go
To the ball with Romeo."

The present edition of this edifying work—the prototype of the Twopenny Post-bag,—is got up with great elegance. There are five excellent illustrative engravings by George Cruikshanks. They have increased, if that indeed be possible, our admiration of the genius of this

accomplished artist. He has entered completely into the humour of Anstey. His first print is Simkin consulting a Bath physician on his arrival. The grim look of Death's deer contrasts admirably with the sheepish expression of the anxious patient. Prudence sits with a most perpendicular angularity opposite her brother, and Jenny, a fine figure of a woman, leans over the back of her chair, laughing at the whole. In print second we have the Doctors flying from their own physic. Three members of the faculty, with their fees in their pockets, have just issued from the house, the fat nurse is about to close the door behind them, while Miss Jenny, from a window above, dispatches, with the most graceful air in the world, pill-boxes, gallipots, and phials, on the heads of their astonished prescribers. We can compare the easy elegance of the lady to nothing but the calm dignity of the Apollo following with his eye the flight of the fatal arrow. The scramble of the three Doctors to escape this novel avalanche, their fear and their hurry, their awkward contortions, are spiritedly and variously conceived. Simkin stands at Jenny's elbow with a face lustrous with delight. In print third, we see Simkin taking advantage of the city musicians, who have waited upon him to congratulate his safe arrival, to rub up his dancing. There he is, capering in the foreground, with two chairs for partners. Rather behind him, in a recess on his right hand, an active and elegant flirtation is carrying on between Miss Jenny and her Romeo. Near them Prudence and the pious Nicodemus are reading together some edifying book. The maiden's eyes are fixed on the page, but those of her instructor are glistening on her countenance. To the left we catch through the half-open door, the battle between the musicians and the French footman of a surly invalid, who has been disturbed by their noise. We have never seen a picture in which a whole story was better told. In the fourth illustration, two sturdy chairmen are forcing into their chair Tabby Runt, who had bespoke their services the previous evening to carry her to the bath, but felt her courage sink in the morning. The fifth is a caricature of Patience, under the hands of a French perruquier. The frontispiece and fly-title are by Williams, and are cleverly executed. The only thing wanted to make this edition of the New Bath Guide perfect, was a livelier editor. Mr John Britton is most insufferably dull.

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck, a Romance. By the Author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1830.

This is a talented work, but, at the same time, a little tedious and heavy. Mrs Shelley informs us in the preface, that she studied the subject originally with a view towards historical detail, but that, becoming aware of its romance, she determined not to confine herself to the mere incorporation of facts narrated by the old Chroniclers. A good deal of the leaven of history, however, still remains; and though several fictitious characters have been introduced, a calm straight-forwardness of style characterises the whole book. The authoress sets out on the assumption that Perkin Warbeck was really the Duke of York, and consequently entitled to the throne of England upon the death of his elder brother Edward the Fifth. Upon this disputed question it is unnecessary for us to enter further, than to remark that sufficient plausibility attaches to Mrs Shelley's theory, to authorise her as novelist to avail herself of it, although we are afraid that in order to carry it through, she has been obliged, in more instances than one, to twist to her own interpretation the established facts of history. The chief fault we have to find with her production is, that it does not blend together with sufficient skill what is fictitious and what is true. The great use of an intermixture of fiction in an historical romance, is to relieve the reader from man

dry details, and agreeably to fill up the interstices between those events which rivet the attention the more powerfully that they stand forth in bold and prominent contrast to the no less important occurrences of everyday life. Mrs Shelley, however, is contented to follow her hero's fortunes through thick and thin; and instead of fixing, as we should have advised her to do, on a few circumstances of acknowledged interest and moment, and contriving that all the narrative should tend towards them, she rather prefers patiently to act the part of a biographer, and with the utmost perseverance follows Warbeck through all his fortunes, whether his adventures be brilliant or stupid, fortunate or disastrous. Could every reader enter into the fate and character of her hero with the same enthusiasm as our authoress, there would be nothing tiresome in this minuteness of detail; but even though we were to grant that he was the veritable heir to England's crown, we fear that, with one or two exceptions, there was little in his career to warrant our devoting undivided attention to it through three long volumes. Unlike our own Prince Charles Stuart, Perkin Warbeck had never even the semblance of a kingly crown upon his head; and though received and acknowledged at various courts as a true Plantagenet, he does not appear to have had within himself genius enough to command his own fate. From the very first, he was driven about like a wreck from billow to billow. Wherever he came, it was as a mendicant; and however generously assisted, he was never able to better his condition. In Spain, in France, in the Netherlands, in Ireland, and in Scotland, he was continually involved in intrigues and petty insurrections; but he never once seriously disturbed the quiet of Henry the Seventh; and at last, when he fell into the hands of that monarch, the ignominious death which he died excited little sensation.

It is therefore to be regretted, we think, that Mrs Shelley has, in the present work, indefatigably gone through the whole of Perkin Warbeck's life. Many of the smaller adventures and unsuccessful attempts at rebellion should have been omitted, because they lead to nothing, and wear out without satisfying the mind; and because, moreover, they tend to diminish our respect for her hero, pointing him out as one continually borne down by adversity, and consequently one more to be pitied than admired. Had she, on the contrary, confined her story to one or two of the more striking parts of his career,—such as his residence and marriage in Scotland, and subsequent fate,—she would have greatly strengthened her narrative; and by contracting her details into a narrower compass, given a solidity and compactness to them, in which they are at present deficient. To speak in the language of painters, her novel has not a sufficiently powerful middle-distance and foreground. The objects introduced are too much diffused and scattered. She has taken us to the top of a hill, and when we expected a broad and beautiful lake to burst upon us at once, we see nothing but the long line of a canal, which is equally broad at the one end as it is at the other.

Though we have thus stated, pretty plainly, our objection to Mrs Shelley's novel, we must at the same time state, no less plainly, that it unquestionably bears the stamp of a powerful mind, and that no one can read it without feeling a conviction that the authoress need not fear a comparison with even the most talented of her sex. It is certain that Mrs Shelley is apt at times to be heavy, and assuredly her "Last Man" is, in many parts, abundantly so, yet we entertain a high respect for her abilities, and believe her worthy to have been the wife of the author of the "Cenci." There is much powerful writing in her "Perkin Warbeck," and several of the characters introduced—especially those of Sir Robert Clifford, Monina de Faro, and Catherine Gordon—are sketched with bold vigour and fine discrimination. It is not, however, in a facility of giving an intense individuality to the persons of her story that Mrs Shelley chiefly excels. We

like her better in the narrative parts, interspersed as these always are with her own observations on men and manners, and coloured by her own peculiar imagination, feelings, and associations. We last week gave a short but favourable specimen of her style, and we shall now add one or two more. We like the following portrait of the companion of Perkin Warbeck's childhood—one who loved him deeply but hopelessly:

"Monina de Faro was, even in childhood, a being to worship and to love. There was a dreamy sweetness in her countenance, a mystery in the profound sensibility of her nature, that fascinated beyond all compare. Her characteristic was not so much the facility of being impressed, as the excess of the emotion produced by every new idea or feeling. Was she gay—her large eyes laughed in their own brightness, her lovely countenance became radiant with smiles, her thrilling voice was attuned to lightest mirth, while the gladness that filled her heart, overflowed from her as light does from the sun, imparting to all around a share of its own essence. Did sorrow oppress her—dark night fell upon her mind, clouding her face, oppressing her whole person, which staggered and bent beneath the freight. Had she been susceptible of the stormier passions, her subtle and yielding soul would have been their unresisting victim; but though impetuous—wild—the slave of her own sensations, her soft bosom could harbour no emotions unallied to goodness; and the devouring appetite of her soul was the desire of benefiting all around her. Her countenance was the mirror of her mind. Its outline resembled those we see in Spanish pictures, not being quite oval enough for a northern beauty. It seemed widened at the forehead, to give space for her large long eyes, and the canopy of the darkly-fringed and veined lid; her hair was not black, but of a rich sunny chestnut, finer than carded silk, and more glossy; her skin was delicate, somewhat pale, except when emotion suffused it with a deep pink. In person she was not tall, but softly rounded; and her taper, rosy-tipped fingers, and little feet, bespoke the delicate proportion that moulded her form to a beauty, whose every motion awakened admiration and love."

The following attempt, made by a creature of Henry the Seventh, upon Warbeck's life, is spiritedly told:

"The breeze had rather sunk towards sunset, but it arose again with the stars; the vessel's prow struck against the light waves, and danced gaily on through the sea. One man stood at the helm; another, one of the Friar's hirelings, loitered near; the other kept out of the way. Still, beneath the thousand stars of cloudless night, the little bark hurried on, feeling the freshening of the wind; her larboard beam was deep in the water, and, close at the deck's leeward edge, Meiler and his intended victim paced. One thoughtless boy, high among the shrouds, whistled in answer to the wind. There was at once solitude and activity in the scene. 'This is the hour,' thought Richard; 'surely if man's sinful heart was ever touched with remorse, this man's may now. God's throne visible in all its beauty above us; beneath—around—the awful roaring waters, from which he lately so miraculously escaped!' He began to speak of England, of his mother, of the hopes held out to him by his companion; eager in his desire of winning a traitor to the cause of truth, he half forgot himself, and then started to find, that, even as he walked, his companion got him nearer to the brink of the slant, slippery deck. Seized with terror at this manifestation of the worst designs, yet scarcely daring to credit his suspicions, he suddenly stopt, seizing a rope that hung near, and steadying himself by winding his arm round it—an act that escaped his enemy's observation, for, as he did it, he spoke:—'Do you know, Father Meiler, that I suspect and fear you? I am an inexperienced youth, and if I am wrong, forgive me; but you have changed towards me of late from the kind friend you once were. Strange doubts have been whispered: do you reply to them! Are you my friend, or are you a treacherous spy?—the agent of the noble Yorkists, or Henry Tudor's hireling murderer?'

"As he spoke, the Friar drew still nearer, and the Prince recoiled further from him: he got on the sheer edge of the deck. 'Rash boy!' cried Frangman, 'know that I am no hireling: sacred vengeance pricks me on! Son of the murderer! tell me where is sainted Henry? where Prince Edward? where all the noble martyrs of his cause? Where my brave and lost sons? There, even where thou shalt be quick—Look back, thy grave yawns for thee!'

"With these words he threw himself furiously on the Prince: the stripling sprung back with all the force lent him by the rope he held, and pushed at the same time Frangman violently from him, as he cried aloud on the sailors, 'What, ho! treason is among us!' A heavy splash of the falling Meiler answered his call; the strong man was cast down in his very pride; the waters divided, and sucked him in. In a moment the crew were on deck; Frangman's hireling, scared, cried out, 'He is King Henry's prisoner; seize him!' thus increasing the confusion. The Friar, his garments floating, now appeared struggling among the waves; a rope was thrown to him; the vessel sped on meanwhile, and it fell far short; Richard, horror-struck, would have leapt in to save his enemy; but the time was gone—one loud shriek burst on the ear of night, and all was still; Frangman, his misery, his vengeance, and his crimes, lay buried in the ocean's hoary cave."

We had marked other passages for quotation, but our space warns us that the above must suffice. We noticed briefly, about a fortnight ago, another novel which has just been published, bearing the same name; in nothing but the name, however, does it resemble that of Mrs Shelley, which is, in all respects, the superior of the two.

The Royal Book of Dreams. From an ancient and curious Manuscript, which was buried in the earth during several centuries; containing one thousand and twenty-four Oracles, or answers to Dreams, &c. &c. By Raphael. London. Effingham Wilson. 1830. 18mo. Pp. 161.

DREAMS are one of the most interesting phenomena connected with humanity. From Epicurus and Aristotle, down to Locke and Addison, innumerable theories have been broached concerning them; but there is not one that has yet laid open the heart of the mystery. The work before us, without seeking to enquire *why* we dream, limits itself to the question—*are dreams prophetic?* and, after leading a proof to show that they are, proceeds to furnish us with a method by which we may discover the secrets of fate portended by nocturnal visions.

So far from attempting to ridicule those excellent old women who believe in dreams, and read fortunes in tea-sops, we have felt for them, from our youth upwards, the most profound respect. Are we not all "such stuff as dreams are made of?" and is it not delightful to be able to see with the eyes of our soul (for certes it cannot be with the eyes of our body, considering that they are shut at the time) a thousand immaterial shapes and prospects, which no waking eye ever beheld, yet with which we hold communion, as if suddenly carried into a new state of existence. We pity the man who is too grossly corporeal to dream, or too perfectly prosaic to believe in dreams. If he had dreamt the dreams that we have done, and watched the consequences with equal earnestness, he would have known, that to talk of the spiritual world of sleep as merely the offspring of toasted cheese, devilled kidneys, or red herrings, was the grossest profanity; and during the silence of the night he would have felt his nature cognizant

"Of subtler essence than the trodden clod."

"They have souls," says the learned Bishop Bull, "very much immersed in flesh, who can apprehend nothing but what touches and affects their senses. And although I am no doter on dreams, yet I verily believe that some dreams are monitory above the power of fancy, and impressed on us by some superior influence; for of such dreams we have plain and undeniable instances in history, both sacred and profane, and in our own age and observation. Nor shall I so value the laughter of sceptics, and the scoffs of the Epicureans, as to be ashamed to profess that I myself have had some convincing experiments of such impressions." With Bishop Bull we entirely agree, and also with Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Pliny, and Hippocrates, who thought similarly.

The multitude of astonishing dreams that have been

dreamt in all ages is beyond calculation. Many extraordinary and well-authenticated instances are given in the volume before us. From these we extract a few:

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

"Numerous modern instances of prophetic dreams might be here recited, and those, too, well testified by credible witnesses. *Monsieur Calignan*, chancellor of Navarre, was esteemed a man of singular virtue; being at Berne, one night as he lay asleep, he heard a voice, which called him by his name, *Calignan!* Awakening, and hearing no more of it, he imagined it only a dream, and fell asleep again. A little afterwards, he heard the same voice calling him in the same manner: this made a greater impression on him than the former, so that, being awakened, he called his wife, who was with him, and told her what had happened. They both lay waking for some time, expecting to hear it a third time; at length, they went to sleep together, *when the voice awakened him again*, calling him by his name, and advising him to retire immediately out of the town, and to remove his family, for that the plague would rage horribly in that place in a few days. He followed the direction, and within a few days after, the plague began in the town, and destroyed a great number of people.

"When the celebrated Dr Harvey, being a young man, went to travel towards Padua, he went to Dover with several others, and showed his pass, as the others did, to the governor. The governor told him that '*he must not go, but he must keep him prisoner.*' The Doctor desired to know the reason, and what he had done amiss; he said '*it was his will to have it so.*' The packet-boat hoisted sail in the evening, which was very clear, and the Doctor's companions in it,—a terrible storm ensued, and the packet-boat, with all the passengers, was cast away. The next day the melancholy news was brought to Dover. The governor was a total stranger to Dr Harvey, but by name and by face: only the night before he had a perfect vision, in a dream, of Dr Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais, and an order to stop him! This the Doctor was told by the governor the next day, and he told the story again to his friends in London.

"Thomas Wotton, Esquire, a little before his death, dreamed that the University of Oxford was robbed by five men. He wrote to his son, who was then in Oxford, and told him the particulars of his dream. The University was robbed accordingly, *the very night before the letter came to his son's hand!* As soon as morning arrived, there was a great noise concerning the robbery; whereupon the young man showed his letter to the persons concerned, and all the five men were taken up and found guilty.

"Doctor Pitcairne is said never to have related the following story, without some emotion of mind. His friend, Mr Lindsay, upon reading with the Doctor, when very young, the known story of the two Platonic philosophers, who promised to one another, that whoever died first should return on a visit to his surviving companion, entered into the same engagement with him. Some years after, the Doctor, at his father's house in Fife, dreamed, one morning, that Lindsay, who was then at Paris, came to him, and told him that he was not dead, as was commonly reported, but still alive, and lived in a very agreeable place, to which he could not as yet carry him. By the course of the post, news came of Lindsay's death, which took place, exceeding suddenly, *the very morning of the dream.*

"Some years ago, the Lady of Colonel Gale, having lost her husband, was going to Kingston in Jamaica, to administer to his effects. In her way she stopped all night at a friend's house, intending to proceed on her journey the next morning; she accordingly ordered her coachman to be ready to set out at the appointed hour. Mrs Gale's waiting-woman, who accompanied her mistress, dreamed that night that her master appeared to her, and enquired where her mistress was; the servant told him that her lady was going to Kingston, and was now on her journey; the colonel replied she must not go,—she must return with him, for he was come to fetch her; this the servant told next morning to the family where they were. Soon afterwards she went into her lady's room to call her up, but was told by her that she felt herself somewhat indisposed, and did not think she should be well enough to proceed on her journey that day. She, moreover, desired the servant to forbid the carriage being got ready, according to the order given to the coachman the night before. When the lady of the house perceived her friend very feverish and indisposed, the doctor was called in, but all to no purpose, for the fever increased upon her

to such a degree, that she survived little more than a week or ten days.

"In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr Williams of Scorrion House, near Redneath, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so; but shortly after he again awoke her, and said that he had, a second time, had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to compose himself, and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated, on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would lie quiet and endeavour to forget it, he arose, then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast, the dreams were the sole subjects of conversation, and in the forenoon Mr Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all his acquaintances that he met. On the following day, Mr Tucker, of Kematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr Williams, called at Scorrion House, when Mr Williams began to relate to Mr Tucker the circumstances of his dream, and Mrs Williams observed to her daughter Mrs Tucker, laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which, Mr Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality. And Mr Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr Williams described him minutely; to which Mr Tucker replied, 'Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and though he has been to me the greatest enemy I have ever met with through life,' (for a supposed cause, which had no foundation in truth, or words to that effect,) 'I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him.'

"Mr Tucker then enquired of Mr Williams if he had ever seen Mr Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he had never any thing to do with him, nor had he ever been in the House of Commons in his lifetime. At this moment, Mr Williams and Mr Tucker, still standing, heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after, Mr Michael Williams of Trevince (son of Mr Williams of Scorrion) entered the room, and said he had galloped out from Truro, (from which Scorrion is seven miles distant,) having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from town, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man, called Bellingham, had shot Mr Perceval; and that, as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard, at Truro, that he had passed through that place in the afternoon in his way to Scorrion.

"After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr Williams described most minutely the appearance and the dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor. About six weeks after, Mr Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps, at the entrance of the lobby, he said, 'This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house; and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham actually stood when he fired, and which Mr Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball where he fell. The dress both of Mr Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the description given by Mr Williams, even to the most minute particulars.

"The foregoing dream is the more marvellous and astonishing, on account of the striking conformity of its details to those of a contemporaneous event, which was performed nearly three hundred miles from the person of the dreamer. Moreover, to silence all those doubts, which those who fancy they can theorize upon dreams continually offer to the public, when any thing of the kind becomes realised, it must be

stated, that the person who dreamed the dream is now alive; the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of it at the time are also living; and the whole comes, therefore, under the denomination of a special and undoubted type or warning of what afterwards happened. The great respectability of the parties, who are ready (as they have assured the author) to make oath on the subject, sets aside every appearance of wishing to impose upon public credulity. It is here recorded as a matter of fact, which may cause the sceptic to pause ere he pronounces all dreams as the offspring of the imagination, or the effects of bodily infirmities."—P. 30-5.

The question being then settled beyond a doubt that dreams are prophetic, what a treasure did not the Editor of this book discover when he found the ancient and curious manuscript, entitled "The Royal Boke of Greemes; a marvellous and fapthefule expounder of ngghyte visioines." We have seen nothing like it. The oracles are the truest we ever met with. We have tried them again and again, and they have never yet deceived us. We consult the book the first thing we do every morning; and we advise all our readers to do the same, unless they have greater confidence in a tea-cup and saucer, which is an excellent invention also.

The Undying One, and other Poems. By the Honourable Mrs Norton. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

We have not yet had time to prepare a review of this work. The following extracts from it, however, will be read with interest and pleasure. The two first are of a grave and sentimental character.

"None remember thee! thou whose heart
Pour'd love on all around;
Thy name no anguish can impart—
'Tis a forgotten sound.
Thine old companions pass me by
With a cold bright smile and a vacant eye,
And none remember thee,
Save me!

"None remember thee! thou wert not
Beauteous as some things are;
No glory beam'd upon thy lot,
My pale and quiet star.
Like a winter bud that too soon hath burst,
Thy cheek was fading from the first—
And none remember thee,
Save me!

"None remember thee! they could spy
Nought, when they gazed on thee,
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet eye—
It hath pass'd from their memory.
The gifts of genius were not thine,
Proudly before the world to shine—
And none remember thee,
Save me!

"None remember thee! now thou'rt gone,
Or they could not choose but weep,
When they think of thee, my gentle one,
In thy long and lonely sleep.
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
How fondly together we used to dwell—
But none remember thee,
Save me!"

"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow:
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

"We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;

We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

"We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together—
Oh! what shall part us now?"

That Mrs Norton possesses versatility of genius, and an excellent perception of the humorous, is sufficiently established by the following amusing *jeu-d'esprit*.

DESCRIPTION OF A LOST FRIEND.

"*Lost*—near the 'Change in the city,
(I saw there a girl that seemed pretty,)
'Joe Steel,' a short, cross-looking varlet,
With a visage as red as scarlet:
His nose and chin of a hue
Approaching nearly to blue:
With legs just the length and no more,
That will trot him from door to door;
And a most capacious paunch,
Fed with many a venison haunch.
Whoever will bring the same
To a tailor's of the name
Of Patterson, Watson, and Co.,
Shall receive a guinea or so.
And that all may understand,
And bring him safe to hand,
I subjoin as well as I can
The character of the man.
He's a grumpy sort of a fellow
Till liquor has made him mellow;
The sort of man who never
Wishes your guests to be clever
When he's ask'd to come and dine,
But only wants his wine.
He is but a stupid ass
Even when he's fill'd his glass,
And emptied it too, a dozen
Times, with some civil cousin.
I don't remember his saying
Aught that meant more than braying.
We met and we talked together
Of politics and the weather,
Of the taxes and the king,
And that silly sort of thing;
But he never would give an opinion
As to the sort of dominion
He should like to live under, if we
To think of such things were free.
He said it was all speculation,
More harm than good to the nation.
He wouldn't abuse the Commons,
Nor admire a pretty woman's
Ankle, that tripp'd through the park
When it wasn't light or dark.
Laugh at him—he turn'd sour;
Talk gravely—his brow would lour.
Sometimes he wish'd to grow fat
(I'm sure it was needless, that)
When he was over-fed,
Or out of spirits, he said.
Sometimes he wish'd to be thin,
(When he pour'd *fresh* spirits in):
But he never, when we were alone,
Said any thing new of his own.
The merrier you were, the more
He grumbled, and fumed, and swore;
The happier you were, the less
He cared for your happiness.
We never agreed for a day,
Except when one was away.
And meeting too often of late,
It was my peculiar fate
To say something bitter and bad
About wives being not to be had
When a bachelor got a red nose,
And his short legs were shrunk in his hose—
It was witty; but cost me my friend;
For being too late to amend,

He took it amiss that I
The defects of his form should spy.
Perchance he had borne a few jeers
On the purple hue of his *cors*;
But to say that his *legs* were small!
Oh! his heart's blood was turn'd to gall.
So, leaving his bottle, he swore
That he never would enter my door.
And I chuckled within my own heart,
Snapp'd my fingers, and saw him depart:
But, alas! now I've lost him, I find
There was no one so much to my mind.
I have now got a good-temper'd fellow—
But he tells me my face is grown yellow.
I have now got a new friend that's clever—
But he's brewing his good things for ever:
Another, who talks at a rate
That is frightful, of church and of state,
And never will give in a jot,
Though you reason and bawl till you're hot:
Another—but why should I bring
Of friends, as of onions, a string
To my dinners, except that I feel
No number can make a Joe Steel!
When they're lively, I think it a bore;
When they're silent, I miss him the more.
I miss him when I would recall
Some fact of my youth to them all.
Not one of my friends seems to care
If I once had a head of black hair—
Not one of them seems to believe
How the pretty girls once used to grieve
When they miss'd me amongst them,—Oh! no,
I can have no friend equal to Joe!
I miss his round, red, surly face—
I miss his short legs from their place—
I miss him—I'm growing quite sad;
I think my old part is turn'd bad—
I miss him and draw this conclusion,
(Though others may think it delusion,)
That, with all their worst faults at their back,
(And I'm sure poor Joe Steel had a pack,)
Though they never can alter or mend,
There's no friend like a very old friend!"

We shall give our readers some more extracts, and a fuller account of this work, next week.

Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, a Poem, by Robert Burns. Illustrated by Thomas Landseer. London. Marsh and Miller. 1830.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is a man of true genius. His works are not mere caricatures—mere distortions of humanity. There is soul in every thing he does; his figures have an independent existence and worth of their own, laying aside the consideration that they are witty and malicious misrepresentations of something else. We admit the most grotesque of his creations to the privileges of entity; for there is not a scratch that does not aid in bringing out their feeling. Nor has he, even in his most exaggerated moods, ever published any thing that was valuable, solely as an extravaganza. His grouping, and the general arrangement of his pieces, always indicate a fine perception of the beautiful; as, witness even that most violent of all his caricatures, his illustration of the organ of philoprogenitiveness. But more than this, his individual figures are often fine conceptions. We seldom meet with such an elegant expression of the most triumphant gentlemanly malice, as in the husband welcoming the safe arrival of the fat Cardinal at his wife's apartment, in the first part of the *Points of Humour*; or with a finer woman than his Miss Jenny, in his latest publication. In addition to these qualifications, he is undoubtedly the best illustrator we have. He enters so completely into the mind and feelings of his author, as to identify himself with them. Almost every painter has a certain character by which we recognise his figures—Cruikshank is not exempt from this. But his illustrations of any author have all a character peculiar to them.

selves—differing from his original works, and from each other. The Jolly Beggars are not like the House that Jack Built, nor are the Scenes from Bath like either the one or the other.

But what has this to do with Thomas Landseer? Much. The success of Cruikshank—or, to select a more generous motive—the desire to emulate what they felt to be excellent, has stirred up a number of artists to work in the same style. George Cruikshank may now be considered as standing at the head of a school; but, as is generally the case with imitators, it is only the outside that they are capable of apprehending. It is much easier to wear a blue surtout and white nether integuments, than to plan the passage of the Douro. And it is much easier to caricature humanity with a sketchy graver, than to produce such works as George Cruikshank's.

The number of pretty little books, with sixteen pages of letter-press, and half-a-dozen engravings in this style, which have of late been published at various prices—from one shilling to half-a-crown—is quite astonishing. Monsieur Tenson, Monsieur Nongtongpaw, Tom King, Tam O'Shanter, and a host of others, have come pouring upon us in quick and dazzling succession. Now, we are far from wishing to deny that the authors of the illustrations in these little works are men of spirit and talent. We merely mean to say, that if they have abandoned a style of their own, to adopt what they believe to be that of Cruikshank, they have allowed a good substantial hock of bread to swim down the water, while they have been snapping at the moonshine in it. We feel ourselves called upon to set them right in this particular, partly by a foolish pity for them, and partly in virtue of our office, by our assumption of which we are pledged to tell people disagreeable truths.

With respect to Robert, the brother of George—the perpetrator of the greater number of that class of works we are speaking of—we do not mean to quarrel with him. He has assisted his brother in a great many of his productions, and has worked himself into his manner. He is exactly like him, except that he is a great deal feeblar. They are to each other in such a degree of resemblance as Byron's living and dead Greece. When you see one of Robert's works,

“You start, for soul is wanting there.”

As, however, Robert never had any manner of his own, nor most probably would have had so good a one as he has got but for the sedulous care with which he formed himself upon his brother, we may spare ourselves the trouble of preaching to him; and as he not unfrequently hits upon a good thought, we will take what we can get from him, and be thankful.

No such considerations occur to plead for Mr Thomas Landseer; and so have at him! We confine ourselves to the present work, as, by this means, our strictures will be, if not so universal in their application, more intelligible from their speciality. To this end, we advise our readers to study this article, with Landseer's Illustrations of Tam O'Shanter before them; and to further this end, we advise them to purchase the book, by which advice we secure the good-will of the publishers—a very important consideration in these bad times. It is no shame to say Englishman that he is unacquainted with Scottish character. Even an artist cannot be expected to seize it by intuition. But it argues something of presumption in one who is totally ignorant of it, to pretend to illustrate a Scottish tale. Mr Landseer is, we presume, one of those unfortunate Cockneys who have been taught, by their nurse, that the Celtic Society is Scotland. Else he would scarcely have introduced a creature in the Highland garb into an Ayrshire alehouse, where such an indecent exhibition has not been known for centuries. But this, and some other inaccuracies, we will forgive, if, on a further examination, we find any thing of the fire and fervour of genius in his composition.

The plates in which Tam himself is introduced, are four in number—the alehouse scene—the first view of Alloway Kirk—the peep through the window—and the gaining the keystone of the brig. We shall first examine the characters throughout, and then speak to the merits of the different pictures. In the scene of his joviality we can recognise no other expression in Tam's face than a maudlin grin of delight at the landlady;—on seeing the kirk apparently in a blaze, he looks as if painted from a Sadler's Wells representative of the tallor riding to Brentford;—in the kirk, we can see by his parted lips that he is roaring, and nothing more; when clearing the bridge, he reminds us of the face, in some old caricature, of a clown terrified by a turnip-lantern. There is no individuality of character in Landseer's Tam. We see a man laughing,—struggling against the wind,—roaring,—and in a horrible fright, but we see nothing more of him, and there is not even any very strong reason for saying it is the same person in all these situations. It may be remarked here that the vignette, intended to represent Tam, may pass for an Irishman (fed up for a show) flourishing his shillelah, or for some English drunkard, pot-vallant from the White Horse, but it has nothing of the Scotch farmer in it. The figure next in prominence to Tam is Catty-sark, who appears in two of the illustrations. The “wimsome wench and wale” of Burns is metamorphosed in Mr Landseer's hands to something not unlike one of Fuseli's most fantastic fays. Her waist is compressed to a gossamer thread—her legs are “winnle-strae,”—and she is placed in the attitude of a frog, which some good-for-nothing urebin has “spang-hewit.” The idea must have presented itself to the artist while labouring under a night mare, to which recollections of some opera-dancer gave a visible form. Such a creature could never have made a Carrick farmer “tyne his reason a'thegither.” In the print where she is represented plucking off the horse's tail, she is a mere hideous phantasma. Neither Landlord, Landlady, nor Souter—the only other prominent personages—suggest any further remark than that the two males are exaggerated and the female wooden. Viewed as a composition, the first of these pictures does not afford any great scope for remark. The figures are well arranged, but the strong contrast of narrow patches of deep shade and strong light gives an unpleasant and unsubstantial effect. The action of the horse, in the second print, is spirited, the light from Kirk Alloway well managed, and the accessories judicious; but there is a want of keeping betwixt the quiet of the sky and the racket among the trees, indicative of the cause why Tam holds so fast by his bonnet. The lightning, too, is injudiciously managed—it seems to be striking the traveller's head. The scene within the kirk is the worst of all. The failure in two of the principal characters we have already noticed. Of Satan—a great lubberly brute,—we cannot say that he seems either to “glower,” or “fidge fu' faim.” There is a want of arrangement in the whole, and the effect is misty and unsatisfactory. Retzsch's incantation scene seems to have furnished some hints. With regard to the final scene, we have to remark, that the action of the figures seems to us a total misconception. Tam was hurrying on for life or death, too anxiously encouraging his steed, to have time—even had he dared—to look behind. The witch, in attempting to detain the steed before it overleaped the boundaries of her empire, wrenched off the tail which she had seized for this purpose. The action here is simple, natural, and intense. In Landseer's print, these three great requisites are wanting. Tam looks back like a paralysed lubberly clown, roaring out, as if that could avail him; while Nanny stands on the mare's hock, making faces at him, and pulling out the hair of the beast's tail by repeated handfuls. This is to—

* An amiable pastime of our well-trained Scottish schoolboys. A frog is placed on one end of a board, which is balanced over another placed upright; the opposite end is struck smartly, and froggie sent tilting into the air.

tally devoid of the tragic earnestness with which Burns has imbued even his grotesque *personale*.—The frontispiece, we find, is meant to embody these lines,

—“Our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”

Until we consulted the page and line to which we are referred, the character and expression of the female figure, the howling attitude of one dog, and the snuffing of the other, together with the visionary cauldron almost enveloped in smoke, had impressed us with the idea that this was an original design by Landseer, intended to represent a witch preparing for her aerial flight.

It seems to us to result from these remarks, that Mr Landseer is an artist of considerable skill, with occasional indications of power, but that he has attempted a line in which he is not fitted to succeed. The most grotesque of George Cruikshank's figures are, in one sense, true and real—they embody his vivid feelings, and no more. Mr Landseer has no such intensity in his character, and designs his exaggerations, knowing and feeling them to be such. The consequence is, that, far from being amusing, they are cold and hollow. Why will he attempt to make himself what nature never meant him for? Fields of art, at least as fair, lie within his reach.

Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers. With some Remarks on the Present State of English Poetry, and on the Laus of Criticism. By Edward Clarkson. London. James Ridgway. 1830. Pp. 164.

This is an attempt to bolster up Mr Montgomery's reputation, to put court plaster upon all his wounds, and pour down his throat a little of the cordial Balm of Gilead, to make up for the bitters he has been obliged to swallow of late. We cannot have the slightest objection to Mr Edward Clarkson thinking Mr Montgomery the first of bards, and shall not therefore set ourselves to controvert his arguments. If his opinions are conscientious, which they, no doubt, are, he is the denizen of a free country, and let him retain them by all means. Of all Mr Montgomery's critics, he has singled out two, and thinks that if he answers them he does quite enough. These two are *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. His reasons for paying us this compliment are expressed in the following fair and handsome terms:

“The *London Literary Gazette* is opposed, on this occasion, to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*; and *Fraser's Magazine* to the *Imperial*. Many others have laboured hard to show the venomous potency of their criticisms; but it would be mercy to let them rest in oblivion, distinguished as they are for nought but their intrinsic want of preponderance, when weighed against the all but uniform decision of the town and provincial press. Among other contrasts, I might have opposed the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* to the *Dublin Literary Gazette*; but without calling into question their relative talents, this would only uselessly enlarge the field of enquiry. It is not for the sake of giving undue importance to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, that I confine myself, in this section of my subject, to them, but because, first, they are really the most talented of all Montgomery's assailants; second, they concentrate all the charges which the others bring against him, and thereby save me the trouble, and the reader the irksomeness, of a devious chase after various literary insects, which, after all, it might be deemed unmanly to crush; for—

“Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?”

Again, these two periodicals are appealed to by their friends with shouts of triumph, as the most able and triumphant of Mr Montgomery's adversaries—as, in short, settling the

* The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* is a publication of so extremely limited a circulation, that we seldom hear of it, and are indeed uncertain whether it is still going on. Its chief pretensions consisted in affecting to deny a knowledge of our existence.

question. It is to be hoped, that the other minor reviewers and magazine-writers who have attacked him, will be as polite as to permit my marshalling their more light-armed squad of reasonings under these Coriphæi.”

Mr Clarkson has argued his side pretty well; but his pamphlet is a piece of special pleading from beginning to end, and, as such, much more ingenious than sound.

Four Years' Residence in the West Indies. By F. W. N. Bayley. London. 1830.

THERE is a good deal of amusing gossip in this book, plenty of flippancy, and a considerable quantity of namby-pambyism. We make one extract:

LITERATURE IN THE WEST INDIES.

“Literature in the West Indies is at a low ebb. Booksellers are hardly known, and books little patronised. Reading is by no means a favourite amusement among the inhabitants. Many of the planters and private gentlemen have tolerable libraries, and superb bookcases to contain them; but I am inclined to think that the valuable volumes, cased, as they generally are, in gilt calf, or Russia, are more for ornament than use; they contribute to furnish the rooms, but very little to improve the understanding, of the West Indians; the fact is, the climate is too hot for study, and their minds are too much fatigued with the cares of business to lead them to seek for relaxation in any but very light reading, and very little even of that. Were I asked, I should give it as my opinion, that the coloured people read more than any other class of inhabitants in the Antilles. They have an innate desire for information, and a wish to acquire knowledge, which is always most praiseworthy, and very often most successful.

“The publications printed in the West Indies are seldom any other than newspapers and almanacks. Of the former, there are usually two published in each island; though in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the larger colonies, there are perhaps more. In these, the leading articles are some of them well written, the political remarks strong and independent, and the general arrangement of matter often considerable, and seldom uninteresting. The standard of talent, however, varies greatly in the different islands; and there are a few that display a vast superiority over the rest. Among these, I think I may number the *St Vincent Gazette*, by Drape, in which the articles are generally as well written as they are badly printed, exhibiting vast talent but little care; and the *St George's Chronicle*, in which both care and talent are mingled to a very creditable degree.

“The almanacks are commonly of two kinds; one printed on a sheet for pasting up in the counting-houses of the merchants, and one in a small volume—containing a good deal of useful information—for the pocket.

“The almanacks published in Grenada are the most perfect that have yet appeared, both for the elegance of their typography and the usefulness of their contents; that printed by Baker is illustrated by a neat lithographic drawing, and he deserves great credit for having been the first to produce one with such an embellishment.

“I have often thought that a good monthly periodical would do well in the West Indies; but I have been told that, where the attempt has been made, it has usually proved unsuccessful, from having fallen into personalities, so generally disliked, and yet so difficult to be avoided, in a small community.”

A Guide and Pocket Companion through Italy. By William Cathcart Boyd, M.D. London. Whittaker. 1830.

A CAPITAL travelling companion, on a new plan, to the sunny clime of Italy. This “Guide” describes the usual

grand tours, gives the posts and distances, rates of posting, monies, expenses of living, directions and hints to travellers, and a brief description of the most interesting objects of antiquity, as catalogues (Mr Boyd tells us) of the paintings and statuary are always to be had for a mere trifle, at the different towns. We think this handsome little pocket-companion may be referred to with confidence. There is a new feature, too, in this work; Dr Boyd's medical hints will be found valuable to the traveller. The typography of the book does credit to the London press, and a correct map of Italy accompanies it. A few pictorial embellishments would not have been amiss in a work so worthy of our best recommendation.

A Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; in a Descriptive Account of a Family Tour, and Excursions on Horseback and on Foot. Second Edition. By Edward Baines, Jun. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 312.

MR BAINES has succeeded in combining in this volume the accuracy of a Guide-Book, with the liveliness and interest of a Personal Narrative. In the present edition, he has made some judicious alterations and useful additions. Knowing something of the districts of which it treats, we are the better able to recommend the volume with confidence to our readers.

History in all Ages. London, printed for the Proprietors of Publications on Christian Principles. Joseph Ogle Robinson. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 520.

THE object of this work is to present an accurate summary of the history of the world. It is written in the shape of question and answer, and seems well adapted for the use of schools, and young people in general.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A CHAPTER ON GARDENS AND GARDENERS.

BEING AN EXCELLENT SUMMER ARTICLE.

I HAVE a love for every thing in the shape of a garden. Even that little square plot at the back of my house, which from the narrowness of its superficies, and the height of its walls, looks not unlike a draw-well, and where a few straggling blades of grass find with difficulty air and sunshine enough to keep them alive, has a corner in my affections. This love I am inclined to regard as in some sort an elementary feeling—an innate attachment, born with me, and wanting but the presence of a suitable object to call it into full activity. From the first moment I knew what a garden was, I felt a longing for some patch of earth, however small, where I might turn up the mould, and plant and water. It was long before I had an opportunity of indulging my inclination. Window-boxes were recommended; but they proved sorry substitutes. I could not stand in them. There was a cellar in my mother's house in which the potatoes were kept. One or two of them had rolled into a corner, and having lain there unnoticed for a length of time, they shot out, at last, some long white runners. These could scarcely be called vegetation—they were cork-like and leafless—but they were something growing, and upon the ground, and I watched them as a florist would do his rarest flower. Our housemaid was one of these unfortunate persons who are troubled with a propensity to tidiness, and one day when I was at school, she swept away my subterranean garden bodily. I wept, and refused to be comforted; till one day I observed a green leaf protruding through a chink between the two

steps by which we ascended from the street to the door of our dwelling. A bean had dropped into it by accident, and finding a small portion of earth at the bottom, had struck out roots and leaves. This was a treasure, but one day some heavy-footed monster trampled upon it—it withered. Not Jack himself, had he seen his miraculous bean-stalk cut down as he was about to attempt his voyage of discovery to its summit, could have suffered more than I did.

When about ten years of age, it was judged expedient to send me to a school at some distance from home; and there I at last attained what I had so long ardently coveted. Each boy had a border allotted to him in the master's large garden, which he was allowed to manage according to his own fancy. Was I not happy? I felt, as I stood in my little territory, the first dawnings of the pride and pleasure of ownership. I watched with unwearied interest the progress of every plant from its appearance above the soil, till I collected its ripe seed. I changed continually the arrangement of my flowers. My leisure moments, my little pocket money, all were devoted to my garden. There was a tall tree in the centre of it. During summer, I used to con my tasks, or read Robinson Crusoe, seated up among the branches. My favourite passages were those that described Robinson's horticultural attempts.

Old fool that I am! What has carried me back just now to the days of my boyhood, and set me to describe childish trifles with an eager and accurate gravity, as strongly contrasted with the trifling objects of description, as the wonderful wealth of art lavished by some Flemish painters upon their pictures of still life, with the meanness of the pots and pans which compose them? Strange how trifles will at times assume a burlesque importance in our estimation! I have experienced many crosses of life, but at this moment none touches me so nearly as that it has never been in my power to indulge my passion for gardening. That little spot of ground—my first, my only garden—stands out with a brightness among the recollections of my life, akin to that which, in the mind of our first father, must have attached itself to the only spot where he tasted unalloyed happiness.

I have, however, in the course of my life, managed to derive much enjoyment from the conversation of gardeners, and from lounging about in the gardens of others. Bartoline Saddletree was never happy but when he was in the Parliament House, seeing causes managed, if he had none to manage himself. I have known people to whom the monthly perusal of the *Sporting Magazine* was a sufficient succedaneum for their inability to join in the sports of the field. Every body has at times met with youngers who wear spurs on Sunday, and who,

“When the circling glass warms their vain heads,
Can talk of horses which they never cross'd,
And fancy fox-hunts where they ne'er shall ride.”

I acknowledge myself to be free of the corporation of “Would-be's,”—one of those who long for what they can never have, and seek at times to cheat themselves, by dint of conversing with the more fortunate, into a half belief that their wishes are attained. A more innocent self-delusion than mine can scarcely well be.

They are a pleasant set of fellows, your gardeners—both the professional gentlemen and the amateurs. The former in particular are less known than they deserve to be. They belong, in virtue of their breeding and employment, to the labouring classes; but there is something in the scenes by which they are surrounded, and in the objects upon which their labour is expended, calculated to awaken the sentiments of romance, and the aspirings after knowledge, which are in general trodden down and stifled by the dull routine of mechanical exertion. When was a grocer ever known to have his love of learning excited by a curiosity to know the natural history of the articles he deals in? But where shall we find a gardener who has

not a smattering of botany?—ay, and a comfortable assortment of Latin remnants to deck the rag-ends of his sentences? Lawyers, it is true, have something of the same, but their Latin wants the natural grace of the gardener's; they speak according to a cold formal system—and a proverbially bad system; but with the gardener it is as if some handfuls of Latin words had been scattered in his mind, and had there struck root, and sprung up in a thousand agreeable varieties, and original groups. But it may be said, that these advantages of the gardener are common to all agricultural labourers. By no means. There is something too wholesale in the ploughman's or the mower's style of working. They do not care for a single plant, but for a whole harvest; and we never find a mind thus prematurely accustomed to the contemplation of vague generalities, susceptible of the charms of knowledge. It is in the minute attention to individuals required at the hand of the gardener, that we are to look for the cause of that fine discriminating tact that leads him unavoidably on the way to learning. If Adam had been any other trade than a gardener, I wonder if the tree of knowledge would have been so irresistibly tempting.

Then his sentiment! From the days of Shakspeare, the gardener has been noted for his sentimentality. The only one of Richard the Second's dependants who sympathises gracefully with the miseries of the unfortunate queen, is the gardener. What man, in his rank of life, but a gardener, could have thought of planting a bank of rue on the spot where the queen dropt a tear, in sad memorial of her woes? Then, (not to overwhelm the reader with examples,) is there not in later times the inimitable Andrew Fairservice? There are, we confess it with the deepest regret, some parts of Andrew's conduct which do not easily admit of a defence. He showed, in some instances, signs of a cold and selfish spirit; even his honesty was of a dubious kind; and his courage far from unquestionable. But the worse we make Andrew's character to be, the better for our theory. What other habits and pursuits could have rendered such a man capable of the fine burst of feeling with which he describes to Frank Osbaldistone the beauties of a bed of coleworts by moonlight?

A gardener's sentiment, we confess, is rather peculiar. It is not allied to love—it does not affect the brotherhood of kindred creatures whose pulse beats back to ours. It is rarely that you hear of a gardener in love. They inherit a portion of that mysterious dower which rested upon those who in old times studied the habits and properties of plants. Penetrating into the hidden secrets of nature, and approaching more nearly to converse with the spiritual world, they feel the mantle of its unimpassioned nature cast around them, and walk among men with less of their frail and feverish passions. It is but seldom that you see a wife and children viewed as welcome inhabitants of a garden.

The amateur differs little from the professional gardener, except in his being sometimes a man of more education, and, in general, free from the cares and anxieties of mercantile speculation. He, too, is, for the most part, a bachelor. Now I know there is a prejudice, in general but too well founded, against this class of society; but the gardener ought to be made an exception. He is not like other Benedicts, selfish and engrossing; he has an active and benevolent spirit, and would fain see all people happy. It is true that he loves his flowers better than any thing else—except, perhaps, his cat and his old housekeeper; but then he likes people to come and see his garden, and he is always ready to impart a share of his rarest treasures to those who can appreciate and enjoy them. He is hale and happy, for he is a nursing of the free air as much as any of his flowers and shrubs. He is the friend and particular acquaintance of every bird that builds its nest in his leafy corners. He cannot abide any thing that is harsh or ill-natured. Politics are his aversion; a newspaper enters not his door.

From the gardener, I turn to his territory. Gardens are as various as the characters and circumstances of their proprietors; and although, like them, they have all something in common, each has, at the same time, something of its own. How different the garden of the cottager, with its single bush of southern-wood, its two carnations and solitary rose, from the extensive piece of ground walled in from the northern and eastern blasts, with its numerous fruit-trees, (standard or trained upon the wall and espaliers,)—its thousand flowers of the gayest dye and richest perfumes,—its hot-houses and green-houses, where the fruits and flowers of other regions flourish in other climates! And how different from both the royal garden, where we wander, now through forest glades, and anon among trim parterres, surrounded by artificial terraces, and gay alcoves, where the very water has yielded to the power of the artist, and assumes unwonted form and motion at his bidding! All of these have their peculiar charms; but, as it would fill half-a-dozen Journals at the least, to expatiate on them all, I must confine myself to the enquiry, what it is that gives the garden its chief and characteristic delightfulness?

An idea has gone abroad in our days, that gardens ought to be imitations of nature;—a most absurd notion, and indicative of a want of feeling for the true charm of the garden. Our picturesque gardeners profess to create beautiful landscapes. The truth is, that they create poor and paltry attempts at something very fine. Natural scenery is a creation on too large a scale to be aped by the handiwork of man. But not only has this false direction of gardening talent spoiled our larger gardens, it has exercised a detrimental influence on the smallest. Since it has been laid down as a first principle, that artificial gardening shows a false and a vitiated taste, and since the fashion of laying out gardens in what is called the natural style can only be practised on a large scale, such persons as have only a rood or two of land, have for some time contented themselves with rearing shrubs and herbs, and an occasional flower, esteeming it in vain to attempt any thing ornamental on so small a scale. A square plot of ground is measured off and surrounded with walls. From the centre four straight gravel walks are drawn perpendicular to each of the walls. At a distance of a couple of yards from each wall, a walk is laid out parallel to it, these four walks forming a lesser square enclosure within the greater one. All the walks are bordered on either side with their edgings of box-wood, two inches in height. Fruit-trees and gooseberry bushes are planted at regular intervals, and in formal rows. Flowers are also planted at regular distances, so as not to encumber each other. This may be a good nursery, but it is not a garden. Its effect is stiff, bare, and unsatisfactory.

The true garden is a place which a man has set apart for himself, and filled with all the rarest plants. These cannot be arranged or distributed in a natural way, for their very assemblage in such quantities shows that man's hand has been busy upon them. But still there is room for ornamental arrangement, although it must be in consonance with the artificial character of the whole collection. A little quaintness is rather an advantage than a drawback. The first requisite in a perfect garden is, that we should feel, when we are in it, that it is from the external world. This is best effected by circling its utmost limits with the tallest shrubs, which serve to screen the garden from the prying eyes of neighbours, and afford in the summer time, a pleasing and umbrageous canopy. The next requisite is, that there should be plenty of plants. They ought to be rather crowded than otherwise, so as to convey an impression of a rich and luxuriant vegetation. In the arrangement of the walks, formality neither can nor ought to be entirely avoided. The feeling inseparable from a garden, we have said above, is that it is a storehouse of vegetable wealth; and our walks ought to be arranged less with an eye to picturesque effect, than to the commodious approach they afford to our flower-

ers and shrubs. The exact manner of laying them out must depend upon the character of the ground; which is all the better of having an unequal surface, both as that affords more variety, and is advantageous to some kinds of plants. In placing hothouses, which are a great addition to every garden, we must choose their locality at first with a view solely to utility. They must stand on the spot which affords the best exposure. This first great object being attained, we must next consider how we can render them ornamental. It will generally be found, that by disregarding show in the first instance, we have obtained an opportunity of introducing a wider and more varied beauty into our garden, than we could have planned beforehand. It is the analogy of nature—in sacrificing our immediate pleasure to the principles of honour and justice, we are invariably preparing for ourselves a more noble and lasting happiness.

There are some ornaments which, although not necessary to a garden, may, in certain situations, be introduced with advantage. Where there is a great inequality of ground, terraces laid out, and decorated with some architectural pretensions, are a valuable addition. When the enduring growth of the plants has subdued them to the character of the scene, they much enhance the charms of the garden. In more genial climates than ours, an occasional bust or statue, peeping from among the green leaves, pleases the eye, and affords hints for meditation. Our variable weather causes them to moulder too quickly away; and in winter, they gleam coldly and uncomfortably through the leafless trees. In Italy, there is something exquisitely refreshing in the play of fountains, and marble ornaments add both to their apparent coolness and to their beauty. With us they are unnecessary. "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia." A small piece of water is, however, always an improvement to a garden. It is in keeping, for a supply of this element is required in summer for the drooping flowers; and although it cannot be made to rival the beauties of a lake, there is yet something exquisitely pleasing in its transparency, and its reflections of tree and sky. A summer-house is indispensable; but it ought to be of good stone and lime. Leafy bowers are fine things to read of, but they are plagued with insects. In general, too, they are stiff, and ought to be abrogated, with all the bare and stunted productions of what has been called the topiarian art.

It is true that our brief and uncertain summer affords us but a short space for the enjoyment of the garden; but this is the very reason why we ought to make the most of it. In its embowered shades we can best concentrate our affections and thoughts, scattered and dissipated among the multitudinous cares of the world. There we can assemble our friends around us, or we may bask alone in the sun, until we seem to ripen with the fruits overhead, or sit in the breathless hush of midnight, looking at the pale moon, and the few intensely bright stars around her. It is not every one who can reach the solitudes of nature, there to commune with his own heart; but almost every one may have a garden, where he can lock out the dense crowd that jostles him in the streets. And if at times his thoughts be interrupted by the laugh from some neighbouring garden, or by the small happy voices of children, this will but give a heartier and more human turn to his musings, teaching him how many thousands are unconsciously sympathising with his happiness.

MEMOIR OF THE POET SCHILLER.

SCHILLER was born in the year 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Wurtemberg. His father had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army; but at the time of Schiller's birth, was employed by the Duke of Wurtemberg to superintend the laying out of various extensive pleasure grounds. His mother was a baker's daughter, and neither of his parents seem to have been in any way remark-

able. Schiller, when a boy, distinguished himself little from other boys. One or two silly anecdotes are told, by which his astonishing precocity is attempted to be proved; but our grandmothers can tell more wonderful things of us all; and, even although authenticated, they prove nothing. He was originally destined for the church, and had made some progress in his ecclesiastical studies, when his father changed his mind, and determined to make him a lawyer. The dry details of the juridical profession excited in Schiller nothing but the most unfeigned disgust, and he at last relinquished it altogether for one he imagined more inviting—medicine. The whole of his college life, however, seems to have been any thing but happy. Confined to his chambers at Stuttgart, he was shut out from all the rest of the world; and for any knowledge he had acquired of men and manners, he was indebted entirely to books. Many of the estimates he had formed regarding them were, consequently, erroneous. Apparent evil, however, frequently produces real good, and seemingly inadequate causes have often occasioned the most important results. Had it not been for the perverted discipline of the Stuttgart school, the "Robbers" might never have been given to the world; yet this work forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of Europe. There was never an author rose more suddenly from obscurity to fame. Hitherto Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, discontented, and disobedient boy; but the giant might of his nature now stood forth confessed. "He burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism." His tragedy, which appeared when he was in his twenty-second year, and which he published at his own expense, not being able to find any bookseller that would undertake it, was, in a few months, translated into almost all the modern languages, and became the universal topic among literary men. It is not our purpose at present to enter into its peculiar merits or defects; but this much we will say, that, however great its faults may be, it possesses beauties which no other German author—not even Schiller himself—has ever surpassed.

Soon after this, he became acquainted with Dalberg, the superintendent of the theatre at Mannheim; and in 1783, two other tragedies—the "Conspiracy of Fiesco," and "Cabal and Love"—were brought upon the stage there with the greatest success. He now left Stuttgart finally, and renounced at once divinity, law, and medicine, for the more alluring charms of a literary life. "All my connexions," he says, in a letter to a friend, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me, my study, my sovereign, my confident. To the public alone I henceforth belong; before this, and no other tribunal, will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man." He remained at Mannheim for nearly two years, during which time he became the editor of the "German Thalia,"—a publication principally devoted to theatrical criticisms, essays on the nature of the stage, its history in various countries, and its moral and intellectual effects. He gave a good deal of his time to philosophical pursuits, of which he had been always fond, and produced the "Philosophic Letters," in which it appears that scepticism often interfered with his fairest visions, and threw a shadow across his soul, even in its loftiest moods.

As his genius expanded, and his name became more and more known, Schiller began to long for a wider sphere of action. He accordingly removed first to Leipzig, and afterwards to Dresden, where he completed his tragedy of "Don Carlos," on which he had been engaged for some time, and gave it to the world in 1786. This is the first of his plays that bears the stamp of full maturity, and may safely take its place among the finest compositions of a similar nature. It is as much superior to the "Filippo" of Alfieri, as the "Othello" of Shakespeare is to the "Cato."

of Addison. It was received with immediate and universal approbation. Yet, notwithstanding its celebrity, he now grew tired of writing for the stage, and for a considerable number of years turned his thoughts to other subjects. He published a number of smaller pieces, which are esteemed by the Germans as forming one of the most valuable portions of their miscellaneous poetry. Soon afterwards the "Ghost-seer" made its appearance, a novel in two volumes, but of unequal merit.

Though his studies were thus multifarious, and his productions so voluminous, Schiller did not live as a solitary recluse or morose bookworm. His manners were frank, simple, and unembarrassed, and his dispositions social and conciliating. He resided in the midst of a numerous circle of friends in Dresden, and that circle was greatly enlarged by a visit he paid, in 1787, to Weimar, at that time the very Athens of Germany, and subsequently to Rudolstadt. In the former he became acquainted with Herder and Wieland, and in the latter with Goethe. His first interview with Goethe was rather unpropitious. Goethe was always jealous of his own literary renown, and Schiller was a formidable rival. But by degrees his better feelings overcame all others, and a friendship was formed, which was never interrupted till death put an end to it.

Schiller, meanwhile, was busily engaged in historical researches, and in the following year the first volume of his "History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands" was produced. It is to be regretted that this work was never finished, for it would have ranked as the very best of Schiller's prose compositions. Soon after its publication he was appointed professor of history in the University of Jena, whither he immediately went; and, in the February following, married a lady to whom he had been for some time attached, and with whom he seems to have lived a happy and virtuous life. Hear how he himself expresses it: "Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than when forsaken and alone. Beautiful Nature! I now, for the first time, fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast!" In his new office he devoted himself with double zeal to history; and in 1791 his chief performance in this department of literature appeared—the "History of the Thirty Years' War." It has its imperfections, but Germany can boast of no other historical work equal to it; and, in saying so, we do not forget Müller. It was in this year that the first severe fit of sickness overtook him he had ever experienced; and though he overcame it in the present instance, the blessing of entire health never returned to him. His disorder was in the chest, and was probably induced by his severe habits of study; for though tall, he was not robust, and his frame was too weak for the sleepless soul that dwelt within it. He was obliged to give up his professorship, but a pension was settled on him of a thousand crowns. As his health partially returned he resumed his activity, and was for a while deeply involved in all the mysticism of the Kantian system of philosophy. He published several treatises upon the subject, but they are now the least remembered of all his works. Escaping from this vortex, he seems to have projected the writing of an epic poem, and Frederick the Great of Prussia was to have been his hero; but it was a scheme upon the execution of which he never entered. His old partiality for the drama returned, and for several years he consecrated his brightest hours to the tragedy of "Wallenstein." His place of study was in a garden in the suburbs of Jena, where he commonly retired about sunset; and Doering informs us, that, "on sitting down to his desk at nights, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or Champagne, standing by him, that he might, from time to time, repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbours used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity

of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden-house on the other side of the dell—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing; and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five o'clock in the morning; in summer, till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten." "Wallenstein" was at last produced, a drama in eleven acts, divided into three parts, each of which may be considered a distinct play. It was the most splendid production he had yet published, and was received accordingly. It was given to the world at the close of the eighteenth century, and may safely be rated as the greatest dramatic work of which that century can boast. Beside it the tragedies of France are cold and insipid; and at the time of its appearance, England was enjoying the vulgar horrors of the "Castle Spectre!" "Wallenstein" has been very well translated into French by Benjamin Constant; and the two last parts still better into English by Messrs Coleridge and Moir.

Soon after its publication, Schiller removed to Weimar, where his "Mary Stuart," his "Maid of Orleans," his "Bride of Messina," and his "Wilhelm Tell," successively appeared. Of these, the most deservedly popular were the second and the last. At the first exhibition of the "Maid of Orleans," in Leipzig, Schiller was in the theatre. When the curtain dropped, at the end of the first act, there arose, on all sides, a shout of *Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!* accompanied by the sound of trumpets and other military music. At the conclusion of the piece, the whole assembly left their places, went out, and crowded round the door through which the poet was expected to come; and no sooner did he show himself, than his admiring spectators, uncovering their heads, made an avenue for him to pass; and as he walked along, many held up their children, and exclaimed, *That is he!* This must have been a moment worth a life of misery. It was among the latest of his brilliant hours. In the spring of 1805, in the forty-fifth year of his age, his old malady returned with more than its original virulence. On the 9th of May, it reached a crisis. He became, for some hours, delirious; but, towards evening, his senses were restored. Some one enquiring how he felt, he said, "*Calm and calmer;*" he soon afterwards sunk into a deep sleep, and awoke no more. H. G. B.

THE DRAMA.

FANNY KEMBLE is a little girl of very considerable genius. There is nothing awful, or overwhelming, or mysterious, or prodigious about her,—nothing to make grave gentlemen of forty gape in stupid wonder,—or calm, judicious, and hackneyed critics, like ourselves, feel our faculties benumbed, and our minds confused, by her unprecedented powers; but there is something about her which makes it pleasant to see her act, and which gives good promise of excellence yet to be. As soon as the excitement and curiosity which have attended her first season in town, and her first provincial tour, have subsided, the truth of this sober and rational statement will become apparent to persons whose inexperience occasioned their being more easily carried away by the current than we were. Miss Kemble has now played four of her principal parts—*Judith*, *Belvidera*, *Isabella*, and *Mrs Bertrix*—and she has acquitted herself in each in a highly creditable and respectable manner. To say that she had, in any of them, equalled the matured powers of Miss O'Neill, or made even a far-off approach to the grandeur and sublimity of Mrs Siddons, would be flattery of the grossest description. Yet, let it not be supposed that we have any inclination to damp with faint praise. Miss

Kemble, we are given to understand, is not nineteen; and to suppose her, at so early an age, capable of achieving the highest conquests of the drama, would be to suppose her something more than human. Her person is not yet nearly filled up, her voice has not acquired half its strength and volume, and her features are still far too girlish for the display of those mightier passions which agitate the breast of man or woman. In many instances, Miss Kemble shows us more what she wishes to do, than what she does. If this be obvious, even in our small Theatre, we should think it must have been necessarily much more obvious at Covent Garden. But let it be observed, that Miss Kemble has hitherto played, both there and here, under very favourable auspices. If an actor or actress once contrives to excite public interest, the promiscuous audiences assembled in consequence are ever ready to take up and applaud the slightest points they may happen to make, while efforts of a higher description, made by others who have ceased to attract by their novelty, are passed over in entire silence. Frequently have we seen *pet performers* or *stars* praised to the echo for traits of acting which indicated no genius whatever, just as we have seen some pompous triton in a small literary coterie throw all the minnows that surrounded him into convulsions of delighted laughter, with one small shake of his tail. Nothing is more disgusting to a man of common discrimination, than to perceive the idiotical manner in which a mob of boobies award their commendation. There is an immense number of fat, officious, Cockney boobies among a London audience; and, when once Fanny Kemble's wheel was set in motion, these poor devils pushed in their fingers on every spoke, anxious to enjoy the good-natured and paltry vanity of aiding in accelerating its motion. But we men of Edinburgh take the credit to ourselves of being a cooler and more sagacious race; and we do not scramble over each other's heads, or break each other's ribs, at the pit door, to see one whom we are not pretty well assured is worthy the price thus paid for her.

Miss Fanny Kemble's face is not beautiful, her voice is not musical, her elocution is not perfect, her figure is not commanding;—consequently Miss Kemble is not calculated to burst upon you, and to command your attention, whether you will or not. The next question, therefore, comes to be—Is Miss Fanny Kemble calculated to gain upon you? We think she is—Her face, though not beautiful, is expressive; her voice, though not musical, is touching in its lower tones; her elocution, though not perfect, may be improved; her figure, though not commanding, is graceful. We have already said, that owing to her youth, she wants many physical requisites for the delineation of the stormier passions; and we may now add, as explanatory of this, that in every scene which requires much energy of action, she is obliged to strain her voice and distort her countenance, in order to bring out any thing like her own conceptions of the manner in which it should be performed. Still, her own conceptions are often excellent, and though they are sometimes more like a sketch than a finished picture, they yet show what could be done had the artist the full command of her own resources. In the calmer scenes, where good taste and lady-like feeling are the chief requisites, Miss Kemble never disappoints. This is a very excellent foundation for any actress to rest upon, for it implies the presence of those finer susceptibilities which are at the root of all genius, and without which there may be some display of vulgar power, but never of high and genuine talent. As an instance of what we mean, we would particularly refer to Miss Kemble's notion of the manner in which *Isabella*, overcome by the unremitting, warm, and respectful attentions of *Villeroi*, might at length to yield a half consent to become his wife. The words are these:—

“my pleasures are
Buried, and cold, in my dead husband's grave;

And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you,
To say that I can ever love again.
I owe this declaration to myself;
But as a proof that I owe all to you,
If, after what I have said, you can resolve
To think me worth your love—Where am I going?
You cannot think it; 'tis impossible!”

The first part of this speech was delivered in a slow solemn accent, and as she proceeded, Miss Kemble gradually became more and more embarrassed, partially covering her face with her hands to conceal her agitation, but at length when the full force of the promise she was about to make flashed upon her, she started up at once to her full height, and with a generous burst of heroic energy, full of the deathless love she bore her forgotten *Biron*, she turned away from *Villeroi*, exclaiming,

“Where am I going?
You cannot think it; 'tis impossible!”

Miss Kemble will perhaps be surprised to hear that we consider this the finest thing she has yet done in Edinburgh. There was no stage trick in it, and it went directly home to the feelings of the audience, the more directly that the transition was unexpected, but admirably managed.

In the business of the stage, Miss Kemble has been excellently schooled, and certainly she could have had few instructors superior to her own father, who walks the boards more completely like a gentleman than almost any performer we recollect. We have heard this knowledge of stage business charged to Miss Kemble as a fault, but this is absurd. One might as well accuse a lawyer of being too intimately versed in the technicalities of his profession, which are just as necessary to his success in it as the highest abilities. Miss Kemble's attitudes and by-play are, of course, studied to a certain extent, but so, we presume, is every thing of much merit in this world, at least we scarcely know any thing worth having that is to be had without study. Miss Kemble is young, and likely to improve. If she does, in any fair proportion, she will unquestionably be a great actress;—if she does not, she will at least remain what she is at present—a pleasing and elegant one, with here and there flashes of genius breaking through. She will also enjoy the advantage in two or three years, of ceasing to be what she is now, *too young* for the great majority of parts she plays.

We have not yet seen Miss Kemble in comedy, but she is to appear as *Lady Townly* this evening, and will next week, we believe, sustain the part of *Beatrice*, which she has not hitherto performed in London. Her abilities will thus be more completely placed before us, and we shall be able to add, to our present remarks, some others of interest next Saturday.

Ed. Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO JULIANA.

COULDEST thou stand before me now
With thy fair and sunny brow,
And the chestnut curls that made
Here and there a partial shade,
Thou wouldst not be more mine own
Than thou art, as thus, alone,
In the evening's golden hour,
I summon thee with spell of power,
And, by the magic of my art,
Fold thee, dear one, to my heart.

Now thy hand is lock'd in mine,
Now my arms around thee twine,

New the silver light I kiss
From thine eye's soft loveliness,
Now my lips impatient seek
The peachy blossoms of thy cheek,
Now still bolder, fonder grown,
Rest in rapture on thine own,
And I hear thy voice the while,
And I catch thy sitting smile,—
Voice as soft as wimpling stream—
Smile as sweet as fairy's dream.

Little heed we time or tide,
Or what future hours may hide ;
Grief can never come to us
While we love each other thus,—
Change can ne'er the bosom sear,
Evil never enter here ;
Closer—closer to my heart,—
Ha ! why wake I with a start ?

Vision ! must it still be so ?
Fad'st thou like the airy bow ?
Break I from my reverie,
Nought within my grasp to see
But this little jas'mine flower,
Spell of unsubstantial power,
Though its name be link'd with thine,
And that fancy made thee mine.
Now I know that many a mile
Lies between me and thy smile ;
Other friends are round thee met,
Other hopes before thee set ;
Other eyes are gazing on thee,
Other words of praise have won thee ;—
Now and then, perchance, there may,
When thy memory goes astray,
Rise one passing thought of me,
But it lingers not with thee ;
And on some one at thy side,
Rests the smile that was my pride.

Yet, sweet, if I do thee wrong,
Thus to speak in idle song,
If to doubt that thou canst love,
Where thy judgment doth approve,
If to fear thy passion's blight
Do thy nobler nature slight,—
Do not blame me, but forgive,
Since thou know'st I only live
In the hope that thou to me
More than thou ere hast been, will be.

H. G. B.

TO ———.

WHEN health is declining
Midst sickness and fears,
And the heart is repining
In silence and tears ;—
When visions of sorrow
Glide over the brain,
And the dawn of the morrow
Is usher'd in pain ;—
When hope does but linger,
A spectre in gloom,
Whose pale chilly finger
Points on to the tomb ;—
When the past but returns
As dreams that are fled,
And the lonely lamp burns
At the foot of the dead—
Oh, look out in the midnight
With love-searching eye,
Though evading thy sight,
Will my spirit be nigh !

Watch the change of the season
From winter to spring ;
Nes the "still voice" of reason
More solace can bring.
If the flowers that we cherish
New blossoms will take ;—
If the moth that may perish
Again will awake ;—
If the rainbow's past glory
Revives in the sky
Though it perish before ye,
Oh ! why may not I ?
Though the willow-trees round
In loneliness wave,
And the thorn-chain be bound
On my silent grave ;—
Though men may assemble
To murmur and weep,
Who view, but to tremble,
So awful a sleep ;—
Yet remember my spirit,
A captive not free,
Will for ever inherit
Its life over thee.

When moonlight is gleaming
O'er turret and tree,
And the night wind is streaming
Away on the sea ;
When meteor lights, sweeping,
Illuminate the glade,
And the cypress is weeping
Alone in the shade ;
When the voice of the fountain
In melody springs,
And one bird from a mountain
In solitude sings—
Oh, remember that I,
Where man hath not been,
May be hovering nigh,
To bless thee unseen ;—
If the dreams come the lighter
That trouble thy rest,
If the hopes gleam the brighter
That burn in thy breast,
Oh, think by thy pillow
We often may meet,
Though I change like the billow
Which breaks at thy feet.

ALASTOR.

LINES ON LIFE.

By Lawrence Macdonald.

CALL on the viewless winds for woman's sighs,
Caught up by them into the liquid air,
Proclaiming grief to the unconscious skies ;
Call on the earth to make her bosom bare,
To show the ocean in her depth that lies
Of human tears, all shed amid the cries
Of human nature's agonizing pain !
Bare all to view, and, with thy wondering eyes,
Behold the spirit's grief ! the heart's big rain !
Then say—why o'er the earth this flood of misery cam

With man's frail bark upon its billows toss'd,
The mast all shivering 'mid life's heavy gale,
The rudder gone, life's pointing compass lost,
While mental darkness crowds to fill the sail !—
But death, or soon or late, will burst the spell,
And fling the stormy clouds of life away,
Revealing to our eyes that heaven or hell—
The deeper darkness, or the brighter day,—
Which Priests proclaim, and Poets twine through
their lay !

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Life of King James the First. By Robert Chambers, Author of "The History of the Rebellions in Scotland," &c. 2 vols. Constable's Miscellany, vols. LV. and LVI. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 1830.

THE leading characteristic of this work is, that it abounds in light and amusing reading. Mr Chambers, yielding to the natural bent of his own mind, has not indulged in much profound thinking or comprehensive views, but is, as usual, anecdotal, chit-chat, and pleasant. He avowedly makes no attempt to write history, and his biographical researches are as much directed toward the illustration of peculiar traits of character, and of the antiquated manners of the times, as to the development, upon wider and more philosophical principles, of the mental constitution of individuals, and the relative position of states, parties, and opinions. Mr Chambers fills up a useful department in literature, and contents himself with gaining some distinction in it, rather than aiming, perhaps unsuccessfully, at a higher rank. He does not rear the solid fabric which constitutes in itself the memorial of past centuries, but he contrives to clear away many of the defacing symptoms that have gathered on its surface, and, like Old Mortality, brings out into distinct relief the inscriptions originally written there. Mr Chambers is an indefatigable antiquarian, and delighted with all the little bits of lore which antiquarianism affords. His chief pleasure, indeed, is to present us with little glimpses of the olden day, many of which are in themselves insignificant, but which, following each other in close succession, make the picture complete, and carry us away from the smooth-faced present to gaze upon the stern and rugged aspect of the past.

James the Sixth was a weak good-natured man. With the pardonable partiality of a biographer, our author has endeavoured to claim for him a higher character; but it won't do. From his birth James was of a rickety and ungainly person, and the awkwardness of his physical frame seems to have communicated a similar awkwardness to his mind. Not that he was deficient in the more common endowments of intellect—on the contrary, we believe him to have become, at an early age, what the Scotch emphatically call an "auld-farran" boy, and, as he grew up, though his ideas came slowly, and often confusedly, and were seldom of a high and kingly cast, he nevertheless displayed sagacity, and not unfrequently, when his own time was given him, a good deal of penetration also. He was, moreover, of a docile and placable disposition: his resentments were seldom of long continuance, and as his measures were never very decided or energetic, so his actions were seldom liable to much cavilling or obloquy. But, from his very infancy, he was a mere tool in the hands of others. During his boyhood Buchanan tyrannized over him with all the stern tyranny of a cold-hearted pedagogue, who fancies that, by unremitting severity, he will prove himself a noble instance of indelible independence, and gratifies his own paltry

vanity at the expense of all the best affections of our nature. In his youth he was for many years the unyielding prey of contending factions, who made the possession of his person an excuse for governing the kingdom precisely in that mode which was most conducive to their own individual interests. With his spirit thus broken, his manhood thus cowed, his free thoughts thus obliterated, he at last took his seat on the Scottish throne, and as he regarded this as only one step towards the more enviable throne of the whole island, he sneakingly forced himself to fawn to, and temporize with, Elizabeth, on whom much of his future fortunes depended, even although that sovereign had worked his mother nearly all her woe, and at length sullied her high name with the murder of that unhappy lady. On his accession, James, fortunately for himself, found England in complete repose, and having dozed away the remaining years of his life, he died lamented, because, during the whole of his career, he had never done any thing that was either eminently right or egregiously wrong. In short, he was a king without the spirit of a king. He was a *douce* honest man, indifferently well skilled in Greek and Latin, a faithful husband, and a true believer in witchcraft. It was better for his own happiness that he possessed not one tithe of his mother's genius or energy, for in his own country the times were stormy and troublesome, and had he ventured forth into the blast, he would have been, like her,—“a reed shaken by the wind.” Being much more willing to yield than to struggle, he escaped many dangers, and passively filled up the purposes for which he was created.

There are but few important incidents in the life of James, and his biographer consequently works at considerable disadvantage. The raid of Ruthven is the first event of an interesting nature which occurs; and after the dissolution of the Earl of Arran's government, little interrupted the ordinary course of Scotch politics for several years except the king's trip to Denmark on the occasion of his marriage. Between the years 1590 and 1603, the turbulent machinations of Bothwell, and that curious affair, the Gowrie Conspiracy, were what principally interfered with the domestic happiness of the monarch. Aided by the recent publications of Mr Pitcairn, Mr Chambers has been enabled to give a full and satisfactory account of the transactions in Gowrie House, and succeeds (if we had entertained any doubts on the point before) in establishing the reality of all the details of that hasty and ill-contrived plot. In subsequently describing James's progress from Edinburgh to London, our author evidently feels himself much at home, and enters with all the minuteness of the old Chronicles into the ceremonials, feasts, and rejoicings of that occasion. The existence and discovery of the gunpowder treason is the most prominent event in James's English reign, and the chapter, in the second volume, devoted to it, we consider one of the best in the whole work. The story is told simply, yet with much graphic power. In both volumes there is, as we have already said, a great abundance of amusing matter; but the fault of the book is unquestionably the too great love which it displays of small

facts and mere gossip. Instead of presenting us with a clear and accurate estimate of the precise state of England, both in its domestic and foreign relations at the time of James's accession, Mr Chambers prefers telling us that duels were very frequent, favouring us with all the particulars of several, or rejoices in describing at full length the carousings which took place on the occasion of the visit of the King of Denmark to his brother of England. But it is needless to find fault with a man's nature. Mr Chambers is not a Hume nor a Robertson,—he is a pleasant and popular writer.

We now proceed to do our author the justice, and afford our readers the gratification, of a few interesting extracts. They are not made at random, as reviewers sometimes say their extracts are, but are selected with some care, as favourable specimens of Mr Chambers's labours. The following passage places in a strong, though almost ludicrous, point of view, the insolence of the Scottish clergy, and the inefficiency of the king, in the year 1587—the year of Mary's execution :

A SCENE IN THE HIGH CHURCH AFTER THE DEATH OF MARY.

"As soon as James learned that they had been unsuccessful, and that the death of his mother seemed to be sealed, he called back his ambassadors, and as the last resource within his power, appointed a prayer to be said for her by the clergy. The form of this prayer was the simplest possible;—'That it might please God to illuminate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was.' Yet, because she was a Catholic, and because the Scottish clergy feared every thing in the shape of a set prayer, as tending to invade their precious privilege of 'moralizing on the time' in their extempore effusions, they universally refused to perform this little office of humanity for a fellow-creature in unexampled distress, at once insulting their sovereign and human nature. James, touched in his innermost heart by their unkindness, appointed Patrick Adamson, archbishop of St Andrews, distinguished as one of the most learned scholars and best poets of his time, to preach on the 3d of February in the principal church of the capital, and to remember the queen in his prayers. The king probably thought that he might at least have the appointed office performed in the church where he himself usually sat; yet, even in this object, an attempt was made by the clergy to disappoint him.

"There was something ludicrous in the scene which took place in the High Church in consequence of this insolence; at least, it appears ludicrous in the eyes of a different age. When the king entered his seat, he found the pulpit possessed, not by his complying friend the archbishop, but by a pert young coxcomb of the name of Cowper, who was not yet invested with the orders of a clergyman, but who, according to the licentious custom of the Scottish church in that age, was nevertheless permitted to exercise his functions, and even to take a part in the regular routine of duties in the principal church of Edinburgh. Seeing that an insult was intended, but at the same time willing to avoid a collision with men whom he had so much reason to fear, James called out, 'Master John,' (the usual way of designating a clergyman in his time), 'that place was destined for another; you must come down.' Cowper answered that he had come prepared to preach, it being his ordinary day, and, if it were his majesty's will, 'he would fain do God's work.' The king replied, 'I will not hear you this day: I command you to come down, and let Mr Patrick Adamson come up and preach.' Still Cowper parried for permission to remain where he was, till at last the king good-naturedly said, 'that since he was there, he might go on, provided he would obey the charge, and pray for his mother.' To this Cowper replied, 'that he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him; when James, well knowing what effects would result from such a pseudo inspiration, peremptorily commanded him to descend. At that moment, the king's guard advancing to enforce his orders, Cowper gave a thump on the pulpit with his fist, and told the king that 'that day should witness against him in the great day of the Lord.' He then descended, exclaiming, in the true style of a Presbyterian seer of the time, 'Woe be to thee, O Edinburgh, for the last of thy plagues shall be worse than the first!' The people, who were in the habit of paying a sincere and senseless regard to every thing which fell from their preachers, uttered a loud and universal howl at this denunciation, and rose up to leave the church along

with their favourite divine. James was so indignant at their conduct, as to rise up and cry, 'What devil ails the people, that they will not tarry to hear a man preach?' But they all went out, leaving only himself, his courtiers, and a few of the nobility and gentry. Adamson now got into the pulpit, and preached an eloquent, and, at the same time, most inoffensive discourse, from a text in Timothy, enjoining Christians to pray for all men. When he was done, James was under the necessity of conveying him to the palace with his own guard, to save him from the vengeance of the multitude. Cowper, who had preached elsewhere to the crowd which left the church in his train, was that afternoon imprisoned, by order of the Privy Council, in Blackness; while two other ministers of Edinburgh, for insolent language used at his examination, were deposed temporarily from their offices. A more unhappy instance is not upon record, of the cheap boldness displayed by the early Scotch preachers; for here their war is not altogether against the authority of their sovereign, which forms so specious an excuse for them in so many other instances, but against the best and most generally recognised of the natural affections."

Our next extract contains an attempt, and, on the whole, a fair one, on the part of his biographer, to rescue James from the charge of overweening superstition :

JAMES'S BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT.

"One of the most prominent charges brought against the intellect of King James, is his belief in witchcraft; and an allusion to his famous book on Demonology, is a favourite way of pointing an epigrammatic sentence against him. Many who never read his book, take it upon them, from the changed opinions of the age regarding witchcraft, to sneer at him for giving his countenance to so base a superstition. But how easy it is for a small mind, amidst the means and appliances of a late age, to assume a superiority over the picture of a great one struggling with the sloughs and shadows of a former and darker time!

"The true way of considering the case is this. There are some matters of opinion, in which no mind is in advance of its age. Witchcraft was one of these till within the last hundred years. It is quite observable that all the best informed intellects, both in Scotland and England, sanctioned that superstition, down to the time of the Revolution. The cause is the same with that which renders a great mind equally capable of religious fervour with the meanest and most confined. Wherever it is looked upon as a duty to exempt any thing from the ordinary modes of reasoning, then no wonder that all kinds of intellect alike receive it without hesitation. Such was the case with witchcraft about 200 years ago; it was an essential thing in the religious creeds of all orders of the people; to deny it was blasphemy, or at least disrespect for the dicta of Scripture. Surely it is a very strange thing that a man, who fulfilled in his life and opinions the whole idea of a good Christian, according to the views entertained of that character in his own time, should, at the distance of 200 years, have so much discounted from his merit on one hand for superstition, so much on another for ignorance, and thus be left with a miserable fragmentary reversion of what was originally a very good reputation!

"But while James merits this general exculpation from the charge of undue superstition, the 'Demonologie' which he compiled on the subject is in itself a very strong particular one. This work is by no means what is generally supposed, a treatise written as a piece of special pleading, to prove the existence of witchcraft, and to impress that belief more firmly on the public mind. It is a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, the play of a scholarly mind on a subject much beneath it; and instead of being an argument all on one side, it is a dialogue between a person who is unwilling to believe in witchcraft, and one who does believe in it; and rather a statement of all the reasons *pro* and *con*, than any thing else. There is much plety in the book, much quotation of Scripture, much acute and sensible observation; but though the writer evidently believes in the pseudo art which forms the subject of the treatise, and gives the last word on all occasions to the dialogist who believes in it, I cannot allow that the result of the whole is to give a mean view of the intellect of the writer, or to entitle him to the sneers which are so frequently aimed at him by modern writers, and by others who are totally unacquainted in general with the real nature of what they are professing to despise."

There is something primitive and yet affecting in the

manner in which James prepared his Scottish subjects for his departure to England :

JAMES'S FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

" On the succeeding Sunday, April 3, he attended public worship in the principal church of the city, for the purpose of taking a formal farewell of his people. The minister, Mr John Hall, took occasion to point out the great mercies of God towards his Majesty, among which his peaceable succession to the throne of England was none of the least conspicuous. ' This,' he said, ' was God's own proper work ; for who could else have directed the hearts of so numerous a people, with such an unanimous consent, to follow the way of right ?'

" At the end of the sermon, James rose up in his seat, and delivered the following speech to the congregation :— ' Because that your preacher has spoken something in the harangue and discourse to the people, that as ye have matter by my presence to rejoice, sae ye have also matter by my absence to be sorrowful ; but I say it is a matter of rejoicing not only to me, but to all them that love my standing ; for this cause I thocht gude to speak to all gude people of all ranks, that ye may know it was never my intention to usurp your crown, but being a lineally descended heir to the crown of England as to the crown of Scotland, as I was born righteous heir of the ane, sae am I righteous and mair righteous of the other ; and as my love could never be fra that country, sae now my expectations have never been frustrat ; and as your preachers have said baith learnedly and wisely, gif now my love be less for you, my people, what might ye think of me, but that I be ane troker of kingdoms ? Ye maun put ane difference betwixt ane king lawfully callit to a kingdom and ane usurper of ane kingdom, as the King of France came sometime (lately) frae ane kingdom to ane other, sometime fra France to Pow, and fra Pow to France, and could not bruik baith ; as my right is united in my person, for my marches are united by land and not by sea, sae that there is no difference betwixt them. There is nae mair difference betwixt London and Edinburgh, yea not sae meikle, than there is betwixt Inverness or Aberdeen and Edinburgh, for all our marches are dry, and there is nae ferries betwixt them. But my course maun be betwixt baith—to establish peace, and religion, and wealth betwixt baith the countries, and as God has joined the trust of baith the kingdoms in my person, sae ye may be joined in wealth, in religion, in hearts and affections ; and as the ane country has wealth, and the other has multitude of men, sae ye may pairt the gifts, and every aye do as they may to help other. And as God has removit me to ane greater power than I had, sae I maun endeavour myself to nourish and establish religion, and to tak away the corruptions of baith countries. And, on the other part, ye mister not doubt, but as I have ane body as able as ony king in Europe, whereby I am able to travel, sae I sall vizzie you every three year at the least, or oftter, as I sall have occasion, (for sae I have written in my buke direct to my son, and it war a shame to me not to perform that thing that I have written,) that I may with my awin mouth take a compt of justice, and of them that are under me, and that you yourselves may see and hear me, and fra the menaces to the greatest have access to my person, and pour out your complaints in my bosom. This sall ever be my course. Therefore, think not of me as of ane king going fra ane part to ane other, but of ane king, lawfully callit, going fra ane part of the hale to ane other, that sae your comfort may be the greater ; and where I thocht to have employed you with your arms, I now employ only your hearts, to the gude prospering of me in my success and journey. I have nae mair to say, but pray for me.'

" The effect of this harangue was such as to dissolve the assemblage in tears ; for, however unpopular some of James's measures had been, especially those connected with the church, his easy and kindly manners, and his sincere attention to the public interests, had rendered him very much, and very generally, beloved in Scotland. He himself was sensibly moved, in return, by these marks of the affection of his subjects ; and, when the magistrates afterwards came to receive his commands, he spoke to them in the most tender and affectionate manner, assuring them, that as his power to befriend them was now increased, so also was his inclination."

To these extracts, we subjoin a few miscellaneous anecdotes :

ANECDOTES OF KING JAMES.

" Walton, in his Life of Dr Donne, relates a delightful

anecdote of James. Dr Donne was so fond of London, on account of its having been the scene of his birth and education, and from the delight he experienced in the society of an old-established circle of friends, that he refused a number of country benefices that were offered to him. At last, the Deanery of St Paul's falling vacant, James found an opportunity of giving him his heart's content. Having ordered the Doctor to attend at dinner, ' When his Majesty had sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said, *after his pleasant manner*, ' Dr Donne, I have invited you to dinner, and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well ; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St Paul's ; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do to you !'

" In other of his sayings, if not wit, there is evidence of a mind alive to observation, and capable of using it. Of this sort is the apophthegm which he made use of, in recommending a country life to his gentry, in preference to dwelling at London : ' Gentlemen,' such is said to have been his address ; ' at London you are like ships at sea, which show like nothing ; but in your country villages, you are like ships in a river, which show like great things.' The illustration here is excellent. There was something better still in the saying he uttered, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where, on a visit in 1603, he took his degree as Doctor in all faculties. Remarking the little chains with which all the books were bound to their shelves, he said, ' I would wish, if ever it be my lot to be carried captive, to be shut up in this prison, to be bound with these chains, and to spend my life with those fellow-captives which stand here chained !' Here we find the native propensity of the monarch, which was to learning, not to sovereignty, breaking resistlessly through the artificial character he wore, and affording us a delightful peep into the inner recesses of the man. The saying looks like a Pythagorean recollection of a former state ; as if he had all at once forgot that he was now a king, and, as the Samian sage remembered having been a soldier in the Trojan war, suddenly awakened to the idea that he had formerly been a doctor of divinity, accustomed, in dim college libraries, to bend daily over solemn deeply folios, ribbed in the back, and breathing the dust of ages from every moth-worn pore.

" In a curious collection of jests, printed in the year 1640, and to which the name of Archy Armstrong is prefixed as a decoy, there occurs an anecdote which shows that James was not uniformly accessible to the flattery of his courtiers. Two gentlemen, noted for agility, trying to out-jump each other in his presence, he said to the individual who jumped farthest, ' And is this your best ? Why, man, when I was a young man, I would have out-leaped this myself.' An old practised courtier, who stood by, thought this a good opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master, and struck in with, ' That you would, Sir ; I have seen your Majesty leap much farther myself.'—' O my soul !' quoth the king, as his usual phrase was, ' thou liest ; I would, indeed, have leapt much farther, but I never could leap so far by two or three feet.'

" King James, about to knight a Scottish gentleman, asked his name, who made answer, his name was Edward Rudry Hudrinblas Tripplin Hipblas. ' How, how ?' quoth the king. Replies the gentleman as before, ' Edward Rudry Hudrinblas Tripplin Hipblas.' The king, not able to retain in memory such a long, and withal so confusedly heaped-up name, ' Prithee,' said he, ' rise up, and call thyself Sir what thou wilt ;' and so dismissed him."

To the above, we cannot help adding the following anecdote, which speaks volumes for the real goodness of James's heart :

INSTANCE OF JAMES'S MAGNANIMITY.

" These unpleasant circumstances, joined to the pains of various acute diseases, seem to have nearly broken the formerly serene temper of the king ; and he is said, by Wilson, to have given way, at this time, to the following, among other instances of ill humour. It being one day necessary to refer to some papers of importance relating to his negotiations with Spain, which had not been for some time in his hands, he set himself to recollect where, or in whose hands, he had deposited them ; but, probably, from the disordered condition of his mind, was unable for a long while to come to any conclusion regarding them. At length, it struck him that he had given the papers to John Gib, one of his old Scotch servants. Gib, however, denied

having ever received them. The king stormed at this, and persisted in asseverating that Gib must have them; which caused the man to throw himself at his Majesty's feet, and offer himself for immediate death in the event of its being found that he had told an untruth. James not only disregarded the asseveration, but was actually provoked, in the heat of the moment, to give Gib a kick in passing. On this the servant rose up, with dignified and just anger, and said to the king, "Sir, I have served you from my youth, and you never found me unfaithful; I have not deserved this from you, nor can I live longer with you with this disgrace: fare-ye-well, sir; I will never see your face more." And accordingly he left the royal presence, took horse for London, and was soon far on his way. This unhappy affair was no sooner talked of in the court, than it came to the ears of Endymion Porter, another of James's confidential servants, who, immediately recollecting that the king had given him the papers, went and brought them to his Majesty. The behaviour of the monarch, on discovering his mistake, showed that a generous nature was at the bottom of all his absurdities. He immediately called for Gib. Answer was made that he had gone to London. "Then let him be overtaken, and called back with all expedition," cried the king, "for I protest I shall never again eat, drink, or sleep, till I see him again." Gib being accordingly brought back, James knelt down upon his knees before him (*credite, posteri!*) and, "with a grave and sober face," as Wilson relates the story, "entreated his pardon, declaring he should not rise till he obtained it." Gib, put to shame by this strange reversal of postures, endeavoured to raise his master; but James would, upon no account, rise till "he heard the words of absolution pronounced." It is added, that he made Gib no loser by the temporary demission of his place. Could any thing give a more humiliating view of the character of the monarch?"

We now take our leave of Mr Chambers, with a hope that he will persevere in his meritorious and entertaining exertions, which, from the encouragement they have already received, will, we have little doubt, be ultimately crowned with the success they deserve.

Songs of the Affections: with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 259.

This is a volume full of the beautiful thoughts of a truly elegant and superior mind. To enter, at this time of day, into any exposition of the genius of Felicia Hemans, would be a work of most immense supererogation. Her name and writings are now familiar every where; and as long as exquisite sensibility, the most delicate refinement, and the richest fancy, continue to be qualities which command our love and admiration, so long will the authoress of the "Voice of Spring," and the "Treasures of the Deep," continue to enjoy the reputation which is now her own.

The "Songs of the Affections" consist of a great variety of miscellaneous poems, most of which have already appeared in print in different publications. Among these, we are proud to rank the *Literary Journal*, and have pleasure in seeing ourselves alluded to in the volume before us, though but in a foot-note; for it is an honour to have our name linked in any way with that of Mrs Hemans. This lady enjoys the distinction of never writing any thing that is not read with pleasure. It seems to be impossible for her to produce a poem that is positively dull, or even indifferent. Every addition she makes to her book, is an additional gem more or less brilliant. She is, in an especial manner, the poetess of the female heart,—of all its loftiest and purest affections, unalloyed by any of that false glitter which deludes the senses, and enervates instead of elevating. She is, in an especial manner, the poetess of the household hearth—of home—of all those endearing associations, which render domestic life the happiest life of all,—the only life worth seeking for. She is, in an especial manner, the poetess of truth, of tenderness, and of high morality,—of a state of feeling beyond that of mere tumultuous love, or passionate appreciation

of externa lbeauty,—a state of feeling which gives stability and intensity to the natural gentleness of woman's character, and establishes all that is virtuous within the shrine of all that is lovely. Many of the bright and noble daughters of our land will, in their own chambers, or beneath the glad shadow of their ancestral trees, hang over these "Songs of the Affections," and imbibe the pure sentiments which they teach, until their own nature begins to assimilate itself to hers who thus pours forth portions of her spirit to soften and refine, calling out the hidden excellencies of a thousand hearts, as the light of morning opens up the leaves of flowers.

The more of Mrs Hemans's poetry we can transfer to our own pages, the more valuable we must make them. The following poems speak for themselves, and need no words of praise to introduce them:

PARTING WORDS.

One struggle more, and I am free.

BYRON.

"Leave me, oh! leave me!—unto all below
Thy presence blinds me with too deep a spell;
Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace!

"Leave me!—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear—
Oh! bid the conflict cease!

"I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bid'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission, from my thoughts depart;
Dear one! this must not be.

"The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days;
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
Thou art all earth to me!

"Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
Too much—and death is here!

"Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near!

"If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
—Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
Bearing all strength away!

"Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and heaven!
I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!
—Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven?
—Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!
—Oh, yet awhile delay!"

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

"There was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

"But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"A way, away o'er the foaming main!
—This was the free and the joyous strain—

‘ There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star ;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press’d,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest.’

“ ‘ But alas ! that we should go’
—Sang the farewell voices then—

‘ From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen !’

“ ‘ We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough ;
O’er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day’s decline ;
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still.’

“ ‘ But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children play’d
‘Midst the birds and honey-bees !’

“ ‘ All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free !
None shall say, ‘ Hither, no further pass !’
We will track each step through the wavy grass ;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night.’

“ ‘ But, oh ! the grey church-tower,
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the shelter’d garden-bower,—
We have bid them all farewell !’

“ ‘ We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace ;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods !
And our works unto many a lake’s green shore,
Where the Indians’ graves lay, alone, before.’

“ ‘ But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours ?
—Home, home and friends, farewell !’ ”

THE PARTING SHIP.

A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

WORDSWORTH.

‘ Go, in thy glory, o’er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell ;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,—
Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !

‘ Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song ;
Who now of storms hath dream or memory left ?
And yet the deep is strong !

‘ But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles
Of summer tremble on the water’s breast !
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,
In lone, wild beauty drest.

‘ To thee a welcome, breathing o’er the tide,
The genii groves of Araby shall pour ;
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,
On the old Indian shore.

‘ Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
O’er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furl’d,
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,
Tales of the elder world.

‘ Oft shall the burning stars of Southern skies,
On the mid-ocean see thee chain’d in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,
Between the heavens and deep !

‘ Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renowned,
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way ;
Strange creatures of the abyss that none may sound,
In thy broad wake shall play.

‘ From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark ;—
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career !
Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

‘ A long farewell !—Thou wilt not bring us back,
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth !

‘ Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain’s shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright ;
Some, in the snows of wintry regions laid,
By the cold northern light.

‘ And some, far down below the sounding wave,—
Still shall they lie, though tempests o’er them sweep ;
Never may flower be strewn above their grave,
Never may sister weep !

‘ And thou—the billow’s queen—even thy proud form
On our glad sight no more perchance may swell ;
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !’ ”

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

“ O, dim, forsaken mirror !
How many a stately throng
Hath o’er thee gleam’d, in vanish’d hours
Of the wine-cup and the song !

“ The song hath left no echo ;
The bright wine hath been quaff’d ;
And hush’d is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laugh’d.

“ Oh ! mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall !
Thou hast been flush’d with beauty’s bloom—
Is this, too, vanish’d all ?

“ It is, with the scatter’d garlands
Of triumphs long ago ;
With the melodies of buried lyres ;
With the faded rainbow’s glow.

“ And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume,—

“ Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou giv’st but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

“ And thus with man’s proud spirit
Thou tellest me ‘twill be,
When the forms and hues of this world fade
From his memory, as from thee :

“ And his heart’s long-troubled waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.”

We observe that Mrs Hemans has dedicated this volume to her friend Sir Robert Liston, under whose hospitable roof she resided for some time when she visited Scotland last summer, and in whose grounds there is now a walk distinguished by her name, having been her favourite promenade, and one in which, we believe, she more than once courted the Muses.

The Denounced. By the Author of “ Tales by the O’Hara Family.” In three volumes. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

MR BANIM’S works are distinguished by depth and intensity of passion, and by what is more rare at present, great skill in constructing his story, so as to prevent the reader seeing clearly in the first chapter what the last

is to bring him to. Mr Bazim is almost the only author now alive who possesses the power of keeping our interest anxiously awake by the complexity of his plot. Be the strings of passion, from which he seeks to draw forth his music, jarring or tuneful, their notes excite, at the least, an eager desire to listen to the end. It is not seldom that his subjects are intensely painful. He possesses depth and vigorous feeling: he seeks to extract his materials from the hidden recesses of his own heart; and he clothes them in images taken from the story of his own island. His recluse and self-examining habits have roused his fancy to a state of morbid excitement, and the images which the condition of civil society in Ireland for the last century offer, are but too well suited to foster such a mental tendency. Hence, the essential character of the interest he creates is wild, stimulating, and bordering upon the unhealthy. The story of the Fetches, in the Tales of the O'Hara Family, and that of the Conformists, in the volumes now before us, are cases where, in seeking to move, he has succeeded in becoming oppressive. They sit upon us like nightmares. It is, however, but justice to this ingenious author to add, that this bias never interferes with the clear judgment he brings to appreciate character, nor seduces him into repetition. His heroes, although all Irish, have all a stamp of individuality upon them; and his reflections are sharp and just. He is, in short, an author of power, versatility, and originality; and if he would occasionally look more to the sunny surface of the moral world, and give over groping among the quicksilver damps beneath, he would leave us little to wish for.

"The Denounced" comprises two tales; "The Last Baron of Crana," and "The Conformists." They are dedicated to the Duke of Wellington, and profess to illustrate the effects of the penal statutes upon Irish society. We have, on previous occasions, expressed our disapprobation of the practice of converting the novel, a work addressed to the imagination, into an indirect moral lecture. We never saw any good result from such practices. We never saw a child deceived, or reconciled to its physic, by the jelly in which it was imbedded; but we have often seen a child deprived, by recollections of physic, of all power to enjoy jelly for the future. Beauty and truth are co-eternal and equal-potent, but they are not the same. They impress and address themselves to different senses. There is a harmony, a fitness in abstract reason, even in stern morality, which wins, while it awes us; but this flows from its self-consistency. Dress it in the robes of its more airy and fascinating sister, and with the loss of its propriety, its charms too are gone. In order to instruct, we must point out what is revolting, as well as what is alluring. In order to please, we must sink the admixture of evil which cleaves to this "sin-worn mould." The attempt, therefore, to convert works of imagination—those pieces of mental music, intended to soften the cares of life, or to raise us for a time above them—into vehicles of sage moral precepts and instructive experiences, is to render necessary the introduction of ingredients, which must jar with and defeat their principal aim. But enough of this.

The first of these tales ("The Last Baron of Crana") opens with a spirited description of the close of the battle of Aughran. This battle, most of our readers will recollect, shortly preceded the surrender of Limerick, and the final reduction of James's adherents. This tale may therefore be fitly regarded as a continuation of the peep into the state of men's feelings in Ireland, afforded by the author's "Boyne Water." The tale itself is briefly this. Miles Pendergast—an officer in King William's army—has his life saved at the battle of Aughran by Sir Redmond O'Bourke. At the close of the day, however, the army of James is defeated, and the Williamite finds his preserver left expiring by his comrades. Under the joint influence of gratitude and pity, he pledges himself to become the parent of Sir Redmond's infant and only son.

In order to redeem this pledge, he repairs, as soon as the treaty of Limerick permits him to leave the army, to the south of Ireland, to seek his young ward, and to convey him to his home in the north. He finds the boy driven, by the devastations of the victorious forces, to seek shelter in the woods along with his foster-father, and an old priest, whose intellects the troubles of the time have somewhat crazed. While with them, Pendergast is surprised by the unexpected approach of the young Baron of Crana, who being relieved from his apprehensions by the treaty of Limerick, is returning to his house, and comes to seek the orphan of his father's friend, and offer him a shelter. The Baron is a brave, high-spirited, rattling, Frenchified Irishman. Young O'Bourke, left to his choice, decides in favour of the friend to whom his father's dying breath had confided him. The Baron takes his leave, after promising a visit to Pendergast-hall as soon as he shall have settled some lawsuits, and brought home his sister from the Spanish convent, where she had found refuge during the late intestine broils. O'Bourke, his foster father, and the old priest, repair with Captain Pendergast to Ulster. All things go on smoothly enough, till O'Bourke reaches the age of five-and-twenty. By this time it has become matter of gossip in the neighbourhood that Pendergast keeps three Catholics upon his establishment; and a low dissipated bully, mayor of the bull-ring in a neighbouring town, and leader of its Protestant rabble, confident that this gentleman, from a consciousness of standing compromised with the penal statutes, will not dare to quarrel with a person of his consequence, intrudes upon his preserves, browbeats the gamekeeper, and frightens the priest. While Pendergast is contriving how to accommodate matters with this dangerous enemy, (John Gernon by name,) an open rupture takes place between the latter, and O'Bourke—in which, after many words on both sides, the dignity of the ring forbids the young "Papist" to appear at an approaching bull-baiting, and the angry boy declares his intention of bearding him in his own demeane. The long-lost Baron of Crana re-appears at the bull-baiting, leading with him his sister, and a dark lady from that sunny clime in which she had been so long a resident. In the brawl which ensues between O'Bourke and Gernon, and in which the rabble are prepared to take part with their leader, the Baron leaps to the side of his early friend, and both are unexpectedly backed by a man calling himself Johnson, and his faction. The storm is allayed by the appearance of Mr Pendergast in his capacity of magistrate; but it is deemed expedient, considering the irritation of the town's-people, that the Baron and his fair friends should take up their abode at Pendergast-hall. Here it appears that the Baron, who had been annoyed longer than he had anticipated by the chicanery of the lawyers, had been unable, till very lately, to seek his sister in Spain, on their return from which they had been driven by stress of weather on the northern coast. They are disturbed by the approach of John Gernon, who, burning to revenge the indignities of the morning, has hurried down, armed with warrants, at the head of a body of volunteers, to insult Mr Pendergast and his guests, and enforce the payment of the penalties inflicted by the statute on Papists and their harbourers. His intentions are, however, once more frustrated by the machinations of Johnson, who proves eventually to be a celebrated Rapparee chief in the neighbourhood. As a collision with the civil powers, however, might prove disagreeable after such a liberation, the Baron, with the ladies and O'Bourke, and a couple of servants who were implicated, set off immediately for the south. On the road they again encounter their deliverer, and find him beleaguered by the family whose name he had assumed—a set of self-appointed thief-takers. Crana offers to mediate between them, and discovers in the Rapparee chief his elder brother, who, having been attainted, had spread the report of his death with a view to preserve the estate in his family. Johnson, now acknowledged as the real

Baron of Crana, surrenders to the civil powers, on learning that, under the protection of a noble family, who take an interest in him, he runs no danger; and his brother proceeds to the castle to await the result. There, the young men and the two young ladies remaining together during a fine autumn, what is to be expected? Why, love to be sure. O'Bourke and his friend's sister begin to think that they were made for each other; and the sister's friend becomes passionately attached to the brother. Disappointed, however, and as she persuades herself made a mockery of, she flies from the castle in a state of frenzy; and falling into the hands of Gernon, discovers to him in her ravings how matters stand with the Crana family. At the head of his volunteers, Gernon immediately proceeds to demand the surrender of the castle. By the mediation of Pendergast, who, having been imprisoned for the transactions in his house, has sold his lands in disgust, and before seeking a new home visits Castle Crana, at this crisis, a treaty is arranged, in virtue of which the castle is delivered up, and the family allowed to take their departure in peace.

The best conceived characters in this work are,—the young Baron of Crana and the Dark Lady,—the convent beauty from Spain, to whom we have already alluded. The outlawed Baron, too, and the effect of his rapturous habits in subduing his feelings to the tone of his associates, indicates a deep insight into human nature on the part of the author who ventured to depict him.

We have left ourselves no space for entering upon "The Conformists." It shows much of that clear and correct judgment of character which we have attributed to Mr. Banim, and is, in many passages, vigorous in a high degree; but its general effect is, notwithstanding sunny glimpses which here and there break in upon us, too uniformly and protractedly painful.

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The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. XI. June, 1830. London. Treuttel and Würtz.

The Edinburgh Journal of Science. Conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. No. V. of New Series. July, 1830. Edinburgh. Thomas Clark.

THIS is, on the whole, rather a heavy Number of the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*. A good many of the articles, and particularly those on general science, have apparently been contributed by the junior writers on the establishment, and are principally conspicuous for an ambitious style, and the want of any apparent ultimate aim. They roll on in good rumbling sentences; but it is impossible to see what they are driving at. We are led blindfold in a circle, and when we stop, we find ourselves, except for the matter of a little giddiness, exactly where we were at first. The leading Article in particular, which professes to treat of the "Diffusion of Knowledge," is obnoxious to this censure. It starts with a just, and rather acute appreciation, of the merits and defects of the *Libraries of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*; but this occupies only about two pages, and the remaining nineteen,—for so far does the article extend—are filled with a long dissertation, in which the different paragraphs might have been exactly inverted in their order, without either weakening the argument or obscuring the sense. The second article is more interesting, as it contains some extracts from the poems of Sprague; who, if not exactly a sublime genius, is gifted with a considerable degree of elegant fancy. The reviewer indulges in some humorous remarks on the universal diffusion of the power of verse-writing in these days, and paints with considerable success the awful period when not merely every nation, but every individual, shall manufacture his own poetry. Article III., "Suggestions on Education," strikes us as

very closely approximating to the character of Article I.; as does likewise Article IV., on "Bigelow's Elements of Technology." The fifth article takes for its subject the "Report of the Secretary of the Navy to the President of the United States." Although occasionally not a little disfigured by attempts at fine writing, and an affectation of profound antiquarian research, this essay contains many judicious observations, and much interesting information. The progress of the American naval power is one of deep interest to this country. The article which follows—a review of "Walker's Elements of Geometry"—has nothing very remarkable about it, either one way or another. The seventh article treats of no less a subject than the "Politics of Europe." It is strange how similar the style of political writing is in the democratical Union of North America, and in the most monarchical states of Europe. The real cause of this is the utter want of great practical statesmen in either. The public taste has no model upon which to form itself. In Europe, the persons who are called by courtesy statesmen, are drawn from the diplomatic corps, from the university, and from the court of the monarch. They are frequently intelligent and acute men of business, but they have not been braced on the arena of public life; and it is but rarely they can elevate their minds to view state transactions in any more dignified point of view, than as a personal concern of their master. In America, on the other hand, the persons called to guide the reins of empire have most of them been trained in a private station. They bring with them the narrow—or, at the best, the theoretical, views of private life. In both countries, in short, they want a body of men who, to personal independence, add long practice in the duties of statesmanship. To this we attribute the fact, that while in this country our long line of illustrious statesmen—our Somerses, Bolingbrokes, Chathams, Burkes, Pitts, Foxes, and Cannings—is uninterrupted; on the continents of Europe and America, a Metternich and a Washington are the isolated products of at least half a century. And it is to the want of opportunity of listening to the words of such men that we attribute the puerile style of political writing which succeeds in countries whose tastes and prejudices are in all other matters so different. Incontestably, the most interesting Articles in this Number are those on "The Early Diplomatic History of the United States," and on "Jefferson's Correspondence." They lay the foundation of a judicious criticism of those materials which are now treasuring up for the use of the historian of America, whenever he shall appear. They are characterised at once by acuteness, and by a temperate and manly spirit.—The only part of this Number of the *North American Review* that now remains for us to notice, is the list of new publications appended. We have been even more struck, than on former occasions, by the small proportion which the original productions of America bear to the reprints of English works. Setting aside a few reports of Committees of Congress, some books of Travels, Theological Tracts, and Speeches to Temperance Societies, we could have fancied ourselves reading a catalogue of Colburn and Bentley's latest publications. Even the works of American growth have English features; as, for example, the announcement of the "American Comic Annual for 1831."

THE *FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW* for June will support the respectable character of that periodical. It contains no paper of very high talent, but much that is novel, instructive, and entertaining. The leading article, "On Dæmonology and Witchcraft," is, we believe, from the pen of Mr George Moir. It opens with a splendid, though not very reverential, account of the infernal regions and their inhabitants; and this is probably the best part of the essay. In what follows, we find, uniformly, that correctness and elegance which characterise Mr Moir's compositions, and not unfrequently traces of vi-

gerous thought; but he labours throughout under the *embarras des richesses*. His materials have been more than he could successfully compress into a short paper. Among the multitude of his details, he has seldom succeeded in giving us a good individual portrait. The effect is much the same as if he had gleaned his information, not from the books he quotes, but from their indices. We know that Mr Moir is not one of those who suck their information by this *a posteriori* practice—who catch a knowledge of books (as Swift somewhere remarks) as children do sparrows, by throwing salt on their tails. But we wish to warn him of the effects of over-condensation, and of the suspicions to which it sometimes gives birth. Articles II. and V. contain specimens of Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish poetry. They are not characterised either by much originality or depth; but they afford a good deal of information on a subject little known in England; and to impart this is, as we take it, the chief use of a foreign review. Article IV., on René Caillié's Journey to Timbuctoo, is more to the purpose than any thing we have seen on the subject. The articles on the "English in India," (VII.) and on Fontanier's Travels in Asiatic Turkey, (X.) are extremely entertaining. The criticism, in Article IX., on "La Musique mise à la portée de tout le monde, &c. par M. Fétis," is gentlemanly and impartial, in spite of every temptation to the contrary which the French author's remarks on English music could give. Article III. contains an account of Zittmann's researches into the history of the Amphibionian League. We hope that the Foreign Review will continue to direct its readers' attention to the labours of the German literati in the department of classical antiquities. They are without the superficiality, in classical matters, of our Scotch scholars, and the narrow-minded, verbal pedantry of the alumni of Oxford and Cambridge. Article VIII. is, we suspect, by Professor McCulloch. It is the continuation of a series of statistical essays on the different countries of Europe, and professes to treat of the state of the wool trade in Germany, with reference to its effect upon our own wool-growers. It by no means comes up to the Professor's first article on the statistical resources of Spain; but it nevertheless confirms our opinion of his peculiar talents—that, next to a good friend of ours at present in Edinburgh, he is the best concocter of a matter-of-fact article now extant. The critical sketches, and miscellaneous literary notices, are—to use the phraseology of that excellent class of society, the sick nurses—as well as can be expected. In the Notes to Correspondents is contained a somewhat awkward apology to Lord Holland. In the previous number, his Lordship was accused of borrowing, in a speech delivered by him in the House of Lords, the whole of his statements and arguments from the Review's article on Greece, and without acknowledgment. It seems that his Lordship did acknowledge his obligations for all that he took, which was merely one fact! The truth is, that his Lordship, speaking to other matters from documentary evidence, mentioned this fact as having met his eye in the Foreign Quarterly, a source upon which, of course, he could not rely with equal confidence. The previous blustering attempt to puff itself off, on the part of the Foreign Quarterly, was absurd enough; but the apology is worse. Neither Lord Holland, nor the public, remembered the circumstance—then, why expose themselves? We notice this trifle, because we are sorry to see a work, which may well rest on its own merits, resort to such quackery. The Foreign Quarterly has risen, and will maintain itself, by its literary merits;—if it seeks notoriety by affording early diplomatic intelligence, it must sink, or be published with a little more punctuality than hitherto.

The fifth number of the EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF SCIENCE is worthy of its editor. Besides many excellent articles on the severer sciences, it contains some valuable ad-

ditions to geology. Dr Hibbert's "Inquiry into the circumstances under which the remains of some fossil animals were accumulated in the volcanic soil of the Velay in France;" taken in conjunction with the abstracts from "a memoir regarding the human bones and objects of human fabrication, discovered in solid bed or in alluvium, and upon the epoch of their deposition, by De Serres;" and with the additional data for conjecturing the minimum age of some soils, afforded in Professor Agardli's essay on "Inscriptions in living trees;" add very considerably to our materials for ascertaining the history of the earth's formation. At the same time we must remark, not so much in reference to the papers in this journal, but rather as a universal truth, that, with the exception of professed antiquaries, we do not know a more illogical and unscientific class of beings than the great body of geologists. They seem utterly incapable of discerning the coincidence or discrepancy of two facts. If they can collect an immense number of observations, and string them together according to some preconceived hypothesis, they are contented. They do not condescend to accuracy of observation themselves, nor do they examine with a judicious criticism the value of the testimony upon which they admit what they have not seen. The truth is, that geology is one of these fatally facile sciences to which every dilettante thinks himself adequate, and into whose details the pawing of that class has introduced a fatal degree of slovenliness. What bucketfuls of rubbish must be thrown overboard before it can be brought to any thing! The translation of Agardli's essay referred to above is by a young and ardent chemist of the name of Johnston, who likewise communicates to this number a paper "on the double chlorides of gold;" and an abstract of Bergelius' yearly statement of the progress of physical and chemical science. His talents and industry will soon make him better known. We had projected some remarks on Professor Babbage's Observations on National Encouragement of Science, but must defer them to another opportunity.

The Lay of the Desert. A Poem, in two Cantos. By Henry Sewell Stokes. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 221.

It is a melancholy fact, that some men will think themselves poets, though they are no more poets than they are chin-choppers. Mr Henry Sewell Stokes is one of this kindney. He has here published a goodly volume, consisting of three hundred and thirty-two Spenserian stanzas, and a *quantum sufficit* of notes, although his brain is, in point of fact, as barren of poetry as the desert about which he writes. The theme was an unpromising one to commence with. The "Desert" alluded to turns out to be Dartmoor, a subject pretty well exhausted already by Carrington's poem. But this does not frighten Master Harry Stokes, who, feeling himself pretty considerably inspired, progresses sick right away into the moor, and there sits himself down on a dry heathy spot, and rails and moralizes through the rest of his book. Like most of our great poets now-a-days, Mr Stokes is a terrible misanthropist, having, no doubt, been very ill used in some way or other at some time or other. He hints as much in the following fine verse:

"I to thee hie, because my soul is sick,—
Sick with mankind and their disgusting ways;
Although but lately kindled my life's wick,
And but now gathering into manhood's blaze,
Much hath it felt the world's foul murky days;
Ay,—I have lived quite long enough to tell,
That Love, Truth, Virtue, in the world's wild maze,
Perish,—they cannot bide the boisterous swell—
Corruption's mighty surge—that roars their funeral knell."

The world being in this very shocking condition, although the candle of Mr Henry Sewell Stokes' life has

not yet burned to the *doup*, it is no wonder that he cannot find any thing in the dull present, and is obliged to have recourse for a few pleasant reminiscences to the past :

"The past tense use I ! wherefore ?—reason sad—

Most lamentable reason, so to do

There is :—for where, oh where, may now be had

Examples of the rare illustrious few—

Children of genius—never once untrue?

In bygone days there were who firm withstood

All worldly overture most stanchly, who

Held fast the faith, and battled for the good ;

But where can now be found men of such hardihood ?"

Mr Stokes is not only of opinion that no such men now exist, but most especially, that Dr Southey is not one of them. Against the Westminster Reviewers also, he indulges in a small hit. Our readers will recollect the recent dispute upon the greatest happiness principle. Mr Stokes rather smashes the bread-basket of the Benthamites :

"What is expediency ?—an idiot's dream,—

A drunkard's judgment, in his torpor reeling,—

A maniac's wisdom 'neath the moon's pale beam—

Unless when sanction'd by the vivid feeling

Within the soul implanted, ever assailing,

With stamp of good or evil, every act,

And thus Heaven's high and righteous will revealing ;

A full obedience striving to exact,

By anger or approval that doth ne'er retract."

But no wonder that Mr Henry Sewell Stokes hates the Westminster Review, since his admiration for the character of Canning is such, that it tempted him to write the following stanza to his memory :

"He died :—and died he by a death not due him ;

Martyr of principle unwavering,

Victim of envy—It was faction slew him ;

Kill'd by a stab, and poison'd with a sting,

Was he, in dawn of promise, freedom's spring.

Great man and good ! on thy untimely bier

Did thy destroyers even flowers fling ;

Nature would out, and out the unwieldy tear,

And e'en detraction cried—Oh ! what a man was here !"

It is dreadful to think that Canning was

"Kill'd by a stab, and poison'd with a sting ;"

no wonder our author shed an "unwieldy tear" on the occasion.

How long Mr Sewell Stokes might have continued to pour forth Spenserian stanzas, it is impossible to say ; but fortunately, just after he had written the hundredth and ninety-third of the second canto, a thunder-storm came on, which drove all the sublime thoughts out of his head, and left him time to compose only one stanza more, which is as follows :

"Hark ! Nature too yields most sublime response !

Great God of Justice ! 'tis thy voice—I kneel—

'Tis No—a deep, tremendous No, at once

A host of thunders in loud concert peal :

Stunn'd, the huge tors seem in the clouds to reel,

While every echo from its rocky dell

The din rebellows with a rival zeal :

Bat, ho ! the crag's on fire !—quick burst, pell-mell,

A thousand thunder-claps ! I fly—Dartmoor ! farewell !"

Exit Mr Henry Sewell Stokes in a tremendous fright, his wig falling off by the way.

The Pocket Lawyer ; a Practical Digest of the Laws of Scotland, reducing all the most Important Branches of those Laws to Short and Familiar Propositions, supported by References to Approved Authorities ; with an Appendix of Forms of Writings, Law Expenses, &c. By a Member of the Faculty of Advocates. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

We do not wish to advocate any innovation on the boundaries of either of the learned professions, nor do we wish, like the champions of "liberty and equality" in

the political world, to introduce the levelling system into literature and science, for the purpose of reducing the technicalities and mysteries of particular professions to the understanding of that miscellaneous class of the community included under the designation of popular readers. Yet, although we are so far aristocratical in our doctrines, we are aware that there are certain elementary principles and facts connected with some professions, which ought not only to be known as matters of interest to every well-educated individual, but the practical application of which, by non-professional persons, is often imperatively required in society. The stream of medical literature, for example, carries down into oblivion, annually, a series of little tributary works, professing to be all unerring guides to the temple of Hygieia ; and we think it strange, that in this age of condensation and compilation,—an age which is so especially characterised by the dwindling down of the noble folios and quartos of antiquity, even as the human race itself is said to have done, into dwarfish octavos and pocket duodecimos,—no practical digest of the laws of Scotland has appeared, which might be consulted as a book of reference, by those who, to ascertain the most simple facts, must at present have recourse to learned and elaborate tomes, in which almost every information that is sought for is found shrouded ingeniously in a style and phraseology which renders it as unintelligible as the most mystical hieroglyphics that ever puzzled and baffled the skill of an Egyptian antiquary. We are not, indeed, of opinion, that, even to our own beloved subscribers, all the arcana of the outer and inner courts of justice should be revealed, nor do we entertain any reasonable design of depriving the *fifteen* of a particle of their dignity, or one conscientious advocate of a single fee ; but we hesitate not to declare, that we agree entirely with the observation of the learned Blackstone, that "it is incumbent upon every man to be acquainted with those laws, at least, with which he is immediately concerned, lest he incur the censure, as well as inconvenience, of living in society, without knowing the obligations it lays him under." We accordingly commend the object of the present work, which is to explain, in plain and familiar language, such of the laws of Scotland as are the most frequently consulted, and of the greatest practical importance. If a merchant wish to consult the laws relating to partnership, cautionary obligations, insurance, bills of exchange, insolvency, sequestration, trust-deeds, assignations, recovery of debts, he will here find, in very simple and brief propositions, all the legal information he can require ;—if a married couple, unhappily united in an evil hour, wish to cut the gordian knot, and divide the links which still bind them to each other, they will here find the circumstances under which such separation can be accomplished ;—if some excellent housewife sees herself and family plagued by an unruly servant, she will here find detailed the circumstances and conditions upon which she will be justified in discharging him or her ; and when, in addition, we state that chapters will be found explanatory of the game laws, laws of succession, maritime laws, and almost every other law which can in civil life be appealed to, with the forms of affidavits, codicils, bills, and account of law expenses, &c., subjoined, we think we have made out a strong case in favour of "The Pocket Lawyer." We have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending this volume to the attention of our readers ; and as the information which it contains is borne out by references to law authorities, it cannot fail to prove also a useful auxiliary to the members of the legal profession.

The British Naturalist. Volume second. Small 8vo. London. Whittaker and Co. 1830.

IN announcing the first volume of the "British Naturalist" some few months ago, we informed our readers

that there was to be a continuation of this work. The present volume is a fulfilment of the promise then made; and we are happy to state, that in varied interest and extensive usefulness, it will not be found inferior to its predecessor. In the department of this work now before us, the author has treated of the natural history of the two first seasons of the year, spring and summer, in a manner which will please every one who takes an interest in the wonderful and beautiful works of creation in earth, air, sea, and sky. A considerable number of engravings illustrate the volume.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A QUEER YARN, BLOW ME!

Next morning our captain did come upon deck,
And thus to all hands he did gloomily speak;
"I tell ye, my hearties, there's murder been done,
Our ship is in mourning, she cannot sail on."

Old Ballad.

Well, you must know, that about fifty years ago, I was bound 'prentice aboard the *Saucy Nan*. I was then, but a whippersnapper of a little chap, about twelve years old. 'Twas the first voyage I ever made, and I got enough of it to make me remember it all the days of my life. We were bound to the Spanish main, but first to touch at St Domingo, to take in more hands there. We set sail from the Thames on a Friday, and arrived quite safe at St Domingo. But what's begun on a Friday never turns out well. We carried eighteen guns and a hundred men, and were going to make a cruise on the *Dons*, as I suppose you've all guessed.

The skipper went ashore at St Domingo, and in a few days sent off all the hands we were to get. My eyes! they were a queer set,—blacks, whites, copper-coloured, and all sorts! The skipper soon came after them, bringing such a neat little girl with him as I've never seen since. What top-lights she had!—and such a foot, just as if it was cut out on purpose to trip a deck. She was as beautiful a little hooker as ever came off Nature's stocks. Every one of her timbers all light, fore and aft, from stem to stern. Then such rosy lips!—and when she opened them, what a set of ivorys she showed! I'm blowed if there was a single chap aboard that wouldn't have flung himself right off the maintop into the sea for a kiss of them! I being so young, and a handy little fellow, the skipper promoted me from cabin-boy, to be lady's maid to Miss Elrisa, of which I was prouder than if I'd been made a reefer in the service. (What are you laughing at, you ill-mannered land-lubberly swab? Wasn't I the only young 'un aboard, and think you he'd have made a 'fore-mast man lady's maid? 'Twould have been a rum sort of a job, I lay.)

The skipper called her his wife, but we all knew better, for we'd eyes, and were pretty pos she hadn't a clergyman's commission of matrimony about her; for you see, I being lady's maid, had to sleep in a small cabin a little for'ard of the skipper's, and at times I've heard her crying, and saying to him, "Oh, if I was only spliced to you, Harry, I could then be happy!" and I told this for'ard among the men. I gathered, too, that she was some planter's daughter, who'd run away, to make a voyage with our skipper. 'Twas nat'ral that she should wish to be 'mong Christian whites, instead of a pack of black heathenish rascals that were about her father's.

Well, as soon as they came aboard, we made all sail, and stood away to the sow-east. All went on well between the skipper and madam. Who so loving as they? Many a time, in the cool of the evening, just as the sun was setting, and the sea looking like gold, and the breeze so delicious, you might have fancied 'twas wafting the scent of a thousand spice-trees on its wings, have we seen them two sitting just aft the wheel, with their arms

round each other, (in them 'ere fiery latitudes they're not over ceremonious,) and he spinning her some yarn, with his lips so close, that his breath as he spoke fanned her cheek, and slightly lifted her long and lovely locks, while she with her lips half-parted, and her eyes fixed steadily and fondly on him, hung upon every word he said, plainly telling us all that her whole life was his, and that in him all her happiness was placed. He usen't to mind me at all, or the men at the wheel; but if he caught any of the rest with their eyes turned aft, blow me, they'd get it!

You must know, that the mate was a very good-looking young fellow, and very much liked by us all, and wouldn't have harmed any living soul, if he could help it. Yet, for all that, he was the cause of the very devil being played with the hooker. The skipper fell ill with what they call the yellow fever, if I recollect right, and was obliged to keep close coiled up in his berth; and while he was in the bilboes of the fever, I've seen Elrisa and the mate sit and read, and talk to him for a whole watch at a time. Then he'd make them go upon deck to get a mouthful of fresh air. Some days went on in this way, and the skipper was beginning to get better, when, one evening, the mate and Elrisa went on deck as usual. She was a little merryish or so, owing to the skipper's getting better, and they began to jest a bit, and then set a scene out of some play-book, that the mate was much fonder of reading than the log. I was standing on the forecabin, when, suddenly turning round, who should I see but the skipper himself at the head of the companion, as pale as death, and grinning most horribly. What had put it into his head to come upon deck, blow me, if I know; but there he was, and there were they with their backs turned to him. The mate had hold of her hand, and was laughing away as he spoke, and so was she, and then he kissed her hand. As soon as the skipper saw this, he turned still paler, and bolted down to the cabin like a shot. I ran aft to tell them what I'd seen, thinking there might perhaps be mischief, but the skipper was up again afore me, with a outlass in his hand; and what did he do, but, before you could say Jack Robinson, he ran it smack through the mate, crying out, "Take that, villain!" Down dropped he, and down dropped she in a faint; but the skipper hoisted her on his shoulders, and was down the cabin like lightning, leaving the mate lying there, and bleeding like fury. You may be sure I sung out most lustily, and away aft all the men ran. The doctor soon came, too, out of the galley, where he had been, and when he see'd him, says he, "I'm afraid 'tis all up with him: his mittimus is made out for the next world." However, he wasn't quite right. The mate wasn't dead, but had got a swinging cut right through his breathers, and no one ever thought he'd got over it. Yet, by a marcy, he righted, and came to again; but 'twas a long time first.

You may be sure the skipper wasn't liked a bit the more by any of us. In a day or two, he gave out that Elrisa wasn't well, and couldn't be disturbed, and sent me for'ard among the men, swearing, if ever he caught me aft the mainmast again, he'd give me a good rope's ending. Elrisa got worse, but he wouldn't let the doctor go near her at all; and, blow me, what a kick-up we'd every day upon deck! He wouldn't let the men be idle one moment, what with making all sail on the hooker one minute, and then taking in again. Sometimes he'd have the fire-roll beat in the dead o' the night, and this was to keep the men in practice, and larn 'em their duty. We didn't so much as get the sleep of a dog-watch out and out. You may be sure there was plenty of grumbling among us all for'ard. The doctor had got the mate in his own cabin, and so was at hand to tend him always, and he was beginning to come round fast.

One night, I recollect it well, we were becalmed; there wasn't a breath of wind, and the sea was as smooth as a lady's looking-glass. We'd all our light deck-up, and

every rag we could hoist, either slow or aloft. But the skipper, seeing 'twas no good, and that she wouldn't move a jot, piped all hands but the watch below. A something, I don't know what it was, came over me, and almost, without knowing it, I found myself alongside the mizen. All was still. There wasn't a word to be heard from the cabin. I crept softly down the companion, and found the door a little ajar. I peeped in, and saw him looking out of the stern windows, and she sitting on one of the chairs, sobbing, ready to break her heart; and, blow me, if I could help piping myself when I see'd it. 'Twas a little duskish, though not so much as to hinder me from seeing pretty well. Says I to myself, "If the skipper catches me here, I'll get it; and he's pretty sure to do so, if I wait till he comes to shut the door." So with that I found myself creeping in. Hang me, if I hardly knew what I did that night. I was a little fellow then, and could creep or climb like a cat. There was a sofa to the starboard of the door, under which I popped myself, and made so little noise, that neither of them ever heard me. Well, after he'd stood looking out o' the windows for some time, he flung the middle one right open, to let in air as I thought, and then began to walk up and down like mad. Then he seemed to tire of that, for he went and locked the cabin door. So, when he'd done that, he goes up to Elrissa, and takes hold of her, and pulled her into the middle of the room, saying, "Thou false wench, what hast thou got to say for yourself, that I shouldn't send you to keep company with the sharks?"—"Oh, Harry," said she, flinging her snow-white arms round his neck, "I never was false to thee!"—"You were!" he answered. "My good cutlass has done for thy minion the mate, and you shall go seek another in the deep."—"Spare me! spare me! Harry!"—"Never!" and then he dragged her to the window; and says I to myself, "He's a-going to fling her overboard, and if he finds me here, he'll fling me too." I was in a most awful predicament, and kept my very breath in for fear.

Well, he took her up, and flung her out of the window with all his might; but she clung so tight, that he was nearly after her, and there she hung by his neck. I saw him take and tear her arms from round his neck with a madman's fury, and fling them from him; but she caught, with her right hand, the window-beam, and clutched it so tight, that he couldn't make her fingers let go their hold; and there she was, looking up so calmly and sweetly into his face, as if she was content to take even death from his hands. Her love was great. When he saw he couldn't make her let go, he took up a hatchet, which was lying by chance on the floor, and with one blow severed her hand from her arm. A heavy fall on the water, a stifled shriek, a gurgle of the closing wave, said all was over with her. But there he stood, with the hatchet still uplifted, gazing on the hand which was fixed there convulsively in the death grasp, and all hell seemed to be imprinted on his features, so horrible and ghastly was their expression. However, this didn't last long. He took and cut away the hand by pieces, for its grasp was fixed so firm in death, that he couldn't unloose it. He then flung water over it, to wash out the stains of the blood, and rushed out of the cabin upon deck. I followed him, more dead than alive. "All hands, ahoy!" he sung out; "man the boat there; cut away, every mother's son of ye—Elrissa's flung herself overboard!" You may well suppose she was never found. He pretended to be half mad at her loss; but he couldn't make the men believe but that he knew more about her than what he said. I crept away to my hammock, shivering with fear. Not a wink of sleep did I get that night, and I was too frightened to say any thing about what I'd seen.

Well, the calm still continued, and there we lay like a log on the water. About the third night after this happened, a young fellow, named Brown, had been sky-larking up in the maintop, when, all of a sudden, down

he came, shivering with fear, and as pale as death. "I've seen it, mateys," he cried. "Seen what?" we asked. "Why, it. When I was up in the top, presently something came smack agen my cheek." (But I forgot to tell you, that Elrissa had a custom of putting her hand on the skipper's mouth whenever he began to swear.) "Well," as Brown said, "smack agen my cheek it came once more; and so I, thinking 'twas some of you making fun of me, cried out, Belay there with your tricks, and be d—d t'ye! Lord, I'd no sooner got the words out o' my mouth, than bang 'twas closed with a hand all blood, and all out about the fingers, with never an arm to it, as if it had been cut off at the wrist. You may be sure I didn't wait to see any more; and may I be d—d if ever I go up that 'ere top again!"—"Oh!" said one of the men, "Brown's fallen asleep, and dreamed all this, and has awoke by hitting his head 'gainst the mast, and so believed it all true." He'd hardly spoke, when a voice from the maintop sung out plain enough, "On deck, there!" We were all a little startled at this; but we counted, and found all hands on deck except the skipper, the doctor, and the mate. "On deck, there!" sung out the voice again; and then there was such a hooting, and yelling, and shrieking, as if Davy and his crew had come to anchor in our tops. Well, the skipper, hearing the noise, came upon deck, and then the voice sung out again, "On deck, there!"—"Hilloah!" roared the skipper, running for'ard to the mainmast. "Stand from under!" roared the voice. "Let fall, and be d—d t'ye!" said the skipper. Blow me, but it came with a vengeance. Down dropped a bloody hand, and directly it touched the deck, it started up, and fixed itself right on the skipper's lips. He ran up the rigging like a madman into the top, where the yelling still kept up; but he wasn't there a moment before he gives a jump, and goes right overboard; and no sooner did he reach the water than all was silent, and a heavy squall arose that moment, and away flew the hooker like lightning through the waves: And if that isn't what I call a queer yarn, blow me—that's all.

THE DRAMA.

HAVING now seen Fanny Kemble in all her characters, and having had a whole fortnight to make up our mind concerning her, we shall state, in very few words, what our matured opinion is. *Miss Kemble is not at this moment a great actress.* There is, of course, a vagueness in the term, "great actress," and we can explain it only by referring either to Mrs Siddons and Miss O'Neill, or to that correct conception of what "great acting" ought to be, which exists, or may exist, in the mind of every man of cultivated taste. A great actress takes a house by storm,—makes all the passions of their nature leap up within the breasts of her audience,—and moves the boards almost like a thing of awe, calling forth at will the loud involuntary plaudits, and the gushing tears, of an assembled multitude. Miss Kemble cannot do this;—she is pleasing, and sometimes affecting, but the impression she produces is not deep, or lasting, or intense. We give her, at the same time, full credit for possessing a more than common share of genius; she has done what few young ladies at her age could have done, and she has all at once, by a sort of *coup de main*, achieved a popularity never before attained by so young a candidate for histrionic honours, all the brightest ornaments of the profession having previously served a long and tedious apprenticeship. But popularity may soon blow past, and accidental circumstances may have raised Miss Kemble upon stilts, which may, ere long, walk from under her feet. She must either rapidly improve, or she will soon cease to be an object of so much attraction as she is at present.

So much for what Miss Kemble is. The next enquiry must be—What is she likely to become? This is a question more easily asked than answered. At the

same time, we hesitate not to say, that we have excellent hopes of her. She is a girl of genius, else she could not have made the progress she has already made. When she becomes more like a woman, and when her face and figure consequently acquire more power and expression,—when she can throw a greater volume of sound into her voice, and send forth more passion from her eye,—when she can make her audience *feel* that she has ceased to be merely a young lady in her teens, and that, in the full possession of every feminine endowment, her own bosom may have been agitated, in the various relations of life, even as is painted in the mimic scene,—we are inclined to hope that *then* Miss Kemble will, with propriety and grace, take her station at the very head of her profession. On one condition alone, however, do we think this likely—that she concentrate all her powers on that department of the art to which the natural bent of her own genius led her originally, and in which she is much more calculated to shine than in any other. No great performer ever rose to equal eminence in both tragedy and comedy. Who talks of Mrs Siddons or Miss O'Neill except as tragedians? Let Miss Kemble beware of frittering down her mind by attempting to represent the mere elegancies and trifling distresses of genteel comedy. *She has no turn for it.* We have seen her both in *Lady Townly* and in *Portia*, the only parts of the kind she has yet played since her first *debut*, and she is very inferior in both. Her face and figure tell much more against her in comedy than in tragedy; her upper row of teeth, in particular, which are unfortunately a great deal too large and conspicuous, are enough of themselves to ruin any *Lady Townly*. But in truth, genius and cleverness are too different things, and Miss Kemble, we trust, has too much of the former to make a good depicter of fashionable life. It is to tragedy that she owes her reputation, and let her stick to tragedy, for it is the steed that must bear her on to the mountain's top, if she is ever to reach it. If she gives up tragedy, she takes her seat on an ambling pony, and may canter smoothly enough on in the train of Miss Ellen Tree and Miss Mordaunt; but her ambition should be made "of sterner stuff."

Whilst we thus estimate Miss Kemble's present powers, and talk of her future prospects, it is but fair to confess that there are some others, and men of good judgment too, who are disposed to go considerably farther in the praise of this young lady. Their arguments do not alter our opinions, yet it is proper that they should be heard; and as the *Literary Journal* offers "freedom to him that would write," we have the editor's assurance, that he willingly gives a place to the following communication, which is at once temperately and ably expressed:

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Puff. O, dear ma'am, you must start a great deal more than that . . . 'Sdeath and fury! Gadslife! sir! madam! if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out.

Dingle. You will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town.

The Critic.

MR EDITOR.—In my theatrical experience, which I confess to be rather limited, I have observed that the heroes of the stage, like those of real life, form two distinct classes, viz. those who have *souls*, and those who have *none*. Among the latter will frequently be found individuals of respectable talents and considerable attainments, who have risen to some eminence by patient industry, by personal attractions, and a happy art of profiting by accidental circumstances, and sometimes by the real merit of their performances, and a distinguished cleverness of execution; but to the former class belong exclusively the higher orders of intellect. In estimating Miss Fanny Kemble's merits as an actress, I think our Edinburgh critics have not sufficiently attended to this

distinction between genius and mere talent, however successfully cultivated,—between delicate perception and clever performance,—in short, between the genuine elements of first-rate excellence, and the most finished execution of second-rate acting. The newspaper press of Edinburgh conveys an impression upon the whole unfavourable to the professional reputation which Miss Kemble acquired in London; but the objections which have been urged do not warrant this arbitrary reversal of the judgment awarded by our southern neighbours. One critic does indeed find out that the lady is too young for many of her characters—another discovers that she wants dignity of stature—a third quarrels with her face—and a fourth is greatly scandalized with her pronunciation of the vowel *o*; now, all these criticisms may be perfectly just without much affecting the only question in which the public at large is greatly interested, viz. is Miss Kemble, as a dramatic character, of first-rate genius, or is she only a very clever actress?

The truth is, Miss Kemble is not, properly speaking, clever at all. Her style of acting is not, in itself, calculated to astonish a crowd—she has nothing of the dash, and less of the rant, which calls down the clamorous applause of the galleries—and her personal appearance is prepossessing only from its simple modesty. To what cause, then, are we to ascribe the crowded houses which she draws, and the unbounded applause with which she has been night after night received? To her genius, unquestionably—to that admirable conception of her part in which she excels every actress we have seen, and to the severity of judgment which makes her anxious to be, rather than ambitious to *act*, her characters. I have often heard mere declamation better given, but I never have seen a character sustained throughout with more truth and dignity than by Miss Fanny Kemble; and wherever the poet has given occasion, either in situation or sentiment, for nice developement of character or for genuine passion, her action, every tone of her voice, every feature of her countenance, become eloquent, and speak directly to the heart. This is the evidence and the triumph of true genius. Perhaps in none of her characters has she displayed this power more strikingly than in her *Isabella*. Your own "*CERBERUS*" has done justice to one noble part of her acting; but the whole character is one of the very finest conception and most felicitous execution; and you will readily acknowledge how much it owes to the genius of the actress, when you remember that the poet is indeed rich in situation, but exceedingly meagre in the filling up of his characters, and that even of his heroine he has merely sketched a happy outline. Miss Kemble is, perhaps, the only actress at present on the stage whose mimic grief fairly cheats us into sympathy. For my own part—and I know my case is far from being singular—I have often bestowed on Mrs H. Siddons and Miss Jarman, my warm and most sincere applause, but Miss Fanny Kemble alone has commanded my tears. Were this young lady merely a very clever actress she might draw crowds and create a sensation for a season, nay, perhaps she might even obtain the favourable suffrages of the critics, and, after all, sink into that neglect which very clever actresses have sometimes experienced. But this is not her character. She has already, by the mere force of high intellectual endowments, attained a more elevated station than any of her contemporaries; but she has much to learn: she must learn much before she can take her place by the side of the Mrs Siddons, and she will learn it all. Even now, she possesses all the essentials of greatness but art must yet be called upon to contribute its share. In many minor points, she is still unschooled, but she already betrays the possession of those noble powers which are beyond the reach of art. And, after all, her partial deficiency in these minor and easily-attainable graces seems to be the principal reason for that caution with which our critics have spoken of Miss Kemble. They are, forsooth, afraid of committing themselves by ven-

turing any decided opinion on the merits of a Bucephalus till they have seen him exhibit his paces at Astley's! Such conduct may be prudent, but it is not magnanimous—it is not just; and even putting Miss Kemble's claims out of the question, it is not honourable to the critic himself, nor fair towards the public. Crowded audiences of the best society in Edinburgh, including some of the most distinguished literary characters in Europe, have, night after night, honoured this wonderful creature with their presence, and still more, by their plaudits and their tears; and yet, were I to hint that these have a right to expect that their sentiments should be echoed aloud by the press, I suppose your critic would complain that I wished to interfere with his independence. Such is not my wish.

My quarrel with your contemporaries is not that they think less highly of Miss Fanny Kemble's histrionic powers than I do; I know not exactly whether they do or not—or if they do, they may be right; at all events, it need be no ground of quarrel between us. What I blame in them is, that they do not give us that full, discriminating, and decided opinion of her character which the interest excited, even in our remote provincial towns, with regard to the merits of this young candidate for theatrical honours, seems to call for. If they are honestly of opinion that Miss Kemble does not possess the capacity of a first-rate actress, let them say so at once; if, again, they think that her powers require only to be matured by a little cultivation and experience, let them point out her faults and deficiencies; but, at the same time, let the public have a hint both of her present excellence, and of what we have a right to expect in future from so highly-gifted a mind. Ingenious strictures on a questionable emphasis, or petty sin against orthodoxy, are somewhat mistimed at present, when the theatrical world is engaged in deciding whether or not this new candidate for fame is entitled to assume at once the very highest place in her profession. Even your own "Cæneus," and my favourite "Acæus," have not done their duty in this case. It may, indeed must, be inferred from what they have said, that they consider this young lady as belonging to a much higher order of intellect than the common run of heroines; still this is only to be inferred—they have not fairly spoken out; and I have no doubt that many who, like myself, would be prepared to receive the decided opinion of these critics with respect, shrink with dissatisfaction from the task of analysing, balancing, and guessing at ambiguous expressions. Perhaps Miss Kemble does not come up to some high standard of dramatic excellence which they may have formed in their own mind, and therefore they think themselves bound to qualify their praise; but this, though an intelligible, is a very unfair, canon of criticism. When does human exertion realise ideal excellence? and even when we adopt a more rational standard, and look back upon the triumphs of Siddons and O'Neill, we must remember that they come to us mellowed by distance, and aggravated by the sweet delusion which ever attends the retrospect of pleasures which are lost to us for ever. Let us compare Miss Kemble with her own contemporaries; but here is no room for comparison,—she towers above them all as much in kind as in degree of merit: let us then judge of her by herself—by what we hear, and see, and feel, when the distress of *Mrs Beverley*, the girlish passion of *Juliet*, or the love-sick grief of *Isabella*, stands personified before us,—is she not a glorious creature—the very child of genius? "*Jam nova progenies cælo dimittitur alto*," worthy of the highly-gifted family of Kemble. She is even now decidedly the ablest actress on the stage. She has already achieved more than ever actress did at her age, and on so short probation; and we are fairly entitled to expect that she will add another living name to the splendid trio, Pritchard, Siddons, and O'Neill. I am, Sir,

Ctesiphon.

above communication makes to us, we hope he will allow that we have to-day spoken out pretty decidedly. We were unwilling to do so before, lest it should be premature. In some things "Ctesiphon" and we are at one. We both think that Miss Kemble possesses genius, and has a right to know that the eyes of the country are upon her, in the expectation that she will become a great actress. But we do not think with "Ctesiphon," that she already "towers above her contemporaries," and is "decidedly the ablest actress on the stage." Mrs Henry Siddons and Miss Jarman are, in many respects, her equals in tragedy; and Mrs Henry Siddons, Miss Jarman, Miss Ellen Tree, and others, are much her superiors in comedy.

Old Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO JULIANA.

For me!

Dost thou kneel down and pray to God for me?

O! then thou lov'st me! If thy thoughts do dwell

In heaven for one so little worthy thee,—

Thou lov'st me more than thou dost care to tell,

And I am happier than I hoped to be!—

Thrice happy! that each morn and eve there rise

Thy gentle prayers to great Creation's throne;

For if to thine no seraph's voice replies,

To me there comes an echo of thine own.

And in the gold of morn, and when the light

Falls grey and sober o'er the far-spread scene,

I feel within my heart thy spirit's might,

And half become what I have never been;—

More full of high resolves, and firmer faith,

And deeper trust in the eternal law

That leads to life through the dark gates of death,

Where dwell the sights which holiest prophets saw.

And this it is to love—that there doth glow

Within my breast a spirit caught from thee,

And at the hour that thy wing'd wishes go

Up to the stars, there resteth tranquilly

A deep devotion that surpasseth show—

A light, by thee call'd down from heaven, on me!

H. G. B.

ROBERT THE BRUCE.

By William Wilson.

He sat alone on a mossy cairn,

And leant on his bloody brand,

While his look grew vengeful, dark, and stern,

With thoughts of his injured land.

Where is the plaided warrior host,

He marshall'd at morning tide?

On the battle-field, with banner lost,

They are slumbering side by side!

And he, like a hunted felon, flies

To the hills of his native home,

In mountain shepherd's lowly guise,

Through the wilderness to roam.

"Oh, for the sword of the Wallace now,

With its lightning flash of doom,

When the battle flush was on his brow,

And victory on his plume!

When, like the tornado's wrathful sweep,

He rush'd to the deadly fray,

While the foe fell round him, heap on heap,

As the mower swathes the hay;

And back, like frighten'd deer, they fled,

Each hurrying rank on rank,

As the stern avenger's angry blade

Gleam'd red on rear and flank!

In reference to the allusion which the author of the

"Then rang fair Scotland's rousing hurra,
As she waved her bonnet blue,
While o'er her warriors' thick array
Her proud lion banner flew;
Then rose to heaven young Freedom's hymn,
Like the voice of a thousand waves,
And echo caught the strain sublime,
And replied from all her caves.
And the lion banner yet shall stream,
Uncheck'd from strand to strand,
And the broad claymore 'mid victory gleam,
In each plaided hero's hand!

"Then from her trance shall Freedom wake,
And her trumpet call be blown,
Till haughty English Edward quake
On his lofty tyrant throne.
Shades of my fathers! hear the vow
Of your true, though outcast, child,
As a vanquish'd, homeless, exile now,
He wanders the trackless wild;
Till his land to freedom be restored,
And her bleeding wrongs avenged,
Unsheath'd shall remain the Bruce's sword,
And his deadly hate unchanged!"

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By James P. Brown.

WHEN the voice of the minstrel is mute,
And the hand that brought melody forth
From the simply-strang lyre, or the lover's soft lute,
Lies cold in the bosom of earth—
Will ye think of the minstrel then?

When the songs that he waken'd are sung
To the sweetly-sad strains that he loved—
When his harp, o'er his grave, on a dark cypress hung,
By the spirit of music is moved—
Will ye think of the minstrel then?

When the flowers, in their rich summer bloom,
Woo the glad some sunbeams for a kiss,
While their odours are cast on the air round his tomb
As balm from the islands of Bliss—
Will ye think of the minstrel then?

Will ye sigh when ye know he is gone—
Will ye give to his memory a tear?
If his songs in your hearts have awaken'd a tone
Which love and remembrance hold dear—
Will ye think of the minstrel then?
Aberdeen, May, 1830.

A RESOLUTION.

I'll never spin a line again,—
Unless I chance to find
Some new and rather striking thought
Arise within my mind;
For though I can at times compose
A stanza in a minute,
The thing may have a sweetish sound,
But then there's nothing in it!

I'm tired of endless mournful songs
About the "ills of life,"
And "broken hearts," and "early death,"
And "this world's gloom and strife;"
I vow 'tis affectation all,—
The worst that e'er was heard!
And only meant to conjure up
An interest in the bard.

"He writes such very lovely things,
I wish his name I knew;
He's young, they say, and very pale,
And melancholy, too!
Oh dear! I wonder if he has
A father and a mother,—
Perhaps his early love is dead,
Or married to another!"
'Tis sweet, no doubt, to Poet's soul,
In tender hearts to raise
Desire to know why grief has cast
Its shadow o'er his lays;
Though Fortune smiles upon his path,
And earth and skies are glad,
"His hopes are crush'd," "his heart is scar'd,"—
'Tis pretty to be sad!

I'm wearied, too, of rural strains
That tell of "streams and flowers,"
And little birds that "tune their songs"
In "groves" and "garden-bowers;"
And lines about the "sunset eve,"
And "gold clouds in the west,"
And starry nights, when "not a breath
Is rippling ocean's breast."

I'm tired of hearing, when they gae
Upon the moon and skies,
That minstrel bosoms often feel
Some tender thoughts arise—
Of childhood's home "across the sea,"
Or friends "that they have lost,"
Or "dreams of bliss" that "youth had nurs'd,"
But age has "rudely cross'd."

As if, forsooth, their hair was grey,
And years had made them blind,
When all the time they're gay and young,
With hearts like summer wind:—
In truth, ye willow-wearing bard,
Your band I will not join;
Unless new thoughts should chance to rise,
I'll never write a line!

GERTRUDE.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE Cabinet Album, in a handsome volume, [containing pieces selected from the popular fugitive literature of the day, is nearly ready.

A work, entitled *Narrington, or the Memoirs of a Peer*, is in the press.

Mr Nares' laborious and useful undertaking, a *Life of Lord Burghley*, the first volume of which was published in 1828, is now completed.

Mr Britton has announced a *Dictionary of the Architecture of the Middle Ages*, including the words used by old and modern authors, in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities.

Among other novelties announced for immediate publication are the following:—1. *Southernman*, a novel, by John Galt, Esq. the author of "*Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods*," &c.—2. *Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea in 1829, with Sketches of the Imperial Fleet and Army*, &c. by J. E. Alexander, K.L.S., 16th Lancers, M.R.A.S. &c.—3. *The Turf, a Satirical Novel*, 2 vols.—4. *The Revolt of the Angels*, by the author of "*Cain the Wanderer*," &c.—An octavo edition, considerably improved, with numerous illustrations, of *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania*, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.—And, G. Clarence, a *Tale of our Own Times*, 3 vols.

NEW MERIZOTINTO STYLE OF DRAWING.—We have examined a number of very beautiful drawings executed by Mr and Mrs Cruikshank, exhibiting the Merizotinto style which has recently been introduced into this city by these ingenious artists. One characteristic feature of this style of drawing, is its remarkable softness, which, in sea-pieces and landscape designs, has a more pleasing effect than the pencil alone could accomplish. We recommend this accomplishment to the attention of those of our readers who patronise the Fine Arts; and we may add, that we are given to understand it may be learned with great facility.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERDSON'S TYTLER AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEWER.—The Ettrick Shepherd wonders how his esteemed friend, Peter Tytler, or, rather, perhaps, the Quarterly Reviewer, should have explained the fine ancient verse on the death of Alexander the Third so incorrectly:—*Le or le, in lyrical phrase, is not lew, but affection returned; sonce, is from soncy, cheerful, good-humoured; and ensoocy, ill-natured, dangerous; sonce of ale and bread therefore means, the good cheer of ale and bread. Was should have been seck, a Scottish term for night revels or merry-makings till this day. Stad does not simply mean placed, but stabled, tied up in a stall of perplexity, sta'd.*—The lines, thus explained, will read as follows:—

When Alexander our King was dead,
Who Scotland led in love and lee,
Away was sonce of ale and bread,
Of wine and walks, of game and glee.
Our gold is turned into lead;
Christ born into virginity,
Succour poor Scotland with remaid,
That sta'd is in perplexity.

His house was sta'd, his bed was made,
His sheets were spread in love and lee.

GREENHILL'S JOLLY BROTHERS.—This collection of Statues is now exhibiting in Edinburgh. We have seen them, and shall give an impartial opinion concerning them next week. They are eight in number, representing the ballad-singer and his two Deborahs, the Caid, Tinker, and the fair Helen for whom they contend, and the old Soldier and his doxy.

THE SCOTTIAM ACADEMY.—We regret to observe that some injudicious individuals are still wrangling about this Institution. We said some time ago that we thought the late differences among the Academicians too much of a personal nature to be brought before the public. We think so still. The matter regards the internal regulations of that body; and discussions of this kind do not seem to us particularly calculated to diffuse either a knowledge or a taste for art. We shrank the subject to those who take a peculiar interest in such controversy, and, whatever blunders they may make, we still incline to leave it in their hands.

EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF NATURAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE.—This publication, the commencement of which we noticed some time ago, has now reached its Fourth Number, and we are happy to have it in our power to state, that we think there is a progressive improvement visible in each. In No. IV. there is a communication from the pen of the able ornithologist, Sir William Jardine, together with several spiritedly written reviews. With the severe castigation, however, bestowed upon Mr Hugh Murray's work on America, we cannot agree; and in reference to the paper on the Edinburgh College Museum, we take this opportunity of stating, that it is our intention to offer, shortly, a few remarks of our own upon that subject.

AN ACROSTIC.—The following lines were written on the occasion of the Catholic Emancipation, by W. Ainslie, M.D.:—

"Venite exultemus—omnes gentes plaudite!"

Down, down with fell discord—come, hail the glad voice!
Led sweetly along by the soft summer gale—
Kindred millions arise!—and devoutly rejoice,
England tells you, at length, the so long-look'd for tale.
O fended no more, lo! 'e'en justice forgets,
Forget! ay! and pardons your shrines basely alighted;
Woes, wallings, and wrongs, and most poignant regrets,
Erewhile! the moment her balance is righted;
Let us all with one heart then, our sorrows thus ended,
Love, honour, and cherish, the fair Sister Isle,
In each union alone, well assured there comes blended
No feelings that flow not, carleth'd with a smile.
Great Grace to the Monarch whose wisdom has waved,
To heal every wound, his prerogative right:
Oh! laud be to *him*, too, whose arm boldly braved,
Nay, hur'd the proud Chief from his arrogant height.

LETTER CONCERNING SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TRAGEDY OF
"THE HOUSE OF ASPEN."

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,—Having read in Sir Walter Scott's Preface to his new Tragedy of "The House of Aspen," that the worthy Baronet regretted his having not been able to learn the real name and situation of "Veit Weber," from whose works the tragedy is taken, it may, perhaps, be not uninteresting to your readers if I furnish them with some information respecting that author. The real name of Veit Weber is Ludwig Leonhardt Waechter. He was born about 1762, and received his first education from his father, then a minister of the church of St Michael in Mannheim. He afterwards studied theology, accord-

ing to his father's wish, at Gottingen, but at the same time was much occupied in investigating the history of ancient German art and literature. On leaving Gottingen, he resided for some time in his native place, without being able to get a living as a minister, which may perhaps be attributed to his possessing too open and downright a character. It was about this time that he published his "Sagen der Vorzeit" (Tales of the Olden Time,) and produced by his work the same effect on novel writing which Goethe, by his "Goets," did on the drama. We may safely say, that the deluge of romances of chivalry which has since overflowed Germany, has its origin in these tales. Waechter was intimately acquainted with the spirit of German antiquity, and an enthusiastic love of his country pervades all his productions. The first three volumes, however, of his "Sagen der Vorzeit," are by far to be preferred to those which appeared later. Waechter, forsaking the clerical profession, entered (about 1795) a Hanoverian regiment, and made several campaigns against the French, in which he greatly distinguished himself. He was wounded near Mayence. On his return to Hamburg he established, in conjunction with Professor Voigt, a boarding institution, which he afterwards carried on with great reputation by himself, as Voigt accepted an invitation to go to Riga. In the last war against Napoleon, Waechter was again among the defenders of Hamburg, and again gave many proofs of disinterestedness and presence of mind. It may also be mentioned that he wrote a drama called "Wilhelm Tell," which was published before Schiller's play. The characters in it are well drawn, though on the whole it is inferior to the celebrated drama of the same name by Schiller. I know not whether he is still alive.

I may perhaps shortly furnish you with some account of the origin and history of the tribunal called "das Vehmgericht," or "die heilige Vehme," which forms the chief subject of Sir Walter's tragedy. For those who will not find the word "Vehme" in their dictionaries, I may observe that this word is derived from the old Saxon word "vervehmen," which means, to curse, to outlaw, to banish; "das Vehmgericht" means, therefore, a tribunal which had the right to outlaw. I am, sir, your obedient servant, C.

Theatrical Gossip.—There positively does not appear to be a single word of Theatrical gossip stirring. The London Theatres are occupied principally with their Christmas Pantomimes, and we hear of nothing wonderful that is going on in the provinces.—The Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Dinner, fixed for the 29th inst., is to be held in the Assembly Rooms.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Dec. 26, 1829—Jan. 1, 1830.

SAT.	<i>The House of Aspen, & The Maid and the Magpie.</i>
MON.	<i>Do. & The Youthful Queen.</i>
TUES.	<i>The Soldier's Daughter, & The Twelfth Cake.</i>
WED.	<i>The Jealous Wife, & Do.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Soldier's Daughter, & Do.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor, & Do.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICES of several new works are unavoidably postponed. Among these is a review of Bower's third volume of the History of the University, the concluding sheets of which reached us too late for this week;—also the late Mr Balfour's "Words and Wildflowers."

"The Picture Gallery" shall have a place in an early Number.—"Fletina v. Truth" will appear as soon as we can find room.—"Christmas, Palmes, and Sects," and the "Lines written on Arthur Seat," though both possessing merit, will not exactly suit us.—"Astell's female apostle hath not found the same favour in our eyes as his former communication.—"Protrus" is informed, that nothing but the intrinsic merits of any article sent us by an anonymous Correspondent could secure its insertion in our pages.—"Fife Answers" will not suit us.—To our fair Correspondent who signs herself "A True Friend," we shall address a note in a day or two.

The verses by "J. M." and by "Z. Y. X." shall have a place.—We have received "A Welcome to Winter,"—"Lines on the Ruins of the Parthenon on the Calton Hill,"—and "Stanzas on the Last Sunset of 1829."

We observe it is stated in several provincial papers, that the verses we published some time ago, written by Burns when about to leave Scotland, had appeared in print before. We believe this to be the case, but of course were not aware of the fact at the time.

We beg to inform our readers in Aberdeen, that the delay which has once or twice taken place in the delivery of the *Journal* there, is to be attributed to our Aberdeen parcel, which is dispatched per mail every Friday afternoon, having been once or twice left by mistake at Perth. We hope a similar mistake will not occur again.—When "A Subscriber" writes to us again from Aberdeen, we shall take the liberty of returning his letter unopened, unless the postage be paid.

[No. 61, January 9, 1850.]

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

THE NEW MONTHLY and LONDON MAGAZINE, FOR JANUARY, 1850.

CONTENTS: Remarks on the Present Administration—Whigs and Tories; Power of the Duke of Wellington; the Earl of Eldon—Duke of Newcastle, Mr Peel, &c.—Observations on Mr Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—Posthumous Letters of the King of the Sandwich Islands and the Principal Attendants of his Suite, now first rendered into English—Opinions for 1850.—Lord Mountbatten; the Corn Laws, &c.—Art and Artists; Nollekens, Canova, Chantrey—Characteristics of Rosini's Compositions—The River, by Mrs Hemans—Sketches and Recollections, No. II.: Squire Petcock; Squire Jem; Hunting; Horses; Guy Manning; An Auction—Excursion from Dover to Calais—The Malt and Beer Duties—Recollections of a Göttingen Student—The Last Days of Menapio—New Year's Day in France; French Funerals—The Harp Spring—Childhood—Letters from New York, No. IV.; Mr Governor Morris; De Witt Clinton—POLITICAL EVENTS—CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS—THE DRAMA—MUSIC—Varieties, Domestic and Foreign, Biographical Particulars of Celebrated Persons lately Deceased, Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c.

N.B. Those who desire to commence taking this Magazine with the New Year, are requested to give their immediate orders to their respective Booksellers and Newsmen.

HENRY COLBURN and RICHARD BENTLEY, London: and BELL and BRADY, 6, Bank Street, Edinburgh.

NEW JOURNAL.

THE NORTH BRITON.

A NUMBER of individuals having severally expressed a wish for the establishment of a Newspaper in this city, to be conducted by an Editor unfettered by any party connexions, unbiassed by subserviency to any local interest, and free from the dictation or caprice of a limited proprietary; and considering the great utility of such an organ for the fair and free discussion of public affairs, whether national or provincial; it is proposed that a Journal of this description shall, as soon as possible, be established in Edinburgh, under the exclusive management and direction of JAMES BROWN, LL.D., who has for the last three years edited the *Calcutta Mercury* newspaper. Of Dr Brown's fitness for the task assigned him, and his practical acquaintance with the details of a newspaper no less than the duties of Editor, the readers of the *Mercury*, while it was under his management, and the public generally, have had sufficient experience; and without making any professions for the future, he wishes his pretensions to public favour to be judged of by his past exertions.

This Journal, under the denomination of "THE NORTH BRITON," will be published twice every week, viz. on the Wednesdays and Saturdays; and as there will be a Second Edition of each paper published soon after the arrival of the London Mail on these days, it is respectfully requested that Subscribers will be pleased to intimate whether they wish for the morning or evening edition.

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As it is proposed that the publication of THE NORTH BRITON shall commence early in January, it is peculiarly desirable that those who are friendly to the undertaking transmit their orders, without delay, to the following Booksellers:—

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The Westminster Review for January, 1850, (No. XXIII, just published) thus speaks of Dr Browne's Editorial talents, in connexion with the Journal which he lately conducted:—

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N.B.—The above, of course, applies to the *Mercury*, while under the management of Dr Browne, who, however, resigned the editorship of that journal on the 1st of December last, at which date his connexion with it finally ceased.

Edinburgh, January, 1850.

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[No. 62, January 16, 1830.]

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From John Syme, Esq., Edinburgh, 4th Nov. 1829.

"I consider the likeness very faithful. The eyes, and nose, and particularly well delineated; but the lower part of the face is rather than the Poet's was, when I knew him."

From Mrs. Thomson, Dumfries—formerly Miss Jess

"I am quite satisfied that the Picture is a correct, and even striking likeness of Burns. I remember it is a mistake of the Poet, with whom I was intimately acquainted during the years of his life. I prefer it greatly to Mr. Nasmyth's Portrait; indeed, there can be no question that it is the better of the two. When Mr. Burns got into bad health, he was thinner about the lower part of the face; but still I am of opinion, that the likeness, even in this respect, must have been correct at the time it was taken."

From David Bridges, Esq., Edinburgh, 13th November, 1829.

"In reference to the Portrait of Burns, I beg to mention, that my acquaintance with the Poet was limited to the four years of his life. This Picture was painted in 1786, when Burns was in his vigour; but, in my opinion, it exhibits a strong likeness of him in his quiet moments, and unquestionably is the best Portrait of Burns I have ever seen."

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., Edinburgh, 18th November, 1829.

"You desire me to give my opinion of the Portrait of Burns; you some times also read to me. I think it extremely like him; and that there can be no doubt about its authenticity. The first time I saw Burns, was shortly after he wrote the letter to my father, printed in Dr. Currie's edition of his works; he was then, older-looking than his age, and handsome."

From Peter Hill, Esq., Edinburgh, 31st October, 1829.

"I beg to return to you the Portrait of my old friend Robert Burns, and feel much pleasure in having seen him. In the opinion of both Mr. Hill and myself, this picture bears a strong resemblance to the Poet, such as he was when he first visited Edinburgh."

From Miss Dunlop, daughter of the Poet's esteemed friend.

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From Mrs. Maclehoose, (Clarinda.)

"I return you the fine Portrait of Burns, taken from the life by the late Mr. Peter Taylor, his early friend. In my opinion, it is the most striking likeness of the great Poet I have ever seen; and I say this with the entire confidence, having a perfect recollection of his appearance."

AGNES MACLEHOSE.

Since the above Testimonials were obtained, the Publishers have been favoured with the following communication from one of whom Scotland may justly be proud—The Ettrick Shepherd—which, as it is strongly approbative, not only of the faithfulness of Taylor's likeness of Burns, but of its authenticity, they subjoin.

Edinburgh, November 27, 1829. The Gentlemen.—Observing that I had mentioned in the Edinburgh Freeman's Journal, as having some reminiscences about the late Mr. Taylor's picture of Burns, I deem it an obligation to state all that I recollect about it, which certainly to be known, should there be any doubts about the originality of the portrait.

"On the 26th of January, 1816, I was seated at Mr. Gray's house, at St. Leonard's, where I found with me Mr. Aytoun, Mr. Gilbert Burns, a Mr. Smith, and several others, all busy consulting how best to get a sight of an original Portrait of Burns, said to be then in Edinburgh. I laughed at the conceit, believing it to be a hoax, and some fair copy from Nasmyth's, not thinking it possible that a portrait of our great Ettrick Bard could have so long been concealed, after every thing relating to him had been unmasked to the foundation. Mr. Gray, however, had learned the whole history of the thing, and re-assured us of the truth of it, but at the same time added that the widow lady to whom it belonged had, of late years, refused even to show it to any person, and that the only possible way of attaining our purpose, was to make friends with Miss Duncheon, a young lady, a relation, who lived with Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Gray had already been off in search of Miss Duncheon, but had not met her; I, however, jumped that she was to be at such a house, at such a time, that day. I, having met Miss Duncheon several times in company with Mrs. Iselt, and the late Mrs. Brunton, went along with Gray, and we found the lady. At first she said it was in vain over to ask it; but when we mentioned the name of Mr. Gilbert Burns, Miss Duncheon said that altered the case materially; for such was Mrs. Taylor's veneration for the memory of the Bard, that the very curiosity to see his brother would ensure our reception, and she desired us to come forward, and we would wait at the sight of the picture."

"We accordingly went at the hour, and who the gentlemen were beside those mentioned I cannot recollect, but I know there were other late or former of Burns's personal acquaintances. I think Mr. John Morrison was one. And in a little nest-hole, up on a stair in West Register Street, there we found our ciceroni and Mrs. Taylor, a decent widow, had, past middle life. She was retiring and diffident in her manner, and spoke but little. The first thing she did was to ask, 'who of us was the brother of Burns?' Mr. Gray bade her find that out; and although the room was small and rather crowded, she soon fixed on Gilbert Burns, and leaning her head on his arm, and looking in his face, said, 'Is this no him?' She was rather proud of having made the discovery so soon; and when Mr. Gray asked by what features she knew him, she replied, 'She would soon show him that; and taking a key out of a private drawer, she opened an upper part of a clothes press from the top of a stable door, and from that she took a portrait of Burns, carefully folded up in silver paper. It was like his face, but looking with blackish-brown, blue coat, and broad black-crowned hat. Mr. Gray at first said, 'Glorious! glorious! glorious!' But every thing I saw in it, I thought, 'that is quite a different man.' Mr. Nasmyth made some remarks about the portrait. Mr. Gilbert Burns said, 'It is particularly like Robert in the form and size; with regard to facial features, it is not.' These were his first words, or very first words. He looked long and fondly at it, and listened with earnest attention to Mrs. Taylor's relation of its execution. She said, 'Mr. Burns and Peter had been in a large party over-night; and that Burns, of his own accord, had attached himself very much to her husband, for he never wanted the good heart and the good humour, poor fellow! He then, having said, Peter invited the Poet to breakfast the next day. He came, and that very day the portrait was begun after breakfast. Burns having sat an hour to the artist. He came a second day to breakfast, and sat an hour; and a third day, which being the last day Burns had to spare, he had to sit rather long, and Mr. Taylor ceased her (Mrs. Taylor) to come in and chat with the Poet. She related to Mr. Gilbert Burns a number of his brother's sayings and doings, but they were so good people I did not know, and have forgot them. They were of no avail."

"All that I can say of the portrait is, that though I thought it hardly so finished a picture as Nasmyth's, I could see a family likeness in it, which I could not discern in the other. I had been accustomed to see old Mr. Burns in Glasgow church every Sabbath-day, for years, as a kind of the Bard's, who was married there, and Gilbert Burns was present. Taylor's picture had a family likeness to them all. To the youngest sister it had a particular likeness. It is like one of Gilbert Burns's sons, and very like Gilbert himself in the upper part of the face. I took a long and scrutinizing look of Gilbert and the picture. It is curious, that I could not help associating Wordsworth in the family likeness with the two brothers. Gilbert was very like him, and like as to Robert; but, to use a bad Irishman, had the one heap his father, and the other his mother, he would have been deemed very like them both. The impression of the whole party was, in a general sense, that Mr. Taylor's picture was a free, bold, and striking likeness of Burns. Mr. Taylor would never let it out of her own hand, but she let us look at it as long as we liked, and Mr. Gilbert Burns testified himself particularly gratified. As I state nothing but simple facts, you are at liberty to give publicity to any part of this letter you choose; and I remain, dear Sir, yours most truly, JAMES HOGG."

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O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a Poem, in several cantos, with Notes, is nearly ready for the press.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr M. A. Shee has been chosen President of the Royal Academy by a large majority; and Mr Wilkie has been appointed principal Painter in ordinary to the King, it being understood that the latter declined the fatigues of the Presidency. The new President is known to the public fully as much as a man of letters as an artist. He is the author of "Rhymes on Art," of the tragedy of "Alasco," and of the recent novel of "Oldcourt." His election does not seem to be altogether approved of; but, with the exception of Wilkie, we are not aware that any one now living could fill the place of Sir Thomas Lawrence with the desired eclat.

PROFESSOR LESLIE.—Our readers will be glad to learn, that this eminent Professor announces a Course of Popular Lectures, on various branches of Natural Science. In this subject the Edinburgh ladies take a deep interest, and there is no man by whom they would sooner be initiated into its mysteries than Professor Leslie.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—A lady who lately visited an Infant School, was treated to the following exhibition:—Schoolmistress (unfolding an umbrella)—"What is this, my dear?"—Pupil. "An umbrella, Ma'am."—"How many kingdoms does it contain?"—"Three."—"What are they?"—"Animal, mineral, and vegetable."—"Name the animal?"—"Whalebone."—"The mineral?"—"The brass."—"The vegetable?"—"The cotton!"

Theatrical Gossip.—Macready having adapted Byron's Tragedy of "Werner" to the stage, it has been brought out at Bristol with great success, Macready playing the hero.—The French Theatre has opened in London, with Potter for the principal comedian.—The Italian Opera commences its season this evening.—Pasta is now at Verona—on her entrance to the town she was met by a band of military music and a number of splendid equipages.—Nothing of much consequence is doing at the principal Metropolitan Theatres. Neither Covent Garden nor Drury Lane are in a flourishing condition, for Kean and Fanny Kemble have ceased to draw such crowded houses as they once did.—An amusing farce, called "Supper's Over," has been produced at the Adelphi.—Ducrow is still astonishing the people in Liverpool.—At the Theatrical Fund Dinner here, on Friday the 29th ult. the sum of £350 was collected in aid of the fund, which upon an average was about £1 from each person present. The dinner went off about as well as public dinners generally do.—Robson has been here for the last week, but takes his leave of us this evening. He has drawn fully as good houses as when he was here three months ago, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and the greater number of private parties at this season. As he has only repeated some of his old characters, we have nothing to add to what we said concerning him when he was last here. Upon leaving Edinburgh he is to visit Aberdeen and other places in the North, and is then to make a pretty extensive tour through the English provinces.—Vandenhoff, who has been performing in Dundee and Perth, appears in his favourite part of *Coriolanus* on Monday, when Miss Jarman also returns.—Alexander has for the present entire possession of Glasgow.—Seymour, the rival manager, having gone to Belfast with Miss Smithson.—The Caledonian Theatre is to re-open early in March. The manager, Mr C. Bass, has engaged a *corps de ballet*, and if there be a Vedy or two among them, it is pretty sure to pay well. Murray does not seem to know the difference between a Vedy and a Fairbrother.—*Postscript.* We wonder why OLD CERBERUS has not annihilated Larkin,—the worst singer ever exported out of Aberdeen.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan. 30—Feb. 5.

SAT.	<i>The Spring Meeting, Love Laughs at Bath, & Before Breakfast.</i>
MON.	<i>Guy Rannering, & The Bottle Imp.</i>
TUE.	<i>The Siege of Belgrade, & Cranford Brig.</i>
WED.	<i>The Devil's Bridge, William Thomson, & Gilderoy.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Duenna, & The Waterman.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Castle of Andalusia, & The Invincibles.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICES of the Earl of Glengall's Comedy, Robert Montgomery's "Satan," and several other new works, are unavoidably postponed. Also some interesting miscellaneous articles.

We hope to hear soon again from the Author of "The Picture Gallery," of whose talents we have a high opinion.

We shall be glad to hear from "Lorma," at his best convenience. The Stanms "To the Brier," are not exactly to our taste, being rather obscure and laboured, though they frequently indicate considerable poetical power.—The "Song for the Anniversary of Burns," from Daisy, is good, but is a little out of date, and we are afraid must lie over.—The "Song composed on a Summer's Eve," from Alice, will not suit us.

[No. 65, February 6, 1830.]

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

THE EDINBURGH PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS' SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, the 9th instant, in the GEORGE STREET ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

Plans to be had at the Music and Booksellers' Shops, where Subscriptions continue to be received.

JAMES DEWAR, Sec.

24, Dundas Street,
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It will be opened for the Public on Monday the 8th.

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A new novel, entitled *Waller Colyton*, from the pen of Mr Horace Smith, may be expected early in the course of next month. It is a tale of the Court of James II. Among the characters who have a prominent place, besides the King himself and his two daughters, afterwards Queen Mary and Anne, are Lord and Lady Sunderland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Sir Charles Sedley and his daughter, the Countess of Dorchester, Count Grammont, the Prince of Orange, Dryden, Shadwell, Algernon Sydney, &c.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S THIRD CONCERT.—It is to be regretted that the art of musical criticism does not keep pace in Edinburgh with the exertions of the Professional Society. The latter are spirited, enterprising, and clever; the former is too often pompous and dull. There are several persons among us who have a good scientific knowledge of music who also write concerning it; but it is one thing to understand music, and another to express with propriety and energy what ought to be said concerning it. For ourselves, we make no pretensions, nor claim for our opinions any higher deference than what an ardent admiration of the science, and a pretty extensive experience, may entitle them to. The Third Professional Concert was well attended. By far the highest effort of the evening, we reckon to be the *Recitativo ed Aria*, composed for Miss Inverarity by A. Murray, whether we regard the fine genius displayed by the composer in his admirable adaptation of the music to the sentiments expressed by the words, or the refined, and at the same time powerful, manner in which Miss Inverarity executed the whole piece. We never thought so highly of this young lady as we do now; she has a voice of the finest capabilities; but let her remember that her style is essentially Italian, and never let her again sing "Waly, waly," lest the wrath of Miss Noel should frighten her out of the Assembly Rooms.—Miss E. Paton's *Scena*, from Rossini's "Turco in Italia," was hardly less delightful. In grace and delicacy of execution Miss Paton is as yet still superior to Miss Inverarity, though on the present occasion we do not think she quite equalled her in expression.—Mr John Thomson's *Chorus and Round* is a bold and spirited composition; but is still too much tainted with mannerism,—too much after Weber.—Mr Wilson did considerable justice to Finlay Dun's song "If doughty deeds." We are not quite sure, however, upon what principles he received the only encore of the evening, but we have our own suspicions.—Of the instrumental pieces, the most interesting out of sight was Beethoven's *Grand Symphony in C Minor*, an exquisite composition, which can be performed only by an orchestra of a very superior kind, and which was executed in a manner reflecting the highest credit on our Edinburgh Musicians.—Mr Graham's *Sinfonia*, composed for the Society, is pretty and scientific, but deficient in power and originality.—We believe it is pretty generally known, that Mr Martin Müller plays very well on the pianoforte, and we think the fact sufficient, without any public exhibition of it.—The *Quartet*, by the four best violinists in Edinburgh, Messrs Dun, Murray, Dewar, and Hancock, was excellent.—In conclusion, we beg to hint to Mr Murray, not to be quite so ambitious of *showing off* when he next appears as "Leader." A great deal less flourishing of the fiddlestick, stamping of the foot, and putting of the fiddle under the arm, will do quite as well. The rule is to *lead*, without making a fuss about it.

DAVID HUME.—An aunt of the celebrated Historian, who had been more accustomed to think of him in his private than his public capacity, used to remark, when any one spoke in his praise,—“Ou ay! he's a vera fine chief! oor Davie, but unco weak-minded.”

ROBERT BURNS.—Every thing about Robert Burns must be interesting to the readers of the *Literary Journal*; and although the following be but a scrap, yet we think it worth preserving in our pages. Burns was a very intimate companion and “siccra friend” of Mr William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the Edinburgh High School, about the year 1782. He had a daughter, on whom Burns composed a poem, entitled “The Rosebud.” One evening, while the two friends were sitting together, and enjoying each others company, Cruikshank said, in a jocular way, “Come, Burns! give me an extempore epitaph for my own tomb-stone.” The Poet at first evaded the request, but being pressed, repeated the following stanza on the spur of the moment:

Honest Will's to Heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him;
His fau'ts they a' in Latin lay,
In English nae e'er kent them.

A delicate compliment to the scholar and the friend.

CHAT FROM LONDON.—The 12th Number of the Family Library commences a series of English Dramatic Poets, on the plan of the Family Shakespeare. The works of Massinger have been first selected for this series. It is said that Moore's second volume of the Life of Byron will not be ready for some weeks.—It is somewhat remarkable, that of the London Newspapers, the *Standard*, *Globe*, *Courier*, *Star*, *Morning Herald*, *St James's Chronicle*, *Atlas*, and some others, are all edited by Irishmen;—of the remainder, a considerable proportion are conducted by Scotchmen, and, on the whole, the English do not take a very efficient part in the periodical literature of the day.—The fuss that has been made in the metropolis about a

vulgar quack of the name of Chabert, is quite disgusting. All he does is, to go into an oven tolerably hot, and to swallow several things which he calls poison; yet the papers—these most intellectual organs—have been full of him for the last six months.—Newton, the artist, is engaged with a fine picture, taken from a scene in the “Merchant of Venice.”—The celebrated composer and piano-forte player, Hummel, is to visit London about the beginning of April, when he will favour the musical world with specimens of his unrivalled powers.—The scarlet fever having broken out in Westminster School, all the scholars have been sent home to their parents.

THE LATE DR ANDERSON.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR.—Since I wrote the article concerning my lamented friend, Dr Robert Anderson, which you inserted in your last Journal, I have learned that the Dr Anderson alluded to in the quotation I made from Dr Blacklock's letter to Burns was not my friend, but a Dr James Anderson, a correspondent of the late Earl of Buchan, and a great agriculturist. They have often been mistaken for one another; and I am not the only person who has supposed that the Editor of the *British Poets* was also the Editor of the *Rec.*—I take leave also to correct a misprint,—the Jeweller who had the copy of Burns's Poems was called Bruce, not Brown.—I am, &c. P. MAXWELL.

17th March, 1830.

Theatrical Gossip.—The fourteenth anniversary of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner, was celebrated a few days ago. The Duke of Clarence presided; and the subscription amounted to £1273.—Kean has attempted to play *Henry V.*, and, failing to recollect the words of the part, was very ill used by the London mob, being both hooted and pelted. It is doubtful that he will appear again.—Miss Kemble's salary is now understood to be thirty pounds per week. “Her *Mrs Bevilsey*,” says the Spectator, “just rises above failure, but scarcely touches success.” The more we read about Miss Fanny Kemble, the less we know what to think of her. The Spectator itself puffed her up to the skies at first.—A new piece has been produced at the Surrey Theatre, entitled, “The Beggar of Cripplegate, or the Humours of bluff King Hal,” which is said to be amusing.—Miss Stephens is to appear at Drury Lane in Easter week.—Madame Pasta is attracting vast admiration at Vienna. Her *Romeo* is particularly instanced. “It is said”—now for humbug—“that, on the eve of the representation, she paid a visit to the tomb of the lovers, which, every one knows, is near Verona, and that it had a great influence on the effect she afterwards produced. The sight of the tomb, indeed, so powerfully affected the sensibilities of Pasta, that the impression was fully preserved in her delineation of the terrible scene in the third act, in which she rose to the highest degree of the pathetic.”—Madame Fodor is at Naples; where she has appeared in “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” Lablache playing *Figaro*.—Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Malibran have been engaged in an interesting rivalry at Paris. Sontag has now, however, departed for Germany.—The French company in London is succeeding as well as ever.—Macready has played *Henry V.* in Dublin with great success.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 13—19.

SAT.	<i>Damon and Pythias, & Theresia.</i>
MON.	<i>The Barber of Seville, & Charles the Twelfth.</i>
TUES.	<i>Love in a Village, The Day after the Wedding, & No Song, No Supper.</i>
WED.	<i>The Marriage of Figaro, & Brother and Sister.</i>
THURS.	<i>Guy Mannering, & The Devil's Elbow.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor, & Gilderooy.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

“THE Abbey Garden” is in types, and also Mr Surenn's *Letter on the Antiquarian Society*.—We have received two able communications on the subject of the Psalms; to one or both we shall endeavour to give a place next Saturday.—We shall not be able to find room for “The Village Dominic.”—The “Reminiscences of School Days” do not appear to us so worthy of publication as those we have already received from the same pen.

The Verses by Thomas Brydson,—the “Stanzas in the manner of Shelley,”—“To Her I Love,”—and the “Address to a Rainbow,” by “J. N.” of Forfar, will probably appear in our next *SLIPPERS*.—We regret that none of the poems by “J. C.” will suit us. They lie for him at our Publishers'.—The following Verses will not suit us:—“The Poet's Wishes,”—the “Dialogue between Bruce and Wallace,” from Dundee,—Stanzas by “D. S.” of Glasgow,—“Lady Mary Grey,”—“A Remembrance,” by “Pyrrhus,”—“Airy Nothings,” by “Anti-Faust,”—and “The Slave's Dream,” by “A. N.”

[No. 71, March 20, 1830.]

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A novel, entitled *Clifford*, by the author of *Polham*, may be expected in a few days.

Shortly will be published, *Memoirs of the late Right Reverend J. T. James, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta*: gathered from his Letters and Memoranda, by E. James, M.A., Preliminary of Winchester.

There is in the press, *Illustrations of the Exodus*—consisting of six views, from drawings taken on the spot, during a journey through Arabia Petraea, in the year 1828, by W. H. Newnham, Esq., and engraved on stone by J. D. Harding. The scenes portrayed are those in which the principal events recorded in Exodus occurred.

Proposals for publishing the Wycliffite versions of the Old Testament have been circulated, under the sanction of the Royal Society of Literature. The editors are the Rev. J. Forshall and Mr. Madden, both eminent scholars, and connected with the British Museum.

The author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, and of *Continental Adventures*, is preparing a new work.

Mr. Ferrari, one of the oldest musical professors in London, announces *Memoirs of his Life, and Anecdotes of his Musical Contemporaries*. Ferrari was the intimate friend of Paeisello and Haydn, the preceptor of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Catalani.

MISS FANNY AYTON'S CONCERT.—This concert, which took place last Monday evening, was thinly attended. Miss Ayton particularly distinguished herself in "La Blondina," "Rise, gentle Moon," and a "Scena from *Der Freischütz*." She also sang very sweetly Mrs. Alexander Kerr's very pretty song, "This is the hour." She principally excels, however, in Italian music. Miss Ayton was assisted by Messrs. Horncastle, Boyle, Murray, and Platt. Mr. Horncastle must have had a cold, for his singing produced no effect whatever. Mr. Boyle was encored in "How blithely the pipe." Mr. Murray played a fine solo on the violin, and Mr. Platt a very pleasant one on the flute.

MR. KNOWLES'S LECTURES.—Mr. Knowles concluded his course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature on Wednesday. He was attended on that day by a highly respectable and numerous audience. We are glad to perceive that he is to deliver one other lecture this evening, on the interesting subject of Elocution—hitherto too much neglected in this city—in the course of which he will introduce some favourite specimens of recitation.

MR. DICK'S SUSPENSION RAILWAY.—The exhibition of Mr. Dick's ingenious invention closes, we believe, this day, and the models are about to be taken to London. A good deal of attention has been excited by this new species of railway. Cheapness and rapidity of conveyance from place to place are of the greatest importance, and any invention which has these objects in view, is well entitled to the minute investigation of scientific men. If Mr. Dick's plans were once reduced to practice, there is no saying what advantages might ultimately accrue from them. Traders and manufacturers would then be able to send their goods from one extremity of the country to the other, in nearly as little time as it now takes to transport them from one end of London to the other. The whole kingdom would thus be added to the tradesman's shop, and of course a great reduction would take place in the price of goods. The demand for them would consequently increase; the revenue would benefit accordingly; and the public burdens would be gradually reduced. This is a splendid prospect, and it may be realised if Mr. Dick's plans are ever put into practice.

THOMAS CAMPBELL AND MISS CRUMPE.—We have been a good deal amused with the following little disclosure, which is made with the utmost naïveté in the *New Monthly Magazine* for April. A recent musical publication, entitled, "Hours Past, Present, and Future, the words by Miss Crumpe, the music by T. Cooke," is thus reviewed:—"A very charming little *marceau* of composition, the words by the fair author of the novel of *Desmond*. While the music, we are persuaded, will be admired, the words are already familiar to our readers, having been published with the name of Mr. Campbell affixed to them. This may seem to demand explanation. We believe the secret to have been, that their fair author, diffident of her poetical powers, submitted the lines to Mr. Campbell's judgment, who expressed himself highly pleased with them. Whether the lady had still her doubts as to the sincerity of the commendation, we know not; but she so far probed it, that Mr. Campbell, saying he should not object to publish them with his own name, he thought so well of them, was instantly put to the test, and fulfilled the truth of his declaration with becoming gallantry. This may account for the lines appearing at present under another, the real authorship." We do not know whether to admire most in this instance the good faith of Miss Crumpe or of Mr. Campbell.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—We observe that the Exhibition of Ancient Pictures is to be closed on Saturday the 17th, and a Modern Exhibition to be opened early in May.

CHIT-CHAT FROM GLASGOW.—The "Bazaar" for the sale of Ladies' Work, in behalf of the Orphan Institution, was held last week, in a very handsome suit of apartments recently built, and called St. George's Rooms. There was a prodigious turn-out of beauty and fashion on all the days, and £500 was realised for the charity. One family of young ladies alone contributed what brought a twentieth of the sum thus levied, chiefly on bachelors. Many *celebrities* were tempted out of half-a-crown by the *taking* appearance of a sealed packet, labelled "Indispensable to a Gentleman." If they broke the seal in the room, another half-crown was the penalty of their imitation of Eve, and their reward, on unloosing the mysterious parcel, was *A Wife*—of gingerbread—value twopence. Some of the fair contributors used their pens, as well as their needles and pencils, on this occasion, with great effect. A catalogue, in verse, of the articles exhibited for sale, was particularly piquant and elegant, as you will judge by the following specimen:

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Of the Orphans who ask to be screen'd from the cold."

—T. P. Cooke has created a sensation amounting to enthusiasm here, and drawn excellent houses. His benefit was quite a bumper, and deservedly so, for his *William*, in Black-Eyed Susan, is unique, and "albeit unused to the melting mood," it drew tears into my "lee scuppers."—Miss Jarman is expected with impatience, and we are well pleased to hear she will play in "Aloys," which, although by a talented lady who has many friends in Glasgow, and is, we believe, a townsman of our own, strange to say, has never yet been performed here.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—The great topic of conversation at present is Thomas Campbell's Defence of Lady Byron, and Castigation of Mr. Moore in the last Number of his Magazine. The prevalent opinion seems to be, that Mr. Campbell has thrown away a great quantity of excellent indignation, and left the matter very much where he found it. One thing is evident, that Moore was ignorant of the real or alleged cause of separation, and endeavoured to account for it in as favourable a manner for Lord Byron as possible. That he should have done so, was natural enough, and no defence which Lady Byron has yet made proves the biographer deserving of the opprobrious epithets heaped on him by Mr. Campbell.—Leitch Ritchie has published a book, called "The Game of Life;" it is well written, but heavy.—The *Foreign Literary Gazette*, which has existed for three months, has stopped at the 15th Number, for want of sufficient encouragement. This is to be regretted, for it was conducted with much ability, and in an enlightened and candid spirit.

—A new weekly periodical, called *Le Représentant des Peuples*, in French, has made its first appearance. Another French paper has been for some time established in London, called *Le Furet de Londres*.—The indefatigable Mr. Owen is about to hold a public meeting in the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of giving an outline once more of his new system of morals.—The "Panorama of the Maine and the adjacent country, from Mayence to Frankfort," which has just been published, is a very useful addition to Mr. Leigh's travelling guide-books. It is a bird's-eye view, combining the map and panoramas in one, and will be found a very acceptable companion to the English traveller.—A paper on the Siamese Youths has been read at the Royal Society, and the interest was much increased by the young men being present.—The Literary Union have decided, by a majority of 7, that cards shall not be admitted into their club.

Theatrical Gossip.—Covent Garden closes for the season about the 14th of June, when Fanny Kemble and her father will proceed upon a provincial tour.—Mrs. Davenport is to terminate with the present season her professional life of thirty-five years' duration.—The new Easter piece at Drury-Lane is written by Planché, and is upon a Chinese subject. At Covent Garden Peake is the author, and his drama is founded on Cooper's novel of the Pioneers.—An English version of Rosini's "Cinderella," is almost ready for representation at Covent Garden.—Miss Paton to play *Cinderella*.—Young has been

performing at Newcastle.—Braham, who is now in London, has refused all engagements both at theatres and concerts.—The Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund Dinner took place a few days ago. The Duke of Clarence presided; and the subscription was liberal.—A new grand opera has been performed at Amsterdam, the words and music both by M. Fodor.—Ducrow has now taken his leave of Liverpool, where he has been for some time.—Macready has brought out in Dublin a new tragedy from the pen of the late lamented Matrin. It is entitled, "Osmyn the Renegade, or the Siege of Salerno;" and was some time ago in rehearsal at Covent Garden, though circumstances prevented its being produced there. It has been entirely successful in Dublin. "The plot of the Tragedy," says the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, "is remarkable for that depth of conception which characterizes every effusion of its author; and the language is beautifully poetic, teeming with language as exalted as it is original."—Liston has been here for the last week, but has not been drawing very crowded houses.—Miss Jarman took her farewell benefit on Saturday last, though we do not see that it was for the manager's interest to allow her to depart before the conclusion of the season. We trust she is to return to us, for we know of no actress whose versatility of talent more fits her to lead the business of the Edinburgh stage. She has made herself a decided favourite here, and has left a blank which all the other female members of the Company put together cannot fill up.—We have lost Wilson also, without knowing very well why. His engagement will surely be renewed.—We perceive that one of the newspapers still persists in asserting, in opposition to what was stated by OLD CHAMBERS last Saturday, that Mr Murray has not yet obtained the lease-ship of the Theatre-Royal. We conceive this to be a mere quibble;—the papers may not be actually signed and sealed, but every thing is understood and arranged, and it is stuff, therefore, to tell us (what we have no doubt is perfectly true) that Mr Murray has had handsome offers from a London Manager, as if to frighten us into a belief, that unless we take care, or give him a very excellent bargain, we shall lose Mr Murray altogether,—a consummation not in the least to be dreaded.—Mr Bass has gone to Berwick with part of his company. It is said that he has engaged Yates and the Elephant for the Caledonian Theatre.—Miss Jarman commences a short engagement in Glasgow next week.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

April 3—9.

SAT.	<i>Know your Own Mind, & Masanella.</i>
MON.	<i>She Stoops to Conquer, & X, Y, Z.</i>
TUES.	<i>Paul Pry, & Love, Law, and Physic.</i>
WED.	<i>Sweethearts and Wives, & Deaf as a Post.</i>
THURS.	<i>Paul Pry, & Charles XII.</i>
FRI.	(Theatre closed.)

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received several communications on the subject of the *Palmas*, which we shall forward to Mr Tennant, for his personal and consideration.

The articles from West Houses are under consideration.—"Astolpho" is clever, but a little too rambling.—We shall read the Tragedy which has been sent to us by "Clarens," and give him our opinion of it.

The verses by "Amelia B." are clever, but are too personally complimentary to admit of publication.—"The False One," by "Clericus," of London, hardly comes up to our standard.—"The Seaman's Grave," and the "Sonnet to a Brother in America," will not suit us.

The explanation of the Enigma in our last, entitled "La Belle Prisonnière en Edimbourg," is the Scottish Crown, preserved in the Castle. The translation by "J. D." and the poetical answer by "C. D.," are both good.

ERRATUM.—In a note appended to our last report of the Proceedings at the Society of Antiquaries, Mr Gregory's "Account of the Trials of the Macgregors," is spoken of instead of Mr Plostra's.

[No. 74, April 10, 1830.]

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

CLOSE OF ANCIENT EXHIBITION.

THE EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT PICTURES at the ROYAL INSTITUTION will be closed on Saturday, the 17th current.

Intending Exhibitors at the Modern Exhibition, to be opened in May, will please take notice, that Saturday, the 1st of May, is the last day on which any works can be received for Exhibition.

FRANCIS CAMERON,
Assist.-Sec.

Edinburgh, April 6, 1830.

HOPETOUN ROOMS.

MR J. S. KNOWLES having been requested to give an Evening LECTURE on ELOCUTION, he has the honour to announce one for Saturday Evening, the 11th April, to be delivered in the above Rooms.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE.

Importance of the Art of Oratory—Its Dependence upon the Art of Elocution—Prejudices against the latter founded in Ignorance—Natural and Artificial Language—Curran for Hamilton Rowan—Defective delivery of our Orators traceable to the neglect of the Living Tongue—Emotion the grand weapon of the Orator—Demosthenes: the Athenians—Extemporaneous Composition—Pitt's Reply to Sir Robert Walpole—Importance of laying, at an early period, the foundation of a good Elocution—Analysis of *The Battle of Hohenlinden—The Chieftain, &c.*

To commence precisely at Eight o'Clock.

Tickets of Admission, Three Shillings, to be had of Messrs COX-STABLE & CO.; Mr MILLAR, Prince's Street; Mr ANDERSON, North Bridge, and Messrs M'LACHLAN and STEWART, opposite the College.

Students' Tickets, Two Shillings, to be had at the door of the Lecture-room.

LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.

(SUMMER COURSE.)

MR WILLIAM AINSWORTH, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, late assistant at the School of Mines, Paris, &c. will commence a three months' Course of Lectures on GEOLOGY, in the Class-Room, No. 10, Surgeons' Square, on Tuesday, May 11th, 1830, at Eleven o'Clock, A. M., which will be continued every Tuesday and Thursday till the Course is terminated.—Ticket, L. 1, 1s.

These Lectures will comprise the Outlines of Physical Geography; the Mineralogical Description of Mountain Rocks; and the Natural History of Fossil Organic Remains in their relations to Existing Species, and to the Theories of the Earth; and will be illustrated by Drawings and Specimens.

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AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Halleck, one of the most popular of the American poets, is about to publish a new volume.—Translations of several French novels have lately been published in the United States.—A plan is in agitation at New York for establishing in that city a University, on the plan of the London University.—In our next Number, we propose presenting our readers with specimens of the poetical abilities of a number of the most eminent of the American poets.

CONCERTS.—Last night, the Professional Society's fourth and last Concert took place, of course, too late for our remarks this week. The benefit Concerts have now commenced, and are likely, we hope, to be well attended. Messrs Murray and Taylor, and Miss Invernarity, have already announced their respective evenings, and others will speedily follow.

Theatrical Gossip.—Lalonde and Malibran have now joined the King's Theatre, and La Blache is expected speedily.—Miss Stephens has re-appeared at Drury-Lane, as Polly in the "Beggar's Opera." Vestris playing Lucy, and the new singer, Anderson, *Captain Macbeth*.—Mr Wallace is spoken of as the future lessee of Drury-Lane; but Charles Wright is also anxious to have it.—A great uproar took place the other evening at Drury-Lane, between the *pros* and *cons*, for an *encore* of Madame Vestris. The lady came forward to the lamps, and said, "To be, or not to be!" The Cockneys were so delighted, that all opposition immediately gave way.—The building of the English Opera House is to commence immediately, on nearly the same site that it formerly occupied.—Beazley is the architect.—Poor Miss Cubitt, the lady whose tipping infirmities Mr Hawes, the conductor of the oratorios, had lately the unmanliness to expose, has made the matter worse, by writing a letter to the *Times*, in which she owns the soft impeachment.—The *Times*, by the way, thinks Mr H. Siddons's Farewell Address the best composition of the kind they (the *Times*) have ever perused. This gives one but a poor opinion of the poetical taste of the "leading journal."—His Majesty has declared his willingness to become the Patron of the Avon Club, and the preparations for the approaching Shakspearian Jubilee, which is to be held on the 23d, 24th, and 25th instant, are on a scale of unprecedented magnificence.—All the London Theatres have produced their Easter pieces, some of which are very splendid.—In Paris, M. Dumas, emulous of the reputation of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," has produced a romantic drama, illustrative of the career of Christina, Queen of Sweden. The most romantic part of the whole seems to be, that its representation occupies six hours. It has, however, been favourably received.—Caradori, who is at present in Venice, has met with a rival there in the shape of a Mile. Grisli. Terrible uproars take place at the Opera almost every evening in consequence. The boxes support Caradori, and the pit, Grisli, (probably because they are the most *greasy* part of the population.)—Pasta is at Verona, where she has been receiving much honour.—Sontag is now in Berlin. On her way thither, she gave a concert at Göttingen, which was attended by 1200 persons; and at its conclusion, the students at the University took the horses from her carriage, and drew her in triumph to her hotel; so much for the Göttingen students!—Macready has terminated a very successful engagement in Dublin.—Vanderhoff has been performing in Seymour's company at Belfast.—Mr Ryder has closed the Aberdeen Theatre for the season, which we regret to learn has not been a very successful one. Barton performed there on the last night of the season, which was Tuesday.—Miss Jarman commenced an engagement in Glasgow on Thursday last,—she appeared in the characters of *Lady Tossie*, and the *Youthful Queen*.—Liston makes his last appearance in Edinburgh this evening. We are informed that he meditates retiring from the stage ere long. He has drawn good houses, and has excited as much amusement as ever. Some critics have been saying that all his power lies in his face; but this is nonsense. Liston's humour, though not of a very refined description, indicates a quick and acute mind. He is to perform four nights in Glasgow next week.—We are to have T. P. Cooke on Monday.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

April 10—16.

SAT.	Paul Pry, & The Happiest Day of my Life.
MON.	The Young Quaker, & The Illustrious Stranger.
TUES.	Sweethearts and Wives, & X, Y, Z.
WED.	Paul Pry, & The Illustrious Stranger.
THURS.	Who Wants a Guinea? & Love, Law, and Physic.
FRI.	Do., & Charles XII.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length of the powerfully-written article by Mr Ald in today's Number obliges us to postpone several communications till next Saturday.

Mr Tennant's interesting communication shall have a place as soon as possible.—The article by "Aldus" will be inserted next

week, provided we agree with his opinions upon examining the subject.—To our fair Correspondent in Lerwick we do not know what to say, unless that her communication has interested us, and that, if she can point out how we can serve her, we shall be happy to hear from her again.—We shall be glad to rank "Jeremy Diddler" among our contributors; but his introductory letter touches too much upon our own personal merits to warrant publication, albeit we beg him to believe that the theme is to us particularly agreeable.—We shall endeavour to find room for a part of the paper entitled "Easter Sunday."—The Letter by "Carbon," on the present state of the country, is more suited for the columns of a political, than a literary journal.—We agree with "J. A." in his estimate of the amusement to be received at the Caledonian Theatre.—When we do not make use of the hints with which "Proteus" is good enough to supply us from time to time, he may conclude that we have our own reasons.—The "Remarks on Campbell's article against Moore's Life of Byron" are sensible; but the subject is now somewhat stale. We have not forgotten the author's previous communication.

Our fair correspondent, "Amelia B.," writes so eloquently, that we do not know how to deny her suit. We can assure her that, in our own personal character, we would willingly "disoblige a thousand for one week, to oblige a lady for one day;" but an editor and a man are two different persons. Her communication, however, has afforded us much pleasure.—We hope to make room for "The Overwhelmed Isle," Stanzas by "J.," and many other postponed communications in our next SLIPPER, which, to gladden the hearts of our contributors, we announce for Saturday se'nnight.—The Balled by "Pat Frizle," will hardly suit us.

[No. 75, April 17, 1830.]

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

THE NEW

MONTHLY AND LONDON MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1830.

CONTENTS.—Remarks on Mr Moore's Life of Lord Byron, and on the causes of Lady Byron's separation from his Lordship. By Thomas Campbell, Esq.—English Manners, or Satiric Sketches: the Ball Room.—The First Month of the Session.—The Lounger, No. I.—Mr Dickson's Narrative: Mexican Banditti.—Specimens of German Genius, No. I.—Sparrow-Shooting, or Goose Green.—Recollections of a Göttingen Student, No. V.—Correspondence of Ganganelli and Carlini.—The Parisian Journal.—Ode to the New Sovereign of Greece.—Cloudeley, by the author of "Caleb Williams".—Indecision: our First Day in Paris.—A Grave Rehearsal.—Undertakers.—Political Events.—Critical Notices of New Publications, the Drama, Fine Arts, Varieties, Domestic and Foreign, Biographical Memoirs of Persons lately deceased, Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c.

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Personal Narrative of Captain Glasspool, of the Honourable Company's ship *Marquis of Ely*, relating the Captivity of that Officer amongst the Ladrões of the Chinese Sea, and describing the Haunts and Habits of those Pirates.—Song, by John Bowring, Esq.—The Rogniat Controversy, concluded.—Lines, by Mrs Hemans.—Two Months' Recollections of the late War in Spain and Portugal, by a Private Soldier, concluded.—Letters from Gibraltar, No. 1, by the author of "The Military Sketch Book".—Biographical Sketch of the late Major Taylor, of the Royal Artillery.—The Story of Ja Far, Son of the Sultan of Wadal.—Extracts from a Cruiser's Log.—A Commander's Petition on the present Naval Uniform.—Colloquies with Folard, No. 2.—Navarino in 1825, from the Unpublished Journal of a late Naval Officer.—Remarks on Military Punishments, by Sir Gilbert Blane.—The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the late War in Germany and France.—CORRESPONDENCE.—Editor's Portfolio.—Monthly Naval Register.—Courts Martial, &c.

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PROSPECTUS.

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Or smoothly glide, like happiness, along,
Seem fraught with life like thee!—when feelings strong
Stir in thy soul and sparkle in thine eye—
When new-born joys into thy bosom throng,
And brighten o'er thy face, as if the sky
Were mirror'd there, and heaven itself to earth drew nigh

The earth's green surface, and the glassy stream—
The soft and wavy line of hills around,
Gilt by the radiance of the sun's last beam!—
Fair nature's beauty, that doth here abound,
In deep and fairy vale, in flowery mound—
All that attracts the gaze, in form or hue,
And all that meets the ear of heavenly sound,
But conjures up thy image to my view—
So much thy pure young spirit seems all things t' imbue.
May 7th, 1890.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that the first volume of the History of German Literature, by Mr Thomas Carlyle, translator of "Wilhelm Meister," and author of the "Life of Schiller," is now ready for the press. The work is to be published in London.

The Book of Scotland, by Mr William Chambers, is, we understand, now in the press, and expected to appear about the end of this month. The contents appear to be of a varied and instructive nature. They are designed to exhibit a popular view of our different national institutions, whether political, civil, or religious,—prominent and peculiar laws and usages,—duties of public functionaries, and other matters hitherto unpublished, or scattered over a number of works not easily accessible. The book is intended chiefly for the use of strangers, and will form a companion to the Picture of Scotland.

The Reverend John Parker Lawson, M.A., author of the "Life and Times of Archbishop Leitch," is preparing for the press a volume entitled, the Doctrine of the Absolution of Sin, as maintained by the Holy Catholic Church in all ages, stated and explained in seven discourses, with notes and illustrations. In these discourses several popular doctrines, such as Universal Pardon, Assurance of Faith, Lay-preaching, Predestination, &c., will be examined.

A work, under the title of Satanic Records, or the Autobiography of a Nobleman, is announced.

The Rev. Dr Wiseman, Rector of the English College at Rome, is at present engaged in translating some Oriental works in the Vatican. The Drama of Nature, a poem, by Joseph Mitchell Burton, is announced.

MEDICAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION OF SCOTLAND.—The annual public meeting of this society is to take place, we understand, early in June. The objects of the institution are generally—to protect the members throughout their lives from the casualties to which professional men are exposed, and to make provision for their widows, children, or other dependants, after their death. We believe it is to the highly praiseworthy exertions of Dr Edward D. Alison, that the success which has hitherto attended this excellent institution is mainly to be attributed.

THE STONEHAVEN LUMINARY.—A small literary periodical, bearing this name, has been established in Stonehaven. It contains some very creditable writing, both in prose and verse, and indicates a good spirit on the part of its conductors.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received a copy of a new song, entitled, "Where are the Flowers of the Wildwood?" the music by the authoress of "Aloyse," the words by Charles Doyne Sillery. The air is original, plaintive, and expressive. The song was sung by Miss Jarman in the part of Aloyse, in Glasgow, with much applause.

CRIT CHAT FROM LONDON.—The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open at Somerset-House. It contains eleven hundred pictures, one half of which are portraits. There are six portraits by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, all of which are very interesting, particularly those of the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mr Thomas Moore, though the last is not quite finished. The subject of Wilkie's principal picture, as explained in the catalogue, is "His Majesty, King

George the Fourth, received by the Nobles and People of Scotland, upon his entrance to the Palace of Holyrood House, on the 15th of August 1822." Besides the King, this painting contains full-length portraits of the Dukes of Hamilton, Montrose, and Argyll, the late Earl of Hopetoun, Sir Alexander Keith, Sir Walter Scott, and others. There are also, of course, a great multitude of persons of all ranks and ages, executed in Wilkie's peculiarly racy style. The critics, however, differ much in their estimate of the merits of the work. "The whole picture," says a writer in one of the weekly journals, "has the air of the reception of a buckram commander of the old military school, by the lairds of a petty town, all look so staid, melancholy, and demi-officially ceremonious. It is a sad affair, and the streaky handling of the painting makes its dim and murky tone more uninviting." Kitty, Turner, Briggs, and Newton, exhibit, upon the whole, the finest pictures.—A Geographical Society is about to be formed in London on a plan similar to that of the Geographical Society of Paris. An institution of this kind has hitherto been a desideratum in this country, and, if properly conducted, is likely to be of very essential service to the cause of science.—At a recent meeting of the Oriental Translation Committee, a resolution of considerable interest to Oriental scholars was agreed to, that a sum varying from 20 to 100 sovereigns should be given to any person who can point out a translation in the Arabic or any other Oriental language, of a lost Greek or Latin work.

Theatrical Gossip.—"Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol," written by Planché, and the music taken from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," has been prodigiously successful at Drury-Lane. It is supported by the combined talents of Miss Stephens, Vestris, Sinclair, H. Phillips, and Bland.—Two new farces have been produced, one at Drury-Lane and the other at Covent-Garden, called, "A Joke's a Joke, or, too much for Friendship," and "The Colonel;" both were deservedly and unequivocally damned.—Miss Paton took her benefit on Thursday last at Covent-Garden. She played Jessica, with songs, in the "Merchant of Venice," to Miss Kemble's Portia, and her father's Shylock.—Ducrow has commenced his season at Astley's Amphitheatre, and is drawing crowds.—A ludicrous scene occurred the other evening at the King's Theatre. Malbran and Castelli had performed the parts of Romeo and Juliet, but having died too near the front of the stage, they were left at the fall of the curtain still lying before the audience. It would scarcely have done for them to have risen and walked off, so two gentlemen in yellow livery came forward, and each taking a lady in his arms, bore her away, amidst the shouts and laughter of the audience.—Sontag has been getting herself hissed at Berlin, and this treatment affected her so much that she fainted twice in the course of the evening.—Nothing new has been doing at our Theatre this week. Miss Isabella Paton is to commence a week's engagement this evening, in the "Country Girl," and the "Weathercock."—We observe that Mrs Eyre is to take her benefit on Tuesday, on which occasion Miss Eyre is to appear.—Mr Murray has returned from London, and, as we hinted in our last, he has not come alone.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 11—14.

TUES. Guy Mannering, The Scape Goat, & Cromwell Brig.
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TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICES of several new works of interest are unavoidably postponed.

The dramatic production of "Clarena" is not without merit, but it contains many symptoms of immature judgment, and we are afraid is not in its present form calculated for representation. It lies at our Publishers'—The communication from "R. W." of Dunbar, on the subject of the Psalms, will be forwarded to Mr Tennant.—We cannot comply with the request of "Proteus," in reference to his volume of manuscript poetry, unless he ceases to write to us anonymously.—The "Sketches in Sutherland and Caithness" will not suit us.—We are obliged by the communication of "T. A." of Glasgow. We are afraid that the MS. to which he alludes has gone amiss.—We received with pleasure the communications of our Aberdeen Correspondent "W. S.," the "Ascent of Elijah" shall have a place. Its author will hear from us in a day or two.—Remarks on Philology are unavoidably postponed till next Saturday.

The poetry of "T. B. J." and of "W. W.," if possible, in our next.—The Sonnet by "N. C." of Glasgow was more laboured than usual, and does not please us quite so well as we could wish.—"The Song of Love," by "G." of Glasgow, contains some good verses, but it is unequal. We shall be glad, however, to hear again from its author.—A packet lies for "J. S." of Inverness at our Publishers'.

[No. 79, May 14, 1850.]

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Mr John of Creditor, author of "Dews of Castale," reviewed in the *Literary Journal* some time ago, is about to publish, by subscription, a poem in four cantos, entitled, "The Pyramids." Some minor poems will be added.

The Rev. John Romney is about to publish *Memoirs of the Life and Works of his Father, George Romney, the eminent painter.*

A work, entitled "Robert Emmet, or Ireland in 1805," by the Baron Edward Henry, has been recently published in Paris.

M. Lemartine has announced a new volume of poems, under the title of "*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses.*"

The *Foreign Review* is henceforth to be incorporated with the *Foreign Quarterly*, which will be printed, we believe, in Edinburgh. The *London University Magazine* has been given up, and also the daily newspaper, called the *Morning Journal*.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE NEW EDITION OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.—We are glad to perceive that the publishers of the new edition of this valuable work are resolved upon making the illustrations worthy of the literary and scientific contents. We have seen one or two specimens of the new engravings, particularly views of the west fronts of the Cathedrals at York and at Pisa, and can speak of them in the highest terms as beautifully executed specimens of art.

NEW PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—We had the pleasure of seeing, a few days ago, a Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted by Mr Watson Gordon, and now nearly finished. We consider it the best likeness which has yet been taken of the Author of *Waverley*. He is represented sitting in the dress he usually wears in the country—a short green coat, and light yellow waistcoat; his hands rest upon his walking stick in an attitude at once easy, natural, and graceful. Mr Gordon has, in this picture, entirely avoided the fault which painters of celebrated persons are too apt to fall into—that of attempting to attach to the countenance some vague, ideal, and indescribable expression of genius, much more calculated at *captandum vulgus*, than to satisfy those who look for truth to nature. It is always the exception to find a great man carrying in his features the visible stamp of that greatness. None but the unthinking would ever expect to see the Lady of the Lake, or Guy Mannering, written on Sir Walter Scott's face, any more than they would hope to catch Lalla Rookh peeping from under Mr Moore's eyebrow, or the Pleasures of Hope lurking in some dimple of Mr Campbell's chin. The truth is, there is little that is very peculiar in the predominant expression of Sir Walter Scott's face. His hair is now of a silver grey, he has a narrow but a very lofty forehead, his eye is of a light bluish grey, his nose is a very shapeless and unclassical combination of bone, skin, and muscle, his mouth is large, (as the mouths of most clever people are,) and has a sweet and mild expression; his cheeks and chin are deeply marked with the lines of thought. The mental states most commonly represented by his countenance, are either a complete abstraction from the external world, and consequently an absence of all play of feature, or a pleasant and humorous expression, somewhat sly and arch, or what the Scotch call *ponky*, betraying itself by the twinkling of the eye, and a certain puckering up of the corners of the mouth. Sir Walter Scott's most intimate friends, who have seen him in the act of composing his most popular works, will allow that they have seldom or never been able to trace upon his countenance the operations of his intellect to any extent beyond what we have now indicated. Mr Watson Gordon, aware of this fact, has contented himself with giving us the man as he is, and the result is a strong, characteristic, and highly pleasing likeness. We are glad to understand that this portrait is to be engraved by Hornburgh for the new edition of the *Novels*.—We may take this opportunity of mentioning, that Mr Gordon has likewise painted lately, an exceedingly striking and able portrait of Alexander Alexander, a man of very remarkable fortunes, whose *Memoirs* are about to be published by Blackwood.

LOTNIAN'S NEW MAP OF EDINBURGH AND ITS ENVIRONS.—We have been favoured with an early copy of this new plan of the city of Edinburgh and map of its environs, contained on one large sheet, calculated either for a roller, boards, or case. From the examination we have given it, we think we may pronounce it the best and completest plan of Edinburgh we have yet seen. It is executed by Mr Claud Shaw, civil engineer and surveyor, and is adapted to illustrate not only the present state and intended improvements of the city, but also the antiquities, traditionary and historical—an interesting and hitherto almost neglected department. For this purpose, a number of printed references are given, which will be found exceedingly useful. The sheet is also embellished with nineteen marginal views in Edinburgh, very beautifully engraved from spirited drawings by Thomas H. Shepherd. Altogether, it is as creditable and attractive a production of the kind as could be desired.

Theatrical Gossip.—Lalache, the new singer at the Italian Opera, appears likely to become a great favourite. "He has a giant person," says the *Spectator*, "and a giant bass to suit it. His voice is of great depth, but flexible, and manœuvred with accomplished skill. His acting is of the best quality of buffo performance—full of the part, but never running into extravagance." Lalande is not making much progress in public estimation.—The boy Burke (by the by he has been a boy a good while now) is playing with great éclat at the Surrey

Theatre.—Some interesting particulars concerning the Metropolitan Theatricals will be found in a previous page.—So little taste for the Drama appears to exist at present in Manchester, that the announcement of one of the first comic actors of the day—Dowton—in one of his favourite characters, attracted a house containing no more than twenty shillings, which sum the Manager returned, and no performance took place.—The French comedians now in London have recently gained an accession of strength in the person of a clever comic actor called Bernard Lear.—Caradori and Pasta are both engaged at Vienna.—An Italian company are at present performing in Constantinople, and a French one in Smyrna.—We saw a Jersey paper a few days ago, by which it appears that theatricals are thriving in that island. The star at present is a black man, who is styled the African Roscius.—Yates and the Elephant are attracting crowds in Dublin; they are afterwards to visit Glasgow and Edinburgh.—At our Theatre Miss Isabella Paton concludes her week's engagement, and takes her benefit this evening. "*Masaniello*" was revived on Wednesday evening, and Wilson re-appeared in that part. Though in very different styles, this drama and "*The Youthful Queen*" are the two best new pieces which have been brought out this season. The benefits are now commencing, and for the next fortnight we shall have little else.—The Caledonian does not appear to be doing much good, which was naturally to be expected as long as the Theatre Royal continues open.—We believe OLD CARRIERS will have something to say concerning theatrical matters next Saturday.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 15—21.

SAT.	<i>The Country Girl, No 1 & The Weathercock.</i>
MON.	<i>The Belle's Stratagem, The Day after the Wedding, and Mary Stewart.</i>
TUES.	<i>A Bold Stroke for a Husband, 'Twas I, and the Wood Demon.</i>
WED.	<i>The Honey Moon, & Masaniello.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Will, & Do.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Suspicious Husband, & Do.</i>

TO OUR READERS.

In order to make room for the favours of our advertising friends, we have of late been more than once obliged to encroach upon the space allotted to our literary matter. To atone for this we shall present our readers next Saturday with a double Number, containing an additional half-sheet of letter-press, and enriched with many articles by writers of celebrity, among which will be an interesting paper on the General Assembly.

We also take this opportunity of mentioning that there is now in preparation as a frontispiece to the third volume of the *LITERARY JOURNAL*, an engraving, from the most striking portrait of the *ETTRICK SHEPHERD* which has yet been painted, and which is to be executed expressly for this work. We shall state some further particulars concerning it ere long.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE account of the rise and progress of the French Institution, as also communications from the Ettrick Shepherd, and others are unavoidably postponed till next Saturday. The name mentioned by "*Proteus*" is not in our list of subscribers, and we have some doubts whether he gives it seriously or not. However, he will find his volume of poetry marked as he desires at our publishers on Monday. Our sins of omission and commission, to which he alludes, must remain, we suspect, *in statu quo*. The poetry of "*R. S.*," "*R. L.*" and of our Forfar correspondent, shall if possible have a place.—"*The Morning Star*," by "*R. H.*" of Glasgow, contains some poetical thoughts and diction, but is unequal.—We think it our duty to publish the following lines as probably the *worst* we have ever received:

ON DEATH.

Oh Death! thou grimmest of the grim,
Thou who dost all subdue;
On whom thou look'st his life's but slim,
All bend the knee to you.

To some thou't welcome,—to others not;
To some thou art a load;
By the wicked thou art ne'er forgot,
But long'd for by the sons of God.

The guilty tremble, as well they may,
For see Heaven they'll never;
There is at hand a judgment day,
When they'll sink down, alas! for ever.

The author of this lucubration promises that if it is inserted we shall hear from him again; we willingly, however, release him from this promise.

[No. 30, May 23, 1830.]

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NOTICE.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SCOTTISH ACADEMY of PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE, will close on Saturday the 23d May.

24, Waterloo Place.

Edinburgh, 15th May 1830.

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

NUMBER CL

Was published on Saturday the 15th.

CONTENTS.

1. Naval Tactics—Breaking of the Enemy's Line—Sir Howard Douglas and the Quarterly Review.
 2. Sir James Turner's Memoirs of his Life and Times—Scottish Covenanters.
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Theatrical Gossip.—Nothing but benefits are now going on in London.—At Drury-Lane, Farren, Harley, and Wallack, have had excellent houses.—At Covent-Garden, Fawcett has made his farewell *crit* with the utmost eclat; and on Tuesday last, Mrs Davenport, one of the best performers of old women that ever appeared on the stage, took her first and last benefit. She chose the part of the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet,"—a part she has played for 30 years to all the *Juliet*s who have come out during that period.—On Tuesday next Miss Stephens takes her benefit at Drury-Lane, and on Thursday Miss Foote at Covent-Garden, on which occasion she is to appear as *Dona Violante* in "The Wonder," and "Moggy McGilpin" in "The Highland Reel."—Last night Miss Kemble was to make her first appearance in comedy, as *Lady Townly*, in "The Provok'd Husband."—Lalache, the new buffo singer at the Opera, is a native of Naples, and, in allusion to his enormous size, he has been called, "le véritable gros de Naples."—It is said that Mr Lee, the new lessee of Drury-Lane, has selected Mr Cooper as the stage-manager.—Keen is engaged to appear next season at the Haymarket for six nights.—Miss Smithson has made her *début* at the Opera Comique in Paris, and has been received with as much *empressement* as ever. We can only say to the Parisians, as some old women are reported to have said to a certain gentleman when they saw him carrying off an exciseman—"We wish you luck of your prize."—Mr Goldsmith, son of the celebrated banker, made a successful *début* a few evenings ago at Drury-Lane, in the character of *Monsieur Tonsou*. At the falling of the curtain he was again called for to receive the congratulations of his friends.—Yates has been playing *Silvester Daggerwood*, and giving imitations of all the popular performers, to the great delight of the good people of Dublin.—Miss Jarman, who was for some time prevented from performing by a severe domestic affliction, has been playing this week in Belfast, and is to return to Glasgow on Monday for seven nights.—Miss Phillips takes her benefit here this evening, and Mrs Nicol on Tuesday.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 22—28.

SAT.	<i>The Wonder</i> , a Concert, &c.
MON.	<i>Speed the Plough</i> , <i>The Lancers</i> , & <i>Cramond Brig</i> .
TUES.	<i>The Recruiting Officer</i> , & <i>Tekell</i> .
WED.	<i>Guy Mannering</i> , & <i>Rob Roy Macgregor</i> .
THURS.	<i>Paul Pry</i> , & <i>Mananillo</i> .
FRI.	<i>A Tale of Mystery</i> , <i>Paris</i> , <i>Hooly and Fairly</i> , & <i>The Fall of Algiers</i> .

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE Prodigal" and "The Faithless" are in types.—The "Serenade Song" shall have a place.—"I weep for thee,"—"The voice of Spring," by our Correspondent on the banks of Spey,—"David's Lament," by "W. T." of Auchterarder,—and the "Sonnet" by "N. C." of Glasgow, lie over for probable insertion in our next *SUPPLEMENT*.—The communications from West-houses are not overlooked.—The author of "Lines to the Memory of a Sister" is improving, but his diction is as yet too diffusive.—The verses "To Eliza" are inadmissible.—"Proteus" will positively find a packet at our publishers' on Monday.

The extensive circulation and popularity of the *Literary Journal* having rendered it so excellent a medium for Advertisements, they are increasing weekly on our hands; but this will only induce us to present our readers more frequently with a double Number like the present.

[No. 81, May 29, 1830.]

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

[ADVERTISEMENTS from London, intended for insertion in this JOURNAL, which now forms one of the most eligible mediums for Literary Advertising in Scotland, are respectfully requested to be left with Mr FREDERICK SOMERS, No. 169, Fleet Street, who has been appointed Agent for the Advertising Department in London. Terms the same as the Edinburgh Newspapers.]

Theatre-Royal.

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LORD OF PADUA,

An Historical Tale of the Fourteenth Century.

From the Italian of GATARO,

By DAVID SYME, Esquire, advocate.

Edinburgh: Printed for CONSTABLE and Co., 19, Waterloo Place;
and HURST, CHANCE, and Co., London.

NOTICES OF DA CARRARA.

(London Literary Gazette.)

We most cordially recommend this volume to our readers; it is a
most vivid historical picture, with all the interest of a romance. We
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[No. 25, June 12, 1850.]

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

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MR ESPINASSE'S FRENCH CLASSES.

THE EXAMINATION of Mr ESPINASSE'S FRENCH CLASSES took place at his Residence, No. 85, George Street, on Saturday the 5th, and Monday the 7th instant, when the Prizes were adjudged as follows:—

First, or Highest Class, for COMPOSITION, on GRECEAN, ROMAN, ENGLISH, and SCOTCH HISTORY, ANCIENT and MODERN LITERATURE.

Prize.—Miss Margaret Denniston.

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For Assiduity and various Merits.

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GENTLEMEN'S CLASSES.

For Composition.

Prize.—Mr John Innes.

Second, or Highest Elementary Class.

- 1st Prize.—Mr James L. Ewing.
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3d Prize.—Mr Thomas R. Scott.—Mr Philippe MacLagan.

Third, or Beginners' Class.

- 1st Prize.—Mr Sprott Boyd.
2d Prize.—Mr Alexander C. Robertson.
3d Prize.—Mr Theodosius Ewart.—Mr Hector Gavin.

For Recitation.—Mr Robert Dalyel.

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BOOK.—The Times Newspaper of May 7, in Reviewing Dr Southey's Life of Bunyan, adds:—"But that for which we chiefly notice this work of Mr Southey's is, the very last sentence in it, wherein is contained his frank and honourable recommendation (though not more than they deserve) of the works of one whom the iron rod of oppression would have levelled with the dust.

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LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

PORTRAIT OF THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.—Our readers will learn with pleasure that Mr Watson Gordon—whose admirable portrait of Sir Walter Scott we described ten days ago—has now nearly finished a painting of a similar size, and of equal excellence, of the Etrick Shepherd. It is by far the most striking and characteristic likeness existing of the author of the "Queen's Wake." It has been painted, and is to be engraved, expressly for the *Literary Journal*. It gives us much pleasure thus to have it in our power to present our readers with so excellent a likeness of one whose extraordinary genius is universally acknowledged, as well in England as in his own country; and who, from the commencement of the *Literary Journal*, has been one of our most valued and constant correspondents. The engraving will be ready in a few weeks, and we shall give our readers due notice of its appearance.

Among other novelties announced for immediate publication, are the following:—*The Separation*: a novel. By the authoress of *Flirtation*. The story of which is reported to be founded upon a recent extraordinary affair in high life.—*The Personal Memoirs of Pryce Gordon, Esq.* who, it is understood, has seen much of man and manners, both at home and abroad, during the last half century.—*Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks*: a novel.—*The Oxoniens*. By the author of the *Roué*.—*Frescoes*; or Scenes in Paris.—And, Foreign Exclusives in London.

The first number of the *Library of General Knowledge*, which has been for some time announced by Messrs Colburn and Bentley, on the popular plan of cheap monthly publication, will make its appearance, we understand, on the first day of next month. The subject adopted for the commencement of the undertaking is one of universal interest to Great Britain—the *Life of Lord Byron*. The execution of the task, it appears, has been confided to Mr Galt, who was the companion of his lordship during one period of his foreign travels, and who is reported to be the possessor of such materials as will be found to add considerable novelty to the other attractions which a work of this nature, published on the plan in question, must possess.

We understand that "*The Denounced*," by the author of "*The O'Hara Tales*," will be published in a few days. The work consists, we are told, of two tales, which describe the severity of those laws which were enacted and enforced during the reign of William and Mary against the Catholics. The contentions that were continually taking place between the proscribed papists and the emissaries of the government have doubtless afforded good scope for the author's powers. The work is to be dedicated to the Duke of Wellington.

CHEAP LITERATURE.—Among the many proofs of the increasing demand for literary information may be mentioned the sale of the cheap editions of the English Translations of the ancient classic writers. We are informed from good authority that nearly twenty thousand volumes have already been sold of Valpy's beautiful pocket edition of the *Classical Library*, now in the course of publication, and in which have already been given English Translations of Demosthenes, Sallust, Xenophon, and Herodotus.

The first volume of the *History of England*, by Sir James Mackintosh, will appear on the first of next month.

THE JUVENILE LIBRARY.—(From a Correspondent.)—Besides one or two other collections of a totally distinct nature, Messrs Colburn and Bentley are about to publish that great desideratum, a Juvenile Library, in cheap monthly volumes, with suitable illustrations. The truism, that when the young are removed from their schools, or studies, with the character of having completed their education, they are in general deplorably ignorant of almost every thing which their immediate intercourse with the world requires they should know, is too notorious to need argument. To supply information—to afford facilities to parents and teachers—to prepare juvenile minds for more complicated and extended relations than mere education (even with all its modern improvements) has ever contemplated;—such are the objects of this Library, which is formed to supply a regular succession of volumes that shall be eligible to place in the hands of the young, to guide their steps, to strengthen their moral character, and, by the great force of example, to smooth their way to knowledge, and its concomitant, happiness. The conduct of the work is to be confided to the able Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, assisted by a large circle of talented friends.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—There appears every probability that a Metropolitan cemetery, on the model of *Père la Chaise*, will speedily be commenced. A public meeting on the subject was held a few days ago, which was attended by many noblemen and gentlemen of influence.—The fuss that has been made about the death of M'Kay the pugilist is quite ridiculous. Every body knows that boxing is a sport countenanced by the first authorities in England, and a prize-fighter takes the chances of death just as a soldier does who receives the king's pay. The one uses a musket, and the other his own fists, and both kill or are killed equally lawfully. It would be the grossest injustice to punish Byrne for what would be nothing less than an *ex-post-facto* enactment.—Mr Charles Bell has resigned his professor-

ship in the London University. His reasons are understood to be the impossibility of realising the prospects originally held out to the medical pupils.—It is said that a question is likely to arise whether the Pavilion at Brighton is a royal palace, and as such, the property of the Crown; or whether it is the private property of his present Majesty.—An excellent Panorama of the city of Amsterdam has been recently opened by the indefatigable Mr Burford.—Lord Grosvenor has opened his splendid gallery of pictures to public view for a short time.—Dr Paris has sold his *History of the Life and Times of Sir Humphrey Davy* for a thousand guineas.—There has been a great falling off lately in many of the periodical publications; and it is difficult to discover the cause, unless it be in the want of means, of which every body complains. The Sunday Newspapers have severely felt the depression—some of the oldest have fallen 250 to 500 per week during the last two or three months. It would stem from this that there is really a diminution of means in the lower and middling classes to purchase newspapers; for it cannot be said to arise from want of news, since there are as many subjects of excitement now as there have been during the last twelve months.

THE CONTRAST.—*1st. The Giant Angling.*

His rod was fashion'd of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in stormy seas he broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And on a rock he sat and bobb'd for whale.

2d. The Dandy Angling.

His angle was a posset's feather,
His baiting line a snig's tail;
His hook he baited with miter of cheese,
And he lay in his bed and bobb'd for fleas.

Theatrical Gossip.—The most recent novelty is Taglioni, a new opera-dancer from Paris. Her dancing seems to be considered above all praise, superior even to that of Brouard, Varennes, Vestris, de Nobilet. She is only to be a short time in London.—Drury Lane closed for the season on the 14th, and Covent Garden on the 15th of this month.—It is understood that Miss Paton is now living avowedly with Mr Wood, in which case we should like to know whether the Londoners, by way of example to their wives and daughters, will continue to heap their plaudits upon both the lady and gentleman. Kean was treated more severely; but "kissing goes by favour."—The affairs of Covent Garden being now reinstated, the proprietors have intimated their willingness to pay back the loans advanced at the beginning of the season.—Madame Vestris is now in Dublin, where she has been playing the appropriate part of *Apollo* in the farce of "*Midas*."—The proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, have obtained a conviction against the proprietors of the minor theatre there, for an infringement of the patent. The penalty for one night's performances was £50. Mr Bass of the Caledonian Theatre here should read the case attentively.—Mr Murray has gone, we understand, to London, and from thence is to proceed to Switzerland, on account of his health. He has left the affairs of the theatre here (prospectively speaking) in a very unsettled state.—There is no truth whatever in the report that Miss Noel (now Mrs Dr Bushe) is to return to the stage.—Mr Horncastle of the Caledonian Theatre takes his benefit on Monday, and as he is much the cleverest and most respectable performer in that establishment, we hope his merits will not go without recompense.—We understand that Mr Alexander is about to obtain a five-years' lease of the patent of the Theatre Royal Glasgow.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

June 12.—18.

SAT.	<i>The Slave; & Life in London.</i>
MON.	<i>Romeo and Juliet, & Rastan.</i>
TUES.	<i>Peaslee Preserved, & Brother and Sister.</i>
WED.	<i>Isabella, & Raising the Wind.</i>
THURS.	<i>The Gamester, & Gladiators.</i>
FRI.	<i>Romeo and Juliet, & Teddy the Tiler.</i>

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad that F. acknowledges the unfairness of "pressing us to death with wit," without affording us the means of answering, which we deem particularly evasive. The packet is perfectly safe, and will remain so.—Our friend at Woolwich will hear from us soon. We have already reviewed the volume he has sent us.—The novel called "*The Writer's Clerk*," is the production, we believe, of a person of the name of Kelly. Not having read the work, we can give no opinion upon its merits.—"*A Letter from Oman*" in our next.

"*A Poet's Feelings*," by "W. M." of Glasgow, and "*The Pride o' the Glen*," by "M." of Arbroath, shall have a place.—"*The Harp of Grief*," the *Lines* by "T. C.," and the *Verses* from Glasgow in praise of Ale, are inadmissible.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—In the notice of the Illustrations of the *Waverley Novels*—speaking of Lucy Ashton and her father rescued from the bull by Ravenswood, the artist's name should be Landseer, instead of Leslie.

[No. 84, June 19, 1850.]

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

[ADVERTISEMENTS from London, intended for insertion in this JOURNAL, which now forms one of the most eligible mediums for Literary Advertising in Scotland, are respectfully requested to be left with Mr FREDERICK SOMERS, No. 169, Fleet Street, who has been appointed Agent for the Advertising Department in London. Terms the same as the Edinburgh Newspapers.]

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THE JUVENILE LIBRARY.—This work will appear under the highest auspices, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent having granted her express permission that it should be dedicated to the young Princess Victoria; and the first number, comprising "The Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes," which is to appear on the 1st of July, will accordingly be embellished with a highly-finished portrait of the Princess, besides those of King Edward VI., Lady Jane Grey, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Masconi, the Italian novelist, prompted by an excess of sensitive apprehension, has thrown the MS. of his new romance into the fire. Authors are seldom troubled with such fits of humility, and we could mention some in whom we could easily forgive this species of self-revenge.

A Translation of the Life of Agricola, by Tacitus has appeared, in 4to, at Florence, from the pen of Louis Bonaparte. The notes are critical and erudite.

NEW PORTRAIT OF BURNS.—Mr Horsburgh has now finished his engraving from Taylor's portrait of Burns, of which we gave so full an account some time ago. As a work of art, this engraving reflects the highest credit on Mr Horsburgh. The execution is at once clear, soft, and distinct. Of the merits of the portrait, as a true and characteristic likeness, it is quite unnecessary now to speak. The testimonials in its favour obtained by the publishers from the very highest authorities are decisive on the point. We have no doubt that this print will find its way over the whole country, and be hung up alike in the nobleman's drawing-room and the peasant's parlour.

CHIT-CHAT FROM PARIS.—A valuable collection of autographs of celebrated characters has been publishing at Paris for a considerable time past in numbers, and is now complete in three quarto volumes.—Champollion has returned from Egypt, and is about to publish a work upon the discoveries he has made, in which their entire agreement with the facts recorded by Moses, Herodotus, Manetho, Tacitus, and others, will be clearly illustrated.—A French ecclesiastical Biography is announced for publication, in eighty-one volumes 8vo. Each volume is to include one diocese, and the one devoted to that of Paris is to appear immediately.—M. D'Arincourt, after a long silence, is about to publish another romance, in four volumes, entitled *The Rebels under Charles V.*—A new Journal, devoted entirely to geology, is about to be commenced, edited by Messrs Boué, Jobert, sen., and Roset. The editors announce, that they will receive communications in foreign languages, and have them translated for the Journal into French.—A new voyage round the world, it is said, will be undertaken after the termination of the expedition to Algiers, under the command of Captain Mathieu, the principal object of which will be the islands of the Pacific.—The weather of late at Paris has been exceedingly bad.—At the commencement of the present month, the *Fete Dieu* was celebrated with great magnificence.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON.—Thom's Statues are again exhibiting in London, with the addition of the Landlord and Landlady. Our Scotch friend evidently knows how to do the Cooksney, as he thus makes two exhibitions out of one group.—A silly paragraph having appeared in an Irish paper—the *Sigs Observer*—stating, in the most positive terms, that the song called "The Exile of Erin," was not the production of Mr Campbell, that gentleman has taken the trouble to publish a letter in the *Times*, in which he proves his authorship beyond a doubt.

CHIT-CHAT FROM GLASGOW.—Active preparations are making for the approaching Exhibition of Paintings. Already several works of great merit have come forward, especially from Graham, as also from the very rising artist Macnee. Advertisements have appeared in the metropolitan journals, and several of the leading artists there have promised efficient aid. The Institution, which has successfully established these annual exhibitions, is an admirable one in design, and is now altogether unexceptionable in management, for from its President—Mr Smith of Jordanhill—to its unwearied Secretary, every one seems zealous in the cause. In addition to what it has already done, it is about to establish an Academy for studying from the antique.—The long-disputed question as to which of our rival managers should get the patent, is at last about to be decided in favour of Alexander.—Gig-rowing and cricket are the favourite amusements at present, relieved by cold punch, cigars, and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. There is to be a regatta on the Clyde in a few weeks.—There are whispers of a Magazine being about to be started here on a liberal and business-like plan, next publishing season.—"The Shamrock," a collection of excellent Irish songs, will appear as soon as the nights grow longer.—A pleasure trip to St Kilda is announced by some spirited steam-boat proprietors.

Theatrical Gossip.—During the season which has now closed, fifteen new pieces were produced at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The following is a list of them, with a statement of the number of nights each was performed:—

DRURY LANE.	Nights.	COVENT GARDEN.	Nights.
Epicharis	5	First of May	11
Greek Family	withdrawn.	Robber's Wife	15
Snakes in the Grass	9	Shakspeare's Early Days	11
Brigand	47	Night before the Wedding	4
Follies of Fashion	11	Royal Fugitive	6

DRURY LANE.	Nights.	COVENT GARDEN.	Nights.
Witchfinder	withdrawn.	Black-eyed Susan	18
Jack in the Box	30	Harlequin and Cook Robin	34
National Guard	14	Husband's Mistake	18
Past and Present	19	Phrenologists	withdrawn.
Popping the Question	12	Robert the Devil	34
Perfection	17	Ninetta	12
Dragon's Gift	20	Teddy the Tiler	45
Hofer	12	Wigwam	21
A Joke's a Joke	withdrawn.	Cinderella	20
Spanish Husband	6	The Colonel	withdrawn.

—It is said, that on the next occasion of applying for a renewal of the licences for the minor metropolitan theatres, the proprietors of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres have determined upon entering a strong opposition against the claimants, on the ground that the minor theatres have departed from the terms upon which they were licensed, by acting the regular drama, instead of confining their entertainments to spectacles, dancing, and music. It is even said that proceedings have already been commenced against the Tottenham-street Theatre.—The Haymarket Theatre has opened for the season; Keen is engaged as a star for a limited period, and among the regular company are Horn, W. Farren, Cooper, the new actor Webster, Vining, Mrs Humby, Mrs Glover, Miss Mordaunt, and Miss T. H. Kelly.—Warde, Meadows, and Miss Ellen Tree, are taking a provincial tour.—The English Opera-house performers commence their campaign at the Adelphi on the first of July.—Miss Paton and Mr Wood have gone together to Dublin. There is something very disgusting in these two persons thus publicly playing together. We do not believe it would be tolerated in Edinburgh.—Adams, an American tragedian, is at present performing the first line of tragedy in Liverpool along with Vandenhoff. Yates and the Elephant are also there. Another elephant has made its appearance in Glasgow; but it is not the real Simon Pure.—Miss Fanny Kemble performs the *Grecian Daughter* for her benefit this evening, after which the theatre will close for the season.—There is no truth whatever in the report that Mr John Kemble, son of Mr Charles Kemble, is to come upon the stage. Mr John Kemble is, in point of fact, intended for the church—a very different sort of profession.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

June 19—25.

SAT.	<i>The Provok'd Husband, & Cremord Brig.</i>
MON.	<i>Isabella, & Charles Edward.</i>
TUES.	<i>Merchant of Venice, & No Song, No Supper.</i>
WED.	<i>The Gamester, & Guy Mannering.</i>
THURS.	<i>Romeo and Juliet, & Warlock of the Glen.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Gamester, & Rob Roy.</i>

TO OUR READERS.

THE present Number concludes the Third Volume of the *Literary Journal*. We shall commence the Fourth next Saturday, with a double Number, along with which will be given a Title-page and Index to Vol. III. It was also our wish to have had the portrait of the Ettrick Shepherd ready at the same time; but this we have found impossible. It will be published, however, with the July monthly Part, and will then be delivered gratis to our subscribers.—Next Number, besides other articles of interest, will contain THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. VIII.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are obliged to postpone till next week reviews of Mrs Norton's "Undying One," and several other new works.

We are afraid that the additional communication "On the Origin and Progress of the Royal Institute of France" would be interesting to only a very limited portion of our readers.—We regret that we shall not be able to find room for the story entitled "Italian Friendship."—The communication of "Proteus" will probably have a place in our next.—We shall endeavour to attend to the hint of "An Amateur" next week.—A Correspondent is correct in his surmises as to the source from which the "Memoir of Schiller," in our last, was compiled.—"A Tale of Witherstaff," and "Letter from Oban," are unavoidably postponed till next week.

A Ballad by the Ettrick Shepherd in our next.—Poetical communications received this week from Glasgow and Peebles, as well as those from many of our other Correspondents, will be attended to next Saturday.—We do not think so highly of the specimens of the "Journeyman Mason's" poetry, as our correspondent seems to do who has favoured us with them.—We regret that we shall not be able to find room for the following verses:—"The Feelings of Home," by "M. J." of Glasgow,—"A Mother's Song," and "Look not on the Wine," by "G." of Glasgow,—"The Snowdrop," by "J. S. L."—and "To M. A."

We shall be glad to receive from our correspondents in different parts of the country, occasional communications similar to the paragraphs in to-day's *Journal*, entitled "Chit-Chat from Paris, London, and Glasgow."

[No. 85, June 26, 1830.]

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

[ADVERTISEMENTS from London, intended for insertion in this JOURNAL, which now forms one of the most eligible mediums for Literary Advertising in Scotland, are respectfully requested to be left with Mr FREDERICK SOMERS, No. 169, Fleet Street, who has been appointed Agent for the Advertising Department in London. Terms the same as the Edinburgh Newspapers.]

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THE Proprietors of the Bennevis Steam-Packet propose to send that Vessel a PLEASURE TRIP to ST KILDA about the beginning of July. The beauty of the Scenery of this sequestered island, as well as of what will come under observation during the Trip, has been already so fully described by many eminent tourists, that to attempt giving even an outline of it in the narrow limits of an advertisement were superfluous. Suffice it to say, that an opportunity of visiting this, the most retired part of the British Isles, rarely offers itself, and can only be accomplished in the event of an adequate number of Gentlemen coming forward to support this proposal. Returning from St Kilda, the Bennevis will call at Staffa, if wished for by the Passengers. This vessel has now been plying for three seasons betwixt Glasgow and the Western Isles, is found to be an excellent sea-boat, and is in every other respect fit for the route. Final notice will be given by advertisement as to the day of sailing.

Farther particulars will be given on application to Messrs CONSTABLE and Co., Edinburgh; or to the Sub-tiber,

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